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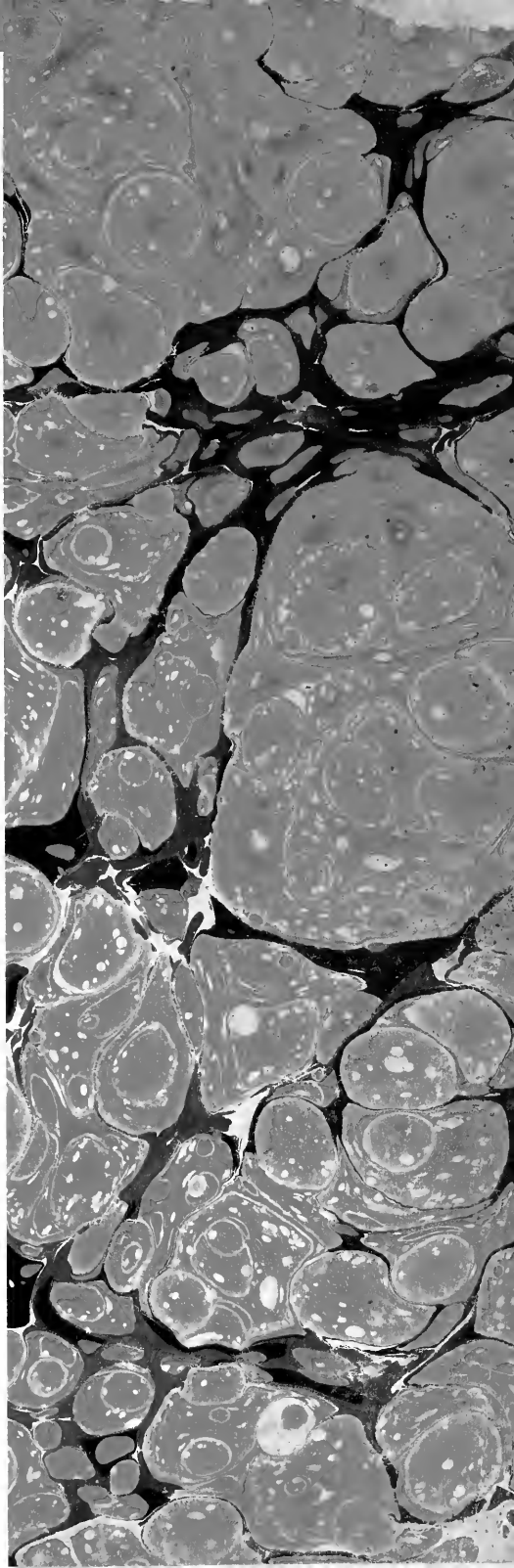
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PAGON



THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

Published March 1. 1822 for the Prop^r of the London Stage by Sherwood Jones & Co. Paternoster Row.

THE
LONDON STAGE;

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST REPUTED

TRAGEDIES,
COMEDIES, OPERAS, MELO-DRAMAS,
FARCES, AND INTERLUDES.

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM ACTING COPIES, AS
PERFORMED

At the Theatres Royal,
AND CAREFULLY COLLATED AND REVISED.

VOL. IV.

LONDON :
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY
SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



THE PADLOCK;

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Act I.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

DON DIEGO
LEANDER
MUNGO

TWO SCHOLARS
LEONORA
URSULA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Garden belonging to Don Diego's house.

Enter DON DIEGO, musing.

AIR.—DIEGO.

Thoughts to council—let me see—
Hum—to be, or not to be

A husband, is the question.

A cuckold! must that follow?

Say what men will,

Wedlock's a pill,

Bitter to swallow,

And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double :

Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble

My peace, should I venture to try you?

My doors shall be lock'd,

My windows be block'd;

No male in my house,

Not so much as a mouse;

Then horns, horns, I defy you.

Enter URSULA.

Dieg. Ursula!

Urs. Here, an't please your worship.

Dieg. Where is Leonora?

Urs. In her chamber, sir.

Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double locks the hatch below; and this the door that opens into the entry.

Urs. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Dieg. You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urs. And, I warrant you, they came secretly to inquire of me, whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Laumas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did; and to let your worship know, if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, though I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Ursula, I do believe it; and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But, be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

Urs. Heaven bless you together.

Dieg. During the time she has lived with me, she has never been a moment out of my sight: and now tell me, Ursula, what you have observed in her?

Urs. All meekness and gentleness, your wor-

ship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad! when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urs. Why, sir, of late I have observed—

Dieg. Eh! how! what!

Urs. That she has taken greatly to the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urs. Ay, by my faith! I don't think she is fond of any thing else.

Dieg. Of me, Ursula?

Urs. Aye, aye, of the kitten, and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her, early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the meantime, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urs. I will, indeed, your worship; there is not a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden.

Dieg. Go, and send Leonora to me. [*Exit Ursula.*] I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen. Oxen; I don't like oxen! I wish it had been a flock of sheep. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEONORA, with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.

AIR.—LEONORA.

*Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing*

Your airy flight?

Stay here, and sing,

Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go:

Where, you wanton, could you be

Half so happy as with me?

Re-enter DIEGO.

Dieg. Leonora!

Leon. Here I am.

Dieg. Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Dieg. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you and my father and mother please.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon. Yes, but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I am sure.

Dieg. I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation, and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of

wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. It's very fine, indeed.

Dieg. Well; Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had.

Leon. Specimen!

Dieg. Aye, according to the manner I have treated you—according—

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

Leon. Good bye to you.

Dieg. Here, Ursula!

SONG.—DIEGO.

By some I am told

That I'm wrinkled and old;

But I will not believe what they say:

I feel my blood mounting,

Like streams in a fountain,

That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will,

And ability still;

Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!

My diamond, my pearl—

Well, be a good girl,

Until I come to you again. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Heigho! I think I am sick. He's very good to me, to be sure, and it's my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, though I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a goldfinch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing look so ugly in my life. O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me. I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

SONG.—LEONORA.

Were I a shepherd's maid, to keep

On yonder plains a flock of sheep,

Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,

My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or, would some bird, that pity brings,

But for a moment lend its wings,

My parents then might rave and scold,

My guardian strive my will to hold:

Their words are harsh, his walls are high,

But, spite of all, away I'd fly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Street in Salamanca.

Enter LEANDER and two SCHOLARS, in their university gowns.

Leand. His name is Don Diego. There's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave—

1 Schol. And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has picked up a young thing of sixteen, whom he by chance saw in a balcony!

2 Schol. And you are in love with the girl?

Leand. To desperation; and I believe I am not indifferent to her; for finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near as I could; I then varied my appearance, continuing to do so, from time to time, 'till I was

convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

1 *Schol.* Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious lad in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferrited.

2 *Schol.* But pr'ythee, tell us now, how did you get information?

Leand. First, from report, which raised my curiosity; and afterwards from the negro I just now mentioned. I observed that when the family were gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate. You know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurv'y minstrel; so taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and sarabands, and taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a share of his allowance, which I accept, to avoid suspicion.

1 *Schol.* And so—

Leand. And so, sir, he has told me all the secrets of his family; and one worth knowing: for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, whence he proposes not to return 'till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2 *Schol.* 'Zounds! let's scale the wall.

Leand. Fair and softly. I will this moment go and put on my disguise, watch for the don's going out, attack my negro afresh, and try if, by his means, I cannot get into the house, or, at least, obtain a sight of my charming angel.

1 *Schol.* Angel! is she then so handsome?

Leand. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire. [Exeunt two Scholars.

SONG.—LEANDER.

*Hither, Venus, with your doves,
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me light your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.*

*Oh, could I but, like Jore of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid?* [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The outside of Don Diego's House, which appears with windows barred up, and an iron grate before an entry.*

Enter DON DIEGO from the house, having first unlocked the door, and removed two or three bars which assisted in fastening it.

Dieg. With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time. Leonora has never shewn the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself: but suppose—suppose—by the rood and St. Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief. A woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee; I will wait 'till the negro returns with the provisions he is gone to purchase; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket. [Exit.

Enter MUNGO, (singing) with a hamper.

Mungo. (Sits down upon the hamper.) Go, get you down, you d—n hamper, you carry me now.

Curse my old massa, sending me always here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and him d—n insurance.

Re-enter DON DIEGO.

Dieg. How now!

Mungo. (Rising.) Ah, massa, bless your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, sirrah?

Mungo. Nothing, massa, only me say, you very good massa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load there for?

Mungo. Massa, me lila tire.

Dieg. Take it up, rascal.

Mungo. Yes, bless your heart, massa.

Dieg. No, lay it down: now I think on't, come hither.

Mungo. What you say, massa?

Dieg. Can you be honest?

Mungo. Me no savee, massa, you never axe me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mungo. What you give me, massa?

Dieg. There's a pistorren for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

Mungo. Ah, massa, a d—n deal.

Dieg. How! that I'm a stranger to?

Mungo. No, massa, you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, massa, that's mischief enough for poor neger-man.

Dieg. So, so.

Mungo. La! massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor neger-man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Dieg. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mungo. Yes, massa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Listen to me, I say.

Mungo. You know, massa, me very good servant.

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mungo. And ought to be use kinc—

Dieg. If you utter another syllable—

Mungo. And I'm sure, massa, you can't deny but I worky worky. I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Dieg. (Beats him.) Take that. Now will you listen to me?

Mungo. La! massa, if ever I saw—

Dieg. I am going abroad, and shall not return 'till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the least noise, you may alarm the family. Stay here, perverse animal, and take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment. [Exit into the house.

Mungo. So I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; den him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me.

SONG.—MUNGO.

*Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis de same,
My pains is dere game:
Me wish to de lord me was dead.
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor blacky must run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below;
Sirrah come, sirrah go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh! oh!
Me wish to de lord me was dead.*

(Diego having entered the house during the song, after Mungo goes in, appears to bolt the door on the inside.)

Dieg. (Unseen, puts on a large padlock.) That must do till I get a larger. *[Exit.]*

Enter LEANDER disguised.

Leand. So,—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

MUNGO appears at the grate.

Mungo. Who goes dere? Hip, hollo!

Leand. Heaven bless you, my worthy master, will your worship's honour have a little music this evening? and I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

Mungo. Give me a sup tro a grate: come closee, man; don't be fear; old massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike moosic, and give us song.

Leand. I'll give your worship a song I learned in Barbary when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mungo. Ay, do.

Leand. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalah Mahomet Schah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezabel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her.—*(Sings and plays.)* Now you shall hear the slave's answer.—*(Sings and plays again.)*—Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head. Now you shall hear—

Mungo. What signify me hear? Me no understand.

Leand. Oh, you want something you understand? If your honour had said that—

Enter URSULA at the window.

Urs. Mungo! Mungo!

Mungo. Some one call dere—

Urs. Mungo! I say.

Mungo. What devil you want?

Urs. What lewd noise is that?

Mungo. Lewd you self, no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

Urs. I shall come down if you go on.

Mungo. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man, he sing for bit of bread.

Urs. I'll have no poor man near our door; hark'ye, fellow, can you play the "Forsaken Maid's Delight," or "Black Bess of Castile?" Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young.

Mungo. Gad! I'm sure, I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urs. I could quaver like any blackbird.

Mungo. And now you grunt like an old sow. Come, throw a poor soul a penny, he play a tune for you.

Urs. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Leand. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I lived eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave: he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet: now this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urs. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

Mungo. How many wives had he?

Leand. Fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Mungo. Poor man! what de devil did he do wid dem all?

Enter LEONORA at the window.

Leon. Ursula!

Urs. Od's my life, what's here to do! Go back, go back; fine work we shall have indeed; good man, good bye.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Leand. Do, worthy madam, let the young gentlewoman stay; I'll play her a love song for nothing.

Urs. No, no, none of your love songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion—

Leand. I am but a poor man; but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I sha'n't ask anything.

Urs. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mungo. Do, and let us dance.

Leand. Has madam the keys then?

Urs. Yes, yes, I have the keys.

Leand. Have you the key of this padlock too, madam? Here's a padlock upon the door, heaven help us! large enough for a state prison.

Urs. Eh,—how,—what! a padlock!

Mungo. Here it is, I feel it; adod! its a tumper.

Urs. He was afraid to trust me then.

Mungo. And if de house was a fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

Leand. Well, madam, not to disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden-wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urs. Do you think you could with your lameleg?

Leand. O yes, madam, I'm very sure.

Urs. Then, by my faith, you shall; for now I am set on't—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden. *[Exit with Mungo.]*

Leon. Pray let me go with you.

Leand. Stay, charming creature; why will you fly the youth that adores you?

Leon. Oh, lord! I'm frightened out of my wits!

Leand. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim; one who would change shapes as often as Proteus, to be blessed with a sight of you. *[Re-enter Mungo and Ursula.]*

QUARTETTO.

LEANDER, LEONORA, URSULA, and MUNGO.

Leand. O thou whose charms enslave my heart,
In pity hear a youth complain;

Leon. I must not hear—dear youth, depart—
I'm certain I have no desert

A gentleman like you to gain.

Leand. Then do I seek your love in vain?

Leon. It is another's right;

Leand. And he,

Distracting thought! must happy be,
While I am doom'd to pain.

Urs. Come round, young man, I've been to try.

Mung. And so have I.

All. I'm sure the wall is not too high.

If you please,

You'll mount with ease.

Leand. Can you to aid my bliss deny?

Shall it be so?

If you say no,

I will not go.

Leon. I must consent, however loath;
But whenever we desire,

Make him promise to retire.

Urs. Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

Leand. By your eyes, of heavenly blue;

By your lips' ambrosial dew;

Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend;

Your voice, the music of the spheres—

Mung. *Lord a'mercy, how he swears!*

*He makes my hairs
All stand on end!*

Urs. *Come, that's enough; ascend, ascend.*

All. *Let's be happy while we may;
Now the old one's far away;
Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play;
Harmless pleasure why delay?*

ACT II.—SCENE I. *A Hall in Don Diego's house, with folding-doors, which open in the back scene. On one side a stair-case, leading to an apartment; on the other, a door leading to a cellar, which is so contrived, that a bottle and glass, two candles, and a guitar, with Leander's disguise, may be placed upon it.*

Enter LEANDER in a rich habit, following URSULA.

Urs. Oh! shame; out upon't, sir; talk to me no more. I, that have been famed throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas; you have cast a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be reviled, pointed at, nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Leand. What filthy names will they call you?

Urs. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Leand. Fie! fie! men know better things. Besides, though I have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urs. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Leand. You, my sweet Ursula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urs. They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly sought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a tailor by trade; of the greyhound make, lank, and if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left; but he was upright as an arrow; and, by all accounts, one of the finest workmen at a button-hole!—

Leand. But where is Leonora?

Urs. Where is she? By my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts and a double lock.

Leand. And will you not bring us together?

Urs. Who, I? How can you ask me such a question? Really, sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Leand. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urs. I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has, turned me upside down as it were.

Leand. Ursula, take this gold.

Urs. For what, sir?

Leand. Only for the love of me.

Urs. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love you, I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my poor dear husband; he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Leand. The old beldam grows amorous. *(Aside.)*

Urs. Lord love you! you're a well-looking young man.

Leand. But Leonora—

Urs. Ha! ha! ha! but to pretend you were lame.—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Leand. Leonora—

Urs. Well, sir, I'm going.

Leand. I shall never get rid of her. *(Aside.)*

Urs. Sir!

Leand. How now?

Urs. Would you be so kind, sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Leand. Ugh!

Urs. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek! Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer. But heaven bless you! *[Exit.]*

Enter MUNGO.

Mungo. Ah! massa! You brave massa, now; what you do here wid de old woman?

Leand. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mungo. By gog, she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time, you a gentleman?

Leand. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mungo. Purse! what, you giving her money den? Curse her impurance; why you no give it me? You give me something as well as she. You know, massa, you see me first.

Leand. There, there, are you content? *(Giving him money.)*

Mungo. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de cellar. But I say, massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts, and him bars, him walls, and him padlock?

Leand. Hist! Leonora comes. *[Exit.]*

Mungo. But, massa, you say you teach me play.

SONG.—MUNGO.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,

Hear de sweet guitar a clinking;

When a string speak,

Such moosic he make,

Me soon an cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,

Of a merry flute,

And cymbalo,

And tymbalo,

To boot,

We dance and we sing,

Till we make a house ring,

And, tied in his garters, old massa may swing.

[Exit at cellar door.]

SCENE II.—*Interior of Don Diego's House.*

Enter LEANDER, LEONORA, and URSULA.

Leand. Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt the kindness of that chance which has brought me thus happily to see, to speak to you, without restraint.

Urs. Well, but it must not be without restraint; it can't be without restraint; it can't, by my faith; now you are going to make me sick again.

Leon. La! Ursula, I dare say the gentleman doesn't want to do me any harm—Do you, sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre of the whole world.

Urs. Come, sir, where's your lute? You shall see me dance a saraband; or if you'd rather have a song—or the child and I will move a minuet, if you choose grace before agility.

Leand. This fulsome harriidan—

Leon. I don't know what's come over her, sir; I never saw the like of her since I was born.

Leand. I wish she was at the devil.

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with you?

Urs. What's the matter with me! Marry, come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't shew such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well made leg.

Leand. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, sir.

Leand. Nothing more easy; I will go with my

guitar into the garden; 'tis moonlight: take an opportunity to follow me there; I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are; and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do anything to oblige you, in a civil way.

Leand. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavours, sir.

Leand. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't say.

Urs. Come, come, what colloquing's here; I must see how things are going forward; besides, sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners and whispering before company.

Leand. Psha!

Urs. Ay, you may say your pleasure, sir, but I'm sure what I say is the right thing; I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Leand. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the blessing of your good opinion; do you desire to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed; indeed, I don't.

Leand. But then—

SONG.—LEANDER.

*In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.
Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist, depriv'd of you.* [Exit.

Urs. Come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice, therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. What then? Marry, then you must mind what I say to you. As I said before—but I say—what was I saying?

Leon. I'm sure I don't know.

Urs. You see the young man that is gone out there; he has been telling me, that he's dying for love of you; can you find in your heart to let him expire?

Leon. I'm sure I won't do anything bad.

Urs. Why that's right; you learned that from me; have I not said to you a thousand times, never do anything bad? Have I not said it? Answer me that.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. Very well, listen to me: your guardian is old, and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than a better man.

Leon. He has been very kind to me, for all that, Ursula; and I ought to strive to please him.

Urs. There again: have I not said to you a thousand times, that he was very kind to you, and you ought to strive to please him? It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning 'till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house; heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urs. Ay, I say so too; heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urs. No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; by my part, the best I expect is, to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so?

Urs. I do indeed; and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go to him in the garden.

Urs. Nay, you may do anything now, for we are undone; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian; but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urs. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Ursula.

Urs. I will, if I possibly can.

SONG.—LEONORA.

*Oh me, oh me, what shall we do?
The fault is all along of you:
You brought him in, why did you so?
'Twas not by my desire, you know.
We have but too much cause to fear;
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all; indeed he will.
No penitence will pard'n procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure.*

[Exit LEONORA AND URSULA.]

Enter DON DIEGO, groping his way, with a padlock in his hand.

Dieg. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed and fast asleep I warrant them; however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them; but, since I have let myself in with my own master-key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light; and then I think I may say, my cares are over. Good heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an unexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant. But what do I do?—I put a padlock on my door, and all is safe.

Enter MUNGO from a cellar, with a flask in one hand, and a candle in the other.

Mungo. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noise?

Mungo. Hola!

Dieg. Heaven and earth! what do I see!

Mungo. Where are you, young Massa and Missy? Here wine for supper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-struck!

Mungo. My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter wid me? the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch, do you know me?

Mungo. Know you? D—n you.

Dieg. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? Is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mungo. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic.

Dieg. The slave is intoxicated.

Mungo. Make no noise, I say; dere's young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. Fal, lal, lal.

Dieg. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mungo. What you call me names for, you old dog?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

Mungo. Will you fight?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mungo. Dere's one in de house you little tink. Gad! he do you business.

Dieg. Go, lie down in your sty, and sleep.

Mungo. Sleep! sleep yourself; you drunk—ha! ha! ha! Look, a padlock: you put a padlock on a door again, will you? Ha! ha! ha!

Dieg. Didn't I hear music?

Mungo. Hic—hic—

Dieg. Was it not the sound of a guitar?

Mungo. Yes; he play on the guitar rarely. Give me hand; you're old rascal—an't you?

Dieg. What dreadful shock affects me! I'm in a cold sweat; a mist comes over my eyes; and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mungo. I tell you a word in your ear.

Dieg. Has any stranger broken into my house?

Mungo. Yes, by—hic—a fine young gentleman, he now in a next room with Missy.

Dieg. Holy Saint Francis! is it possible?

Mungo. Go you round softly—you catch them together.

Dieg. Confusion! Distraction! I shall run mad!

SONG.—DIEGO.

Oh wherefore this terrible flurry?

My spirits are all in a hurry!

And above and below,

From my top to my toe,

Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,

Goes lumping,

And jumping,

And thumping;

Is't a spectre I see?

Hence! vanish!—Ah me!

My senses deceive me;

Soon reason will leave me;

What a wretch am I destined to be! [Exit.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. O shame! monstrous! You drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mungo. Let me put my hands about your neck—

Urs. Oh, I shall be ruined! Help, help, ruin, ruin!—

Enter LEANDER and LEONORA.

Leon. Goodness me, what's the matter!

Urs. O dear child, this black villain has frightened me out of my wits; he has wanted—

Mungo. Me! curse a heart! I want nothing wid her. What she say, I want for—

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

DUET.

Leand. Then must I go?

Leon. Yes, good sir, yes.

Leand. A parting kiss?

Leon. No, good sir, no.

Leand. It must be so.

By this, and this,

Here I could for ever grow.

'Tis more than mortal bliss.

Leon. Well, now good-night;

Pray ease our fright,

You're very bold, sir;

Let loose your hold, sir:

I think you want to scare me quite.

Leand. Oh fortune's spite!

Leon. Good night, good night.

Enter DON DIEGO.

Dieg. Stay, sir, let nobody go out of the room.

Urs. (Falling down.) Ah! ah! a ghost! a ghost!

Dieg. Woman, stand up. Leonora, what am I to think of this?

Leon. Oh, dear, sir! don't kill me.

Dieg. Young man, who are you, who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broken into my house? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how?

Leand. As one whom love has made indiscreet; as one whom love taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me; but, further than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

Mungo. Hear him, hear him.

Leand. Don Diego, you know my father well,—Don Alphonso de Luna; I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment, he, through your means, shall inflict; but wreak not your vengeance here. (Pointing to Leonora.)

Dieg. Thus then, my hopes and cares are at once frustrated. Possessed of what I thought a jewel, I was desirous to keep it for myself; I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment—

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story, and you'll find I am not to blame.

Dieg. No, child, I only am to blame, who should have considered that sixteen and sixty agree ill together. But, though I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly; beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband. Here, young man, take her: if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you joined in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Leand. Signor, this is so generous—

Dieg. No thanks. Perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse, no passion to plead, and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me see you more.

Mungo. And what you give me, massa?

Dieg. Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity. Oh, man! man! how short is your foresight; how ineffectual your prudence; while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

FINALE.

Dieg. Go, forge me fetters that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind;
Sound with a needle-full of thread
The depth of ocean's steepy bed;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea;
In these manœuvres shew your skill,
Then hold a woman if you will.

Mungo. And, massa, be not angry, pray,
If neger man a word should say;
Me have a fable pat as she,
Which wid dis matter will agree:
An owl once took it in his head,
Wid some young pretty birds to wed;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none but de cuckoo.

Leon. Ye youth select, who wish to taste
The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
In abject slave, and tyrant, end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns;
And place, to love, to virtue just,
Security in mutual trust.

THE MISER;

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.—BY HENRY FIELDING.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LOVEGOLD
FREDERICK
RAMILIE

FURNISH
SPARKLE
SATIN

LIST
LAWYER
JAMES

MRS. WISELY
MARIANA
LAPPET

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Lovegold's House.*

Enter LOVEGOLD and RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah, but get out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not your's; and I won't go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is. He has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs; no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up everything he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. (*Aside.*) Harkye, rascal; come hither; I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell everybody you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah? Get you out of my house, I say; get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. Turn your

pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These d—d bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Aye, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No; really, sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Aye, anywhere from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.*]

Love. So, there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK.

In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, heavens! I have betrayed myself! My passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter sir?

Love. Yes, the matter, sir. I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

Fred. What, sir?

Love. That—

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Fred. Pardon me, sir, I really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole. I was saying to

myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one. I tell you this, that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. I enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. But I have an affair of consequence to mention to you. Pray, sir, you, who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, sir?

Love. Aye, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir?

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Aye, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable, that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of; that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir, consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing, in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there: however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagances on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Aye, to marry Mariana.

Fred. Who? You! you! you!

Love. Yes, I! I! I!

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [Exit.]

Love. What the devil's the matter with the boy?

Enter JAMES.

Love. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir? your coachman or your cook? for I'm both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings was starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper, I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir, but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a

supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you dog?

James. Then pray, sir, say what you will have.

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There; that's plenty and variety.

James. O, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Lord! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why what do the people say, pray?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you everywhere; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Pah! pah!

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the bye-word every where; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

Love. Get out! [Exit James.]

Enter LAPPET.

Lapp. Who's there?

Love. Ah, is that you, Lappet?

Lapp. I should rather ask if it be you, sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous—

Love. Do I? do I?

Lapp. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lapp. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I'm afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned anything about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lapp. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year?

Lap. Sir, she'll bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety; the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress; and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play; there's your thousand a-year.

Love. In short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it. But there is another thing that disturbs me: you know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company; it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her; this is another peculiarity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least. She says fifty years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks; to say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with young fellows. Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers. Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! If your picture were drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please. There! what can be more charming? Let me see you walk! (*Lovegold struts about.*) There's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagée! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I'm obliged to you.

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you: I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing, for want of a little money; (*He looks gravely*) and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. (*He looks pleased.*) Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you. But, indeed, sir, this lawsuit will be of terrible consequence to me. (*He looks grave again.*) I am ruined if I lose it; which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you; (*He resumes his gaiety*) how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities; in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination 'till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assist-

ance, sir; (*He looks serious*) it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go and give some orders about a particular affair—

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, with new buttons, for a wedding suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour. I shall be undone, indeed, sir; if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir; nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service, for a day or two. (*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*)

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark! there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed, I'm very much obliged to you. I'll do for you, Lappet; you shall never know what I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous, good-for-nothing villain as you are. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter RAMILIE and LAPPET.

Ram. Well, madam, what success?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used; all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased; but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But, now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I'm transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, madam; I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master. But is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh, that you had but seen him as I have; with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.—Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time for notwithstanding all I have said, young fellow are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, make in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit.*]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaid: match her who can. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lovegold's house.*

Enter LOVEGOLD and FREDERICK, *Mrs. WISELY* and MARIANA.

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold—my daughter.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told that you have no great aversion to spectacles. (*Puts on his spectacles.*) It is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty; that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance. (*Aside.*)

Love. (*Listening.*) I shall make the fellow keep his distance, madam. Harkye, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice; you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which, I cannot help saying, that if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it, indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me, when I swear to you, I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes.

Love. Hold, hold, sir! softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. (*To Mariana.*) Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir. (*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*) There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mar. It is, really, a prodigious fine one.

Fred. (*Preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.*) No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. (*Aside to his son.*) Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad! (*Aside.*)

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him:

let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow! (*Aside.*)

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it. It is not my fault, dear sir! I do all I can to prevail with her; but she is obstinate. For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. (*To his Son.*) Infernal villain! (*Aside.*)

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left. (*Aside.*)

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy; bid him come another time; bid him leave his business with you.

James. Must he leave the money he has brought, with me, sir? [*Exit.*]

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*]

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mrs. Wise. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Fred. I'll wait on you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Lovegold's house.*

Enter FREDERICK and RAMILIE.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true.

Fred. Go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! A fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of your's. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. But I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of this stealing anything from him.—So, about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*]

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one. Ha! Lappet!

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Hey-day! Mr. Frederick; you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have

forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours—

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir! you do not intend to kill me?

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I doat on more than life? What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.—Sir, I never did anything yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said anything so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of; besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, you was mentioning a certain little word called money just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half-married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient 'till I am about it.—[*Exit Fred.*] Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.—Ha! here he is.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh, unhappy, miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What is the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man, so good a master, so good a friend!

Love. Lappet! I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—[*Runs against him.*]

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone.

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet.

Lap. How, sir, are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told

you, sir, that she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all?—How can she live then?

Lap. Nay, sir, heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas! sir, she would have deceived the devil; she would have deceived even you: for, sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign though, Lappet, let me tell you; that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. I'd play, myself, if I were sure of winning. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced. (*Catching Lappet in his arms.*)

Lap. Oh, sir, I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long; that I have contracted as great a friendship for as if it were my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth, poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his life-time, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels. It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, matua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fop cheats, rakes;—to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year; all his land swallowed down another; all his gold, nay, the very plate he had in his family time out of mind, which he

descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without anything to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life! Will they be contented then? or, will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too!—*(Both burst into tears.)*—The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner.—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What is a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh my poor old gold!

Lappet. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lappet. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lappet. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent.!

Lappet. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he married a beauty.

Enter a Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a plague. *(Beats him off.)*—I'm very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I'm very much obliged to you.

Lappet. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving of you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my law-suit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lappet. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Eh! *(Appearing deaf.)*

Lappet. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lappet. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Eh! what!

Lappet. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oh ho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lappet. Plague take your kindness!—I'm only losing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there.—Ah! would I were married to thee myself. *(Aside.)* *[Exit.]*

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, sir, every single syllable she

has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies; her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour.

Love. She comes of a d——d lying family.

Ram. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; and one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say.—I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. And for this piece of intelligence, I'll give you—I'll give you—No, I'll forgive you all your faults. *[Exit.]*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all parti-coloured politicians. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Hall.*

Enter FREDERICK and LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lappet. I have only done half the business yet; I have I believe, effectually broken off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie; all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her.—Happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world.—I have done your business for you, sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him: in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she has told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lappet. And sign the contract: so now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and d——n! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this! have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so d——d an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery; but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruined, I'll meet my destruction. *[Exit.]*

(*They stand some time in silence looking at each other*)

Lap. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negotiation: you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and, I dare swear, when your skill is once known, you will not want employment. But, sir, how durst you go and betray me to your master? for he has told me all. Never see my face again. [Exit.]

Ram. Now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Lovegold's Garden.*

Enter RAMILIE, with a Box, and FREDERICK.

Ram. Follow me, sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What's done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir; —here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, sir, his money.—Follow me, sir, this moment. [Exeunt.]

Enter LOVEGOLD, in the utmost distraction.

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain.—(*Catching himself by the arm.*)—I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that d—d contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town; I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money, I will hang myself afterwards. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, FURNISH, SATIN, and SPARKLE.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday. (*Presenting it.*)

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, sir.

Sparkle. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one! I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price for the necklace and ear-rings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, madam, I could not bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone; I am ruined! my money is stolen! My dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy; you may possibly recover them; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which are cheap at three thousand guineas.

Love. How! what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one at twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, sir; the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam? (*To Mrs. Wisely.*)

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir;—she will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on these accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarcely want anything more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I shall be off the bargain.—In the meanwhile I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves.—Get out of my doors, you cut-purses!

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains. *(Beats the Tradesmen out.)*

Mrs. Wise. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh, what I had never learnt to write my name!

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely poken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour?

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer, refused once, is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the tailor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. *[Exit Servant.]* This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town, to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give further orders concerning the entertainment. *[Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Mariana.]*

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet! Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for. The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? If you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year; and, though I say it, that should not say it—Stand bright, if you please, sir—*(Taking measure.)*

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah. I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here. Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Heyday, sir! did you send for me for this, sir? I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. *[Exit.]*

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in, to see you enquired in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice had been happy.

Lap. And I too, sir; for, alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel everything for you, sir; indeed, I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, hurry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married?

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pounds to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner. No; I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat? *(A noise without.)* Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour. *[Exit Lappet.]* Oh! oh! why did not I die a year ago? What a deal of money I should have saved had I died a year ago.

Re-enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married; and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had; think if you had married her.

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad. What! you are to pay her ten thousand pounds: well, and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but, what is such a sum, compared with such a wife? If you marry her, in one week you will be in a prison, sir.

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is,) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand?

Love. Eight thousand devils take her!

Lap. But, dear sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—but try, do try, if you can make her abate anything of that; if you can, you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'hates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if you could get off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. I wish I was out of my skin.

Lap. *(Knocking without.)* So, so, more duns, I suppose. Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! I shall run distracted either way. *[Exit.]*

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth, will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted Frederick with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had

I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have; were I not secret, I had have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. (*Putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.*) You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie; she never could get more; never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now, are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amend for the delay; and whatsoever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; why, sir, get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? Why, sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? Besides, sir—(*They whisper.*)

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her? (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Depend on it, sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract he is ready to pay the money.—Be sure to break open the bureau, sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll break open the bureau. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Do, sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. But won't that spoil the lock? (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Psha! never mind the lock. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. I'll fetch the money; 'tis all I am worth in the world. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy?

Lap. Aye, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank notes—

all the money I am worth in the world. I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. (*To Love.*) You have done very wisely.

Love. (*Counting the notes as he gives them.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, eight.

Mar. No, sir, there are only seven.

Love. (*Gives her another.*) Eight, nine, ten.—Give me my contract. (*She gives it and he tears it.*)

Mar. Now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Love. Oh! my money! my money! my money!

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. If this lady does not make you amend for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah! are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! So, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve, whose wife has brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. Lappet is my evidence. She has broken the bureau, with a great kitchen poker.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly your's, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it, that the money you gave her, in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she has stolen from you.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet.

Love. But then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hand of one who I think deserves them. (*Gives them to Frederick.*)

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can pay with nothing I receive from this lady.

Lap. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another; and I will hang him if he do not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half that sum to save the whole world. I will employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, if law, justice, or injustice, will get it me. [*Exit.*]

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. From what we have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; but it is the miser endeavours to be wretched.

*He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.*

END OF THE MISER.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE ;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC JACKMAN.



Act 1.—Scene 2

CHARACTERS.

SIR GILBERT PUMPKIN
CAPTAIN STANLEY
CAPTAIN STUKELY
DIGGERY

CYMON
WAT
WAITER
WILLIAM

HOSTLER
MISS BRIDGET PUMPKIN
KITTY SPRIGHTLY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at Shrewsbury. CHARLES STANLEY and HARRY STUKELY at breakfast.*

Har. Faith, Charles, I cannot think as you do on this subject.

Cha. I am sorry for it; but, when you have served two or three campaigns more, take my word for it, Harry, you will have the same opinion of the army that I entertain at this moment.

Har. 'Tis impossible; the army is the only profession where a great soul can be completely gratified. After a glorious and well-fought field, the approbation of my sovereign, with the acclamations of my brave countrymen, are rewards amply repaying whole years of service.

Cha. True; but the honours we gather very often adorn the head of a commander who has been only an ear-witness to this "well-fought field."

Har. Ay, but every individual has his share.

Cha. Of the danger, I grant you; and when a return is made of the killed, wounded, &c. you see in every newspaper a list of them in the following order: three captains, seven lieutenants, twelve ensigns, killed; so many wounded; then come, in order, the sergeant-majors, sergeants, drummers, &c. &c. &c. and as to the rank and file, they are given to you in the lump; one hundred, or one thousand, just as it happens.

Har. But their memories live for ever in the hearts of their countrymen. How comes it, Charles, that with these sentiments you ever wore a cockade?

Cha. I'll tell you; whenever I receive the pay of my sovereign, and am honoured with the cha-

racter of his trusty and well-beloved, I will faithfully, and I hope bravely, discharge the confidence he reposes in me. But, Harry, you have no serious objection to matrimony; if you have, we had better proceed no further: our project has a period.

Har. Not in the least, I assure you: I think myself capable of engaging in the fields both of love and war. I will marry, because it has its conveniences.

"—— But when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
Let all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation."

There's a touch of Othello for you, and, I think, à-propos.

Cha. Egad! Harry, that speech puts me in mind of a letter I received from Miss Kitty Sprightly, the fair ward of my uncle, Sir Gilbert Pumpkin. You must know, we are to have a play acted at the old family mansion for our entertainment, or rather for the entertainment of Miss Kitty; who is so mad after everything that has the appearance of a theatre, that I should not be surprised if she eloped with the first strolling company that visited this part of the country.

Har. Let us have the letter by all means.

Cha. (reads.) "Miss Kitty Sprightly sends her compliments to Captain Charles, and as she is informed Sir Gilbert has invited him to Strawberry-hall, she thinks it necessary to acquaint Captain Charles, that he must shortly perfect himself in the character of Captain Macheath, as the ladies expect him to perform that character at the man-

sion-house. If he has a good Filch in the circle of his acquaintance, she desires the Captain will not fail to bring him down."

Har. Why, what the devil! I'll lay my life, you have brought me down to play this curious character in this very curious family.

Cha. You are right, Harry; and if you can filch away the old sister, you will play the part to some advantage: you will have fifty thousand pounds to your benefit, my boy.

Har. You mean this as an introduction to the family. Oh! then have at you. But d—n it, I can't sing; I can act tolerably.

Cha. I'll warrant you. But come, we will repair to the mansion: we are only two miles from it. They expect us to dinner. William, desire the hostler to put the horses to. Waiter, a bill.

Enter Waiter.

Upon my word, waiter, your charges are intolerable. What! five shillings for a boiled fowl!

Wait. We know your honour isn't on half-pay. We always charge to the pockets of our customers, your honour.

Har. Well, but, good Mr. Waiter, take back your bill; and, in your charge, consider us on half-pay.

Wait. Lord bless your honour! you are in too good flesh for that. Why, your honour looks as fat and as well as myself.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! (*Both laugh.*) There is half-a-crown above your bill, which you may dispose of as you please. Get you gone.

Wait. Your honours, I hope, will remember honest Will Snap, at the Antelope, when you come next to Shrewsbury. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Mr. Honesty, your servant. Travelling, Harry, is now become so chargeable, that few gentlemen of our cloth can afford to breathe the fresh air for a day.

Enter Hostler, &c.

But what's your business?

Host. The hostler, your honour. There is not such a pair of bays, your honour, in the country: they'll take you to Sir Gilbert's in ten minutes without turning a hair. I hope I shall drink your honour's health.

Har. Get out of my sight, this moment, ye set of scoundrels, or I will knock you down with this chair. (*Takes up one.*) Landlord! hollo! Why the devil don't you send in all the poor in the parish? This is highway robbery, without the credit of being robbed. Let us get away, Charles, while we have money to play the turnpikes.

Cha. Allons! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall at the Mansion-house.*

Enter DIGGERY, with a play-book in his hand: WAT, CYMON, and a Servant to the family, making a noise.

Dig. Hold your d—d tongues! How is it possible I can tell you how to act, when you all open like a kennel of hounds? Listen; but don't say a word. I am to be Alexander; and, Wat, you are to be my friend Clintus; and—

Wat. Ah! Muster Diggery, you shall see what I'll say.

Dig. D—e! hold your tongue, I say once more. You'll say! What can you say? Say only what is in the book, and don't be cramming in your own nonsense. But listen, all of you, and mind. You must know, the man who wrote this play was mad.

Wat. Lord! I should like to play mad.

Dig. Will nobody stop this fellow's mouth? Why, you blockhead, you have not sense enough to be mad. You'd play the fool well enough; but how

can you extort that d—d pudding-face of your's to madness? Why, Wat, your features are as fixed as the man in the moon's.

All. Go on, Master Diggery; go on.

Dig. Well, let me see. (*Turns over the leaves of the play.*) You, Wat, I say, is to be Clintus; and I am to say, before all of you, that great Almon gave me birth: then, Wat, you are to say "you lie!"

Wat. Ah! but then you'll stick me.

Dig. Never mind that; button your waistcoat over one of our trenchers. Lord! I forgot to begin right. I am first to come out of a tin-whiskey, which you are to draw; and, when I come down, you are all to fall upon your marrow-bones. And as to you, Wat, if you even look at me, I'll come up and give you such a douse of the chaps, as you never had in your life.

Wat. Let us try. Now you shall see, Muster Diggery.

Dig. Then do as I bid you. Down, every mother's skin of you. (*They all kneel down; Diggery draws back.*) Don't stir none, if Miss Bridget was ringing every bell in the house. When I say, "Rise all, my friends!" then do you all get up.

Wat. Is that right, Muster Diggery?

Dig. Very well; now—(*a bell rings*)—zounds! here's Miss Bridget.

Enter MISS BRIDGET.

Miss B. Where, in the name of mischief, have you been, rascal? Your master has been looking for you this hour, and no tidings, high nor low.

Dig. I'm going. [*Exit, leaving the rest kneeling.*]

Miss B. Mercy upon us! What's all this? Cy-mon! Wat! Are you all mad? Why don't you answer?

Cym. Hush, hush! Diggery is to play mad. I must not stir.

Miss B. Mercy upon me! these fellows may be struck mad for aught I know. I'll raise the house. Brother, brother! Kitty Sprightly! Where are you all?

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. What the devil's the matter?

Miss B. Look at those fellows, brother! They are all out of their senses; they are all mad.

Sir G. Mad, are they? Why, then run and bring me the short blunderbuss that's hanging in the hall, and I'll take a pop at the whole covey.

Enter DIGGERY.

Diggery, what's the matter with those fellows?

Dig. Nothing, sir.

Sir G. Nothing! Why what the devil keeps them in that posture, then?

Dig. Lord, sir! I'll soon make them get upon their legs.

Sir G. Do then, I desire you; and send them all to the mad-house.

Dig. (*Goes up to them.*) Rise all, my friends! (*They all rise.*) Lord, sir! we were only acting a play.

Sir G. You son of a w—! get out of my sight this moment. (*They all run away.*) Was ever man so plagued with such a set of scoundrels? Morning, noon, and night, is this fellow, Diggery, taking these wretches from their labour; and making Cæsars, Alexanders, and Blackamoors, of them.

Miss B. Brother, brother! if you had routed that nest of vagabonds, who were mumming in our barn, about two months ago, none of this would have happened.

Sir G. True, true, sister Bridget. It was but a few days ago, I went to take a walk about my fields; when I came back, the first thing I saw, was a large

sheet of paper pasted on the street-door, and on it were wrote, in large characters,

"This evening will be presented here,

THE GREAT ALEXANDER.

Alexander, by Mr. Diggery Ducklin;

Roxana, by Miss Tippet Busky;

And the part of Statira by a young Lady, (being her first appearance on any stage:)"

D—e! if I knew my own house.

Miss B. That's not all, brother; Diggery had nearly smothered that silly hussy, Tippet, in the oven, a few days ago.

Sir G. The oven! What the devil brought her there?

Miss B. Why, Diggery prevailed upon her to go in, and he said he would break open the door of it with the kitchen poker, and that would be playing Romo.

Sir G. Romo! Romeo, you mean. Why, sister Bridget, you can't speak English. Surely some demon has bewitched our family! (*Aside.*) But pray what became of Juliet in the oven?

Miss B. Hearing a noise, I went down stairs; and the moment he saw me, he dropped the poker, and ran away. But I had no sooner opened the door of the oven, than I saw her gasping for breath; and it was as much as I could do to drag her out, and save her from being suffocated.

Sir G. Why the devil did you not leave her there? She would have been a good example to the whole family. As to that fellow, Diggery, he will be hanged for the murder of some of these creatures, as sure as he is now alive. I overheard him, the other day, desiring Cymon to fall on the carving-knife, and he would then die like Cato!

Miss B. If they continue these pranks, we shall never be able to receive Captain Charles and his friend; they will certainly imagine we are all run mad in good earnest.

Sir G. How can it be otherwise? Miss Kitty Sprightly, forsooth, extorted a promise from me the other day, that when Charles and his friend came down, I would permit the Beggar's Opera to be got up, as she phrased it, in order to entertain them.

Miss B. Brother, that girl is worse than the whole gang of them.

Sir G. Leave me to manage her: I will endeavour to release myself from the promise I made her; and instead of this play, a ball may answer the purpose. I hope, sister, you have prepared a good dinner for my nephew and his friend. He informs me in his letter, that the gentleman he brings down with him is a man of family, and a soldier that does honour to his profession.

Miss B. I must desire, brother, you will mind your ward, and leave the house to me. Let him be related to the first duchess in the land, he shall say, after he leaves Strawberry-hall, he never feasted until he came there.

Enter DIGGERY.

Dig. Lord, sir! Captain Macheath is just arrived.

Sir G. Captain Macheath! My nephew, rascal. Desire him to walk up immediately.

Dig. Yes, sir. Oh, sir! here he is.

Enter CHARLES and HARRY.

Sir G. Ah, nephew! I am glad to see you. How have you been these two years? I have not seen you since your last campaign.

Cha. In very good health, sir; and am sincerely happy to see you so. Permit me, sir, to introduce to your acquaintance, the companion of my dangers and my friendship.

Sir G. Sir, you are welcome to Strawberry-hall.

I love a soldier; and I am informed you support the character in all its relations.

Har. You do me great honour, Sir Gilbert: I shall study to deserve your good opinion.

Dig. He's a better figure than me; and better action too. (*Imitates him.*)

Cha. I was in great hopes, my dear aunt, that when next I visited Strawberry-hall, I should have found you happy in the possession of your old lover, Parson Dosey. I hope you have not banished him?

Miss B. Don't talk of the wretch; you know he was always my aversion. (*Diggery, at the side, is stabbing himself with a large key.*)

Sir G. What are you about, Diggery?

Dig. Sir! (*Puts the key into his pocket.*)

Sir G. Come, come, I'll tell you the fact, and spare her blushes. Parson Dosey, you must know, some time ago, was playing a pool of quadrille with my sister and three of her elderly maiden acquaintances, who live in the neighbourhood, when, behold ye! to the astonishment of all the ladies, the parson's right eye dropped into the fish-tray! Egad! I was as much astonished as the rest; for none of us had ever discovered the defect, although he has been in the parish for so many years. But, in a twinkling, he whipt it into the socket; and, when I looked him in the face, d—e! if I did not think there was as much meaning in it, as in any eye about the table.

Dig. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Sir G. interrupts him in the middle of his laugh.*)

Sir G. For shame, Diggery. (*Drives him off.*) Bless me! I forgot. Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Har. (*Kisses her, and bows very politely.*) Upon my word, madam, such an imposition deserved a very severe chastisement. I hope, madam, you never permitted this made-up gentleman to indulge the eye he had left, with another view of your fair self?

Miss B. Dear sir, I hope you don't mind my brother; he is always upon his fagaries. He puts me to the blush a hundred times a day. Faith! a very pretty young fellow; I'll take a more particular view of him presently. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. No, no. My sister's observation was a just one—"that when a woman marries, she ought to have a mau naturally complete."

Miss B. So, brother, you will go on with your vile conceptions.

Sir G. I have no vile conceptions. Why do you suppose them vile, sister Bridget?

Miss B. Gentlemen, I cannot stay in the room.

Har. Dear madam, I beg—pray madam—(*Takes her by the hand.*)

Miss B. I must go, sir, I am in such a tremble. I shall certainly drop with confusion, if I stay any longer. [*Exit.*]

Har. Indeed, Sir Gilbert, this canonical gentleman, presuming to address a lady of Miss Pumpkin's qualifications—

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Pumpkin's qualifications! Stick to that, Captain, and you will soon have a regiment. I find the soldier has not spoiled the courtier.

Har. I really think what I say, sir. The deception was unpardonable.

Sir G. Not at all. The parson was very poor, and he knew she was very rich; and if the fellow was blind with one eye, and squinted with the other, I could not blame him to marry her, if she was fool enough to consent to the union. Indeed, it was my business to prevent it; but the discovery of the glass eye did the business more effectually than I could do, had I the eloquence of a Cicero.

Cha. But pray, uncle, where is your fair charge,

Miss Kitty Sprightly? She's grown, I suppose, a fine girl by this time.

Sir G. A fine girl, quotha! I do not like that warm inquiry. A red coat may spoil my project of marrying her myself. (*Considers.*) I have it! I'll tell him she's a little crack-brained. (*Aside.*) Nephew, a word in your ear—the poor girl has got a touch.

Cha. A touch! You don't say so.

Sir G. As sure as you are in your senses. She's always imagining herself to be either Helen, Cleopatra, Polly Peachum, or some other female of antiquity, that made a noise in the world.

Cha. Oh! ho! I smell a rat here; but I'll humour it. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a strange species of madness, uncle: she's, probably, play-mad.

Sir G. You have it; and the contagion has run through the house. There's Diggery, Wat, Cymon, Tippet, and the whole family, except my sister, have got the bite. Why, sometimes you would imagine, from the wooden sceptres, straw crowns, and such like trumpery, that Bedlam was transported to the spot you now stand upon. I give you this hint, that your friend may not be surprised: you will explain the unhappy situation of the poor girl to him. An excellent thought! it will keep her at a distance from him. (*Aside.*)

Cha. Harry, my uncle informs me (*winking at him*) that his fair ward, the young lady I mentioned to you, has lately had a touch.

Har. A touch! I am heartily sorry for it. How came the unlucky accident? I hope no faithless one-eyed lover in the case.

Sir G. Zounds! No, no, no! Why, nephew, you describe the girl's disorder abominably. She lately had a touch here, here, sir. (*Points to his forehead.*)

Har. Oh! is that all? I hope, sir, with a little attention, she will be soon restored.

Cha. I am very sorry to hear this account of my dear little Kitty. Let us visit her. Where is she, uncle?

Sir G. Dear little Kitty! Oh, ho! but I'll have all my senses about me. (*Aside.*) In her own chamber, I suppose: but follow me, and you shall see her. She is quite another thing to what she was two years ago, when you saw her. But come, gentlemen, dinner will be shortly on the table, and I long to have a bumper with you. [*Exit.*]

Har. So! Charles, this is the fair lady you brought me down to run away with!

Cha. Even so.

Har. Why, what the devil would the world say of me for being such a scoundrel?

Cha. Marry the lady, Harry; and, when you have fifty thousand pounds in your pocket, the world will be very glad to shake hands and be friends with you.

Har. I would as soon marry Hecate—

Cha. As my aunt. Very polite, truly! But keep her out of my way, and you may do with her as you please. This girl, who my uncle says is mad, I believe I shall be able to restore in a short time; and it will go hard with me, if you will assist in the project, but I will put her into a post-chaise, and set out for London this very night.

Har. Command me, dear Charles, in anything that can be of service to you. Have you instructed William? He's a trusty, shrewd fellow.

Cha. He has got his lesson. He will soon get into Diggery's good graces, if he can only give him a speech out of a play; however, I hope William will be able to manage him. Oh! here is Diggery.

Enter DIGGERY, with a napkin in his hand.

Diggery, my honest fellow! I am glad to see you. Why, you are grown out of knowledge. It is some

years since I was first favoured with your acquaintance, Diggery.

Dig. So it is, your honour. Let me see: (*considers*) you was first favoured with my acquaintance four years come next Lammas. But I knew nothing then; I was quite a thing, your honour.

Cha. You have improved, Diggery, since that time, I see, considerably.

Dig. How do you see that, your honour?

Cha. Why, your face shews it. There are the lines of good sense, wit, and humour, in every feature; not that insipid face you used to have, no more expression in it than a toasted muffin.

Dig. I got all, your honour, by larning to read. You'll see me, when I play, look in a way that will frighten the whole family. No muffin faces; all mispression, your honour. (*Harry hums a tune out of the Beggar's Opera, and acts; Diggery looks at him.*) Master Charles, who is that gentleman? He's acting, isn't he? Has he a muffin face?

Cha. No, no! Diggery, don't disturb him. He is one of the first actors of the age, and has a face that would frighten the devil, when he pleases. He'll put us all to rights; I brought him down for the purpose.

Dig. Suppose your honour desires him to kill himself for a minute or two before dinner. I have tried a thousand times, and never could kill myself to my own satisfaction in all my life. I'll lend him my key. (*Bell rings.*) Coming!—Oh! Master Charles, I was desired to bid you and the gentleman come to dinner; but I quite forgot it. Run as hard as you can.

Cha. Come, Harry, the family waits dinner.

[*Exeunt singing.*]
Dig. The family waits dinner. (*Imitates him.*) I can't do it like him. Lord! how he'll do Captain Macheath in the play. I'm glad he's not to be hanged. (*Sings.*)

“Let us take the road—Hark!

I hear the sound of coaches, (*bell rings.*)

The hour of attack approaches.”

[*Bell rings till Diggery is off.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Dining Parlour.

SIR GILBERT, MISS BRIDGET, MISS KITTY, CHARLES, and HARRY, at dinner: DIGGERY attending at the sideboard.

Sir G. I hope, gentlemen, you like your dinner. As to my wine, there is not better in the country, I'll lay a hogshhead of claret.

Har. Your entertainment is so good, Sir Gilbert, that I shall beg leave to prolong my visit. What shall we do, Charles, when we reach London, that cursed seat of noise and bustle?

Cha. Endeavour to reconcile ourselves to it; a soldier must not always expect good quarters. Pray, Miss Kitty, how does your fair friend, Miss Sally Cockle?

Kit. Oh! she has been married a long time, and was lately brought to bed of two thumping boys.

Miss B. Child, you must not tell that.

Kit. What, mustn't I tell the truth? Why then I do say, she was brought to bed of two boys not six months ago; but she will be at our play to-night.

Sir G. I told you how it was; but she's not mischievous. (*Aside to Charles.*)

Cha. She has not the appearance of it.

Sir G. Come, my young soldiers, let us have a bumper to his majesty: what say you, my boys?

Har. A hundred, Sir Gilbert; and I say done first.

Sir G. Why, that's rather too many; but while I can stand or sit, have at you. Come, Diggery, let us have three bumpers in a minute here. Diggery, What is that fellow about there? (*Diggery is kneel*

ing at the foot of the sideboard, as if lamenting the death of Statira; they all rise and look at him.) I say, Diggery. (*Diggery turns his head about, but continues kneeling.*)

Dig. Sir!

Sir G. What are you about? Acting again, I suppose?

Dig. Lord, sir, I was only striving to cry over Statira! (*Rises.*)

Sir G. To cry over Statira! and what have you to do with Statira? Let Statira go to the devil; and give us three bumpers to his majesty, and then you may go and follow Statira if you will.

Dig. Yes, sir. (*Brings the wine.*)

Sir G. Come, boys, here is his majesty's health, and a long, glorious, and happy reign to him.

Kit. Indeed, guardie, you frighten poor Diggery so, that he forgets his part almost as soon as he gets it.

Sir G. Kitty Sprightly, hold your tongue, I bid you. I have surely a right to correct my own servants; but rest satisfied, for after this night, if ever I hear the name of that sheep-stealing scoundrel, Willy, as you call him, I will—there now, that fellow's at the devil's trade again. (*Diggery is fencing with a large carving-knife.*) Call Cymon here, thou imp of the devil! we shall be able to do something with him. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!

Dig. Cymon! Cymon! (*The last very loud.*)

Enter CYMON.

Cy. Here.

Sir G. Cymon, do you attend table; that fellow is among the incurables.

Cha. After we have performed this play to-night, I fancy, sir, the family will have quite enough of it.

Miss B. Then I wish it was over, with all my heart.

Cha. Miss Kitty, will you drink a glass of wine with me? Shall I have the honour to touch your glass?

Kit. If you please, sir.

Har. Suppose, Miss Pumpkin, we make it a quartetto.

Sir G. A quartetto? Why not a quintetto? Cymon, five glasses of wine; be quick. I suppose you are not engaged with Statira.

Cy. Yes—no, your honour. (*Gives five glasses of wine.*)

Sir G. We could not get any fish for you, although we sent far and near for some.

Cha. Give me good roast beef, uncle, the most proper diet for a Briton and a soldier. (*Cymon fills a glass; Diggery takes it up, and gives it to him; he appears to instruct Cymon what to do with it; Cymon drinks it, throws the glass over his head, and sings.*)

Cy. "And my comrades shall see that I die."
(*Diggery and Cymon run off. All rise.*)

Sir G. I wish, with all my heart, the devil had the whole pack. Was ever man so plagued?

Har. Dear Sir Gilbert, do not be uneasy; they will be all tired of playing before to-morrow night, or I am very much mistaken.

Kit. Now, guardie, for my part, I think the best way will be, to let them have their belly-full of playing.

Miss B. For shame, Kitty; you must not say belly-full before company; that's naughty.

Kit. Well, I do say; that if guardie would only let us play as much as we please, it is very probable we should as soon be tired of it as he is.

Har. Egad! Miss Kitty, an excellent thought. (*Aside to Charles.*) Suppose, Sir Gilbert, we adopt it.

Cha. Do, uncle; my friend and I will engage in one week to make them hate the sight of a theatre.

Sir G. Do you say so? If I thought that could be done—

Miss B. Indeed, indeed, brother, it will make them all as mad as March hares.

Har. Believe me, madam, it will not. I know a gentleman, who every night of his life was at one or other of the play-houses, until he purchased a share in each of them, and afterwards he no more troubled himself about the theatre, than you do about learning to ride in the great saddle.

Miss B. No!—Well, that's amazing.

Sir G. Well, well, I leave the management of this matter to you both; do with them as you please. If we can provide a remedy for this disorder, let us spare no pains to find it out. Sister, shew your nephew and his friend the garden; and do you, Kitty, go too. You will find me in my study. Take care of that poor girl, Charles; she is very sensible at some moments. [*Exit.*]

Cha. "Fear not my government."

Kit. That's what the black man says in the play. This is to my own taste exactly.

Cha. "Oh, my Statira! thou relentless fair! Turn thine eyes on me; I would talk to them."

Kit. "Not the soft breezes of the genial spring, The fragrant violet, or opening rose, Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath. Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."
(*He leads her out, looking at each other languishingly.*)

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter MISS BRIDGET and HARRY.

Har. These improvements, madam, are the very extreme of elegance. I take for granted, they were laid out agreeably to your design.

Miss B. Partly, sir. My brother wanted to have the garden crammed full of naked figures, in a most indecent way, but I said not; and if you observe, they are clothed from head to foot: you can't see the ankle of one of them.

Har. There, madam, you blended decency with elegance, which is little attended to in these days. Besides, the artist has the same opportunity to shew his skill on the drapery of a lady's petticoat, as in finishing a Venus de Medicis.

Miss B. And so I told my brother. Says I, the Venus de Med-med—but won't you please to sit down, sir? You have walked a great deal; I am afraid you are fatigued. Sit down, sir, and dispose yourself. (*He brings two garden-chairs to the front of the stage; they look at each other languishingly.*) And are you certain, sir, that this kind of play business will not be attended with any bad consequences to the family?

Har. Indeed, I think not, madam. A play, certainly, is one of the most rational amusements we have. The Greek and Roman stages contributed very much to civilize those nations; and, in a great measure, rescued them from their original barbarity.

Miss B. So I told my brother. Says I, the Greeks, the Romans, the Irish, and a great number of other barbarous nations, had plays.

Har. True, madam.

Miss B. But he said they were all Jacobites.

Har. The justice of that remark, I confess, strikes me; but, madam, you,—you,—you—D—e if I know what to say to this old fool. Where is Charles? (*Aside.*)

Miss B. I have touched him with my observations. What a delicate insensibility he discovers. (*Aside.*) I find, sir, from your conversation, you have read a monstrous deal. You have taken a degree, I suppose, sir, at our principal adversity?

Har. There's no standing this. (*Aside.*) Oh! yes, madam; and it cost me many an uneasy moment before I could obtain it: the only thing that made my time pass away even tolerably, was, that during my probation, I sometimes had the honour of a visit from the muses.

Miss B. Pray, sir, is that the family which lives at Oxford?

Har. No, faith! madam, they very seldom even sojourn there; they are a very whimsical family; and although of the highest extraction, very often condescend to visit a cottage instead of a palace.

Miss B. I shall be very glad to see them at Strawberry-Hall, or any friend of your's, sir.

Har. Dear madam, your goodness overwhelms me. I'll try this old Tabby with a love scene; she grows amorous. (*Aside.*) I cannot but think, madam, of the unaccountable vanity of the parson, whom Sir Gilbert so humorously described to-day. From the enterprising genius of this spirited gentleman, and from his wanting an eye, one may, with great propriety, I think, give him the name of the canonical Hannibal.

Miss B. Ha, ha! a very good summily indeed, sir: he was, indeed, quite a cannibal; and so I told my brother: but don't mention his name, sir, it affects me like the hydrophica.

Har. His presumption, madam, deserved death. Monstrous! to think of obtaining such a hand as this, (*kisses it*) without the requisites even to gaze upon it. Oh! it is intolerable. (*She rises, and he kneels.*)

Miss B. Dear, sir! Lord, sir!—With what a warmth he kisses my hand! Oh! he's a dear deluder. (*Aside.*) Sir,—Captain What-do-you-call-'um,—if we are seen, I am undone.

Har. Be under no apprehensions, my angel. (*Kisses her hand again.*)

Miss B. My angel! there's a word for you. I shall certainly give way in a few moments. (*Aside.*)

Enter DIGGERY, peeping at the side-scene.

Dig. What are these two cajoling about? Acting, I suppose. I'll try if I can't act in the same way.

Har. Ah! Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin! (*Kneels; takes out his handkerchief, and weeps.*)

Dig. Ah! Miss Pumpkin! Miss Pumpkin! (*Kneels by the side-scene, and pulls the napkin out of his pocket; part of it is seen when he enters.*)

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. Where are you, sister? Zounds! what's the matter now? What! are you acting! Have you got the touch?

Har. Humour the thought, madam. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. If Diggery had not been one of the dramatis personæ, I should have imagined, sister Bridget, that a red coat and a handsome young fellow were things not very disagreeable to you.

Dig. Yes, sir, I'm here! I'm always your honour's personæ.

Sir G. Get out of my sight this moment, thou—

[*Exit Diggery.*]

Miss B. Indeed, brother, I do not think, that acting is so foolish a thing as I thought for. The Captain here has repeated so many pretty speeches, that I could listen to them for an hour longer. However, I will go and prepare tea for you. Good bye. [*Exit.*]

Har. Miss Bridget has very kindly undertaken, sir, to perform the part of Mrs. Peachum, in this evening's entertainment; and as she takes the part at a short notice, we must indulge her with the book. I shall make a proper apology to the audience upon that occasion, before the opera begins.

Sir G. Mrs. Peachum! What, has my sister undertaken to play Mother Peachum?

Har. Most kindly, sir.

Sir G. She has! Then I shall not be surprised if I see my she-goat and all her family dancing the hayes to-morrow morning. In short, after that, I shall not be surprised at anything. But tell me, my dear Stukely, tell me truly, do you think that

you will be able to give them enough of it? Do you think our plan will succeed?

Har. I'll be bound for it, sir. If there are any more plays acted in your house after this, I will consent to lose my head.

Sir G. Then give them as much of it to-night as you can: do not spare them, Stukely. But, come, let us go in to tea. Diggery is hard at work, fixing the scenes in the hall, and the whole neighbourhood will be here by-and-by. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the house.

Enter KITTY, singing.

Kit. This Charles, notwithstanding my singing, now and then makes me melancholy. He is so lively, and so tragic, and so comic, and so humour-some, and so everything like myself, that I am much happier with him than with anybody else. Heigh-ho! what makes me sigh so, when I choose singing?—"tol, lol, lol, la." But here he is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex!

Kit. Keep off, Charles, I bid you; you must not lay hold on me in such a monstrous way; that's just like Cymon.

Cha. What do I hear? Death to my hopes! Cymon! does Cymon lay hold of my dear Kitty?

Kit. To be sure. When I have no other person to rehearse with, I do take Cymon; and he does not perform badly, when I instruct him.

Cha. But don't you think you had better take me? Don't you imagine that my performance would please you better than his?

Kit. How can I tell, until I try you both? If you will give me a specimen, I'll soon tell you. Try now.

Cha. What the devil shall I say? I do not immediately recollect a line of a play. No matter, the first thing that comes into my head. (*Aside.*) Come then, Kitty, you must play with me. Now mind. Hear me, thou fairest of the fair! hear me, dear goddess! hear—

Kit. Stop, stop; I do not know where that is.

Cha. Nor I, upon my soul. (*Aside.*) What! do not you recollect where that is?

Kit. No. Can you repeat a speech out of Romeo, Crooked-back Richard, the Conscious Lovers, Scrub, the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, the School for Wives—

Cha. Stop, stop; yes, yes, Kitty, I have the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, and the School for Wives, strong at this moment in my recollection. I think I can do—

Kit. What then, you only think! You're not certain! Lord, Lord! I do not believe you can do anything. Why Cymon could say them all without missing a word. I only desired him, after supper, a few nights ago, to go into the barn, and get by heart the speech, where the Blackamore smothers his wife, and I had not been in bed ten minutes, when he came into the room, and repeated every word of it.

Cha. The devil he did!

Kit. Ay, and more than that.

Cha. What more, in the devil's name?

Kit. Why, to be sure, he was as black as old Harry, that's certain. He had blacked all his face with soot and goose-dripping; and he did look so charmingly frightful! But then he did play so well; he laid down the candle, and came up to the bed-side, and said, "One kiss, and then."

Cha. What then?

Kit. Why then, "Put out the light." Why,

Charles, you know no more how to act this scene than Tippet.

Cha. And pray, my dear Kitty, what does Sir Gilbert say to all this?

Kit. Why, he'd never have known a word of it, if it was not that it discovered itself.

Cha. How came that? You tell me it was but a few nights ago, and I do not think it could discover itself so soon.

Kit. Why, you must know, that when Cymon kissed me in bed, he blacked my left cheek so abominably, that when I came down to breakfast in the morning, the family were all frightened out of their wits. Mrs. Bridget bid me go to the glass; and when I looked at myself, lord, lord, how I did laugh! I told them the whole story. And, do you know? that I am locked into my room every night since.

Cha. So much the better. This is simplicity without vice. (*Aside.*) Well, Kitty, you shall see this evening, how I'll play Captain Macheath. I am quite perfect in the captain.

Kit. And I have Polly, every morsel of her.—Lord! how all the country folks will stare! Miss Fanny Blubber, the rich farmer's daughter, in the next village, is to play Lucy; she will do it charmingly. Are you sure now, that you will not be out?

Cha. You shall see now. Come, lean on my shoulder, look fond, quite languishing—that will do. What do you say now? have you forgot?

Kit. That I haven't: "And are you as fond as ever, my dear?"

Cha. "Suspect my honour, my courage; suspect anything but my love. May my pistols want charging, and my mare slip her shoes"—no, I'm wrong: zounds!—oh! I have it; "May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!"

Kit. Oh, thou charming, charming creature! (*Kisses him.*)

Cha. D—e! but this girl has given me the touch, I believe. She has set me all in a flame. (*Aside.*) But tell me, Kitty, have you thought upon what I said to you in the garden?

Kit. Egad! I have; but I don't know what's the matter with me; something comes across me, and frightens all my inclinations away.

Cha. Be resolute, my dear Kitty, and take to your arms the man who can only live when he's in your presence. Heavens! is it possible, that such a girl as you, a creature formed—

Kit. Lord! am I a creature?

Cha. Ay, and a lovely creature; formed for the delight of our sex, and the envy of your's. To be caged up in such a d—d old barn as this! seeing no company but Cymon, Wat, Diggery Ducklin, and such cannibals.

Kit. Oh, monstrous!

Cha. It's more than monstrous; it's shocking.

Kit. Is it, indeed?

Cha. To be sure.

Kit. Then I will do as you bid me from this moment.

Cha. Come to my arms, and let me hold thee to my heart for ever. (*Embraces her.*) "If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear my soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate."

Enter SIR GILBERT.

Sir G. Hollo! What the devil! Are you two at it already? Why, Charles, are you not afraid she will bite you!

Cha. Not in the least, sir. If I don't make her out of humour with this kind of mumming, before she is twenty-four hours older, I will forfeit my commission.

Sir G. If you do, I promise you a better. What noise is that? (*A board is heard saving without.*)

Kit. It is only Diggery sawing a trap-hole in the floor of the hall. You know we can't play tragedy without it.

Sir G. Zounds! we shall have the house about our ears presently. Mercy on us! Diggery, thou imp of the devil, give over. Charles, do you stop him. (*Exit Charles.*) Who could have thought of such an infernal scheme?

Re-enter CHARLES.

Oh! Charles, Charles, cure the family of this madness, and I will make your fortune for you.

Cha. He had only begun his work; there can be no mischief done, sir.

Sir G. Thank you, thank you, Charles. As for you, Miss Kitty, do you come with me; the folks will be all here presently. (*Sir Gilbert puts her arm under his; she seizes Charles's hand, and imitates the scene in the Beggar's Opera, where Peachum drags his daughter from Macheath.*)

Kit. "Do not tear him from me." Isn't that right, Charles?

Cha. Astonishing!

Sir G. What the devil's the matter, now?

Kit. (*Sings.*) "Oh, oh, ray! oh, Ambora! oh, ho!" [*Exeunt Sir Gil. and Kitty.*]

Cha. Well, certainly there does not exist such an unaccountable family as this. As to the girl, she is a composition of shrewdness and simplicity; and, if properly treated, would make an excellent wife. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune, and every shilling at her own disposal. What an old curmudgeon is my uncle, who might provide for his nephew, without pulling a shilling out of his own pocket, by bestowing this girl upon him; and never once to hint at such an union. No matter: I'll take this little charming girl to my arms, and make a coup-de-main of it. "Then, farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet; the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!"

Enter HARRY.

Har. Bravo! bravo! Charles. The touch, I fancy, has gone round the whole family.

Cha. Egad! I believe so too, Harry. I have got it, you find.

Har. I have been looking for you this half hour. Such a scene as I have had with old mouser.

Cha. Ay, but such a scene as I have had with the kitten! Egad, Harry! I have her, in spite of all her tricks. But who, do you think, popped upon us at the critical moment?

Har. Critical moment!

Cha. Just as I had the lovely girl in my arms, repeating to her the first speech that came into my head, in popped old Jowler, my uncle.

Har. Why he caught me much in the same situation in the garden; I was kneeling, kissing Miss Bridget Pumpkin's old, withered fist, and swearing by all the goddesses, their friends and relations, when plump he came upon us. No mischief ensued; for he thought I was giving her a specimen of my abilities in acting. She humoured the idea as completely as if she had but just come from a London boarding-school; and the good old knight desired me, to surfeit her, to give her a little more of it.

Cha. "This night makes me, or undoes me quite."

Har. Good again, Charles. D—e, but I think you would make a tolerable actor in good earnest.

Cha. I think I should; and you will shortly have a specimen of my abilities, in the character of a good husband.

Enter WILLIAM, with a letter.

Will. I received this letter, sir, from a hostler, who belongs to an inn in the next village: he waits for an answer, sir.

Cha. What can this mean? I know no person hereabouts, except my uncle's family. Let us see. (*Reads.*) "I this moment heard you was in the country, upon a visit at your uncle's; and, as I propose staying here to night, (being heartily fatigued with my journey) will be much obliged if you will favour me with your company to supper. I am alone; but if the family cannot spare you, I must insist you will use no ceremony with your old and sincere friend, JOE TACKUM."—Angels catch the sounds!

Har. With all my heart. But what's the matter?

Cha. Who do you think is by accident arrived at the next village?

Har. Who? who? You put me in a fever.

Cha. Joe Tackum, my old fellow collegian, who took orders not a month ago; and who, I suppose, is now going to his father's. Fly, William, get me pen, ink, and paper: he must not stir from this place he now is at, to get a bishopric.

[*Exeunt Charles and William.*]

Har. Let me see now; can't I find some passage that will be à-propos! If Diggery were here, he would find twenty in a minute. Oh! I have it: "If it were done when 'tis done; then would it were done quickly:"—"Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished." No, no, no, I'm all wrong. D—e if ever I attempt to spout again while I live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Hall, with seats to see the play.*

SIR GILBERT, DIGGERY, &c. *bustling to receive company.*

Sir G. Welcome, my good friends; welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Diggery, don't be mumbling your nonsense, but seat the company. You are all most heartily welcome. The actors will be here shortly. Diggery, where's my nephew and his friend? Where's Kitty too?

Dig. She is just stepped out with Charles.

Sir G. Ay, ay, to rehearse their parts together; so much the better. After this night, I shall take care they have no rehearsing of their tragedies, and comedies, and love dialogues: I'll put an end to this tinder-work business. But come, come; bustle about, Diggery, get yourself ready, and desire them all to begin; we have no time to lose. Now, neighbours, you shall see the Beggar's Opera in taste.

Dig. Here they are, here they are.

Enter CHARLES, KITTY, and HARRY.

Har. Are you sure none of the family know you are married?

Cha. Not a soul; but they shall all know it now. (*Charles and Kitty go up to Sir Gilbert, and kneel.*) Sir, this young lady, who is now my wife, joins with me in requesting your blessing and forgiveness.

Dig. No, no, no: you are all wrong. You are to confess the marriage at the end of the third act. We begin at the wrong end. (*Charles and Kitty rise.*)

Enter MISS BRIDGET, in a rage.

Miss B. Brother, brother, we are all undone! Oh! Kitty, you are a sad slut. The wench is married, brother!

Dig. Why, Mrs. Bridget, you are wrong too; you are to say that by-and-bye.

Sir G. You came in too soon, sister Bridget; you have forgot.

Miss B. I tell you, brother, the wench is married. Are you stupid?

Sir G. I tell you again, sister Bridget, you are too soon; that rage will do well enough presently. Diggery shall tell you when to come. This foolish woman spoils all. I have seen the Beggar's Opera a thousand times.

Miss B. Was ever anything to equal this? I'll raise the neighbourhood. Murder! robbery! ravishment! Bless me, how my head turns round. (*They all rise and assist Miss Bridget, who faints.*)

Dig. I never saw anything better acted in all my life.

Sir G. Very well, sister, indeed! bounce away. I did not think it was in you. Very well, indeed! ha, ha, ha! (*Bridget shews great agitation.*)

Dig. It's very fine, indeed! I wish I may do my part half as well.

Miss B. I shall go mad! You crazy fool you, hold your tongue, or I will—(*Runs at Diggery.*) As for you brother—

Sir G. No, no, now you are out.

Dig. You should not meddle with me.

Miss B. I tell you, dolt, fool, that your niece there, that impudent baggage, is married to that more impudent fellow, your nephew.

Sir G. It can't be; it's all a lie. Parson Dosey would not have done such a thing for his other eye, and there's no other in the neighbourhood.

Har. It was not Parson Dosey that did the kind office, but honest Joe Tackum.

Sir G. And pray, who the devil is honest Joe Tackum?

Cha. A friend of mine, sir, who I detained for the purpose.

Kit. Dear guardie, forgive me this time, and I'll never do it again. (*Kneeling.*)

Miss B. Did you ever hear anything so profligate and destitute? Oh! you'll turn out finely, miss! to deceive us all. What, guilty of such an abomination, in so short a time, and at your age!

Kit. Pray, madam, excuse me; is it not quite as bad to do it in so short a time, and at your age?

Miss B. What do you mean, you impertinent slut?

Sir G. Ay, what do you mean, Miss Hot-upon't?

Kit. Ask this gentleman, pray.

Sir G. Why, what the devil, sister! (*Bridget looks ashamed.*)

Har. Since I am subpoenaed into court, I must speak the truth. That lady, in so short a time, and at her age, offered her hand for the same trip to matrimony; but I was not in a humour for travelling.

Miss B. You are all a parcel of knaves, fools, and impertinent hussies. I'll never see your faces again. [*Exit.*]

Sir G. Well, as my sister, who ought to be wiser, would have done the same, I will forgive the lesser offence. (*Kisses Kitty.*) Make her a good husband, Charles: and permit me to recommend one thing to you; let her never read a play, or go within the doors of a theatre; if you do, I would not underwrite her.

Cha. "My life upon her faith!" I am afraid, sir, you judge severely of the drama. It is the business of the stage to reflect the manners of the world; "to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

We point just satire to correct the age,

And give to truth a beauty from the stage.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

LOVEL
FREEMAN
LORD DUKE

SIR HARRY
PHILIP
TOM

COACHMAN
KINGSTON
KITTY

LADY CHARLOTTE
LADY BAB
COOK, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Freeman's house.

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy!—ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time; I am now convinced of what you have so often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James, than in your kitchen.

Lov. It is with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare: Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks. If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pray tell me; is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of another. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Send Robert to me—[*Exit Servant.*—] But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it. (*Gives the letter.*)

Free. I should know something of this hand. (*Reads.*)

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I was, it may bring one into trouble.

No no more, from your honour's
Servant to command.

Odd and honest! Well, and now what are the steps you intend to take? (*Returns the letter.*)

Lov. My plan is this. I gave it out that was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town: *ecce signum!* (*Points to his boots.*)

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I will be so countryfied, that you shall not know me: as they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them; but you must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon; walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole; my name shall be Jemmy, and I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good character. (*Mimicking.*)

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil; come along!

Free. Bravo! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! Eating, working, and sleeping! But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ah! my dear Sir Harry—

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT,

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir H. My Lord Duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord: we have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear; plague take it, I should have been there; but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir H. The viscount's people have been d——y taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. (*Offers his box.*)

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Ay!

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bah this morning; but, 'fore gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people. (*Reads.*)

Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper.

Duke. I have the same invitation; their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

Duke. A huck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret; he's going to be married.

Sir H. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in tolerable time, I'll be with you: have you any thing for us?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry; I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself, till eight.

Duke. Heigho! I am quite out of spirits; I had a d—d debauch last night, baronet. Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipped off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith! Lady Bab; ay, and Lady Charlotte.

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes! Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are d—d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, d—n it, that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha! here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire. (*They retire.*)

Enter LADY BAB'S MAID, and LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love Foxhall.

Lady B. O my stars! Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! *Runelov* for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of *Runelov*, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bah?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that; soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B. I despise him: how goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to night, Lady Bah?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind; I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh! but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The Duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The Duke might shew his judgment much better. (*Holding up her head.*)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too; take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-bye.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay; let us be gone; for the common

people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be nobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT, and SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us; I must follow.

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must. I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, harkye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum: we must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was a cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. O Tempora, O Moses!

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, prythee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—(*Makes a motion as if with the dice box.*)

Sir H. Fie! my Lord Duke.

Duke. Lookye, baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! ha, ha, ha! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol. [*Exit singing and dancing.*]

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment: so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry. I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire; we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The Duke tells me so.

Phil. The Duke's a fool.

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you: Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch; I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad! the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What d'ye call him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha! charity begins at home, ha! Odsso, here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one. Don't let us be seen together, he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away; remember, burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right; long corks! ha, Phil! (*Mimics the drawing of a cork.*) Your's. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip; how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir; sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Oh! Mr. Philip: pray stay; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir. (*Bows.*)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest (*Phil bows*)—rascals in the world. (*Aside.*)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man; poor fellow, he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say, they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlick'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir; now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. (*Aside.*)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James; and for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. (*Aside.*)

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly; call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages: humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant! [*Exit.*]

Phil. Ha! ha! ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and COACHMAN, drunk and sleepy, discovered. *Knocking at the door.*

King. Somebody knocks. Coachy, go: go to the door, coachy.

Coach. I'll not go, do you go, you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go. (*Knocking.*)

Coach. Why then let 'em stay: I'll not go, damme. Ay, knock the door down, and let yourselves in. (*Knocking.*)

King. Ay, ay! knock again, knock again.

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire—so he can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I, I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil; you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep. I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, Coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go.

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollys, Popsy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad; it is none of my business, and go I will not. (*Sits down.*)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL disguised.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ha! my lads, what finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. (*Aside.*)

Phil. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-bye. They are as fast as a church. *Jemmy!*

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, sir, if I might, eh?

Phil. Do, *Jemmy*; wake 'em, *Jemmy*. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip, Mr. Coachman! (*Gives him a slap on the face.*)

Coach. Oh! oh! what? Zounds! Oh! d—n you!

Lov. What, blackey! blackey! (*Pulls him by the nose.*)

King. Oh! oh! what now! curse you! Cot tam you.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! well done *Jemmy*. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed, we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt, reeling.*]

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure: who else? ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So! (*Aside.*)

Cook. Pr'ythee Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy, eh?

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is good. Freeman shall have it. (*Aside.*)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe, where are you, Cloe. (*Calls.*)

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress.

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Yes, mistress! (*Takes the box.*) Who is this? (*Seeing Lovel.*) He, he, he. Oh, this is pretty, boy. He, he, he. Oh, this is pretty red hair. He, he, he. You shall be in love with me by-and-bye. He, he.

[*Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.*]

Lov. A very pretty amour. (*Aside.*) Oh, la! what a fine room this is; is this the dining room, pray, sir?

Phil. No, our drinking room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is. This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer. Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? (*Lovel bows.*)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's,—a poor silly fool.

Lov. Thank you. (*Aside.*)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. (*Fawningly.*)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you, and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in the extravagant fellow's family—

Lov. A dog! (*Aside.*) O la, la! What, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead.

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, n dear.

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded. (*Aside.*)

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one; I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and speak French like a native.—*Comment vous portez vous monsieur.* (*Awkwardly.*)

Phil. Psha! Psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French; I shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan!

Kit. Anan! O the fool! ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me mould you a little; you must be good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night. (*She ties and powders his hair.*)

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! This is a straw head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse, and carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in a pole.

Phil. and Kit. Ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh.*)
Kit. There, now you are something like: come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servants' Guide.

Phil. Come, sir: first, hold up your head. Very well. Turn out your toes, sir. Very well. Now call coach!

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: coach, coach, coach! (*Loud.*)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach, coach! (*Imitating.*)

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear. Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it. Now I'll lecture him. (*Takes out a book.*) This is "The Servant's Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains; and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (*Reads.*) *Advice to the Footman.*

*Let it for ever be your plan
 To be the master, not the man,
 And do as little as you can.*

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all; not I.

Kit. To the Groom.

*Never allow your master able
 To judge of matters in the stable.
 If he should roughly speak his mind,
 Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,
 Lame the best horse, or break his wind.* }

Lov. Oddities! that's good. He, he, he!

Kit. To the Coachman.

*If your good master on you doats,
 Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
 But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
 And let the horses eat the manger.*

Lov. Eat the manger? He, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning, before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good; but now for business.

Kit. Right; I'll go and get one of the damask tablecloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

Phil. That it shall. Come, Jemmy. [*Exit.*]

Lov. So! so! It works well. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall with the supper and sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL, discovered.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know, he is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh! I know him; he is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why don't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest, ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkye, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy.

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what? (*Goes up to Tom.*)

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what? (*Goes up on the other side.*)

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what? (*Goes up to Tom.*)

Tom. I value none of you; I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged. (*Strikes Lovel.*)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow. (*Aside.*)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad! madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old-clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—ha?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (*Snapping his fingers.*) His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. (*Aside.*)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do; ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that; d—n an informer! But yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all. [*Exit.*]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel; you will not. (*Aside.*) O la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah! *ma cher Mademoiselle! comment vous portez vous?* (*Salute.*)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But my dear Kitty—(*Talk apart.*)

Phil. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan!

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes, I will; but won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-bye; come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt with Philip.*]

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a d—d vile collection of pictures, I observed above stairs, Kitty. Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. *Donnez moi votre eau de luce.* My head aches confoundedly. (*She gives a smelling bottle.*) Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. *Pardonnez moi,* for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith.
Kit. How you rattle, Duke! I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, *mademoiselle.*

Kit. Your grace loves a play.

Duke. No, it is a dull, old fashioned entertainment: I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then: you are devilish handsome, Kate. Kiss me. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke? That may do very well by-and-bye. However, you'll never find me behind-hand. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner; nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to see two noble-men quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the buzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord; now, Sir Harry—

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here. Ha' done, Sir Harry—

Sir H. Not I: why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. (*Slow.*)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? (*Quick.*)

Kit. Peace, peace, here's Lady Bab.

Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant: I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you? My lord Duke, your servant, and Sir Harry too, yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time. (*Looks on her watch.*) But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning; some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh! you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. *Shikspur.* Did you never read *Shikspur*?

Kit. *Shikspur!* *Shikspur!* Who wrote it? No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID, in a chair.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh! Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholick seized me. Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My Lord Duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. Oh! ma'am. (*Bowing.*)

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry. (*Formally.*)

Sir H. Madam, your servant: I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. (*Scornfully.*)

Sir H. Dear lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis—

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The Marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I, I, madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad, I am confounded. My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. (*Aside.*)

Duke. Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*)

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, laden with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free, I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-bye.

Lov. Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships too. (*Aside and exit.*)

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance? and then to supper.

Enter COOK, COACHMAN, KINGSTON, and CLOE.

Come here; where are all our people? I'll couple you. My Lord Duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; Coachman and Cook; and the two devils will dance together: ha! ha! ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-bye:

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the Duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. (*Sir Harry bows.*)

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet. (*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*)

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. (*They sit down.*) Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle: if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. (*A pause.*)

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done, my lord, in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. (*They drink. A pause.*)

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round; I have a health for you. "Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh. A pause.*)

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh.*)

Phil. My Lord Duke, your toast?

Duke. Lady Betty.

Phil. Oh no, a health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well, then Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you: will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song; Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure, but first, prelude. (*Kisses Kitty.*) Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but hem! I must clear up my pipes, hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled and called the "*Fellow Servant*": or, *All in a Livery.*"

SONG.—KITTY.

*Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we;*

*Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.*

*See yonder fine spark, in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he? 'Tis faith! but a servant at best.*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

*The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.*

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?

Duke. It is a d—d vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O, very low! Very low indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal; I'll pull you by the nose. (*All rise.*)

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! what you will;—pistols.

Duke. Done, behind Montague House.

Sir H. Done, with seconds.

Duke. Done.

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen. My Lord Duke! Sir Harry,—the ladies!—fie! (*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.*) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit Kingston.*] It sounds like my master's rap: pray heaven it is not he!

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman; I peeped through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light; Tom has just let them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what: away with the things!

Phil. Away with the wine; away with the plate. Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles! Away, away. (*They carry away the table, &c.*)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do? (*They all run about in confusion.*)

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no. He'll see you then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Plague take it, face it out.

Sir H. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip! where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs; Sir Harry, run down into the cellar. My Lord Duke, get into the pantry. Away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere. Up the chimney if you will.

Phil. There; in with you. (*They all go into the pantry.*)

Lov. (*Without.*) Philip! Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir. (*Aloud.*) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. 'Egad! this is black Monday with us: sit down; seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper. (*They sit down.*)

*Enter LOVEL, with pistols, affecting to be drunk;
FREEMAN following.*

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there. (*Lays his pistol down.*) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir! to-night!

Lov. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! (*Aside.*)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip! (*Peeping out.*)
Phil. Plague take you! Hold your tongue.

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute. (*Aside to Lovel.*)

Lov. I find I have. Mum! (*Aside to Freeman.*)
 Get some wine, Philip. (*Exit Philip.*) Though I must eat something before I drink. Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your honour; we are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it. Here—(*rises*)—Open the pantry door. I'll be about your board-wages! I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry.

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. (*Sits down again.*)

Sir H. (*Peeping.*) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty.

Kit. Peace, on your life. (*Aside.*)

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's sir. Hem! (*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*)

Re-enter PHILIP, with wine.

Kit. We are undone; undone! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Oh! that is the Duke's d—d rappee.

(*Aside.*)

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house; I'll be among them. (*Takes a pistol.*)

Kit. Lack a-day, sir, it was only the cat; they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a christian. Here! Jack, Jack! He has got a cold, sir. Fuss, puss.

Lov. A cold? then I'll cure him, Here Jack, Jack; puss, puss.

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash; pray, your honour, don't. (*Opposing him.*)

Lov. Stand off. Here, Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four, nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry door.

Free. Try, try, but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a d—d good marksman. (*Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.*) Now for it! (*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*) Who the devil are these? One, two, three, four.

Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir: servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle. (*Philip takes up a*

bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.) Bring i back. Do you usually entertain your company with today, Monsieur?

Phil. I, sir! treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, from humble port, to Imperia today. Yes, I loves kokay. (*Mimicking himself.*)

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phil. Your honour is at present in liquor, but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*Changing his countenance.*) We'll set a to rights now; there, I am sober, at your service what have you to say, Philip? (*Philip starts.*) You may well start; go, get you out of my sight.

Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudent familiarity to assume his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell you that is the door, and if you ever enter there again I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break ever bone in your grace's skin. Begone! I beg their ladyships' pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs: ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! (*Sir Harry steals off.*)

Duke. Low-bred fellows! [*Exit*]
Lady Char. I thought how this visit would turn out. [*Exit*]

Lady Bab. They are downright hottenpots. [*Exit*]

Phil and Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate house; you'll shine in the bar, madam. I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil and Kit. Oh, sir! good sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning. And there, madam, is the book you lend me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruined and undone. [*Exit*]

Lov. But you, sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes a honest man to shew you the way out. Your key sir. (*Philip gives the keys.*)

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you; you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. How so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of the house, (*Points to Philip.*) and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been! [*Exeunt*]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so to every honest servant should be made happy.

THE DESERTER;

A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

HENRY
RUSSET
SINKIN

SKIRMISH
FLINT
VILLAGERS

LOUISA
JENNY
MARGARET

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Cottage, with a view of the French camp at a distance.

MARGARET knitting, and JENNY spinning, at the door of the cottage.—SINKIN and other Villagers come over the bridge, with baskets of fruit.

AIR.—SIM. MAR. JEN. and Chorus.

Sim. *I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss.—Why there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and Harry, And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us, Have pull'd as much fruit as we are able to carry.*

Mar. *Why, numskull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine, All over the village, runs just like a fountain; And I heard the folks say, every dish, when they dine, Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and mountain.*

Jen. *Then for poultry, and such like—good lord, what a store!* [singing;
I saw Goodman Gander six baskets full cram—Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast more Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

Chor. *What the meaning can be We shall presently see, For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows; Be what it will, Our wish shall be still, Joy and health to the Duchess wherever she goes!*

Sim. What can all this feasting be for?

Jen. I'll give you while I wind up this bottom and another, and you sha'n't find it out.

Sim. Why, then, if you know so well, why don't you tell us what it is?

Jen. Ah, I thought you would none of you guess it. This grand feasting at the duchess's is because the king's coming to the camp.

Mar. Who told you so?

Jen. I had it from Gaffer Russet himself.

Sim. Does the king come to the camp to-day?

Mar. Why, yes; I knew that.

Sim. Then, as sure as can be, I know what will happen.

Jen. Why, what will happen?

Sim. There will be two weddings in the village before to-morrow night.

Mar. How so?

Sim. Why, is not Henry, the young soldier, to marry Louisa, Gaffer Russet's daughter, as soon as the review is over?

Jen. Not if I can prevent it. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Well; that's but one wedding.

Sim. Yes; but Jenny can tell you whose wedding t'other's to be.

Jen. How should I know?

Sim. Ah, you won't say anything before folks, because you're ashamed.

Jen. What do you mean?

Sim. As if you did not know.

Jen. Not I, indeed.

Sim. Why did not you promise me, that when Henry married Louisa, you'd marry me?

Jen. Yes, yes, and I'll keep my word; whenever Henry marries Louisa, I'll marry you.

Enter RUSSET and LOUISA.

AIR.—LOUISA.

*Why must I appear so deceitful?
I cannot, dear father, comply:
Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.
What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom convey'd;
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid?*

Rus. Well, well: but child—

Lou. Indeed, father, 'tis impossible; I never can consent to such a thing.

Rus. Ods heart, Louisa, there's no harm in it. Neighbours, come round here, I'll tell you the whole affair; you know what a dear good lady the duchess is.

Mar. Ah, she's a dear good lady, indeed; and we all of us ought to do every thing she orders us.

Rus. I and my family in particular ought, for many's the good thing she has given me and my old dame; then how kind she was to all my poor children! she stood godmother to this, and had her christened after her own name.

Sim. Louisa.

Rus. Well, now we come to the point.—Henry, you know, who was bred up with my girl, and intended from his infancy for her husband, is a

Sim. So he is. [soldier.

Rus. And because she has a value for everything that belongs to me, this good lady, about three weeks ago, sent to the colonel for his discharge, that the young folks may live at home at their ease, and be as happy as the day is long.

Mar. That will be charming and comfortable for you, neighbour.

Rus. Yes; but now comes the mischief of it; what has occasioned it, I don't know; I never saw any harm of the lad, but there are always busy tongues in this village, doing people ill offices; and such reports, within these few days, have reached the duchess's ears, that she is determined to see farther into this business, before she gives Louisa the portion she promised her.

Jen. You may thank me for that. (Aside.)

Lou. But he'll be here to-day; and so well I know his heart, that I am sure he'll clear himself, to their confusion who could so vilely traduce him.

Jen. Perhaps not. (Aside.)

Rus. Well, child, I am sure you can't wish it more than I do; nothing has ever pleased me so much as the thought of your coming together: I wish to see you married with all my heart. But, as I was telling you, the duchess, hearing of these reports, is determined that we shall make a trial of his affections.

Lou. Indeed, father, there's no necessity for it; he loves me most sincerely.

Rus. Rus, nay, child; I really think your love carries you too much away in this affair; it can do no harm; 'tis only an innocent frolic. You are to make believe as if you were a bride; and let me see who—oh, you shall be the bridegroom. (To Sim.)

Sim. Shall I? ecod, I'm glad of that.

Rus. But above all, I must instruct you, Jenny, in your part; you are to sit here, and tell Henry, when he comes, that Louisa and Simkin were married yesterday.

Jen. The very thing I wished. (Aside.)

Lou. I'm vexed to death that this trick should be played him; I can judge by myself what he'll feel. If I were told such a thing of him, how miserable I should be!

Rus. But he'll be so much the happier when he finds out the deceit, child.

AIR.—LOUISA.

*Though prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, O what can they do!
No longer a rover,
His follies are over;
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.
The bee, thus, as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one every blessing,
Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.*

Rus. Well, well, don't make yourself uneasy; I dare say he loves you as sincerely as you think he does; if so, he'll soon be undeceived, and we shall finish the day as happily as we could wish. In the meantime, let us think of what we have to do: we are to pretend we came from the church; the fiddles and bagpipes are to go first, then the lads and lasses follow; after which,—mind this now,—we are to go to the duchess's mansion in grand procession, and there to be feasted like so many princes and princesses.

Sim. Ecod, that will suit me nicely.—But, Gaffer Russet, Jenny says, you told her the feasting was to be for the king.

Rus. For us and the king; yes, yes, the king, after he and his courtiers have had an entertainment at the duchess's, goes to review the camp, where the soldiers are all to appear under arms. Ah, girls! that's what none of you know anything about—when the king goes to the camp, then's the time—the drums beat—the fifes play—the colours are flying—and—and—lord, lord! what a charming thing war is!

Sim. It must be, then, when one comes home again, and it's all over.

Rus. There's no life like the life of a soldier; and then for love! let the girls take care of their hearts; I remember I won my Dorothy just after I came from such a review, now, as there may be to-day.

Mar. Ah, indeed, the soldiers make sad work with young women's hearts, sure enough.

Rus. And how can it be otherwise?

AIR.—RUSSET.

*One conduct's for
Both love and war,
The point's to gain possession;
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
Till we sleeping catch
Them on their post:
Then good bye, form;
The fort we storm,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.*

*In love the only battery,
Which with success we play
To conquer hearts, is flattery:
No fortress can its power withstand;
Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
Can make such way.
As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
We make believe,
Mislead, deceive;
Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,
Cannons, and all our force of arms,
But with their thund'ring alarms,
To tell, not cover our designs?
Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
Blockades, or ambuscades compare?
No, all agree,
That policy
Is the true art militaire.*

But come, come, we must go and prepare ourselves; you have not much time to spare; and see where he comes hurrying along there; there, now, he clambers up yonder hill—well done, faith! Ah, your lovers have no gout to stop them. Come, child! Neighbours, come along.

Lou. Cruel father!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter HENRY, over the bridge.

AIR.—HENRY.

*The nymph, who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair
The empire she possesses there.
Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way;
The worthless load he may condemn,
But prizes still, and seeks the gem.*

Hen. But I hear music! what can this be? All the villagers are coming this way—it seems like a wedding—I'll retire. How I envy this couple!

[*Retires.*]

Enter RUSSET, SIMKIN, LOUISA, MARGARET, JENNY, and Villagers, in the wedding procession.

Rus. Charming! he has hid himself: pretend not to see him. Don't turn your head that way; he's looking at you now!

Lou. How cruel, not to let me have one look!

Sim. No, you must look at nobody but me now: I am the bridegroom, you know.

[*Exeunt Sim. and Lou. over the bridge.*]

Rus. Jenny, be sure you play your part well.

Jen. Never fear me; my part's a much more difficult one than they imagine. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Rus. and Procession over the bridge. Jenny sits down to spinning; Henry comes forward during her song.*]

AIR.—JENNY.

*Somehow my spindle I mistlaid,
And lost it underneath the grass:
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you pretty lass?
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.*

*'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now:
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.*

*Thus did the youth his time employ,
While he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy;
For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.*

Hen. Good day, young woman.

Jen. (*Sings.*) 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Young woman!

Jen. (*Sings.*) 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Pray, tell me what wedding that is?

Jen. What? that wedding?

Hen. Yes.

Jen. Do you want to know whose wedding it is?

Hen. Ay, ay.

Jen. What, that wedding that went past?

Hen. Yes, yes.

Jen. Why, 'tis a wedding in the village here.

Hen. But whose, I ask you?

Jen. (*Sings.*)

Hen. Are you making a jest of me? answer me, I beg of you.

Jen. Why, I do answer you, don't I? (*Sings.*)

Hen. What, again! whose is this wedding? whose is it? speak, or I'll—did I not see amongst them—distraction—will you answer, you?

Jen. Lord, you are so impatient! why, then, the wedding is Louisa's, old Russet's daughter, the invalid soldier.

Hen. Louisa's wedding?

Jen. Yes; she was married yesterday.

Hen. Married? Good heavens! are you sure of what you say? Do you know Russet?

Jen. Do I know him? to be sure I do; why he is bailiff to the duchess. What makes you so uneasy? you seem as if you had an interest in it.

Hen. An interest in it! Oh!

Jen. Dear me, if I remember right, you are the young man that every body thought she'd be married to. O la! what wickedness there is in the world! I am sure I very sincerely pity you.

Hen. I am obliged to you for your concern.

Jen. Nay, it is not more on your account than my own, that I am uneasy.

Hen. How so?

Jen. Why, she was not content with making you miserable, but she must make me so too. The vile wretch she's married to, has perjur'd himself; for he has sworn a thousand and a thousand times to marry me.

Hen. What falsehood and treachery!

Jen. If I was you, I would not bear it quietly: not but she'd brazen it all out, for I taxed her with it myself; and she only laughed in my face, and told me that you and I might go mourn together, like two turtles, the loss of our mates.

Hen. Insulting creature!

Jen. Yes; and for my part, I said to myself, says I, 'twould be a good joke to take her at her word: but then again I thought, that though revenge is sweet, yet people have their likings and their dislikings; and as for me, to be sure, I can't pretend to such a good young man as you.

Hen. (*Not regarding her.*) Infamous wretch! Well might she keep her eyes fixed upon the ground; but I'll see her, upbraid her with her infidelity, and leave her to the guilty reproaches of her own ungrateful heart. (*Going.*)

Jen. Young man—(*Calling him.*)

Hen. (*Returning.*) Well, what do you say?

Jen. I believe you did not rightly hear what I said?

Hen. Oh, I have no time for trifling. [*Exit.*]

Jen. Poor soul, how he takes it to heart! But I must follow him; for if I lose this opportunity, I may not find it easy to get another. But stay: upon second thoughts, if I can but make a tool of Simkin, and by that means alarm Louisa, I shall every way gain my ends; for if she once believes him capable of slighting her, I am sure she has too much spirit ever to see him again.

Enter SIMKIN over the bridge.

Sim. Oh, Jenny, I am glad I have found you; what do you think brought me away from Louisa and them?

Jen. I neither know nor care.

Sim. Why, I was afraid you'd be jealous.

Jen. I jealous!

Sim. Why, yes, you know, because I pretended to be Louisa's husband.

Jen. No; I'd have you to know I am not jealous! I am only vexed, to think I have been such a fool to listen to you so long, you base creature you!

Sim. If I did not think there was something the matter, by your looking so cross.

Jen. And enough to make one; you know I can't help loving you; and this is the way you return my affection.

Sim. Why, you know 'twas only in play.

Jen. In play! I could see plain enough how you

eyes sparkled upon the bare mention of being the bridegroom.

Sim. Now, Jenny, if you would but hear me speak—

Jen. Speak! get out of my sight, you perjured wretch! I was fool enough not to credit what I heard of you; but I dare say 'tis all true.

Sim. Why, what did you hear of me?

Jen. That it was you who invented all the reports about Henry.

Sim. Me! as I am a living Christian, Jenny—

Jen. Don't say a word to me; you have made me miserable, and now you want to insult me.

Sim. Indeed, I don't; you can't think now how happy I could make you, if you would only hear me three words.

Jen. Don't talk to me of happiness, for I never shall be happy as long as I live.

Sim. How dearly she loves me! what a pity it is she won't let me clear up this affair. (*Aside.*)

Jen. And then that demure little mix; oh! I could tear her eyes out! I was always afraid of it, and now I am convinced, that her pretended love for Henry was nothing but a contrivance to blind me the easier.

Sim. Dear, dear!

Jen. But, however, you have both missed your aim; for Henry behaves as he ought to do, and holds her arts in contempt; nay, he told me himself, he had fixed his affections on a more worthy object.

Sim. He did!

Jen. Yes, he did; and you may go and tell her so: and as for me,—

AIR.—JENNY.

Mr. Simkin, I'd have you to know,

That for all your fine airs,

I'm not at my last pray'r's,

Nor put to it so,

That of course I must take up with you;

For I really, sir, think, that though husbands are few,

I need not go far off to seek,

For a better than you any day of the week.

To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough,

To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,

Which for ever you dim'd in my ears;

And when for a while you've been out of my sight,

The day has been comfortless, dreary at night,

And my only companions my tears:

But now that's all o'er;

I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.

[*Exit.*]

Sim. Why, what the deuce has got hold of her? for my share, I believe all the folks in our village are gone mad; mad! Ecod! I'll be hang'd if any Bedlamites are half so mad as folks in love.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a Party of Soldiers, over the bridge.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell you, my boys, how the matter stands; if we can but catch hold of him, the *sumum bonum* of the thing is this: he'll be first tried, and then shot.

2 *Sol.* Yes; but suppose we don't catch hold of him?

3 *Sol.* Why then he'll neither be tried nor shot.

4 *Sol.* No more he won't.

2 *Sol.* But I have been thinking how we shall do to know him.

1 *Sol.* Ay, you are a fool in these matters; I'll tell you how you'll know him; here, here; I've got his name and his marks. (*Reading.*) Hannibald Firebrand, six foot and an inch high, of an orange tawny complexion, a Roman nose, and the letters

R. T. burnt in the palm of his hand; the devil's in it if we can miss him.

2 *Sol.* And would you go lift your hand against your friend?

1 *Sol.* Against my friend! ay, against my father, if he was to desert; but stay, stand by, perhaps this is he. (*They draw back.*)

Enter HENRY.

Hen. Where shall I fly? the unhappy have no friends! all I meet make a scoff of my sufferings.

2 *Sol.* It must be him.

1 *Sol.* Keep back.

Hen. Are the inhabitants of this place turned brutes? have they no compassion?

1 *Sol.* There, you see how it is; none of the people will screen him; they are honest, and refuse to do it: I'll take care the king shall know what good subjects he has.

Hen. At my home, where I expected to receive so kind a welcome, I am surrounded with enemies.

1 *Sol.* There, there! he says he expected to receive a kind welcome from the enemy.

2 *Sol.* So he does.

Hen. To desert one so kind!

1 *Sol.* Ah, 'twas an infamous thing of you, sure enough.

Hen. Life is not worth keeping upon such terms, and this instant could I lay it down with pleasure.

1 *Sol.* Mark that!

Hen. I'll go directly, and— (*Soldiers advance.*)

1 *Sol.* (*Stopping him.*) Not so fast, if you please. Hey! why, this is not the deserter that's my friend; but no matter, one deserter's as good as another.

Hen. Do you suspect me for a deserter?

1 *Sol.* No, we don't suspect you; we know you for one.

Hen. Me?

1 *Sol.* Me! yes, you. How strange you make of this matter. Why, did we not hear you confess that you expected a kind welcome from the enemy? I'll tell you what, I'm not fond of making people uneasy, but every word you have uttered will be a bullet in your guts.

Hen. What, if I favour this, and so get rid of all my woes at once? Oh, Louisa! you have broke my heart. (*Aside.*)

1 *Sol.* What are you talking to yourself about? Come, come, you are a deserter, and must go with us.

Hen. Shall I, or not? By heaven, I will! (*Aside.*) I own it, I am a deserter; lead me where you please.

1 *Sol.* There, he confesses it; and we shall have the reward.

AIR.—HENRY.

I'll fly these groves, this hated shade;

Each sound I hear, each thing I see,

Reminds me, thou perfidious maid!

Of vows so often made by thee.

Blush, blush, Louisa! and look there;

Where's now thy truth? oh, tell me where?

Thy constancy's no more;

And like a wretch, by tempest tost,

My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,

I sink in sight of shore!

1st & 2d *Sol.* Come, brother, come.

3d & 4th *Sol.* We must be gone.

Hen. Yes, yes, I'll fly to death; lead on.

1st, 2d, 3d, & 4th. Come, then.

Hen. And yet, O cruel fate!

1st, 2d, 3d, & 4th *Sol.* He's devilish loth.

Hen. A minute stay;

One instant, ere I'm dragg'd away.

1st, 2d, 3d, & 4th *Sol.* You have confess'd; now too late. [*Exeunt over the bridge.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Prison, with a table, and some old chairs.

FLINT and HENRY discovered; Henry walks about disturbed.

Flint. There's some water for you to drink; a table and a chair, and yonder's your bed; but if you go on at the rate you have begun, there will be no great trouble in making it: I am a deserter, I have deserted; I believe you'll find you had better not have confessed quite so soon. Why, what a devil of a fellow you must be! But come, as I said before, there's some water for you; and if you choose to have any thing better—money, d'ye see—you understand me right! for money; and, faith, if you have any, you have no great reason to be sparing of it; for I believe your business will soon be settled. Do you choose any wine?

Hen. No, no.

Flint. Well, very well; if you won't have wine, you must drink water.

Hen. False, false Louisa! Oh, heaven!

Flint. But you seem a little down in the mouth about this business; never mind it, 'twill soon be over; you are to suffer at five. In the meantime I'll send a lodger of mine to you; he'll put you in spirits by that you have drank a glass together; his name is Skirmish; he is a devilish hearty fellow. [Exit.]

Hen. That a few hours should sink me from the expectation of so much happiness! But, oh, my heart, bear up a little, and I shall be rid of this unsupportable misery.

AIR.—HENRY.

To die is nothing; it is our end, we know;
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe:
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.
A thousand ways our troubles here increase;
Whilst cares succeeding cares destroy our peace:
Why fly we then what can such comfort give?
We cease to suffer, when we cease to live.

Enter SKIRMISH.

Skir. Here, my boy; who wants me? who calls for Skirmish? comrade, did you want me?

Hen. Me! no,

Skir. Why, yes, you did. Ho, ho, house! here, house! we'll have a glass together; as we never saw one another before, we'll now begin to renew our acquaintance.

Hen. Can you tell me if I could get a sheet of writing-paper?

Skir. Yes, surely, you shall have that: here, house! house, I say! where the devil are you all? but hark'ye, friend, what a confounded mistake you have made here. A mistake! d—e, you have made two mistakes! I can prove it: in the first place, to desert at all, was a mistake; then to confess it; oh, d—n it, that was a mistake indeed! I am but a silly ignorant fellow; but had I been in your place, had he been my serjeant, my general, nay, my corporal, I would have said, no, I am no deserter. No, no, my lad, Skirmish scorns to desert.

AIR.—SKIRMISH.

Though to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses clinking,
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end;

He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn and are civil;

But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,

Little Skirmish would go half-way to the devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove,

Who can know his mind for ever?

We forgive you false in love,

But deserters never, never.

Enter FLINT with wine.

Flint. There's a young woman without, asking for a soldier. (To Skirmish.) I suppose it must be you she wants.

Skir. Yes, yes, 'tis me, I warrant you: let her come in. [Exit Flint.] But give me the wine. (Sets the bottle down on seeing Louisa.)

Enter LOUISA.

Skir. Ab, ah, a smart wench, faith!

Hen. Good heavens! what do I see? you here!

Lou. Me, Henry.

Hen. Is it possible!

Skir. Oh, ho, I smoke this business; comrade, I'm off; I'm off; she's your sister, I suppose, or your cousin; but that's no business of mine. Madam, no offence, I hope; my name is Skirmish; I understand what good-breeding is; I'm off, brother soldier. Faith, she's a fine girl! (Aside.) I'll go and walk a little in the court-yard; d'ye mind me, I'm off; mum! [Exit.]

Hen. This insult, Louisa, is beyond enduring! Is it not enough? but I will not upbraid you.

Lou. Hear me but a moment.

Hen. Away; don't I know you false? barbarous, faithless wretch.

Enter SKIRMISH.

Skir. Don't mind me; don't let me disturb you. I only come to fetch the wine, for I believe you don't care to drink. Will you take a sup? no; well, your servant; I'm off again. [Exit.]

Hen. It is not from your hands, but from your father's, that I shall expect—

Lou. 'Tis true, my father—

Hen. That infamous old man! but go; I have no more to say. O, Louisa! I doat upon you still; is it possible you can have entirely forgotten me?

Lou. Believe me, Henry— [posure—

Hen. But with what assurance; what com-

Lou. I should not be composed, if I were really to blame. With one word I could convince you.

Hen. With one word! speak it then, if you dare.

Lou. I am not married then.

Hen. Not married!

Lou. 'Twas entirely my father's doings.

Hen. O cruel! 'tis to no purpose whether 'twas you or him.

Lou. What I tell you is true: some reports to your disadvantage having reached the duchess, which I then knew, and we have since found to be false, she ordered this mock-wedding, for such only it is, to prove your affections; so that every thing you saw and heard was contrived on purpose to deceive you, and the whole affair was but a joke!

Hen. (Sits down in the chair, rests his hands on the table.) Was but a joke! O heavens! my heart will burst.

Lou. What means this grief, my love? do you still doubt the truth of what I say?

Hen. No, Louisa; 'tis because I believe you.

Lou. Here's my father.

Enter RUSSET.

Oh, sir! I am glad you are come. Ask him what's the matter: make him tell the cause of his distress.

Rus. Henry, my dear boy, good day to you; I am overjoyed to see you! Well, all matters are cleared up, and you may take Louisa for your pains; whenever you will, I give her to you.

Hen. I beseech you, desire your daughter to step into the court-yard for a minute or two.

Rus. Why so?

Hen. Oblige me only; desire she will.

Rus. Louisa, we have something to say to each

other: step out for a minute or two; I'll call you back presently.

Hen. (Taking her hand as she goes out.) Louisa, 'tis an age since I saw you last.

Lou. And yet you send me away from you already.

Hen. You shall come back again immediately.

[Exit Louisa.]

Rus. I was surprised to hear you was put in prison, though they tell me 'tis but for a trifle. I am overjoyed to see you; the Duchess will soon get you released, and then,—but you seem thoughtful.

Hen. Will you promise me to do whatever I request?

Rus. That I will, provided it is in my power.

Hen. I beg of you to take your daughter away with you; we must take leave of one another.

Rus. Why, I know that, don't I? You must go back to your regiment.

Hen. Well, return hither two days hence, and ask for a dragoon, named Skirmish, he will deliver you a letter; and for me—

Rus. O, I know well enough what you mean; you'll be at the camp; the King's to be there.

Hen. Have you command enough of yourself not to betray anything to your daughter of what I am going to tell you?

Rus. To be sure, I have.

Hen. I am afraid she'll return before—

Rus. (Looking out.) No, no, we are very safe.

Hen. This wedding trick—

Rus. Yes; 'twas I that managed it.

Hen. It threw me into despair—

Rus. Good, very good! I knew it would.

Hen. And in my fury—

Rus. Ha! ha! ha! What, you was furious then? delightful!

Enter LOUISA, hastily.

Lou. O cruel father! O unfortunate accident! this wedding has undone us all; he has confessed himself a deserter, and is condemned to suffer death.

Rus. What's this I hear?

Hen. She knows it all! O torture!

Rus. A deserter: condemn'd! Henry, can this be as she says?

Hen. 'Tis but too true.

Rus. Good heavens!

Enter FLINT.

Flint. You are wanted without.

Hen. Me!

Flint. You; you must go directly.

Hen. Adieu, Louisa!

TRIO.—HENRY, RUSSET, and LOUISA.

Hen. Adieu! adieu! my heart will break;
This torment's beyond bearing.

Lou. Adieu! ah why, my love? oh speak,
And banish this despairing!

Give thy Louisa's pangs relief.

Hen. I cannot speak: oh love! oh grief!

Hen. Lou. & Rus. Ye pitying powers, some comfort send!

When will our sorrows have an end?

[Exit Henry.]

Lou. For heaven's sake, sir, where is he gone? Who wants him?

Flint. Only some friends.

Lou. Surely it can't be to—

Flint. Oh, no! it is not for that yet: 'tis too soon yet awhile; about five or six, perhaps it may be seven first.

Lou. Oh! support me, sir!

Rus. No, child, we may yet prevent it. I'll go to the duchess, and tell her the whole affair.

Lou. She has brought me into this trouble.

Rus. I'll seek her this instant; do you follow me.
[Exit.]

Lou. Oh, sir! on my knees, I beseech you.

Flint. There's no occasion for kneeling to me; what would you have?

Lou. Is not the king to be at the camp to-day?

Flint. Yes; and what then?

Lou. Tell me, sir; in such a case, 'tis an act of justice: the king surely will do justice.

Flint. Certainly; he never does otherwise.

Lou. Alas! sir, I am poor, so very poor.

Flint. That won't hinder it a bit; the king's too good to despise folks because they are poor.

Lou. But 'tis for you I mean.

Flint. For me?

Lou. To thank you with, to intreat you: here is a small ornament, of no great value indeed; I give you this, sir; I wish I had more to give; 'tis silver: delay it but till to-morrow.

Flint. Do what? delay it? *(Looking at the trinket.)* Hey! it seems to be hollow: are you sure 'tis silver?

Lou. This suspense is dreadful.

[Exit.]

Flint. Why, I'll tell you; I can't absolutely delay his execution, but I'll let him have as much wine as ever he can drink. What, gone! 'gad, this girl has a generous spirit.

Enter SKIRMISH, who holds a bottle and glass in one hand; a sheet of paper under his arm, and with the other drags in SIMKIN.

Skir. Come along; what the devil are you afraid of? Here's a young man who wants to see this soldier, and the girl that was here: where are they? *(To Flint.)*

Flint. She's gone away.

Skir. But where's he?

Flint. He was sent for out to some friends; he'll be here again.

[Exit.]

Sim. If you please, sir, I will follow the gentleman.

Skir. You and I must take a glass together. So, this soldier is your cousin, is he?

Sim. Yes, sir.

Skir. Sit yourself down, then; and—he was here yesterday?

Sim. Yes, sir—

Skir. Well, then, sit down, I tell you.

Sim. But, sir—

Skir. Sit down, I say; sit down there. Hell and fury! will you sit down when I bid you? *(They sit.)* There; now we'll take a glass together; he'll soon be here; come, fill.

Sim. Sir, I thank you, but I am not dry; besides, I don't care much for drinking without knowing my company.

Skir. Without knowing your company! Why, you little, starved sniveling, a'n't you in company with a gentleman? But drink this minute, or I'll—

Sim. I will, sir, if you won't be angry.

Skir. Not I; I won't be angry. So, you say that—

Sim. I, sir? I did not say anything.

Skir. Well, then, if you did not say anything, sing; sing me a song.

Sim. I am not in spirits for singing.

Skir. Spirits! why, a song will raise your spirits; come, sing away.

Sim. But, sir, I can't sing.

Skir. Ever while you live, sing.

Sim. Indeed, sir, I can't.

Skir. You can't! Why then, I will.

Sim. Well, but sir—

AIR.—SIMKIN.

Once a little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he;
 So this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he!
 Did this little cock sparrow a' top of the tree!

Then a little boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
 Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow,
 So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
 Determined to shoot this poor little cock sparrow.

Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
 Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
 Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow!
 Was this naughty boy with his bow and reed arrow.

Then this little boy cried, as his bow-string he drew,
 This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
 And his giblets shall make me a little pie too,
 But he miss'd his aim, broke his arrow in two!
Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew!
Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew!
Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew!
 For I'll stay no longer, be d—n'd if I do! (*Rising.*)

Skir. Sit still, I tell you.

Sim. But;—I wish you, cousin—

Skir. He can't be long. Now, hear my song.

AIR.—SKIRMISH.

Women and wine compare so well,
 They run in a perfect parallel;
 For women bewitch us when they will,
 And so does wine.

They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
 They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool.
 Then, since the wor'd thus runs away,
 And women and wine,
 Are alike divine,
 Let's love all night, and drink all day.

There's something like a song for you! Now, we'll sing together.

Sim. Together?

Skir. Ay, both together.

Sim. But, sir, I don't know your song.

Skir. Why, who the devil wants you to sing my song?

Sim. I never saw such a man in my life; how shall I get away from him? (*Aside.*) Sir!

Skir. Well, what d'ye say? [*yonder.*]

Sim. I believe there's somebody looking for you

Skir. Is there?

(*Simkin steals off, while Skirmish looks round.*)

Skir. O, you young dog! I'll be after you; but, stay, here comes the unfortunate young man, his cousin.

Enter HENRY.

Skir. How are your spirits? take a sip of this. Oh, here's your writing paper.

Hen. Thank you, friend. Oh, my heart! I wish I could have seen Louisa once more.

(*Sits down to write.*)

Skir. Ah, you're a happy man, you can write! Oh, my cursed stars, what a wretched fellow I am!

Hen. Why, what's the matter? (*Looking round.*)

Skir. The matter? confusion! I blush to say it; but since it must out, what will you say to such a poor miserable—and, but for this one misfortune, fit to be a general: if I had known how to write, I might have had a regiment five years ago; but company is the ruin of us all; drinking with one,

and drinking with another. Why, now, here; I was in hopes here I should be able to study a little, but the devil a bit; no such thing as getting the bottle out of one's hand. Ah, if I could hold the pen as I have held the bottle, what a charming hand I should have wrote by this time!

Hen. Skirmish, do me one favour.

Skir. What is it?

Hen. May I depend upon you?

Skir. To the last drop of my blood.

Hen. Promise me to deliver this letter.

Skir. I'll go directly.

Hen. You can't go with it now; you are a prisoner, you know.

Skir. D—n it, so I am; I forgot that. Well, but to-morrow I shall have my liberty, and then—

Hen. A person, whose name is Russet, will be here to inquire after me; deliver it to him.

Skir. May I perish, if I fail!

Hen. Let me speak to you. (*They talk apart.*)

Enter MARGARET, JENNY, and SIMKIN.

Mar. Yes, yes, you vile lussy, 'twas all your

Jen. Well, have I not confessed it? [*fault.*]

Mar. Confessed it, indeed! Is not the poor young man going to lose his life? and all upon your account.

Jen. I own it, I own it; I never shall joy myself again as long as I live; I shall see his ghost every night.

Sim. And it serves you right; and I'll tell you more news for your comfort: I would not marry you, now you have been so wicked, if you was worth your weight in gold.

Mar. Ah, you need not talk; for you know well enough you was told to run after him to call him back, and you never once offered to move.

Sim. Why, how could I? I was the bridegroom, you know.

Jen. See! there he is.

Mar. Bless us, how altered he looks!

Hen. Good day! aunt. (*To Mar.*) Good day! (*To the others.*) Give us leave, brother soldier. (*To Skirmish.*)

Skir. Yes, yes, I'll go; I won't disturb you; I'll go and see what they are doing: I'm afraid no good, for the time draws near. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Ah, my poor boy! can you forgive us? 'twas all our doing.

Jen. No, 'twas my doing.

Hen. Let us say no more about it; 'twas an unfortunate affair. Where's Louisa and her father?

Mar. Ah, poor man! her father came running into the village like one distracted; flung himself on the ground; tore his hair; we could not get him to speak to us.

Hen. And Louisa, who has seen her?

Sim. We none of us can tell where she is.

Hen. How! no one know where she is gone? some accident, sure, has happened to her?

Mar. Don't afflict yourself so.

Hen. Aunt, if she is found, I must rely on you to comfort her; don't suffer her out of your sight; this is now all the service you can do me. Your nephew must die; for my sake, therefore, look upon her as your niece; she should have been so in reality.

Mar. I promise you. (*Muffled drum without.*)

Hen. I could wish to see her again.

Enter FLINT and SKIRMISH.

Skir. Comrade, I am sorry to bring you bad news, but you must now behave yourself like a man; the hell-hounds are coming for you.

Hen. Already?

Skir. They are, indeed. Here, here, you've occasion enough for it; drink some of this.

Hen. I am obliged to you ; none. Aunt, adieu !
tell my Louisa, I thought on her to my last
moment ! *(Muffled drum without.)*

Mar. Oh, lord ! what shall we do ? I'd give all
I have in the world to prevent it.

Sim. And for me, I'd part with the very clothes
off my back.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Where is he ? where's my boy, my son ?
Louisa has done it all ! Louisa has saved your
life !

Hen. Charming angel ! Tell me how, dear sir ?

Rus. As the army was returning to the camp,
assisted in her resolution by her love for you, to
the astonishment of all who saw her, she rushed
like lightning through the ranks, made her way to
the king himself, fell at his feet ; and, after modestly
relating the circumstance of thy innocence and her
own distress, vowed never to rise till she had ob-
tained the life of her lover ! The king, having
heard her story, with that clemency which always
accompanies a noble mind, granted thy life to her
intercession ; and the pomp passed on amidst the
acclamations of the people.

Hen. Charming, generous creature !

Skir. Death and d——n !

Flint. Why, what ails thee, Skirmish ?

Skir. The king at the camp, and I not there.

Rus. See, see ! here she comes.

Enter LOUISA.

Lou. My Henry ! *(Falling into his arms.)*

Hen. My Louisa !

FINALE.

Hen. My kind preserver, fain I'd speak,
Fain would I what I feel express ;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess.
Brothers, companions, age, and youth,
Oh, tell to all the world her fame !
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

Lou. And have I sav'd my Henry's life ?
Dear father, in my joy take part :
I now, indeed, shall be a wife ;
Wife to the idol of my heart.
Thus when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forc'd to steer ;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.

Rus. Why, why, I pray you, this delay ?
Children, your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away
In ease, and peace, through life's decline.
This joy's too great ; my pride, my boast !
Both, both in my affection share ;
May who delights the other most,
Henceforward be your only care.

Skir. I wish your joy may hold you long ;
But yet I am not such a sot,
As not to see you all are wrong ;
Why is the king to be forgot ?
You had been wretched but for him ;
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing ;
Raise every voice, strain ev'ry limb,
Huzza ! and cry, " Long live the king ! "

THE CITIZEN;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

OLD PHILPOT
YOUNG PHILPOT
SIR JASPER WILDING

YOUNG WILDING
BEAUFORT
DAPPER

QUILLDRIVE
MARIA
CORINNA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room.

Enter YOUNG WILDING and BEAUFORT.

WILL. following.

Wild. Ha! ha! My dear Beaufort! A fiery, young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turned ankle, and a short petticoat.

Beau. Prythee, Wilding, don't laugh at me. Maria's charms—

Wild. Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister. Ha! ha! Poor Beaufort! Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, sir.

Wild. Very well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her. [*Exit Will.*] You will be glad to see her, I suppose, Charles?

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain. You are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. That's more than I do for her; and to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me. This is a match of prudence, man! Bargain and sale! My reverend dad, and the old put of a citizen, finished the business, at Lloyd's coffee-house, by inch of candle: a mere transferring of property. "Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the

whole affair; and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow—

Wild. Happy! so I am. What should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul, I forget her name.

Beau. Well! that is so like you. Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay, very true; Miss Sally Philpot. She will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family estate; and my father is to settle handsomely upon me; and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. Pho! this is all idle talk; and, in the meantime, I am ruined.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why you know the old couple have bargained your sister away.

Wild. Bargained her away! And will you pretend you are in love? Can you look tamely on, and see her bartered away at Garraway's like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret 'till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart. She is very long a-coming. I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once; but perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother—

Beau. Oh, no! he is her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, sir, a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the 'Change, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit!—he drives four-in-hand, keeps

his girl at the west end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot at the clubs.

Wild. Oh brave!—and the father?

Beau. The father, sir—But here comes Maria; take his picture from her. *(She sings within.)*

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay! and such a lover as you too! though still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as she does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Ecce signum!*

Enter MARIA, singing.

Wild. The same giddy girl! Sister; come, my dear—

Mar. Have done, brother; let me have my own way, I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do.

Mar. I won't ask you how you do; I won't take any notice of you; I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman, then? Will you speak to him?

Mar. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him; it's my humour to sing. *(Sings.)*

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Mar. Oh! sweet sir, you are dying, are you? Then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself: mind it, Mr. Beaufort, mind it. Brother, how do you do? *(Kisses him.)* Say nothing, don't interrupt me. *(Sings.)*

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Mar. No; but I long to see him.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria!

Mar. Yes, long to see him. *(Beaufort looks thoughtful.)* Brother, brother! *(Goes to him softly, and beckons him to look at Beaufort.)* do you see that? *(Mimics him.)*—mind him; ha, ha!

Beau. Make me ridiculous, if you will, Maria; so you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

Mar. And would not you have me marry, sir? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I? Upon my word, you are a pretty gentleman, to make laws for me. *(Sings.)*

Can it be or by law or by equity said,

That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little. This will never do.

Mar. My cross, ill-natured brother! but it will do. Lord! what, do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye, à l'honneur, à l'honneur. *(Running away.)* à l'honneur—

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back, pray madam, come back. *(Forces her back.)*

Mar. Lord! what do you want?

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolics, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Mar. Have you! Well, come, I will be sensible; there, I blow all my folly away. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense: come, is that a sensible face?

Wild. Pho, pho, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Mar. I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Pho, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Mar. Bless me! I never saw anything like you. There is no such thing as satisfying you. I am sure it was very good sense what I said. Papa talks in that manner. Well, well! I'll be silent then. I won't speak at all; will that satisfy you?

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you. You have not seen your

citylover, you say? *(Maria shrugs her shoulders and shakes her head.)*

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain. *(Maria shrugs her shoulders again.)*

Wild. Pho! don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Mar. Why, no, then; no—no, no, no, no, no. I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Mar. Why, don't I tell you I have not seen him? But I am to see him this very day.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria?

Mar. Ha, ha! look there, brother; he is beginning again. But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it. My papa comes to me this morning,—by-the-by, he makes a fright of himself with his strange dress. Why does not he dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Mar. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here. I am almost ashamed of him. But he comes to me this morning—"Hoic! hoic! our Moll. Where is the sly puss? Tally ho!" Did you want me, papa? "Come hither, Moll, I'll gee thee a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow; he'll take cover, I warrant un; blood to the bone."

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Mar. Why, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me. The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me; but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Mar. Why he looks like the picture of Avarice sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away. He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivelled and pinch'd with care, and he shakes his head like a mandarin upon a chimney-piece. "Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right," and then he grins at me; "I profess she is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son George is a very sensible lad; ay, ay! and I will underwrite their happiness for one and a half per cent."

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes! Surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me—

Mar. There, there, there, he is frightened again. *(Sings, Dearest creature, &c.)*

Wild. Psha! give over these airs; listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Mar. Oh! my dear brother, you are very good, but don't mistake yourself; though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself; there is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like; it is not you I like *(To Beaufort)* no, no, I hate you. But let this little head alone I know what to do; I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Mar. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. *(Sings)*

Do not grieve me,

Oh! relieve me, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do. The old cit, you say admires you for your understanding, and his so

would not marry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit?

Mar. Even so; this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then, I'll tell you, you shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from him. [How?

Mar. But how, how, my dear brother? Tell me

Wild. Why, you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

Mar. Very well; what then? what then? Oh—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he sha'n't know what to make of me. He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it; it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau. My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him.

Mar. Oh! now you are beginning again. [*Sings, Voi Amanti, &c. and exit.*]

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall be never your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Psha, follow me; don't be apprehensive; I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them, I warrant you; the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Old Philpot's House.*

Enter QUILLDRIVE; GEORGE PHILPOT, peeping in.

G. Phil. Hist, hist! Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Master George!

G. Phil. Is Square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he asked for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. [*Walks in on tiptoe.*] Does he know I did not sleep at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday. Damnation! up all night—stripp'd of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night! Piequed, repiequed, flamm'd, and capotted every deal! Old Dry-beard shall pay all. Is forty-seven good? no—fifty good? no?—no, no, no, no, to the end of the chapter. Cruel luck! D—n me, it's life tho'—this is life. 'Sdeath! I hear him coming. [*Runs off, and peeps.*] no, all's safe. I must not be caught in these clothes, Quilldrive.

Quill. How came it you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for old Square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-bailey. Pretty clothes, a'n't they?

Quill. Ah! sir—

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks; no—stay—it's in the next room, a'n't it—

Quill. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twink. [*Exit.*]

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old codger within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young master comes to possession, ill got ill gone, I warrant me; hard card I have to play between 'em both; drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one. The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipped for the city. D—n the city! I wish the papishes would set fire to it again. I hate to be beating the hoof here among them. Here comes father—no; it's Dapper.—Quilldrive, I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

G. Phil. Who now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court end! A lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate. He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money; no, no, I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs. Commissioner! The king has not so good a thing in his gift, as a commission of bankruptcy. Don't we see them all with their country seats at Hoxton, and at Kentish Town, and at Newington Butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercury's tipt upon the top of the house, their Apollo's, their Venuses, and their leaden Herculeses in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion. [*Old Phil. speaks without.*] Zoons! here comes old dad! Now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man, likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is a hundred and forty-four. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way. Commission at two and a half per cent. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! [*Aside.*] What, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, sir.

Old Phil. That's right; it's a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, sir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; I instilled good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, sir. Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. [*Aside.*] I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

G. Phil. It intimated, sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him; and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, [*laughs*] I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise moved than to raise his price, and make her turn to better account.

Old Phil. [*Bursts into a laugh.*] I remember it: ha, ha! there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The rule of three. If one gives me so much; what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, Ay. [*Laughs.*]

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day. Fortunes are made by degrees. Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world: love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying; I never heard it before; it is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with

Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he would get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him: I went to see him at his garret, in the Minorities, and there I found him in all his misery; and a fine scene it was. There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing-tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-steak was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it: and so there was business enough for them all;—his wife rubbing away, (*mimics a washer-woman*) and he writing on, "The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies; Saxony shall be indemnified; he shan't have a foot in Silesia. There is a sweet little baby;" (to the child on his knee) then he rock'd the cradle—"hush ho! hush, ho!" then he twisted the griskin,—(*snaps his fingers*). "hush ho!—The Russians shall have Prussia." (*Writes.*) The wife—(*washes and sings*) he—"There's a dear." Round goes the griskin again—(*snaps his fingers*). "and Canada must be restor'd." (*Writes.*) And so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips.—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Phil. Oh, no! charity begins at home, says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said. I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me; I am ready with my joke;—"a fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha!—An old skin-flint. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Ay, ay; a fool and his money are soon parted, ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. (*Aside.*) And yet trade has its inconveniences: great houses stopping payment—

Old Phil. Hey! what! you look chagrined. Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz, Don John de Alvarada—The Spanish galleons not making quick returns,—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay! (*Shakes his head.*)

G. Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty per cent. profit; but this blow coming upon me—

Old Phil. Why, this is unlucky: how much money?

G. Phil. Three-and-twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket. I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently, to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee; then hush this up, and say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue! (*Aside.*) That will never do, I shall be blown upon 'change. Alvarada will pay in time: he has opened his affairs; he appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time; but I must crack before that. [is?]

Old Phil. It is unlucky! A good man, you say he

G. Phil. Nobody better.

Old Phil. Let me see; suppose I lend this money.

G. Phil. Ah, sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and

G. Phil. Exactly. [fifty.]

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

G. Phil. Yes, sir.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money. You must allow me commission upon those bills, for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G. Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

G. Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond.

G. Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check. You shall have a draft on the bank.

G. Phil. Yes, sir. (*Going.*)

Old Phil. But stay, I had forgot; I must sell out for this. Stocks are under par; you must pay the difference.

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech! (*Aside.*) By all means, sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. (*Exit.*)

Old Phil. What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference in the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to. Let me see; what is the lady's name? (*Takes a letter out.*) Corinna! ay, ay; by the description, she is a bale of goods.

Enter QUILLDRIVE.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, sir, and his daughter.

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter SIR JASPER, singing, and MARIA.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir J. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye; I am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

Mar. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay; I ha' brought un to zee you; my girl—I hen't asham'd of my girl.

Mar. That's more than I can say of my father. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Truly, she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha' brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why, she looks three and a half per cent. better than when I saw her last.

Mar. Then there is hopes that, in a little time, I shall be above par: he rates me like a lottery ticket. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Ay, ay; I doubt not, Sir Jasper; Miss has the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that, she would not do for my son. George is a shrewd lad, and I have often heard him declare, no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Mar. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman; I have my cue from my brother, and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. (*Aside.*)

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this, after my own heart. I think I'll have his daughter, if it is only for the pleasure of hunting with him. (*Aside.*)

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand. What say you? are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid; I like you: I like un, master Philpot, I like un: I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall. George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash. (*Aside to G. Phil.*)

G. Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now; I hate speaking to these modest women. Sir, sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind, by advertising for her in a newspaper? (*Aside to Old Phil.*)

Old Phil. Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl; and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently. (*Aside to G. Phil.*)

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot, come along: I bear't afraid of my girl; come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasp. and Old Phil.*]

Mar. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will; and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match. Not a word yet: he is in a fine confusion: (*Aside: looks foolish.*) I think I may as well sit down, sir.

G. Phil. Ma'am—I—I—I—(*frighted*) I'll hand you a chair, ma'am; there, ma'am. (*Bows awkwardly.*)

Mar. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. I'll sit down too. (*In confusion.*)

Mar. Heigho!

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Mar. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I—I—did not you say something, ma'am?

Mar. No, sir; nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, ma'am.

Mar. Oh! you are a sweet creature! (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on. (*Sits silent, foolish, and steals a look at her.*)

Mar. An agreeable interview this! (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. Pray, ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Mar. Concerts! what's that, sir?

G. Phil. A music meeting.

Mar. I have been at a Quaker's meeting, but never at a music meeting.

G. Phil. Lord, ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts! She notable! I'll take courage; she is nobody. (*Aside.*) Will you give me leave to present you a ticket for Willis's?

Mar. (*Looking simply and awkward.*) A ticket! what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, ma'am, at your service.

Mar. (*Curtseys awkwardly.*) I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtesy there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her! she seems to be an idiot! (*Aside.*)

Mar. Here's a charming ticket he has given me! (*Aside.*) And is this a ticket, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am. And is this a ticket? (*Mimics her aside.*)

Mar. (*Reads*) For sale by the candle, the following goods:—thirty chests straw hats—fifty tubs chip hats—pepper, sago, borax—ha, ha! Such a ticket!

G. Phil. I—I—I have made a mistake, ma'am; here, here is the right one.

Mar. You need not mind it, sir; I never go to such places.

G. Phil. No, ma'am! I don't know what to make of her. (*Aside.*) Was you ever at the White Conduit House?

Mar. There's a question! (*Aside.*) Is that a nobleman's seat?

G. Phil. (*Laughs.*) Simpleton! No, Miss; it is not a nobleman's seat: Lord, it's at Islington.

Mar. Lord Islington!—I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington. [*ship.*]

Mar. I have not the honour of knowing his lord-

G. Phil. Islington is a town, ma'am.

Mar. Oh! it's a town!

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. I am glad of it.

G. Phil. What is she glad of? What shall I say to her next? (*Aside.*) Have you been at the burletta, Mar. Where? [*ma'am?*]

G. Phil. The burletta.

Mar. Sir, I would have you to know that I am no such person. I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Mar. I'm come of good people, sir; and have been properly educated, as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a d—d fool she is! (*Aside.*) The burletta is an opera, ma'am.

Mar. Opera, sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage, to affront me in this manner!

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Mar. Who, me a connoisseur, sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much as thought of such a thing! Sir, I won't be called a connoisseur—I won't—I won't—I won't! (*Bursts out a-crying.*)

G. Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence. A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Mar. Don't virtuoso me! I am no virtuoso, sir, I would have you to know it! I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso. (*Cries bitterly.*)

G. Phil. But, ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Mar. (*In a passion, choking her tears, and sobbing.*) Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England. My family was always remarkable for virtue. My mamma (*sobbing*) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*sobbing*) was a virtuous woman too! And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and as virtuous a wife as any at all! And so, sir, don't call me a virtuoso! I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner; I won't—I won't—I won't! (*Cries bitterly.*)

G. Phil. The girl's a natural: so much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up. (*Aside.*) Ma'am, upon my word, you misunderstand me.

Mar. Sir, (*drying her tears*) I won't be called connoisseur by you nor any body; and I am no virtuoso, I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Mar. Taste! (*sobbing.*)

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Mar. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Oh! that's another thing; I have a taste, to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, ma'am. O, you're a cursed nunny! (*Aside.*)

Mar. Yes, I know I have; I can read tolerably, and I begin to write a little.

G. Phil. Upon my word, you have made a great progress! What could old Square-Toes mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her: I'll talk to her openly at once. (*Aside.*) Come, sit down, Miss. Pray, ma'am, are you inclined to ma-

Mar. Yes, sir.

[*trimony?*]

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. These naturals are always amorous. (*Aside.*) How should you like me?

Mar. Of all things.

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony. (*Aside.*) Do
Mar. Yes, sir. [you love me?

G. Phil. But you don't love anybody else?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free. (*Aside.*) But not so
Mar. Yes, sir. [well as me?

G. Phil. Better, may he?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! (*Aside.*) And, perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a—

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear. Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Mar. Sir! [take my leave.

G. Phil. I have done, ma'am, that's all, and I

Mar. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, ma'am, no; no such thing. You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere; I am your humble servant.

Mar. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot! But you must:—my papa said you must, and I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense. (*Aside.*) Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Mar. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot! (*bursts out into tears*) but I say you shall, and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why:—you shall—
you shall!

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here! (*Aside.*)

Mar. I wonder you a'n't ashamed of yourself to affront a young girl in this manner! I'll go and tell my papa, I will—I will—I will. (*Crying bitterly.*)

G. Phil. And so you may; I have no more to say to you, and so your servant, miss,—your servant.

Mar. Ay, and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you!

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob? (*Going.*)

Mar. How can you be so cruel, Mr. Philpot? how can you—oh—(*cries and struggles with him*—

Exit G. Phil. Ha, ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly: ha, ha! He will break off the match now of his own accord.—Ha, ha! This is charming!—this is fine!—this is like a girl of spirit. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Corinna's House.*

Enter CORINNA, TOM following her.

Cor. An elderly gentleman, did you say?

Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs.

[Exit Tom.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Cor. Servant, sir.

Old Phil. Fair lady, your very humble servant. Truly, a blooming young girl! (*Aside.*) Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

Cor. Yes, sir, I know Bob Poacher; he is a very good friend of mine. (*Reads to herself.*) He speaks so handsomely of you, sir, and says—you are so much of the gentleman, that, to be sure, sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, sir.

Old Phil. Really, you are very agreeable. You see I am punctual to my hour. (*Looks at his watch.*)

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, sir.

Old Phil. Yes, madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time. This is a mighty pretty lodging. I have twenty guineas here in a purse:—here they are; (*turns them out upon the table*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers played with. [gentleman.

Cor. I am always agreeable to anything from a

Old Phil. There are some light guineas among

them. I always put off my light guineas in this way. (*Aside.*) You are exceedingly welcome, madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it. Oh! I could eat it up! Fair lady, your lips look so cherry: they actually invite the touch; (*Kisses.*) really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution! Oh, you little delicate, charming—(*Kisses her.*)

G. Phil. (*Within.*) Gee-houp! Awhi! Awhi! Gallows! Awhi! [coming?

Old Phil. Hey, what is all that? Somebody
Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in, whether my servants will or no.

Old Phil. What shall I do? I would not be seen for the world; can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, sir; these wild young fellows take such liberties. He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected. Get under the table, he sha'n't remain long, whoever he is. Here, here, sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, that will do; don't let him stay stay long; give me another buss. Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush! Make haste.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; I will, fair lady. (*Creeps under the table and peeps out.*) Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Sharper, to your work! Awhi! Awhi! So my girl, how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you; I did not expect to see you so soon; I thought you was to be at the club?

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill-fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. (*Aside, peeping.*) Ah, the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in-cash; I have taken in the old curmdgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

Old Phil. (*Aside, peeping out.*) Ay, as how? let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you. I talk'd a world of wisdom to him; tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence; and then he took a liking to me. "Ay, ay," says he, "ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade. George, thou art a son after my own heart; a fool and his money are soon parted;" (*mimicking him.*) and so, on he went, like harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till, at last, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds. Oh! I understand trap; I talked of a great house stopping payment; the thing was true enough, but I had no dealings with them.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot, he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me though.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Ay, you have found it out, have you?

G. Phil. Pho! he is an old curmdgeon; and so I will talk no more about him. Come, give me a kiss. (*They kiss.*)

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her! [Sunday.

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot; I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it; I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my lord What-d'-ye-call-him, drove four-in-hand; but, lord! he was

Cor. No! [nothing to me.

G. Phil. Oh, no; I know my road work, my girl. Throw my eyes about a few; handle the

prances; take the off-leader by the jaw; here you, now have you curbed this horse up? Let him out link, do, you rascal. Whooh Eh!—Jewel!—But—on! Whooh Eh! Come here, you sir; how have you coupled gallows? you know he'll take the bar of Sharper. Take him in two holes, do. There's our pretty little knots as in England.—Whooh Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no; see me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot. Gee up!—Off we go. Button, do you want to have us over! Do your work, do. Awli! awli! There we bowl away; see how sharp they are. Gallows!—Softly up hill. *(Whistles.)* There's a public-house. Give 'em a thoughtful of water, do, and fetch me a dram—drink it off!—Gee up! Awli! Awli! There we go scrambling altogether; reach Epsom in an hour and forty-three minutes: all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we do. There's your work, my girl! Eh! d—n me!

Old Phil. (Aside.) Mercy on me! What a prodigate young dog it is!

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna! Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your servant, sir.

Wild. Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, sir?

Wild. For you, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, for me, sir.

Wild. No, sir; I have no commands for you.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, business.

Wild. Why, very good business, I think; my little Corinna—my life—my little—

G. Phil. Is that your business? Pray, sir—not so free, sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, sir; that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, sir!

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you! who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word! Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-tailor, I suppose, who chooses to try on the gentleman's clothes before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Tailor! What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no tailor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that.

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, sir.

G. Phil. You lie! I'll bet you five pounds I did not. But if you have a mind for a frolic—now, sir, come on. *(In a boxing attitude.)*

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? *(Draws.)* There! take that, sirrah; and that; and that, you scoundrel! *(Beating him.)*

Old Phil. (Aside.) Ay, ay; well done; lay on. *(Peeps out.)* [and there!]

Wild. (Beating him.) And there, you rascal; *Old Phil. (Aside.)* Thank you, thank you! Could not you find in your heart to lay him on another or me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, sir!

Wild. My dear Corinna, don't be frightened; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. (Aside.) I am safe here; lie still, saucy, lie still; I am safe.

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. *(Sits down. Old Philpot's watch strikes ten under the table.)* Whose watch is that? *(Stares round.)* Hey! what is all this? *(Looks under the table.)* Our humble servant, sir! Turn out; pray, turn

out. You won't? then I'll unshell you. *[Exit. Cor.] (Takes away the table.)* Your very humble servant, sir!

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time! *(Aside.)*

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. (Still on the ground.) No, sir, not I, truly. But the gentleman there may divert himself again, if he has a mind.

G. Phil. No, sir, not I.

Old Phil. George, you are there, I see.

G. Phil. Yes, sir; and you are there, I see. What an imp of hell she is! *(Aside.)* [beat.]

Wild. Come, get up, sir; you are too old to be *Old Phil. (Rising.)* In troth, so I am. But there you may exercise yourself again, if you please.

G. Phil. No more for me, sir, I thank you.

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing at his old square toes.

Old Phil. Oh, George! George!

G. Phil. Oh, father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what, father and son? And so, you have found one another out? ha, ha! Well, you may have business; and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. *[Exit.]*

G. Phil. Don't be angry with me, sir. I'll go my ways this moment; tie myself up in this matrimonial noose, and never have anything to do with these courses again. *(Going.)*

Old Phil. And bark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Sir Jasper's house.*

BEAUFORT discovered, dressed as a lawyer, and SIR JASPER WILDING, with a bottle and glass.

Beau. I can't drink any more, Sir Jasper.

Sir Jasp. Why, you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, Master Quagmire. Come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excus'd. You had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! you shall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley. *Enter WILLIAM.*

Will. Old Mr. Philpot, sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right; they'll take me out of the hand of this lawyer here. *[Exit Will.]*

Enter OLD PHILPOT and GEORGE PHILPOT.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand pounds, you know, is a great deal of money. I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that, if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more before I embark; for, to be plain, sir, she appears to me a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench. Zee her again, mun; zee her again! Here, you, sirrah, send our Moll hither. We'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave us together. Hoic! hoic! Our Moll! Tally over!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl. There, the gentleman wants to speak with you; behave like a clever wench as you are. Come along, my boys. Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[Exit, singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort.]

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony. *(Aside.)* Well, miss, you told me you could read and write.

Mar. Read, sir! reading is the delight of my life. Do you love reading, sir?

G. Phil. Prodigiously! How pert she is grown! I have read very little; and I am resolved for the future to read less. (*Aside.*) What have you

Mar. Every thing. [read, miss?]

G. Phil. You have?

Mar. Yes, sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh, brave! And do you remember what you read, miss? [short memories.

Mar. Not so well as I could wish. Wits have

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Mar. I am; and do you know, that I feel myself provoked to a simile now?

G. Phil. Provoked to a simile! Let us hear it.

Mar. What do you think we are both like?

G. Phil. Well—

Mar. Like Cimon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable?

Mar. The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows;

To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.

That's me; now you.

*He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went (mimics) for want of thought,*

G. Phil. This is not the same girl. (*Disconcerted.*)

Mar. Mark again; mark again.

*The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.*

(*He looks foolish:—she laughs at him.*)

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for. (*Aside.*)

Mar. You seem surprised, sir; but this is my way. I read, sir, and then I apply. I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson,—

G. Phil. Hey! the devil! what a clack is here! (*He walks across the stage: she following him.*)

Mar. Shakspeare, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steele; in short, every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment.

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

Mar. What do you say to me, now, sir?

G. Phil. Say!—I don't know what the devil to say. (*Aside.*)

Mar. What's the matter, sir? Why you look as if the stocks were fallen; or like London-bridge at low water; or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen; or like a politician without news; or like a prude without scandal; or like a great lawyer without a brief; or like some lawyers with one; or—

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband, henpecked by a wit, and so say no more of that.

Mar. Oh, fy! you have spoil'd all; I had not half done. [may content yourself.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience. You *Mar.* But I can't be so easily contented; I like a simile half a mile long.

G. Phil. I see you do.

Mar. Oh! and I make verses too; verses like an angel; off hand; extempore.—Can you give me an extempore?

G. Phil. What does she mean? (*Aside.*) No, miss, I have never a one about me.

Mar. You can't give me an extempore! Oh, for shame! Mr. Philpot. I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their sense is so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G. Phil. A poet as rich as Pactolus? I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

Mar. Very like.

G. Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich

Mar. As who? [as he.

G. Phil. Pactolus. He was a great Jew merchant; lived in the ward of Farringdon without.

Mar. Pactolus, a Jew merchant? Pactolus is a

G. Phil. A river? [river.

Mar. Yes. Don't you understand geography?

G. Phil. The girl's crazy.

Mar. Oh! sir; if you don't understand geography, you are nobody. I understand geography, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write; and I can dance too. Will you dance a minuet? (*Sings and dances.*) [you.

G. Phil. You sha'n't lead me a dance, I promise

Mar. Oh! very well, sir; you refuse me. Remember, you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you. [yourself.

Mar. O! very well; remember; mark my words; I'll do it; you shall see it: ha, ha!

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door "Philpot's punch-house."

Enter OLD PHILPOT, SIR JASPER, YOUNG WILDING, and BEAUFORT.

Sir Jasp. (*Singing.*) "So rarely, so bravely we'll hunt him o'er the downs, and we'll whoop and we'll holla." Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well, what say ye to us now? Ben't she a clever girl?

G. Phil. A very extraordinary girl, indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell us zo?

Mar. Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

Old Phil. The numskull won't do as his father bids him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent, I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Mar. How? What does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk lover still. Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring; it melts away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature. (*Coughing.*)

Mar. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

Sir Jasp. Hey! What's in the wind now? What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Mar. Sir, I have one small doubt. Pray, can I have two husbands at a time? [foolish again.

G. Phil. There's a question, now! She is grown

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye. Two husbands at once! No, no; men are scarce, and that's downright poaching. [marry him, I see.

Mar. I am sorry for it, sir; for then I can't

Sir Jasp. Why not?

Mar. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted!—To whom?

Mar. To Mr. Beaufort; that gentleman, sir.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire! What, are you young Beaufort all this time?

Old Phil. That won't take, sir; that won't take.

Beau. But it must take, sir. Sir Jasper has sign'd the deeds for his daughter's marriage; and, by this instrument, has made me his son-in-law.

Old Phil. How is this? How is this? Then, Sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose, for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an' ye can! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out slyly for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl? I bean't ashamed o' my girl. Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed though you have taken me by surprise.

Mar. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part?

Wild. } To a miracle.

Beau. }
Mar. Have I? I don't know how that is—

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts,

To win your— (*To Beaufort.*) *No, not yours—*

To win your hearts. (*To the Audience.*)

Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;

"There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

THE HONEST THIEVES;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY T. KNIGHT.



Act II. Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

COLONEL CARELESS
CAPTAIN MANLY
JUSTICE DAY

MR. STORY
ABEL
OBADIAH

TEAGUE
BAILIFFS
SERVANTS, &c.

RUTH
ARABELLA
MRS. DAY

ACT I. SCENE I.—An Inn-door.

MRS. DAY.—(Without.)

Mrs. Day. Let the porter carry our bundles down to Mr. Day's house.

Enter MRS. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, CAPTAIN MANLY, and Coachman.

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis; 'tis a sad thing for people of the better sort, who are us'd to ravel in a different style, to put up with a filthy targe-coach. I believe our places are paid for, coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am; paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well; something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella! what, sad? By my faith, you need not; say, I told you so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you have been absent; and his honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, and justice of the peace, was quite impatient till we should fetch you home again. I know you'll like our son Abel; e's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! (Aside.)

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. (Seeing Manly.) How is it with you, sir? Weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire. (Aside.) Ycs, ma'am; so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.

Mrs. D. Oh! you are come. Didn't you think fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon; I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, delay'd me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obeyed.

What, you are rejoiced at the return of one I have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire, been thinking more about somebody than I'll speak of.

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now endeavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's formalities, shew 'em your breeding, boy, and let 'em see you are as well taught as fed. (Apart.) [private.

Abel. If you please, I would speak a word in Arab. (To Ruth.) That poor gentleman seems heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue.

Ruth. Indeed, he looks fatigued. [honest.

Arab. I like him much; he seems plain and

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience; but to please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, pr'ythee, don't; he'll think us rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass. I hope you are better after your journey, sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, perhaps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This young spawn is as bad as the old pike. (Aside.)

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet. [happiness.

Arab. Pr'ythee, peace! Sir, we wish you all

Man. Ma'am, I thank you. I like her well; but I hope she'll say no more, lest she should spoil my good opinion. (Aside.)

Mrs. D. (Advancing.) Come, Arabella: 'tis as I told you; Abel has it. Say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel: faith, she may venture to take you for better for worse; lead her long. Fare you well, sir. (To Manly.) Oh, Abel's a notable fellow.

[Exit. Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah, Ruth.

Man. There's something very interesting about that girl. Well; here I am in the ancient city of Gloucester, quartered for at least six months, if my creditors don't hunt me out of it. As our troop came some days since, private lodgings, I suppose, are scarce. (Going.)

Enter COLONEL CARELESS and STORY.

Care. Dear Manly, welcome to Gloucester.

Man. Dear Colonel, I did not think to have met you so suddenly. Ah! my old friend, Lieutenant Story, your servant.

Story. Your friend still, captain; but no longer a lieutenant. I have quitted the service some time; I am married, and settled here; and, faith, as

Man. I am glad of it. [times go, well to do.

Care. I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you? (*Apart*)

Man. They threaten'd us with the law; but I dare say a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

Care. And in that time we may get relief, by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

Man. Just now; came in a stage-coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen: there was a justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother; their names are Day. There was another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; and she, it seems, is intended for the justice's eldest son; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawing clerk: two such formal, awkward rascals, you never saw; ha, ha!

Story. The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems, designs her for this his first-born booby.

Care. Why, what a dull dog wert thou, Manly, not to make love, and rescue her. Hey! whom have we here?

Enter TEAGUE, wrapt up in a blanket.

Who art thou, pray?

Tea. A poor Irishman, heaven save me, and save all your three faces! Give me a thirteen.

Care. Thou wilt not lose anything for want of

Tea. Faith, I can't afford it. [asking.

Care. Well, there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Tea. By my troth 'tis too little, make it a thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

Man. How long hast thou been in England?

Tea. Ever since I came here, and longer too.

Care. What's thy business?

Tea. I have no business at all, at all; I'm a gentleman at large, and that's all I have done since I left

Care. Why did'st leave him? [my master.

Tea. Because he died one day.

Care. Then it seems he left thee?

Tea. Yes, indeed, he left poor Teague; but he never serv'd me so before in all his life.

Care. Pr'ythee, who was thy master?

Tea. Sure, he was the good Colonel Danger. (*With affection.*) [friend.

Care. Colonel Danger! He was my dear and noble

Tea. Yes, that he was; and poor Teague's too.

Care. Where did he die?

Tea. He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

Care. And what dost thou mean to do?

Tea. I would get a good master, if a good master would get me. I can't tell what to do else; I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland. I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'other house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the planters what good luck is for man; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland; and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

Care. Poor fellow, I pity him; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what would'st thou say, if I should take thee.

Tea. I'd say you could not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend; wert thou with him when he died?

Tea. Upon my soul and I was, and I howl'd over him after; and I ask'd him why he would die and leave poor Teague! But the devil a word he answered; and, in faith, I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my master was ill, we sold our clothes to buy physic and other things to comfort his stomach; but och! he paid me again, for when he died, he left me all that he had in the world.

Care. Did he leave thee all that he had?

Tea. Faith, and he did: he left me his love and his friendship, and that was his all; and then I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in which many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm; and it does not fit me the worse for that: and in this dress I turned out for my journey, without any virtuals at all besides a little snuff.

Care. Well, well, serve and love me, as thou did'st thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

Tea. Faith, and I will. Och! be such another master to poor Teague, and sure I'd serve you to the world's end, whether I would or no. (*To himself.*) I'm hir'd!

Care. Now then to business; we must visit these ladies you speak of, Manly. Story, do you know the family?

Story. I know them by name; but Day would as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier; but come to my house, where, if you please, you

Tea. I'm hir'd! (*Aside.*) [may both lodge.

Care. Courage, noble captain! Who knows but we may make our fortunes here in our new quarters, as well as Story.

Man. And should we not, 'tis but living on Teague's cheap diet of snuff.

Tea. And of that you shall have your belly full.

Care. Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle, (in lavender if thou wilt,) and mount the family livery; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world. (*With rapture.*)

Tea. Ay, for old Ireland, master! Och! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

Care. Hast thou got an estate there?

Tea. Indeed and I have; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for nothing, you'd scarce make your money of it.

Care. And *Man.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Day's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY.

Mr. D. Welcome, welcome, sweet duck; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth: if we can but make sure of this heiress, Arabella, for our son Abel—

Mrs. D. If we can; what, you are at your *ifs* again? If I didn't rouse and support you, you would start at your own shadow.

Mr. D. I profess, duck, thou say'st true; I should never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

Mrs. D. In that, too, you were at your *ifs*; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter. [counsel, duck.

Mr. D. Truly, I am much indebted to the *Mrs. D.* Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth, they sometimes call me the justice. Well then, Arabella must be Abel's wife out of hand in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also. [as he is—

Mr. D. Od, if I were as young and as comel

Mrs. D. You'd do wonders, to be sure; but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word Arabella. Here she comes.

Enter RUTH.

Mr. D. Ruth! It is my wife's desire—

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose. My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella; now the boy is not forward enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate himself, and put on little winning and deluding ways: use thy power, wench, and you shan't repent it.

Ruth. Ma'am, I shall be happy to do my best.

Mrs. D. Go call Abel, my good girl.

Ruth. I'll instruct him, and finely. [*Aside, & Exit.*]

Mrs. D. By this, husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune. We must lose no time. I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella: there is a new troop too come to town; they are dangerous men. Sure, I know what officers are.

Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL.

Mr. D. Son Abel, do you hear?

Mrs. D. Do hold your peace, and give me leave. I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you.

Abel. Why, truly, I think so too; but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

Mrs. D. All in good time; Ruth, here, will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself. Ah! boy, hadst thou thy mother's head. Well, what can't be, can't be; pray, observe your Mr. D. Be sure, boy— [*sister's directions.*]

Mrs. D. Who bid you speak? Surely, I have told him myself; so, get about your business.

[*Exit, pushing out Mr. Day.*]

Ruth. Now, then, brother Abel.

Abel. Now, then, sister Ruth. [*Advances.*]

Ruth. Have you a month's mind to this young lady?

Abel. I have not lov'd her more than a week yet.

Ruth. Oh! I beg your pardon: but to begin; you must alter your posture: there, hold up your head as it becomes your dignity, and turn out your toes; they seem to have a great affection for each other; they don't like to part. Your hands thus: one in your bosom, t'other a kimbo, to denote your consequence. [*step?*]

Abel. Must I walk trippingly, or with a grave

Ruth. Oh! gravely, by all means, like a true lover. Let's see. [*He walks.*] Vastly well. Suppose, now, I were your mistress, and met you by accident; then you must start to one side, like a frighten'd horse; [*she starts*] and declare that you did not see her before, because you were so rapt up in love. Now then.

Abel. Ay, but I don't know what to say.

Ruth. Begin thus: "Pardon, madam, the delightful reverie of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you;" dropping on your knee. [*Kneeling.*]

Abel. I fear I shall forget the words.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighting love, in which [*Ruth prompts him thus far*] I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee."

Ruth. Ha, ha, ha! better than I expected.

[*Aside.*] Oh, you're perfect; then she'll answer—"I suppose, sir, your enquiring mind was sunk so deep into the profounds of cogitation, that, like other wise men, you needed a friend to help you out." Now, your reply.

Abel. No, indeed, I want no help at all.

Ruth. Oh fie, man! you must confess you need help, and ask her for her hand.

Abel. Ay, that brings it to the point.

Ruth. To be sure it does; besides, Arabella will never die for love of you, [*engaging as you are*] if you are not gallant.

Abel. Why, yes, I am engaging; and I can be gallant, if that be all.

Ruth. No doubt; now go seek your mistress, and remember your lesson; keep your position, and the town's your own. [*Arabella.*]

Abel. Nay, I care not for the town, if I can get [*Exit, repeating the speech.*]

Ruth. I could burst with laughing: what an ass it is; ha, ha, ha!

Enter ARABELLA.

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, and met my booby brother Abel.

Arab. Why?

Ruth. He's seeking you to make love. Oh! you'll be rarely courted.

Arab. Nay, Ruth, 'twere well enough for me to mock them; but consider, Mr. and Mrs. Day are your parents.

Ruth. That I deny; wonder not, I begin thus freely to invite your confidence. 'Tis enough to tell you now, that I know Sir Basil Thoroughgood was my father; and at two years old, (the time my father died) this canting Day, then sole trustee, caught me and my estates. Hereafter you shall know all; 'twere time we both look'd to our own affairs, Arabella.

Arab. Then let us love and assist each other.—Would they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

Ruth. No doubt; but we'll find those ere long shall see us righted. Oh! here's another of the goodly flock. Step aside now. [*Arabella retires.*]

Enter OBADIAH.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am; for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

Ruth. Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

Ob. Truly, I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparkles always revive me. [*She laughs.*] Ah! thou art skittish and profane—Odso, I must hasten on business for his worship;—when I look on thee, Satan is busy within me—Oh! [*Checking his rapture.*] but I will smite and keep the rebel down. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. [*Arabella advances.*] There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pastime: remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns!—for the joke's sake walk towards him;—I'll not leave you. [*Retires.*]

Enter ABEL, as not seeing Arabella; they walk toward each other, and Abel starts, as Ruth taught him.

Arab. Hey! what's the meaning of this?

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful levellee of all-delighting love, in which I was so wrapt up, that you could not see me dropping on your knee." [*Kneels.*]

Arab. Surely he's mad! [*Aside.*]

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arab. What should I say, forsooth?

Abel. Just what you please, forsooth.

Arab. This is Ruth's instruction. [*Aside.*] Pardon me, sir, but I did not see you.

Abel. No, 'tis I that was not to see you, and then you are to answer. [*Rises, and goes to her.*]

Arab. Well, what should I answer?

Abel. Something about me, and other wise men and cogitations, and then you take my hand, and help me out.

Enter MRS. DAY.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, son Abel! got so close to Miss Arabella! Oh! then, I smell a rat—nay, look you, Ruth, [*Abel advances.*] See how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes—there—he looks a thousand darts at once! Ruth, how has he behaved, ha? [*Apart to Ruth.*]

Ruth. Oh! beyond expectation—He'll need but little teaching. Humour his mother. [*Aside to Ara.*]

Mrs. D. I thought thou would'st turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel; take her by the hand, and lead her in;—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter COLONEL CARELESS, CAPT. MANLY, and STORY.

Care. Ha, ha, ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught: if I know the signs of love, Captain, thou art caught.

Story. And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

Man. Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

Care. What! a soldier, and not love a siege!—Would'st have the women court thee? Pr'ythee tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

Story. Yes, if the old folks please; I believe she has little independent; and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but if I mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctify a cloak to avarice.

Care. Say you so? then I'll send her a billet-doux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

Enter TEAGUE, dressed.

Tea. Sure I'm here, master.

Care. Oh! very well, I want you: you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

Story. Not I: 'twould degrade their dignity to admit a poor lieutenant.

Care. I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family?

Man. Oh! commander-in-chief—I'll be sworn.

Story. Why I believe the "grey mare is the better horse."

Tea. And that's foolish!—(*Col. checks him.*) Oh! that's very foolish!—When I'm married, I'll take care "the grey horse shall be the better mare."

Story. Ha, ha, ha! you must know this Mrs. Day was formerly kitchen-maid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gillian; but now "she rules the roast" in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

Care. I'll send Teague to her advanced honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her ladyship.

Man. Teague will mistake, my life on't.

Tea. Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchen-maid.—Where must I go now to mistake the kitchen-maid?

Story. As I live, Colonel, here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire. (*Retires.*)

Care. Manly, you'll introduce me.

Enter ARABELLA and RUTH; TEAGUE stands by his master, and makes his bow, &c.

Man. Fair ladies, your most obedient. My friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex. (*Manly retires with Arabella.*)

Ruth. (*Curtysying.*) Indeed, Colonel, are you such Care. As what, ma'am? [*a military prodigy?*]

Ruth. A true lover.

Care. When I look at you, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. (*Bows.*)

Tea. Sure an Irishman could not have said it better! (*To himself.*)

Ruth. Oh! dear sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare ye well. (*Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.*)

Care. Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours. Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

Ruth. Probably she has found more attraction.

Care. I would you had found the same!

Ruth. Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family and fortune, Colonel?

Care. Oh! oh! then I see how it is. (*Aside.*) Of good family, madam—little fortune, except in

debts, considerable expectations, and in the road to preferment: much in the same predicament stands your humble servant—Then shall I be your friend?

Ruth. Why, to say truth, Colonel, we, each of us, never stood more in need of a friend in all—O lud! what am I about to say?—Arabella, come along, or I shall be in as bad a plight as yourself. (*Runs away, Col. stops her.*)

Care. Shall I swear I love you.

Tea. No, don't;—take time to consider first. (*Aside to Col.*)

Ruth. Don't swear; if you would have me believe it, shew it by deeds not oaths.—In short, Colonel, if you are what you seem, I may, perhaps—

Care. What, my angel?

Ruth. Wish you were another man;—my friend is taking leave.

Care. When shall I see you again? [*well.*—*Ruth.* Perhaps our friends have settled that: fare—*Arab.* Sir, I have trusted you as a man of honour.

Man. Madam, you shall not repent it. Adieu! [*Exit Arab. and Ruth.*]

Care. Manly, has she appointed another interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her? (*Eagerly*)

Man. Upon my soul I forgot that.

Care. Oh! the devil! Do they both live together?

Man. Yes, Colonel.

Care. And in Day's house?

Man. Certainly.

Care. Teague! (*Story advances and talks to Manly.*) [*your elbow.*]

Tea. You need not call Teague: sure he's at Day.

Care. I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day.

Tea. To the lady that was kitchen-maid to her

Care. Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—"your ladyship"—and "your honour"—for example, say—"My master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your ladyship" (*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*)

Tea. Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies. (*Bows.*)—But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchen-maid?

Care. Why, what then?

Tea. Upon my shoul, then, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

Care. Phoo! phoo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

Tea. I must not think of a kettle, then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or anything that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen. [*ns all.*]

Care. Not for a thousand pounds; 'twould undo

Tea. Well, then; that my mouth mayn't be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm speaking.

Care. You'll find me at the inn.

Tea. (*Going—returns.*) Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

Story. Ha, ha, ha!—oh, I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also. [*Exeunt Care. and Manly.*]

Tea. Och! leave Teague alone for that; shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*Day's House.*

Enter RUTH and ARABELLA.

Arab. Oh! his confession was like himself noble; I dare be sworn my Captain's honest.

Ruth. That's more than I'll swear for my Colonel but a good example may make him so. Were not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! the we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches! [*fellow, Abel*]

Arab. Oh! that we could contrive to poison the

Ruth. Hush!

Enter Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Mrs. D. Well, Arabella, I hope you have considered what is for your own good; you may be worse offered.—*Abel*, never stand shilly shally, tell her your mind.—*Ruth*, a word. (*They retire.*)

Abel. You see, now, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; I know how to prevail; therefore, pray say what am I to trust to, for my mother says I must not stand shilly shally?

Arab. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

Enter TEAGUE.

Arab. Whom have we here? [of you ?

Tea. Well, now, what is your names, every one

Ruth. (*Aside.*) Upon my life, Arabella, 'tis the Irish servant of my Colonel.

Arab. Hush!

Tea. Well, can't some of you all say nothing, though you don't speak?

Mrs. D. Why, how now, sauce-box!—what, have you left your manners without? (*Takes off his hat.*) Go out, and fetch 'em.

Tea. What should I fetch now? [to, sirrah ?

Mrs. D. Do you know who you are speaking

Tea. By my shoul and I don't:—'Tis little my own mother thought I should ever speak to the likes of you.

Abel. You had better not be saucy to her honour. (*Advances towards Teague.*)

Tea. Her honour! and, I suppose, you are his worship. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day—What's your business?

Tea. Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs. Day? I'll look well first, and I'll set my face to be serious, and in form; and now, I'll tell her my message.—The good Colonel, my master, bid me ask your ladyship—(*Turns and laughs.*)—By my soul, the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me—ha, ha!—the pepper-castor!—

Mrs. D. Why you impudent fellow! were you sent here to abuse me?

Abel. Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother, Obadiah and I shall thump you.

Tea. (*Smiles.*) You'll do what? [honour.

Abel. Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her

Tea. Then, by my soul, I have a great mind to thump you with my hammer. (*Strikes him, Abel runs behind his mother.*)

Mrs. D. Why, varlet, d'y'e mean to insult me?—Get out of my house, fellow.

Tea. Won't I give you my message, then, from my master?

Mrs. D. Tell your master to bring his message himself, whoever he is.

Tea. By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

Mrs. D. And not send a saucy Irish brute that can't speak a word of English.

Tea. An Irish brute! Is it for me that name? Why, then, the devil christen your ladyship! and your honour-ship! and kitchen-ship to boot!—Sure, that's plain English. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Ah! (*Screams.*) Oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted. Kitchen-ship, indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—Run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—Make haste, I say. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.—Outside of Day's house.

Enter MANLY, hastily.

Man. Where the devil shall I shelter? Scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturbed by bailiffs:—curse 'em! here they come!—then to my heels. [Exit.

Enter two Bailiffs, hastily.

1st Bail. That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. [Exit.

Tea. (*Without.*) Hub bub boo! Run, master!—Run, mongrels!—Run, bull!—Run, bailiffs!

Enter TEAGUE.

Tea. Oh! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you bum baily rascals! Och, by the powers, they are down! they are down! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt. Your first consin, the devil, help you out o' that.

Enter CARELESS, hastily.

Care. Teague! have you seen Captain Manly?

Tea. Indeed, and I have; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

Care. Has he escap'd?—Then all's well:—they were as near snapping me too. (*Going.*)

Tea. (*Stopping him.*) Arrah, then don't go that way; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

Care. No—here comes another behind me; plague on 'em: they're on a full scent—What shall I do? Here is a door, and invitingly open—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad; if anything happens, here you shall find me, observe the door, do you hear?

Tea. Sure, I'll know it again!—I'll write my name on it.

Care. That, I believe, is not in thy power. [Exit.

Tea. Indeed, and it is: I have pen and ink in my pocket. (*Makes a great cross with chalk.*) Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again. My father spent all my estate before ever I had it; that was one cross. Then I was cross'd in love by Logan Lachlogan; that was another cross; and my life hereafter has been full of crosses ever since!

Enter third Bailiff.

3d Bail. Did you see a gentleman pass this way but now?

Tea. Indeed, and I did—I'll hum this fellow. (*Aside.*) He went in yonder, to the Goose and Alderman: suppose you and I have a drink together there, without offence to either?

3d Bail. With all my heart, if you'll stand treat.

Tea. Indeed, and I will.—I should have a thirteenth somewhere.—(*Searching his pockets.*) By my soul, my money is like a wild colt, I must drive it up in a corner before I can catch it:—Och! I have it by the scruff o' the neck; so come along, honey. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Inside of Day's house.

Enter RUTH and OBADIAH, with writings.

Ruth. Having drunk thy cordial, Obadiah, hasten about thy master's business.

Ob. I will, forsooth; but why wilt thou not smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with the beams of kindness?

Ruth. Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

Ob. Thou know'st not the extent of my riches.

Ruth. If they are equal to your charms, they are beyond my hopes.

Ob. Um!—why the ladies have sometimes praised the symmetry of my features.—Nor dost thou know thy own riches; nor will I tell thee, unless I make thee bone of my bone. (*Aside.*)

Ruth. Are these the marriage-settlements between Abel and Arabella?

Ob. They are, forsooth. When they are married—ha! my little merry maid—shall we—ha?—I can make thee a good jointure.

Ruth. Why, when they are married, perhaps we may.—Shall I ask your master's consent?

Ob. Not for the world.

Ruth. Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it.

Ob. Wilt thou?—Then I will go.

*With looks of love I do depart,
'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.*

(*Going—Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.*)

Ruth. Oh, heavens! 'tis the Colonel! (*Aside.*) What have you done, sir? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah? (*They help him up.*)

Ob. Truly, he came forcibly upon me, and I fear he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach.

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyer's, go in again, Obadiah—Take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach; the blow has increas'd my cholic exceedingly. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. Heavens! Colonel! How came you here? Who let you in? Did you knock at the door?

Care. No, my angel; the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, sir, come in. But where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold! for love's sake, don't storm here!—Should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment, and on the wings of love fly far away.

Enter TEAGUE, in haste: Ruth retires.

Tea. Och! master, master, are you there then?—Sure enough you are. The good Captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is; and the rascally bum bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush! for your life—(*Apart.*)

Tea. The devil burn me if—(*Careless stops his mouth.*) Och! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then—

Care. Pr'ythee be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your livery, and give Teague his blanket! By my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble. (*Pulling off his coat.*)

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could you not say so at first? Sure I can pardon a slip. [*business?*]

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir. May I know the

Care. Why, madam, to be honest with you—

Tea. That's right now, and like yourself. (*Apart.*)

Care. Pr'ythee, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison.

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below here.

Care. For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend. (*Going.*)

Tea. (*Whispering the Col.*) If she's a house-keeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy Captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? Oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon Abel, and get him to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah: wheedle him.

Enter ABEL AND OBADIAH.

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?—Could you find in your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Important affairs kept me away from you, as Obadiah can witness—*bonâ fide.*

Ob. I can, forsooth, myself being a material party.

Care. Plague on 'em, how slow they speak! (*Aside.*)

Tea. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster! (*Hastily.*)

Arab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight. It is not your *bonâ fides* shall satisfy me: I have occasion to go a little way; you and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you shall not deny me anything.

Abel. No, indeed, I ought not. Come along, Obadiah. You see how well she loves me! (*Abel leads out Arabella, and the Colonel, Ruth.*)

Tea. Give me your hand, honey, and I'll lead you. (*Leading out Obadiah.*)

SCENE III.—*A Tavern.*

MANLY discovered. Two Bailiffs waiting.

Man. For your lenity I thank you; if my friend does not come within this half hour, I'll attend you to prison.—Will you take another glass?

1st Bail. Why, sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? There are both.—Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—Sdeath, Arabella too! (*Bailiffs drink.*)

Enter CARELESS, ABEL, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH. Careless goes to Manly. They retire. Teague takes the bottle aside, with Obadiah who receives and drinks a glass slyly.

Arab. (*To Abel.*) Nay, sir, you need not scruple; he is a kinsman of mine; you surely can't think I would let you suffer;—you that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless; besides, we can't marry if my kinsman be in prison; his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds. Much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh! if that is the case; Obadiah, it seems proper that we should set this gentleman at liberty. Tell 'em, therefore, that we will bail him.

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of his worship, Mr. Day; and I, by name Obadiah, am his honour's chief clerk.

1st Bail. We know, sir, Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1st Bail. Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am: I believe he dare not refuse my bail: it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail.

[*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

Care. By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls.

Man. They have bereft me of all words. Prythee make my acknowledgments.

Care. Miss Arabella, the Captain begs me to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater felicity than in being obliged—(*Manly pulling his coat.*)—Prythee be quiet—to the only woman on earth he would wish to be obliged to.

[*obliged myself*]

Arab. In doing what I have done, sir, I have

Man. Madam, I can only say, I love and than you: hereafter I hope my deeds will speak more.

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have scheme on foot: should we bring it to bear, w may, perhaps, need your assistance.

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you can, keep Obadiah here; he may else be in the way.

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cordials, but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, could'st not thou entertain Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy or so?

Tea. Indeed and I cou'd. He'll take it down like new milk; he gave me an earnest but now: su I can make him and myself too, drunk for the honour of Ireland.

Man. Then take the bottles with thee.

Tea. (*Takes the bottles.*) One is half full, and t'other half empty. I'll put them together, and then Master Obadiah and I will empty two bottles at once. [*Exit.*]

Care. Here comes Jupiter's Mercury, the expeditious Mr. Abel.

Ruth. Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah.

Arab. So much the better for us.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. I have, according to your desire, released your kinsman. I love to be charitable sometimes: but where is Obadiah? Oha—

Ar. (*Stops his mouth.*) What signifies Obadiah, while I am with you? (*As angry.*) Odds my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, I beseech you. (*Abel leads her.*)

Abel. You may come to my wedding, if you please, sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority.

[*Exit, leading Arabella; Ruth follows.*]

Man. I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral.

Care. Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

Man. On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

Care. Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

Man. Ay, though she had not a shilling.

Care. She loves thee, that's certain: I would mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, Justice Day.—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurel comes; and the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fixed about him but his eyes.

Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, singing.

Man. I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

Tea. Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

Ob. Ay, an Irish song, and more sherry.

Tea. Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! (*Obadiah drinks.*) Now then for an Irish song.—(*Sings.—Between each verse he lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless retire.*)

SONG.—TEAGUE.

*Oh! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
And my oien loving mother call'd me her dear joy:
And that I was so, why she always would say—*

A smiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.

O boderation! her oien little boy!

But when I grew up, I was always in love,

Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy:

So, true to ten thousand I constantly prove—

A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.

O boderation! a fond Irish boy!

For war, love, or drinking, myself an the lad,

Oh, the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy;

But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,

And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing, dash-

ing, &c. &c.

O boderation! a tight Irish boy!

(*The song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"La ral la liddy, diddy," &c.*)

Ob. Nice song; but I can't do these material matters.—Nice song, nice sherry. More sherry!

Tea. Och! faith and you shall, honey! (*Obadiah drinks.*) And since you're miudful of your mouth, pray don't neglect your nose. We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland. (*Teague holds his null; as Obadiah tries to put his finger and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side, then to the other.*) By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his mark all on one side; here, lay it

upon your hand—there, put one of your noses to it now. (*Obadiah takes it.*) Oh! Mr. Obid will make a brave Irishman, that he will; sure you'll put this up you're t'other nose now! (*Takes it as before.*)

Ob. I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More sherry! Now you sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

Tea. Right, joy; like man and wife, we'll join English and Irish together; and the devil fire him who disturbs the harmony of such a wedding. (*They sing and dance: Obadiah tumbles down.*) Oh! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid! you are down! you are down! upon my soul, I believe he is dead.

Care. Dead! (*Careless and Manly advance.*)

Tea. Yes—dead drunk; Och! poor Obid is gone!—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland. (*Howls.*) Och! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel! Och! oh! I'll try if he's dead indeed. (*Puts the bottle to his mouth.*) The bottle is almost too small for his pretty mouth. Oh! he gulps! he gulps! like a big fish! (*Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.*)

Care. Oh come, the rogue's alive.

Ob. Ruth's a nice wench; I'll have her.

Care. Will you, faith? [*know better.*]

Ob. More sherry! She old Day's daughter! I

Care. Dost hear that, Manly? the rascal is leaky in his cups. [*marry her.*]

Ob. She's rich; I'll blow you up, old Day; I'll

Tea. Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet pretty bridegroom!

Care. Teague, here's a shilling; get a chair and carry him to his master's; and should you meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant Story's. [*Irish sedan.*]

Tea. Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him an

Care. Pr'ythee, how's that?

Tea. Let me just get between the poles, and I'll shew you—there. (*Teague gets between Obad. legs.*)

Ob. More Sherry! (*Teague draws him off by the heels.*) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Day's House.

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY.

Mrs. D. Come, despatch! despatch! I say, despatch the marriage whilst she is thus taken with our Abel.

Mr. D. I have sent Obadiah with the writings to the lawyer, to secure to Abel the bulk of Arabella's estates.

Mrs. D. Have you the other writings ready?

Mr. D. I have, duck, I have. They are in my chest, in the next room, with those of Ruth's. With your leave, duck, we will just look 'em over. (*Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.*)

Enter Servant.

Mrs. D. Well, what now, that you come in such haste?

Ser. Please your honour, your good neighbour, Zachariah Stedfast, is departing this life; and as he has made your honour his executor, he wishes to speak to you before he dies. [*leave us.*]

Mr. D. Odsso, Odsso! then the good man will

Ser. Yes, sir, that he will before you get there, if you are not quick. [*Exit.*]

Mr. D. Let us hasten then, duck; good men should not be neglected. Where is that fellow, Obadiah, to attend us?

Mrs. D. (*Calls aloud.*) Why, Obadiah, I say! But come, husband; never mind, come along;—we'll take Abel in his place. Hasten, man, hasten, and don't lose time. (*Pushes him, & exeunt in haste.*)

RUTH peeps in, and ARABELLA after her.

Ruth. Hey! what game's on foot now? The cry is up; they are all off on a full scent!

Arab. But now, Ruth, what is this scheme of your's?

Ruth. Why, I mean to tell old Day boldly, that he has imposed on us; that I know I'm not his daughter; insist upon inspecting our father's wills,

taking our affairs into our own hands, and at once act for ourselves, or get our officers to act for us.

Arab. Bravely resolved; but, heav'n's! what's here? (*Seeing keys, &c.*)

Ruth. As I live, it is Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely, and here too is his pocket-book. Now, Arabella, if thou hast any *Arab.* For what? [*courage, now's the time.*]

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt; to free ourselves from rognery and bondage. If I miss it, hang me!

Arab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To one that was a friend of my father: he'll shelter us, fear not. Stay; do you stand sentinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room. (*Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest inside, and takes out bundles of papers.*)

Arab. I warrant thee, make haste and fear not; should any one approach, I'll give notice. (*Noise within as opening the chest.*)

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels; here's both our names on 'em. Take 'em. (*They are going.*)

TEAGUE enters with OBADIAH on his back.
Oh! heavens!

Tea. Long life to you, madam; you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

Arab. and Ruth. Shew us to them.

Tea. Faith and I will. I'll just lay down this great big bundle of iniquity. (*Lays him down.*)

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. Teague?

Tea. The devil a drop you get of me, Mr. Obid! Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—d to you? So there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleased to make my compliments to her kitchenship! and now, ladies—(*going*)

Ruth. Stop, stop; we must go the back way, Mr. Teague, for fear of meeting the Days.

Tea. Oh! very well; come along then, ladies, and I'll follow you. [*Exeunt Teague, Arab. & Ruth.*]

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY, and ABEL.

Mr. D. Truly, he made a good end, and departed, as it were, into a sleep.

Mrs. D. Ah! poor man, his wife took on grievously! (*Weeps.*) I don't think she'll marry again this half-year. Oh! 'twas vastly solemn.

Ob. Small-beer!

Mrs. D. Oh Lord! What's that?

Ob. Small beer!

Mrs. D. Obadiah! and drunk, as I hope for

Mr. D. Oh, fie upon't! Fie upon't! Who could have believed this? Where have you been, sirrah?

Ob. (*Bawling.*) Small-beer!

Mr. D. Oh! terrible! Shame brought within our walls. I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him. How! what! I can't feel my keys. (*Shakes his pockets.*) No, nor hear 'em jingle. Have you seen my keys, duck? (*Exceedingly alarmed.*)

Mrs. D. I see your keys? See a fool's head of your own. Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest?

Mr. D. Well, I will, duck. I will. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. D. Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed. [*diah!*]

Abel. Truly he is far gone. (*Lifting him.*) Oba-
Ob. Some small-beer! Where's Mr. Teague?

Re-enter Mr. DAY. (*Abel lets Obadiah down again.*)

Mr. D. Oh! undone! undone! We are robb'd! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen. Thieves! Ruth! Ruth!

Mrs. D. (*Bawling.*) Why, Ruth, I say! Thieves! thieves! thieves!

Enter Servant.

Where's Ruth and Arabella?

Ser. I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

Mr. D. They have robb'd me; they have taken away the writings of their estates! Oh! undone! undone!

[*Exit Servant.*]

Mrs. D. This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, (*Strikes Abel.*) and you, too, you provoking varlet. Will you wake? (*Pulls Obadiah's ear.*) What have you to say for yourself?

Ob. (*Aloud.*) Small-beer!

Mr. D. Let us find the girls, duck; they are the thieves, depend on't.

Mrs. D. Yes, and you must leave your keys to tempt 'em; why don't you raise a hue and cry? Send Abel for constables. Why don't you stir? (*Pushes Day off.*) We'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit after Day.*]

Abel. Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet. (*Lifts him.*) Come, there, I'll help you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Story's House.

Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and TEAGUE.

Arab. I find Day has no longer any lawful control over me or mine, and for protection against him I *Man.* Do, and fear not. [*confide in you.*]

Care. And is it possible? Ruth not Day's daughter, but Anne, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thorngood?

Ruth. 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. Story's care have clearly explain'd.

Mrs. D. (*Without.*) But we know they are here.

Care. Zounds! the enemy advances.

Ruth. Then let us receive the charge firmly;—Give me my ammunition, girl. (*Takes writings and pocket-book from Arabella.*) Ay, now the day breaks.

Enter MR. and MRS. DAY and ABEL.

Tea. I wish all their necks were broke!

Mrs. D. Ah, ah! my fine runaways, have we found you? In the hands of your fellows too! However, return what you have stolen, and both you and Arabella, and you, ungracious Ruth—

Ruth. No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Anne, indeed! and who gave you that name?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further.

Tea. Och! Mrs. Mustard-pot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! [*Aside.*]

Man. You'll find, madam, they have stolen nothing but their own; they were *Honest Thieves*, I assure you.

Ruth. There, Mr. Day, are all we took of *your's*, (*Gives book and papers.*) having reclaimed our rights, and put them and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

Care. Softly, good Gillian Day; keep your dignity, and don't call names.

Tea. Oh! If you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

Mrs. D. I shall choke with vexation!

Mr. D. We had better withdraw, duck. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. D. Duck me no ducks; but get along do! (*Pushes him off.*) Yes, and you too, Stupid the Second. (*Pushes Abel off.*) Ah! you are precious couple! [*Exit.*]

Tea. Indeed, and you are a precious couple, a three of you!

Care. They are rightly served; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honoured us with your confidence, we will not as more till you have proved us worthy. In the mean time, Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

Tea. Och! master, say no more about that sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to po-
Teague the best reward of all.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE;

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES RACKET
DRUGGET
WOODLEY

LOVELACE
LADY RACKET
MRS. DRUGGET

NANCY
DIMITY
SERVANTS, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room.

Enter WOODLEY and DIMITY.

Dim. Pho! Pho! no such thing. I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity; has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence! you put a body out of all patience. But go on your own way, sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity; your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick! you ought to have made love to the father and mother: what, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for? That was the practice, indeed; but things are alter'd now; you must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress. None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches, "Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying—" Psha! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion: go your ways to the old crumudgeon; humour his whims. "I shall esteem it an honour, sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste." "Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman." Then wheel about to the mother: "Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake." "Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better or worse." "La, mamma, I can never consent." "I should not

have thought of your consent; the consent of your relations is enough: why, how now, hussy!" So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honey-moon follows, the charm is then dissolved; you go to all the clubs in St. James's-street: your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctors Commons; and, if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: that's the way of the world now.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then? You should have entered into their characters, played with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank—

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself. Have you not to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country; and yet you must find fault with his situation! What! if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you commend his taste? But you must be too frank. "Those walks and alleys are too regular; those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes," and thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in everything that's monstrous, to follow nature. Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first.

Wood. Why, he can't open his windows for the

dust; he stands all day looking through a pane of glass, at the carts and stage coaches as they pass by; and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

Dim. And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruin'd yourself by talking sense to him; and all your nonsense to the daughter won't make amends for it. And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter? She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter. "Don't you see (says she) how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Racket? She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has pass'd between them. Nancy shall have a man of quality too!"

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Racket perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last. But what then? You should have humoured the old folks; you should have been a talking empty fop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him; he is grown fond of his beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you are undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons. To-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night; they are engaged indeed at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding. The family is sitting up for them: Mr. Drugget will keep you all up in the next room there, till they arrive; and to-morrow the business is over; and yet you don't despair. Hush! hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace. Step in, and I'll advise something, I warrant you. *[Exit Wood-ley.]* The old folks shall not have their own way; 'tis enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do. *[Exit.]*

Enter DRUGGET and LOVELACE.

Drug. And so you like my house and gardens, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Oh! perfectly, sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art; no art at all.

Drug. Very true, rightly distinguish'd; now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it myself.

Love. What! had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

Drug. Lack-a-day! no. Ha! ha! I understand these things: I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

Love. Elegant to a degree!

Drug. Don't you like the sun-dial, plac'd just by my dining-room windows?

Love. A perfect beauty!

Drug. I knew you'd like it; and the motto is so well adapted: *Tempus edax, et index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it: Time eateth and discovereth all things. Ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace! I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by—ha! ha!

Love. Why, now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

Drug. Oh no; they have got into a false taste. I bought that bit of ground the other side of the road; and it looks very pretty. I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

Love. Charming! I imagin'd!

Drug. My leaden images are well.

Love. They exceed ancient statuary.

Drug. I love to be surpris'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full

in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts. Ha! ha! Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you. Just by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure, with a scythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth; that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace.

Love. That escap'd me: a thousand thanks for pointing it out. I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

Drug. Lack-a-day, sir, they look uncommon; I have a design about them: I intend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace, I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guild-hall—ha! ha!

Love. Nobody understands these things like you, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Lack-a-day! it's all my delight now; this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make still. I propose to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I shall have the Moro Castle, and the Havanna; and then near it shall be ships of myrtle, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Why, you have the most fertile invention, Mr. Drugget—

Drug. Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden; but I must beg your pardon for a few moments. I must step and speak with a famous nursery-man, who is come to offer me some choice things. Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace; my daughter Racket, and Sir Charles, will be here presently: I shan't go to bed till I see 'em; ha! ha! My place is prettily variegated; this is what I have been working for. I fined for sheriff to enjoy these things—ha! ha!

[Exit.]

Love. Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentruick, in his little box at the side of a dyke, has as much taste and elegance. However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower—why, I then shall say, "This is what I have been working for."

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace; you're a sweet gentleman, and love a good natured action.

Love. Why how now! what's the matter?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it. Do, run and advise him against it; she is your friend, you know she is, sir.

Love. Oh, if that's all—I'll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. My mistress will be for ever oblig'd to you; and you'll marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, sir, put him against dealing with that nurseryman; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Love. Does she?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more, the business is done. *[Exit.]*

Dim. If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive him. My brain was at its last shift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, Miss? I thought you were gone to bed!

Nancy. What should I go to bed for? Only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy; they are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Dim. Why then, you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at such a thing. *[myself.]*

Nancy. Ah! if they would let me choose for

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nancy. My mamma does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion?

Nancy. Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair; but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nancy. Does it? pray who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o' my conscience.

Nancy. And what's the last new fashion, pray?

Dim. Why, to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable tailor.

Nancy. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nancy. Why, then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nancy. Psha! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleased with himself all the while. I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing. I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Racket; and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. Oh, fy! no! they won't quarrel yet a while. A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest. By-and-by we shall hear of their whims and their humours. Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

Nancy. Ah! I don't know what to say.

Enter WOODLEY.

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nancy. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betrayed me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that. Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman: make haste away.

[*Exeunt Woodley and Nancy.*]

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, sir. It works upon him, I see. [*Exit.*]

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already; a sorry ignorant fop! When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by. And then to abuse the nursery-man's rarities! A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen! And yet he wants me not to have it. But have it I will. There's a fine tree of knowledge, too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose is not quite grown, but it is thought in the spring will be very forward. I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground ivy. Two poets in wormwood,—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a lord mayor's feast in honey suckle; and the whole court of aldermen in hornbeam: they all shall be in my garden, with the dragon of Wantley, in box—all—all. I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be walled round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nursery-man's whole catalogue. Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em; and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more. And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens. You put him in the head of it, but I'll disappoint you both. And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I; but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear. I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain? Don't ask me, pray don't; I don't like pain.

Drug. I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. (*Cries.*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off; if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither.

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!—

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner. Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance. Cheer up, my love; and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Racket arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again. You know, my sweet, what a happy couple Sir Charles and his lady are. Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy: Where are they? I long to see 'em? [*Exit.*]

Dim. Well, sir; the happy couple are arriv'd.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long? don't forbode any ill, you jade! don't I say; it will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it; Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good humour'd; but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue; hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done: and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head. When once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! but here he comes! [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My dear sir, I kiss your hand; but why stand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir Cha. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why, my wife is so minded.

Sir Cha. Oh! by all means, let her be made happy; a very pretty fellow, Lovelace. And as to that Mr.—Woodley, I think you call him, he is but a plain, underbred, ill-fashioned sort of a—nobody knows him!—he is not one of us. Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it must be so. Would you take any refreshment?

Sir Cha. Nothing in nature,—it is time to retire.

Drug. Well, well, good night then, Sir Charles. Ha! here comes my daughter. Good night, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Bon repos.

Drug. (*Going out.*) My Lady Racket, I'm glad to hear how happy you are; I won't detain you now; there's your good man waiting for you. Good night, my girl. [*Exit.*]

Sir Cha. I must humour this old put, in order to be remember'd in his will.

Enter LADY RACKET.

Lady R. O la! I'm quite fatigued; I can hardly move; why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir Cha. There; take my arm—"Was ever thing so pretty made to walk."

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at; I don't love you.

Sir Cha. Don't you?

Lady R. No; dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? Psha! you awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me; I might as well not be married, for any use you are of; reach me a chair, you have no compassion for me. I am so glad to sit down. Why do you drag me to routs? You know I hate them.

Sir Cha. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour; I lost all my money.

Sir Cha. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir Cha. Never fret for that; I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you? not value three hundred pounds to pleasure me?

Sir Cha. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool; but I hate gaming; it almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury. Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night; I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir Cha. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it, and so I bit my lips; and then I was cram'd up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist table, looking at black and red spots; did you mind them?

Sir Cha. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade; she behaved so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natur'd, good sort of a good for nothing man; but she so teaz'd him,—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin. You're a numscull, you know you are. Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about, you know you don't. Ah fy! I'm ashamed of you!"

Sir Cha. She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all, there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place. In the very midst of the game, she begins—"Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able

to wait on your la'ship, my poor little dog, Pompey, the sweetest thing in the world—a spade led, there's the knave;—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morning in the Park, a fine frosty morning it was, I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick;—and so, me'm, little Pompey—and if your la'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall, with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play; and so me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—your la'ship knows Captain Flimsey—nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it; and so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey; the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but, but who can resist five at once? And so Pompey barked for assistance; the hurt he received was upon his chest; the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound was heal'd, for fear of an inflammation. Pray what's trumps?"

Sir Cha. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now, let's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you.

Sir Cha. My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

Sir Cha. Pho! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir Cha. All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Pho! pho! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world. [*mon.*]

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the dia-

Sir Cha. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so; have it your own way (*Walks about and sings.*)

Sir Cha. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever liv'd; there's no conversing with you. Look ye here, my Lady Racket; it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, sir! ha, ha, ha! (*With a sneering laugh.*)

Sir Cha. I had four cards left, a trump was led they were six; no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then you know, the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me that you can't see it; give me leave, Sir Charles: your left hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finess'd the club, and rough'd the diamond now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir Cha. Zounds! madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Cha. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, sir.

Sir Cha. Zounds! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life. (*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

Sir Cha. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick. (*Looks at her, and sits down.*) Very well, madam; you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house. You know no more of whist, than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha! (*Takes out a glass, and settles her hair.*)

Sir Cha. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, sir.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be as I please. I'll order my chariot this moment. (*Going.*) I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. (*Going.*) And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, madam, my ancestors, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Racket. (*She hums a tune, and he looks at her.*) Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. Look'ye, my Lady Racket, thus it stood, the trump being led, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure.

Sir Cha. D—n it; I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. [*Exit.*]

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman's in! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs in a peevish manner.*) I promise him, I'll not give up my judgment.

Re enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My Lady Racket, look'ye, ma'am; once more, out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

Sir Cha. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so; I have no objection.

Sir Cha. It's the clearest point in the world; we were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that very reason, you know the club was the best in the house.

Sir Cha. There is no such thing as talking to you. You're a base woman. I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you grow as fantastical yourself. I'll set out for London this instant. (*Stops at the door.*) The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well!—I'll go to bed; will you come? You had better,—come then; you shall come to bed. Not come to bed, when I ask you! Poor Sir Charles! [*Looks and laughs, then exit.*]

Sir Cha. That ease is provoking. I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you. (*Walks back as fast as he can.*) I am resolv'd upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the house. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room.

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing; this is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had, the whole house is in an uproar, ha, ha! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter; ho! ho! ho! this is THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, I think.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. Hey! how! What's the matter, Dimity? What am I call'd down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion—(*Stiffes a laugh.*)

Drug. Why, you saucy minx! Explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour. Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Ay! What, have they quarrell'd? What was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehension, and

yours too, I believe; people in high life understand their own forms best. And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. (*To the people within.*) I say let the horses be put to this moment. So, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle. I did not expect this. What can be the matter?

Sir Cha. I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunder-bolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you lived together, to find now all sunshine vanished. Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir Cha. Sir, 'tis impossible. I'll not live with her a day longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over hasty, let me intreat you—go to bed and sleep upon it,—in the morning when you're cool—

Sir Cha. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure you, ha, ha!—it is not in her power, sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper. Don't imagine that I'm in a passion;—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine. But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! Not my daughter, I hope?

Sir Cha. Her character is now fully known to me;—she's a vile woman, that's all I have to say, sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—A vile woman! What has she done?—I hope she is not capable—

Sir Cha. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it at present. But depend upon it, I have done with her;—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put to. (*Calling off.*)

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble. Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's anything amiss.

Sir Cha. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake; but there is no possibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! What can she have done!

Sir Cha. What all her sex can do; the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay, ay, ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us. This comes of her marrying a man of fashion!

Sir Cha. Fashion, sir!—that should have instructed her better; she might have been sensible of her happiness. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank commands respect, claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world, as she has been by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir Cha. And, sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir Cha. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir Cha. No, no, no!

Drug. But, sir, I have a right to ask—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience;—I must and will inquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say,—you're not a person of fashion at least. My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Cha. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then it is all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine; I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment.

[Exit.]

Sir Cha. She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now; but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town. My mind is fixed; she sees me no more, and so, your servant, sir.

[Exit.]

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and so well dispos'd, till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turned her to folly.

Enter LOVEFACE.

Love. Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

Drug. Don't insult me, sir! I desire you won't.

Love. Insult you, sir! Is there any thing insulting, my dear sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

Drug. There! there!—the manners of high life for you, he thinks there's nothing in all this; the ill-behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character. Mr. Lovelace, you shall have no daughter of mine.

Love. My dear sir, never bear malice. I have reconsidered the thing, and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the court of aldermen in hornbeam—

Drug. Well, well, well, there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

Love. Yes, faith, so there may, and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection;—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture—

Drug. But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you; no more daughters of mine shall have their minds deprav'd by polite vices.

Enter WOODLEY.

Mr. Woodley, you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promis'd you; take her to-morrow morning.

Wood. Sir, I have not words to express—

Love. What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now?

Drug. And hark ye, Mr. Woodley, I'll make you a present for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

Wood. I shall receive it, sir, as your favour.

Drug. Ay, ay, I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks. I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone?—Is Sir Charles gone?

Wood. Not yet; he makes a bawling yonder for his horses. I'll step and call him to you.

[Exit.]

Drug. I am out of all patience. I am out of my senses. I must see him once more. Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any person of fashion shall ruin another daughter of mine.

[Exit.]

Love. Droll this!—d—d droll; and every syllable of it Arabic to me; the queer old put is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case, I'll brush, and leave him to his exotics.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady RACKET, MRS. DRUGGET, and DIMITY.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh! child, I never thought it would have come to this: your shame won't end here! it will be all over St. James's parish before to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her; you shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so harden'd.

Lady R. Harden'd do you call it? I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl! Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband?

Lady R. How! (Turns short and stares at her.) Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this! Has Sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct!

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has; he has found you out, and you have behaved basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why, then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that, ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Lady R. Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment. Let him return to London; if he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one sha'n't approach me, though he beg on his knees at my very door! a base, injurious man!

[Exit.]

Mrs. D. Dimity, do follow, and hear what she has to say for herself.

Dim. She has excuse enough, I warrant her. What a noise is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing.

[Exit.]

Enter SIR CHARLES and DRUGGET.

Sir Cha. 'Tis in vain, sir; my resolution is taken.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father; indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir Cha. She can have nothing to say; no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive; there may be some mistake.

Sir Cha. No mistake: did I not see her, hear her myself?

Drug. Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

Sir Cha. She will be unfortunate too; with all my heart—she may thank herself: she might have been happy, had she been so disposed.

Drug. Why, truly, I think she might.

Mrs. D. I wish you'd moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper: my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir Cha. Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. D. She does, indeed.

Sir Cha. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir Cha. So! she does not allow it to be wrong then? Ma'am, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly; I say, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs. D. Then you are in opposite stories: she swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

Sir Cha. And what then? what if she does say so?

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir Cha. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam; there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did you not charge her then?

Sir Cha. No, sir; I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you are a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Pr'ythee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet. Though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did I not fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person, to defame an honest man's daughter. [now?

Sir Cha. What have you taken into your head

Drug. You charg'd her with falsehood to your head.

Sir Cha. No: never, never.

Drug. But I say you did: you called yourself a cuckold—did not he, wife?

Mrs. D. Yes, lovey, I'm witness.

Sir Cha. Absurd! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver you did.

Mrs. D. You did indeed, sir.

Sir Cha. But I tell you, no; positively, no.

Drug. and *Mrs. Drug.* And I say yes; positively,

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! this is all madness. [yes.

Drug. You said she followed the ways of most of her sex.

Sir Cha. I said so, and what then?

Drug. There, he owns it! owns that he called himself a cuckold; and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

Sir Cha. I never own'd any such thing.

Drug. You own'd it even now—now—now.

Enter DIMITY, in a fit of laughing.

Dim. What do you think it was all about?—ha, ha! the whole secret is come out, ha, ha! It was all about a game of cards—ha, ha!

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. (Laughing.) It was all about a club and a diamond. (Runs out laughing.)

Drug. And was that all, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. And enough too, sir.

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir Cha. I can't bear to be contradicted when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

Drug. I never heard such a heap of nonsense in all my life. Why does he not go and beg her pardon, then?

Sir Cha. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you: I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured. [Exit.

Drug. Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you!

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my lady Racket to speak to him, then all will be well. [Exit.

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse, however.

Enter NANCY.

So, Nancy; you seem in confusion, my girl.

Nancy. How can one help it, with all this noise in the house? and you're going to marry me as ill as my sister. I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so, child?

Nancy. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nancy. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nancy. I don't want to be a gay lady; I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall; don't fright yourself, child; step to your sister; bid her make herself easy; go, and comfort her—go.

Nancy. Yes, sir. [Exit.

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room.

SIR CHARLES discovered seated at a table, with a pack of cards in his hand.

Sir Cha. Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there now, there; no, d—n it!—no—there it was—now let's see—they had four by honours, and we play'd for the odd trick—d—nation! honours were divided; ay, honours were divided, and then a trump was led, and the other side had the—confusion! this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head. (Puts the cards into his pocket.)—Mighty well, madam! I have done with you.

Enter MRS. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail.—Come with me, and speak to her.

Sir Cha. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bathed in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again; I'll have nothing to say to her. (Going,—stops.) Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does; she agrees to anything.

Sir Cha. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please; she's all submission.

Sir Cha. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs. D. She does—she does.

Sir Cha. Then I'll step and speak to her: I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em! they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever. [Exit.

Enter DRUGGET and DIMITY.

Drug. So! Any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up?

Dim. Oh, a mere bagatelle, sir! These little fracas among the better sort of people never last long: elegant trifles cause elegant disputes, and they come together elegantly again, as you see—for here they come, in perfect good humour. [Exit.

Enter SIR CHARLES, LADY RACKET, and MRS. DRUGGET.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you: Sir, you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconcil'd again?

Lady R. All made up sir; I knew how to bring him to my lure. This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy at last. Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

Sir Cha. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well—well; it's time to retire now: I am glad to see you reconcil'd, and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles. Fare ye well both; I am glad your quarrels are at an end.—This way. [Exeunt Mrs. D. and Drugget.

Lady R. Ah! you are a sad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

Sir Cha. My dear, I grant it; and such an absurd quarrel too—ha, ha!

Lady R. Yes—ha, ha!—about such a trifle!

Sir Cha. It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha, ha!

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression—ha, ha!

Sir Cha. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha, ha!

Lady R. That, too, is a diverting part of the story—ha, ha! But, Sir Charles, must I stay and

live with my father till I "grow as fantastical as his own ever-greens?"

Sir Cha. No, no; pr'ythee don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! "my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates."

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady R. How could you say so harsh a thing? I don't love you.

Sir Cha. It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a "vile woman?"

Sir Cha. How can you, my angel—

Lady R. I sha'n't forgive you; I'll have you on your knees for this. (*Sings, and plays with him.*) "Go, naughty man."—Ah! Sir Charles!

Sir Cha. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

Lady R. (*Sings.*) "Go, naughty man, I can't abide you." Well; come, let us go to rest.—(*Going.*) Ah! Sir Charles, now it is all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Oh! no, no, no, my dear—ha, ha, ha! it was the club, indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you're mistaken.

Sir Cha. No! no, no, no!

Lady R. But, I say, yes, yes, yes! (*Both laughing.*)

Sir Cha. Psha! no such thing—ha, ha!

Lady R. 'Tis so, indeed—ha, ha!

Sir Cha. No, no, no—you'll make me die with laughing.

Lady R. Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha, ha! (*Toying with him.*)

Enter Footman.

Foot. Your honour's cap and slippers.

Sir Cha. Ay, lay down my night-cap—and here, take these shoes off. (*He takes them off, and leaves them at a distance.*) Indeed, my Lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha, ha!

Lady R. You may laugh, but I'm right, notwithstanding.

Sir Cha. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir Cha. Well; now mind me, my lady Racket: we can now talk of this matter in good humour; we can discuss it coolly.

Lady R. So we can; and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you: are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir Cha. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty;—but indeed you played the card wrong.

Sir Cha. How can you talk so? (*Somewhat peevish.*)

Lady R. See there, now!

Sir Cha. Listen to me; this was the affair—

Lady R. Psha! fiddlestick! hear me first.

Sir Cha. Pho!—no—d—n it, let me speak!

Lady R. Very well, sir! fly out again!

Sir Cha. Look here, now;—here's a pack of cards;—now you shall be convinced.

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow!—I know I'm right! (*Walks about.*)

Sir Cha. Why, then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here now? here are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.

Sir Cha. D—n it! will you let a man shew you? Pho! it's all nonsense! I'll talk no more about it! (*Puts up the cards.*) Come, we'll go to bed. (*Going.*)

Now, only stay a moment! (*Takes out the cards.*) Now, mind me; see here—

Lady R. No, it does not signify; your head will be clearer in the morning; I'll go to bed.

Sir Cha. Stay a moment, can't ye?

Lady R. No; my head begins to ache. (*Affectedly.*)

Sir Cha. Why then, d—n the cards! there!—there! (*Throwing the cards about.*) And there and there! You may go to bed by yourself; and confusion seize me, if I live a moment longer wit you!—(*Putting his shoes on again.*) No, never madam!

Lady R. Take your own way, sir.

Sir Cha. Now, then, I tell you once more, you are a vile woman. Will you sit down quietly, and let me convince you? (*Sits.*)

Lady R. I'm disposed to walk about, sir.

Sir Cha. Why then, may I perish, if ever—blockhead!—an idiot I was to marry! (*Wall about.*) such a provoking—impertinent—(*She sits down.*)—D—n!—I am so clear in the thing—she is not worth my notice—(*Sits down, turns her back, and looks uneasy.*)—I'll take no more pain about it. (*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*) Is it not very strange that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir Cha. Very well, then; very well, my dear you remember how the game stood?

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, hurts me.

Sir Cha. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly.

Sir Cha. Why, then, you may be as wrong you please, for I'll be curs'd if I ever endeavour set you right again. [*Exit*]

Enter MR. and MRS. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, and NANCY.

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born. I did not say a word to the gentleman, and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose. Come hither, Nancy: Mr. Woodley, she is your's to life.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so—

Drug. It shall be so; take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to happiness.

Lady R. Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to. This will all be made up.

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now. Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care. I shall have nothing now to think of, but my green, and my images, and my shrubbery: though, mer on all married folks, say I! for these wrangling are, I am afraid, *What we must all come to.*

LADY RACKET, coming forward.

What we must all come to? What?—Come to what Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot? If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet, The man's a fool!—a blockhead! and I'll shew it. What could induce him in an age so nice, So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice, To form a plan so trivial, false and low? As if a belle could quarrel with a beau. Shun strife, ye fair, and, once a contest o'er, Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more. [*Exeunt*]

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL FOOTE.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

MAJOR STURGEON
SIR JACOB JOLLUP
JERRY SNEAK
BRUIN

ROGER
MOB
SNUFFLE

CRISPIN HEELTAP
MRS. BRUIN
MRS. SNEAK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Jacob Jollup's House at Garratt.*

Enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP.

Sir J. Roger.

Enter ROGER.

Roger. Anan, sir!

Sir J. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubbed me a knight for you to make me a mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Roger. Nic Goose, the tailor, from Patney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Has Margery fetched in the linen?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Are the pigs and the poultry locked up in the barn?

Roger. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then give me the key. The mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger? do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Roger. I will, Sir Jacob. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. So, now I believe things are pretty secure. But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they—*(a knocking at the gate)* Who is that, Roger?

Roger. *(Without.)* Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir J. Gad's my life! and major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

I could have wished you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major S. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir J. There has, major, been here an impudent pillmonger, who has dared to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major S. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimused the rascal at once.

Sir J. No, no; he wanted the major more than the magistrate: a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answered the purpose. Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Major S. True, Sir Jacob; our corps is disembodied; so the French may sleep in security.

Sir J. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major S. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, after reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir J. No!

Major S. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single

self,—and yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. No doubt.

Major S. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating!—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow; that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir J. How came that about?

Major S. Why, it was partly the major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be ruled.

Sir J. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major S. Doubtless. But to proceed: in order to get our men in good spirits, we were quartered at Thistleworth, the evening before. At day-break, our regiment formed at Hounslow, town's end, as it might be about here. The major made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig-sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen from Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir J. Terrible!

Major S. The major's horse took to his heels; away he scoured o'er the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into his flank, and for some time, held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the major a douse in the chaps, and plumped him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir J. Dreadful!

Major S. Whether from the fall or the fright, the major moved off in a month. Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir J. As how?

Major S. Why, as captain Cucumber, lieutenant Pattyman, ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a single footpad.

Sir J. An unfortunate day, indeed.

Major S. But, in some measure, to make me amends, I got the major's commission.

Sir J. You did?

Major S. O, yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads, no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir J. Quiet and peaceable.

Major S. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses, in Acton, between captain Sheers and the colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir J. Why, that was mere mutiny; the captain ought to have been broke.

Major S. He was; for the colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir J. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major S. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was trained up to arms from his youth. At sixteen, he trailed a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen, got a company in

the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to sir Jeffery Grubb, knight, alderman, and colonel of the yellow.

Sir J. A rapid rise!

Major S. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he used to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Your progress was great.

Major S. Amazing. In a week, I could shoulder, and rest, and poise, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir J. A perfect Hannibal!

Major S. Ah, and then I learned to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions. Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have peppered his flat-bottomed boats.

Sir J. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major S. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting pro arvis and focus.

Sir J. Pray, now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplined troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major S. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but, lack-a-day! they have never seen any service. Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's-day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir J. Indeed!

Major S. No! soldiers for sunshine—cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the jenny sequoi, that—oh, could you but see me salute! You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir J. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major S. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever!

Sir J. Oh, ho, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, Major did you not expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Major S. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir J. True, true, Major.

Major S. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my Savin field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir J. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major S. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; cedunt arma togæ.

Mob. (Without.) Huzza!

Re-enter ROGER.

Sir J. What's the matter now, Roger?

Roger. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend!

Sir J. By no means; let them be free in the choice: I sha'n't interfere.

Roger. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heeltap, the cobbler, being returned officer?

Sir J. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Roger. Yes, Sir Jacob. Make way there; stand further off from the gate: here is made Sneak in a chaise along with her husband.

Major S. 'Gadso, you will permit me to convey her in. [Exit.]

Sir J. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains taking a Billingsgate

broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of its element; the soldier has quite demolished the citizen.

Re-enter MAJOR STURGEON, leading in MRS. SNEAK.

Mrs. S. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry Sneak!—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. S. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say.

Enter JERRY SNEAK, with a band-box and bundle under his arm, a cardinal, &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. S. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. S. Then give me my fan. *(Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.)*

Mrs. S. Did ever mortal see such—I declare, I am quite ashamed to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy.—Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir J. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He vill be here anon, father, Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir J. Very well, son Sneak. *[Exit Sneak.]*

Mrs. S. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir J. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you. Now, I thought this week mate—

Mrs. S. Meek! a mushroom! a milksop!

Sir J. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. S. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars indeed allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a befitting manner.

Major S. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. S. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major S. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major!

Major S. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. S. I know it, good sir: oh! I am no stranger to what I have missed.

Major S. Oh, madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. S. Then to be joined to a sneaking, slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful piu-maker!

Major S. Melancholy!

Mrs. S. To be jostled and crammed with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choked with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but to Pewterer's-hall.

Major S. Intolerable!

Mrs. S. I see, sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major S. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. S. Gallant gentleman!

Major S. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. S. Intrepid Major!

Major S. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. S. Obliging commander!

Major S. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. S. Sir!

Major S. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand?

Mrs. S. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major S. Courteous, condescending, complying.—Hum! ha! *(Kisses her hand.)*

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham-stage was quite full, and so they came by vater.

Mrs. S. I wish they had all been soused in the Thames.—A prying, impertinent puppy! *(Aside to Major.)*

Major S. Next time I will clap a sentinel to secure the door. *(Aside to Mrs. S.)*

Mrs. S. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major S. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. S. Ladyship! he is the very broglio and bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. S. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? Is that your manners, you mongrel!

Major S. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. S. Mark that.

Sneak. Yes.

Mrs. S. I am sorry sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major S. Madam—

Mrs. S. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major S. Oh, madam—

Mrs. S. But as soon as my dress is restored, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major S. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. S. Courteous commander!

Major S. Paragon of women!

Mrs. S. Adieu!

Major S. Adieu! Tol lol. *[Exit Mrs. Sneak.]*

Sneak. Notwithstanding, sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major S. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nag's-head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith; there's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest master Muzzle, the midwife.

Major S. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the choice spirits from Comus's-court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny. I have learnt myself to sing, but I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl vorser than the broom-man.

SONG.

When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,

My grandfather I did lose, O.

I'll bet you a can, you have heard of the man,

His name it was Robinson Crusoe.

Chorus. *O Robinson Crusoe!*

O Robinson Crusoe!

Tink a tink tang, tink a ting tang,

O poor Robinson Crusoe.

*Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirlwind blew so,
That the ship with a shock, drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*Poor soul, none but he remain'd on sea,
Ah fate, fate how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That but for his gun, he'd been surely undone,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*But he'd sav'd from aboard an old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so;
That, by dint of his thrift, he manag'd to shift;
Well done Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so;
That when he came home from a merciless roam,
She cried out "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*He got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long nap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so,
That by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
More than poor Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*And then his man Friday kept his hut neat and tidy,
To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

*At last, an English sail came near within hail,
Then he took to his little canoe, so,
That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip,
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.*

Chorus. *O poor Robinson, &c.*

Major S. You must not think of disoblighing your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major S. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power! And don't you think she is very pretty vithal?

Major S. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, very like Venus. Mayhap you have known her some time?

Major S. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Major S. I did, master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for ve ben't quite so familiar as that. But then, indeed, ve ha'n't been married a year.

Major S. The mere honeymoon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose ve shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. (*Without.*) Come along, Jane; why you are pursy and lazy, you jade?

Enter BRUIN and MRS. BRUIN, with his great coat and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come along! Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown. (*To Major.*)

Re-enter ROGER.

Roger. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Major S. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major.*] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a varm walk across the fields.

Mrs. B. Good lord, I am all over dirt.

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secured the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs. B. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money.

Mrs. B. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. B. And pray who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Heyday! Why, the wench is bewitched: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here: take twelve-pence and pay the waterman. But first see if he has broke none of the pipes; and, d'y'e hear, Jane? be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [*Exit Mrs. Bruin.*]

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's managed! vhat would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'y'e think so? She is a sweet, pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Vhy, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Vhy, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, vith her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not. And then at table, I never gets vhat I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drum-sticks of the turkeys, and the d—d fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since ve have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I vould so swinge and leather my lambkin; God, I vould so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Vill you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Vhy, then, I vill verily pluck up a spirit! and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. S. (*Without.*) Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. 'Gads my life, sure as a gun that's he voice: lookye, brother, I don't choose to breed disturbance in another body's house; but as soo as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. S. (Without.) Jerry! Jerry!

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Vell, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. S. (Without.) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can. Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [Exit.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo; who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

Enter SIR JACOB.

Sir J. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack; the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—D—— it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir J. Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow Sir Jacob. D——e, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine. Jerry! Jerry!—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*SIR JACOB JOLLUP, MAJOR STURGEON, BRUIN, MRS. BRUIN, JERRY SNEAK, and MRS. SNEAK, discovered on Sir Jacob's garden-wall.*

Enter Mob with HEELTAP at their head; some crying "a Goose," others "a Mug," others "a Primer."

Heel. Silence, there! silence!

1 *Mob.* Hear neighbour Heeltap.

2 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin; he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel. Why, then, silence! I say.

All. Silence.

Heel. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence, then, and keep the peace: what, is there no respect paid to authority? Am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well, then, be silent and civil; stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle, the sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3 *Mob.* Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord, Sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, master Sneak. Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way: which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the can-

didates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. (Reads.) "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt:—Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being—"

Heel. This goose is but a kind of gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel. Who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor from Putney.

Heel. A journeyman tailor! a rascal! Has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legged cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-faced ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1 *Mob.* No goose! no goose!

2 *Mob.* A goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. (Reads.) "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Oh, oh; what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this master Mug before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a d——d bitter draught.

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

2 *Mob.* Hear him; hear master Heeltap.

1 *Mob.* A mug! a mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward. Pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer, upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brewed at the Adam and Eve?

3 *Mob.* I don't know.

Heel. You lie, sirrah: an't it a groat?

3 *Mob.* I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No mug! no mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law: why, adzooks! he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and, then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage, the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4 *Mob.* A Primmer.

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him. Why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3 *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel. "For," says Peter, says he, "if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise."

1 Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterers'-hall, 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell me what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden. I vill go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[Exit from the wall.]

Mob. (Without.) Huzza!

Heel. Gad so! the candidates are coming.

[Exeunt Mob, &c.]

Re-enter SIR JACOB JOLLUP, BRUIN, and MRS. BRUIN, through the garden-gate.

Sir J. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to speak what I think:—I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. B. No?

Sir J. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over fond of your May-games; besides corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir J. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. B. Well now, I protest I am pleased with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it? You women folks are easily pleased.

Mrs. B. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be d—bit; you may take your leave, I can tell you; for this is the last you shall see. So away with you.

[Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sir J. Fie, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear? Is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What! I suppose you would have me such a snivelling sot as your son-in-law, Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Re-enter JERRY SNEAK, in a violent hurry, at the garden-gate.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I vent into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minikins; but the deuce a major or madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you: the door was locked; and then I looked through the key-hole: and there,—Lord ha' mercy upon us! (whispers) as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not. What! would you have me set my vit to a soldier? I varrant the Major would have knocked me down with one of his boots.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence. You may call me a bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast. (Mob-huzzas.)

Sir J. Heyday! What, is the election over already?

Enter CRISPIN HEELTAP, &c.

Heel. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! Huzza! Good lord, who would have thought it? But how came master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phil Fleam had told the electors, that master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So, then, I have it for certain: huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam. 'Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she sha'n't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Mrs. S. (Without.) Jerry! Jerry!

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she vill.

Enter Mrs. SNEAK, through the garden-gate.

Mrs. S. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. S. So, sot! what is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, and may be 'tan't: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a woman. Is that right, brother Bruin? (Apart.)

Bruin. Fine! I don't bate her an inch. (Apart.)

Sneak. Stand by me. (Apart.)

Mrs. S. Heyday! I am amazed! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain: that I am grown a man, and vill do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. S. Why, the fellow is surely bewitched.

Sneak. No; I am unwitched, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you prowke me, I vill tell you a bit of my mind; what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again. (Apart.)

Sneak. Yes; and you sha'n't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done: for I'll go to the club when I please; and stay out as late as I list; and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays; and visit my friends at Vitsontide; and keep the key of the till; and help myself at table to what wittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown, d—n me.

Bruin. Bravo, brother Sneak! the day's your own. (Apart.)

Sneak. An't it? Why, I did not think it was in me. Shall I tell her all I know? (Apart.)

Bruin. Every thing. You see she is struck dumb. (Apart.)

Sneak. As an oyster. (Apart.) Besides, madam, I have something furdur to tell you: eood, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids. There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin. (Apart.)

Mrs. S. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names. Am I? why, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs. S. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy! you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling, whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me. (Apart.)

Mrs. S. Have I, sirrah, demeaned myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee? Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, "Lord, who would have thought it? Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak; to take up at last with such a noodle as he!"

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you vas pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. S. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows I could have picked and choosed where I would. Did not I refuse 'squire Ap-Griffith, from Wales? Did not counsellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? Did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chaise?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak. (*Holds her.*)

Sneak. Hold her fast. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. S. Mr. Bruin, unhand me; what, is it you that have stirred up these coals, then? He is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. S. What! and you are to teach him, I warrant. But here comes the Major.

Enter MAJOR STURGEON.

Oh, Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them—but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves? (*Apart.*)

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major S. Lookye, master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—(*Goes up to Bruin.*)

Bruin. What then?

Major S. Then! why then you would be broke. (*Retreats.*)

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major S. What! read the articles of war. But these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major S. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason. I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did. Father, Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major S. Stop whilst you are safe, master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past, but for you—(*To Bruin.*)

Bruin. Well.

Major S. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because

why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—(*Jerry and Bruin strip.*)

Major S. Box! box! Blades! bullets! Bag-shot!

Mrs. S. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! And is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimings, must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Major S. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasos we soldiers are subject to; trilles, bagatiles, Mrs. Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant. (*To Bruin. Sneak and Bruin put on their coats.*)

Mrs. S. Major! Sir Jacob! what, are you all leagued against his dear life! A man! yes, a very manly, action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman abused by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping. My life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep? (*Goes up to her.*)

Mrs. S. Last legs, you lubberly—(*Beats him.*)

Sir J. Oh, fie, Molly!

Mrs. S. What! are you leagued against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. S. Why, has he not gone and made himself the fool of the fair. Mayor of Garratt, indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfament?

Mrs. S. Did you ever hear such an oaf? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Lookye, Jerry, mind what I say; go get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father, Sir Jacob?

Sir J. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. I'll get Crispin Heeltap to be his locum tenens.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my locum tenens.

Heel. Master Sneak, to oblige you I will be locum tenens. [*Exit.*]

Sneak. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major S. Freely.

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,

I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield—

Sir J. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR;

A PETITE COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act II. Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

MARQUIS
GENERAL

SEBASTIAN
NICHOLAS

MATHIAS
AMBROSE

JULIA
CECILY

FLORA
SERVANT

ACT. I. SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter the MARQUIS and SEBASTIAN.

Mar. This is my native place; the town that gave me birth; and in spite of my attachment to the capital, dear Madrid! I must prefer this to every other spot in the world.

Seb. Ay, my lord, you come hither to take possession of the estate of a rich uncle just deceased; and it is that which renders the place so very agreeable; you would, but for that circumstance, forget your gratitude for your birth; and, while you remained here, lament you were ever born.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sebastian.

Seb. Why, my lord, although I am nothing more than an humble domestic of your lordship's, if I was not in love, and the object of my passion living in this very identical town, I could not be happy in it; but perpetually pining after the capital.

Mar. Give me your hand, Sebastian—for once

Seb. How so, pray, my lord? [my equal.

Mar. By being in love, for love is a general leveller; it makes the king a slave, and inspires the slave with every joy a prince can taste.

Seb. Ay, sir; but we are not all equals in love for all that—for instance, you will always be above my match; for I never did, nor ever could, love more than one; now your lordship I have known to love sixteen, and all at the same time, and all so well, it was impossible to tell which you loved the best.

Mar. Do not mention any of my past affections; I never loved till now, never till I arrived at this place, and behold—

Seb. Pray, my lord, how many? and whereabouts do they live?

Mar. Impertinent!

Seb. Nay, I am sure I don't care how many, provided they are neighbours; but, you know, in Madrid, my lord, you fell in love with four, that lived exactly at the different corners of the town; and I had so far to run every night and morning

with your lordship's "ardent love," and "constant affection," that, if the death of your uncle had not brought you here to inherit his estate, I must certainly have given up my place; or petitioned your mistresses to have come all into the same neighbourhood.

Mar. O, those passions were different to that which now possesses me; for now I love only one, *Seb.* What? [and she is—

Mar. An angel. [sir.

Seb. Then she's too good for us,—give her up,

Mar. She is the most charming of her sex, I swear.

Seb. But is she maid, wife, or widow?

Mar. A maid.

Seb. Hold, hold! don't swear that.

Mar. And that is the place of her abode. (*Pointing.*) Don't repine at her habitation—you see you'll not have far to go, for the house is directly opposite my hotel.

Seb. Repine,—it makes my heart rejoice. Why, my lord, in that very house lives my sweetheart, and I make no doubt, she attends upon your's.

Mar. If so, it is the luckiest accident in the world. Fly to the woman you mention instantly, and desire her to inform you of every particular concerning her lady; for, at present, I do not know anything about her.

Seb. Why, now I begin to think you are really in love; for that is the first and great fundamental cause of a man's real love for a woman.

Mar. What?

[her.

Seb. Because he does not know anything about

Mar. Psha! I do know, that her name is Julia, and that she lives in yon house with her uncle, General Don Guzman, who served in the last war. In my youth, while I was on a visit at my uncle's, I have seen the General frequently, for he and my uncle were upon the warmest terms of friendship; nay, but yesterday, he called at my hotel to inquire for me, but I chanced to be from home; and this morning, I mean to return his visit—but then I

have no hope of beholding his niece—he is cautious to whom he introduces her; and to visit him, will but, perhaps, render my access to her more difficult still.

Seb. I believe you are right, sir; for I have, now I think of it, a letter in my pocket that will put an end to all your hopes at once.

Mar. From my Julia?

Seb. No, sir; from my Flora.

Mar. Read it this moment.

Seb. (*Reading.*) “My dear Sebastian,”—“my dear, dear Sebastian,”—“my dear life!”—

Mar. Go on, sir—go on—read the whole letter.

Seb. (*Reading.*) “I no longer live with the old Countess; and the reason is, because she is dead.”

Mar. ‘Sdeath, leave out every thing but Julia.

Seb. Oh yes, very true—where is she? (*Looking in the letter.*) I believe she is left out, for I can’t find her.

Mar. (*Snatching the letter.*) Give it me.

Seb. I beg as a favour, my lord, you will not read about the tedious minutes, and long nights.

Mar. (*Reading.*) “I now live in the General’s house, and attend upon his niece, the madam Julia, who is going to be married instantly.”—Confusion—“her intended husband is a rich merchant, who is expected from India every hour—he is the choice of her uncle; for she has never yet seen him.” From that circumstance a dawn of hope breaks in upon me. Fly, Sebastian, to your acquaintance immediately, tell her she must aid me to break off this marriage—fly!

Seb. There is more in the letter.

Mar. What, more about Julia?

Seb. No; but a great deal more about me.

Mar. Psha! begone. (*Seb. going.*) Which way are you going? Yonder is the house she lives at.

Seb. Yes, but not the house where she dare admit her lover—we meet at the house of a friend of mine, where we can make free.

Mar. Very well; and be sure to tell this woman, who writes to you with such affection, that if she can procure me the hand of her beloved mistress, I will immediately recompense her with thine, and a fortune into the bargain.

Seb. Dear my lord, a fortune!—How can you mention any other reward, after having mentioned me? [*Exit.*]

Mar. I have but very little hope from this experiment either. ‘Sdeath, my fortune and my rank are superior to this detested merchant’s! The General, her uncle, was ever friendly to our family. What if I avowed my love to him? By heaven, here he is!

Enter GENERAL.

Gen. Who have we here?

Mar. General Don Guzman.

Gen. My dear Marquis is it you? Yes, I see it is—and though twelve years since I saw you, yet, if I had not heard of your arrival, I should not have passed you without remembering you perfectly.

Mar. You did me the honour to call on me yesterday; and I beg a thousand pardons that I should so long neglect—

Gen. Oh, no ceremony, Marquis! I called on you when it was convenient—and do you call on me when it suits you. Never stand upon any ceremony; I hate it. Your uncle and I were friends for thirty years, and never asked one another “how we did” in our lives. I hate all ceremony. While you stay in this part of the world, receive the same hearty welcome and friendship from me your uncle ever did; but, on the same score—no ceremony.

Mar. (*Aside.*) By heaven, this warm reception makes me hope for every thing.

Gen. You seem thoughtful, young gentleman!

Mar. (*Aside.*) My situation is desperate, and such must be my attempt.

Gen. Quite melancholy, Marquis—your uncle’s death, I suppose?

Mar. True, General; that does weigh heavy, and yet I have something which weighs upon my heart still more; time presses me to disclose what it is. I am in love—desperately in love—madly in love—and it is with your niece; but I hear you are going to marry her to an Indian merchant; this damps my soul, but, perhaps, inflames my wishes still higher, and impels me to declare, that nothing but an invincible bar shall prevent me casting myself at her feet, and pleading my cause.

Gen. Young gentleman, I desired you would use no ceremony, and I think you have complied with my desire to its full extent.

Mar. Did you not bid me make free?

Gen. I did; and now I shall take the same liberty myself. You are the most forward, confident, presumptuous man—and if my niece was even disengaged, you should not have her.

Mar. Is this my reward for behaving as you requested I would? Why, then, if she was disengaged, I would have her—and so I will now. Don’t be offended—you desired I should make free.

Gen. I’ll suffer death if your assurance does not make me laugh; and if my word was not given to marry my niece to another, you should have her, just to shew people I like they should make free.

Mar. Your word passed, General!—what can that signify when your niece has never seen her intended husband; and, perhaps, when she does see him, may have the utmost aversion to him?

Gen. And pray, my lord, are you sure she likes you?

Mar. No, I am not sure. I know not yet if ever she observed me, although I have followed her incessantly. But, dear General, bring me to her, and let my tongue declare the thousand agitations which my eyes have, I fear, but too faintly explained.

Gen. My lord, my promise is given to Don Carlos; and can I, under such an engagement, think of introducing you to her?

Mar. Oh, General! consider the violence of my passion—consider—(*Kneeling.*)

Gen. Consider you are in the streets.—(*Raising him.*)—My lord, attend to what I am going to say. Had you gained my niece’s affections before you made this application, I would have listened to it; but now I solemnly forbid you my house.

Mar. Distraction!

Gen. Nay, I only forbid you till the marriage is over—then you are welcome to come as soon as you please. Do not make yourself uneasy—you have no long time to wait. Don Carlos will be here some time to-day, and the marriage ceremony is to be performed at midnight, at the hour of twelve exactly. It is an ancient custom in the family to marry at that hour. Farewell! and as soon as that hour is passed, you shall be welcome to come to my house, and make as free as you please. (*Going.*)

Mar. I will make free before that hour by some stratagem; I will win my Julia’s heart, and steal her from you in spite of your security.

Gen. And, by heaven, if you do, you shall have her—and with my consent.

Mar. (*Warmly.*) I take you at your word.

Gen. Don’t kneel down again. My word is given, and I won’t recall it. If you can contrive to take my niece from my house, either by yourself, or any one else, any time before twelve o’clock this night, (with her own concurrence, not else,) I will say you deserve her—and with my hearty consent, you shall have both her and her fortune. Nor is my word broken with her intended bridegroom; for I will take every precaution, during that interim, which bars, bolts, locks, or trusty servants, can give. [that time is so short.

Mar. But will you only allow me till midnight?—

Gen. Oh, you begin to recant, do you?—You take her away!—ha! ha!—and with her own consent too!

Mar. Without it, I would scorn the attempt.

Gen. And, at all events, you had better give it up, for I shall be upon my guard; and invent what stratagem you will, I believe I shall discover it. You take her away!—and within a few hours—it makes me laugh.

Mar. Provoking! (*Aside.*) Yes, love inspires me—and half my estate to half your's, I do take her

Gen. Done—it is a wager: no being off! [*away.*]

Mar. Being off! I insist it is a wager.

Gen. You are so bold, I must go back and see if my niece is safe at home now or not. (*Going.*)

Mar. Farewell, my dear uncle.

Gen. Uncle! you impertinent. Stay till you have taken my niece out of my house. Uncle, indeed!

Mar. Remember me to my destined wife.

[*Exit General.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. My lord, I have overheard part of your conversation with the General, and surely you have been to blame to let him know your intentions.

Mar. I was, to give him warning of my designs; but my passion has rendered me unable to project with cunning—but no matter: and what says—

Seb. My Flora? She has promised you all her assistance: but she is afraid the other servants will not be in your interest; and there are four besides herself. [*Describe them.*]

Mar. No more than four: and what are they?

Seb. One is an old soldier, who has been with the General in all his battles, and has but one promising quality for us; and that is, he is so lame, that, although his fidelity is such we shall not be able to bribe him to let us into the house; yet, if we once get in, we can run out again without his being able to overtake us.

Mar. Good.

Seb. And the porter is a man so deaf, that, although he will not be able to listen to any of our offers, we may break open the door, if his back happens to be to it, without his hearing us. But the man-servant we have most to dread, is one Nicholas, the General's valet, a self-sufficient, presuming, insignificant boaster; and for ever officiously concerned for the good of his master.

Mar. Nicholas is his name? You have named them all now?

Seb. No, there is one more; the worst of them all; and a female too—old Cecily, the duenna. She (*Flora tells me*) is even more attached to the General than any servant he has; and she has ears, eyes, and senses, for all the family that wants them.

Mar. She must be the first we win over to our cause.

Seb. Ah! my lord, I am afraid. By heaven, here she comes; just returned from church.

Mar. Do you begone, then; for before a witness it will be impossible to offer her a bribe.

[*Exit Sebastian.*]

Enter CECILY, and crosses to the General's house.

Mar. What an ungracious countenance!—but no matter. It is best to begin with our greatest difficulties. (*She takes out a key, and unlocks the door.*) Donna Cecily! Donna Cecily! (*In a soft tone of voice.*)

Cecily. (*Turning round disdainfully.*) Signor!

Mar. (*With much softness.*) I think you are one of the domestics belonging to the house.

Cecily. Domestic! I am the governante-general, and the general governante of the whole house.

Mar. Pardon me.

Cecily. I thank you for your compliment, signor, and am your humble servant. (*Going.*)

Mar. One word: my dear governante, one word—I have something of the highest importance to communicate to you.

Cecily. (*Aside.*) A lover of my young lady's, I suppose: I am glad of it, that I may have the pleasure of repulsing him. What would you have, signor!

Mar. You are too severe: that air you put on, agrees but little with those gentle and beguiling looks nature allotted you.

Cecily. And do you think to cajole me by your deceitful rhapsody upon my beauty? (*Very loud.*) I am old and ugly; and what is more, have, thank heaven! as bad a temper as any woman in the world.

Mar. You wrong yourself, I am sure.

Cecily. I tell you, I don't: and if you come hither after my young lady, I have the pleasure to inform you, you won't get her. She is disposed of; her uncle has so ordained it, and I would not be the cause of her disobeying her uncle for the world: I am true to him, because he gives me the power to use every body else as ill as I please—and now I wish you a good day; having the satisfaction to leave you in utter despair. (*Going.*)

Mar. Nay, stay: a hundred pistoles are in this purse: take them, and be my friend. (*Holding her.*)

Cecily. No, signor; my master's interest, and the pleasure of refusing a favour, are both too dear to me to accept your bribe.

Enter GENERAL.

Gen. Cecily with the Marquis? Astonishing! Let me listen. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Dear, dear Cecily! (*Sees the General.*) The General listening—I must change the battery. (*Aside.*)

Cecily. Dear Cecily! [*heart, I find.*]

Mar. You have your lady's real happiness at Cecily. And who could suppose I had not?

Mar. Pardon me; but I had heard quite a different account of you from what you deserve.

Cecily. Is it possible?

Mar. Nay, the General, I am certain, believes quite differently of you, from what you have proved yourself to me.

Cecily. If he does—poor deceived man!

Gen. Oh, the hussy! (*Aside.*)

Mar. Take this purse: nay, it is your due; for I had a capital bet against me, provided you had not acted as you have done. (*She takes the purse.*) On my knees I thank you; for you have now made me the happiest of men; all my wishes must succeed. Oh! General, where are you now, with your boasted confidence?

Gen. (*Coming between them.*) I am here, and you have lost your bet still.

Mar. Confusion! He has overheard all our discourse. (*Affecting confusion.*) [*it*]

Gen. (*In extreme anger.*) Yes; I have overheard

Cecily. So much the better.

Mar. General, forgive us both; we did not suppose you had been so near. Curb your resentment: the governante has the highest regard for you and your family; and, I protest, her fidelity is proof against all my persuasion.

Gen. Don't talk to me, sir; I won't believe it don't attempt to deceive me.

Cecily. What do you mean? (*Surprised.*)

Gen. (*To Cecily.*) Go about your business immediately; you never set your foot into my house again: into pretty hands, truly, I had confided my niece! a pretty duenna I had chosen.

Cecily. General, what do you mean?

Gen. Never let me see your face again; take care of that: take care I don't even find you lurking about any of my premises with a love-letter under your apron, for if I do—

Cecily. And you are really displeased with me.

Gen. I am, indeed: but never your mind; his lordship thinks himself highly obliged to you.

Mar. No, indeed, I don't, General; no, indeed, I don't. [*out of your house*]

Cecily. And do you turn me away!—turn n

Gen. Yes; but never mind; his lordship will take you into his, I dare say.

Mar. No, I won't, General; no, indeed, I won't.

Cecily. Hear me, General.

Gen. Not a word—no reply; begone this instant; and to-morrow, I'll send the wages after you, you have so little merited.

Cecily. General, General, you use me ill.

Mar. You do, indeed.

Cecily. You are in an error. [swear you are.

Mar. You are, indeed, General. I protest and

Gen. I am glad of it. 'Tis something new; and I'll keep in it. Why don't you go about your business? (*Going to her.*) At your age! a'n't you ashamed? You ought to blush. But, for my part, I always thought it of you. I have suspected you these twenty years.

Cecily. Have you? Then you shall find I will not be suspected in vain. You shall find what I can do; for when I go, your good genius forsakes you.

Gen. Why, you are hated and detested by every body. I was the only person on earth that ever could endure you; and now you are found out by me, you have not a friend in the world. (*Going.*)

Cecily. (*Following him.*) You have lost your senses.

Gen. You have lost your place! [*Exit.*

Mar. Rash and unthinking man!

Cecily. Young gentleman, he has provoked me so far, I'll serve you against my inclination. I hate you; but I think I hate him something more: therefore, command me, and I will do all I can to obtain you his niece. Do you want a disguise under which to enter the house? I will procure you one; and instruct you in every turn and winding of the apartments. My dear sir, I will do all the good I can, out of spite. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.—A Saloon at the General's.

Enter GENERAL, NICHOLAS, AMBROSE, MATHIAS, and FLORA, following.

Gen. And I lose both my wager and my niece, if he finds means to take her out of my house before midnight.

Nic. Take her out of this house while I have the honour of serving you? The Marquis knows little of the faith and diligence of your servant, Nicholas, or he would soon drop the attempt.

Amb. And knows little of your soldier, Ambrose, who, (*speaking up to the General very lame*) on the first alarm, would fly to give him battle.

Mat. What?—what's all this? (*Trying to hear.*) It is a sad thing to be deaf.

Flora. And this said Marquis must know very little of your trusty servant, Flora.

Gen. No more professions. I believe you all firmly attached to my interest: and if I should win my wager, I promise each of you a purse of ten

Amb. Oh, the wager is already won. [*pistoles.*

Nic. Yes, sir; and you may as well pay us now.

The MARQUIS enters, disguised in a riding-cloak and wig, and goes into the house.

Mat. (*After pulling one servant and then another.*) Nay, but tell me—what is it? I am sure there is something going forward.

Gen. Why don't some of you tell that poor fellow, Mathias; he is dying with curiosity to know what we have been saying.

Amb. I'll tell him in the hall, over a bottle.

Gen. But egad! while we are consulting here, the door is open, and anybody may rush into the house.

Nic. How came I not to think of that? I am not surprised any one else did not think of it; but that should not—

Gen. Send Mathias to guard the door immediately. (*Nicholas makes signs to Mathias.*)

Mat. What? What do you say? You need not

speak so loud; only tell me what you mean. (*Nicholas makes signs.*) What, the door? Yes, yes, I will. What is that what all this great consultation has been about? Ay, I thought what it was. [*Exit.*

Gen. He's a good servant, notwithstanding he never hears a word that is said to him. Ambrose, both he and you keep guard below: you have quick ears and he hath quick legs; you must hear for him, and he must run for you: keep both of you at the great door, and do not suffer a creature to enter, unless they first give you this sentence, "Love and honour," which shall be the watch-word for all who have the liberty to enter.

Amb. I obey, sir. [*Exit.*

Gen. And now, Nicholas, while I step to my niece to inform her of what has happened; do you run to the port to meet her betrothed husband; for I hear his vessel is just arrived. I durst not leave my house; and as he and I are entirely unacquainted with each other, (except by good report,) he knows nothing of my dislike to ceremony, and may take my neglect to meet him as an affront; therefore, begone immediately with my respects, and I wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing him: and, in your way, step to my niece's mantua-maker, and desire her to come and take measure of her for her wedding-clothes. [*Exit.*

Nic. Of all the servants my master has, I am the only one he trusts with the office of receiving his visitors.

Flora. And of all his servants, you are the only one he trusts with a servile message to a mantua-maker.

Nic. Oh! great men will sometimes do little offices; witness my making love to you.

Flora. And great women will not always accept little offices; witness my refusing your love.

Enter the GENERAL and JULIA.

Gen. But my dear niece. What, not gone yet.

Nic. Sir, I fly. [*Nicholas?*

Gen. But remember to give the watch-word to the mantua-maker, or they won't let her in.

Nie. The watch-word! I will, I will! but what is it? I have forgot it. Flora what is it? (*Aside to her.*)

Flora. I have a great mind not to tell you.

Nic. Yes, pray do.

Flora. 'Tis "Love and honour." (*Pushing him off.*)

Gen. But what do you think of the man who has the assurance to pursue you, without first gaining your consent?

Julia. I think it is one of those injuries a woman does not always resent.

Gen. But when I refused him your hand, he vowed he would take you off by force.

Julia. Do not be alarmed, uncle; force is seldom used, but to her that is willing. [*willing.*

Gen. But I flatter myself you would not be

Julia. Don't flatter yourself; you know you always cautioned me against yielding to ideas that flattered me.

Gen. And is it possible you would consent to go off with him?

Julia. I think—it is possible.

Gen. You are certainly talking thus in jest.

Julia. No, upon my word, I speak seriously. A lover to undertake what the Marquis has done, must love very sincerely indeed. We are always proud of having inspired an ardent passion; too often we cannot but partake of it; and the heart once gone, it is hard to say what will not follow.

Gen. But he's the most presuming, young villain—

Julia. Is he young too? Oh, dear uncle!

Gen. And you mean to encourage him?

Julia. You know young people should be encouraged; and Don Carlos can much better bear a rejection; for he is old, and has been used, I dare

say, to the sorrows and disappointments of this wicked world.

Gen. Very well—go on; but if the gentleman should dare to come within these walls, I'll do for him.

Julia. No, uncle, let me do for him.

The MARQUIS enters.

Mar. Now fortune be my friend. (*Aside.*) "Love and honour." (*Coming as from the outward door.*)

Gen. Pray, sir, who are you, that you should know these words?

Mar. I am journeyman to the mantua-maker for whom you sent, and am come to measure this lady for the wedding-suit.

Gen. This strange-looking man gives me some suspicion; no matter. (*Aside.*) That's right, young man; take the measure instantly; for it will be wanted early in the morning; you must make great haste to have it done.

Julia. No, pray don't, sir.

Mar. Why not, madam? If your marriage should even be deferred, you may still wear your clothes; and I am sure I shall think it such extreme pleasure to work for you, I shall esteem it a happiness to pass the whole night in your service.

Julia. You are very good, sir; but I would not give you so much trouble.

Mar. Dear madam, it would be no trouble at all. (*Going to her.*) What a shape is here!

Gen. What are you about, sir?

Mar. In what manner, madam, would you choose your dress to be made? *a la Turk*, or in the new style, *a l'Anglaise*?

Gen. Come, sir, make haste! (*Impatiently.*)

Mar. (*Measuring her.*) Please madam, to turn a little more towards me; that's right, very well; now, hold up this hand, now drop this, now take this—(*Offering her a letter.*)

Gen. (*Interposing.*) The Marquis, as I live! Hold, hold, my lord. [man!]

Julia. The Marquis? (*Aside.*) what a delightful

Mar. Yes, charming Julia, it is the Marquis; he who adores you.

Gen. Go out of my house, go out of my house. (*He leads him to the door, the Marquis then breaks from him, runs and kisses Julia's hand violently, and then exit, led off by the General, who is calling all the time.*) Let her alone; go about your business. (*After pushing the Marquis off.*) Who's below, there? who's below? What, if I have him secured, and confined here till midnight is over! a good thought! Ambrose! Ambrose! (*Calling at the door, turns and sees Julia reading a letter.*) Give me that letter. (*Calls again.*) Ambrose, shut the door; don't let that man go out. Give me that letter.

Enter MATHIAS, slowly.

Mat. Ambrose says you are calling; what would you please to have?

Gen. Oh, they have let him out! What did you come for? I never wanted to give a direction in a hurry, but this fellow was sure to receive it.

Mat. Ambrose said you were calling.

Gen. Get away you deaf—get away; don't you see I am angry?

Mat. Hungry? O, very well; I hear plain enough.

Gen. Get away, you stupid. (*Drives him off.*) It is that scoundrel, Nicholas, who has sent the Marquis in this disguise: it was he who gave him the watch-word, I dare say; but I'll make him remember it.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nic. Don Carlos will be here instantly; I've run till I'm out of breath.

Gen. Take that, sir. (*Strikes him.*)

Nic. What, for my good news?

Gen. No, sir; but for giving our watch-word to the Marquis.

Nic. It was he then that passed me as I came in. I thought it was; I wish I may die if I did not.

Gen. Oh, you knew it was he, did you?

Nic. Yes; I knew it must be a great man, for he gave me such a slap in the face as he came by. Oh, sir, indeed you must have felt it, to have known how it made me jump: one mauls me in the house, and another mauls me in the streets, and all for nothing!

Gen. How dare you say so? Can you deny that you sent the Marquis into my house, under the disguise of one of the mantua-maker's journeymen?

Nic. Indeed, sir, I did not: besides my lady's mantua-maker has only women to work for her; all her journeymen are gone to England. I dare say, sir, before we were on our guard, the Marquis slipped into the house, and overheard the watch-word.

Gen. Perhaps he did; but no matter; he is turned out of doors. And you, (*to Julia*), you good-for-nothing—I have a great mind—

Julia. Ay do, uncle, turn me out of doors, too.

Gen. As soon as you are married to Don Carlos, I will; but now, my good Nicholas; never mind that blow I gave you, for I assure you I have certainly forgot it. Let us not be outwitted again; attend no more to watch-words, but deny admittance to every creature except Don Carlos: you say he will be here instantly?

Nic. Yes, sir, he only waits at the inn till he has taken two large chests from on board his vessel, full of precious things for my young lady, which are so valuable, he will not suffer them to be a moment out of his sight. I heard him order four porters to be ready to bring them, and his servants hinted to me they were presents for my lady.

Gen. (*To her.*) Do you hear, you ungrateful—(*To Nicholas.*) You have seen Don Carlos: nobody in this house except yourself has ever seen him therefore, do you wait at the door till he comes that no one else may be mistaken for him.

[*Exit Nicholas*]

Julia. And must I be the wife of Don Carlos Oh, heaven prosper the Marquis's attempts!

Gen. I am afraid your prayers are vain; however, let him try all his arts, and you may try all your's; and I will try all mine; and the first shall be to lock you into your chamber till Don Carlo arrives. Please to walk this way; no reluctance.

[*Exeunt*]

Flora. O, Sebastian! Sebastian! I am afraid my mistress is torn from your master for ever; and deprived of you, for these three years to come at least.

Enter NICHOLAS, followed by SEBASTIAN, disguised as Don Carlos.

Nic. Don Carlos.

[*Exit*]

Enter GENERAL.

Gen. My dear Don Carlos, welcome to Spain (*Embracing him.*)

Enter four Porters, with two chests; they place one in the centre, the other on the left hand side of the stage.

Seb. (*Embracing.*) General, I am overjoyed to see you. (*To the Porters.*) Why did you bring the chests into these apartments? Pardon me, General, I meant they should have been left in the hall; but as they are here, permit them to remain; [*exunt Porters*] for they contain a few trifles from India which I mean to present to my destined bride.

Gen. Don Carlos, why such attention?

Flora. Shall I call my young lady, pray, sir, Dear, how I long to have a peep! (*Looking at the chests.*)

Seb. (*Aside to her.*) Hush! don't you know me?

Flora. Sebastian, as I live! (*Aside.*)

Seb. Did you express your curiosity to see the

trifles? if you did, here's the key, madam. (*Gives the key.*)

Gen. She express her curiosity, indeed! I should not have thought of satisfying her curiosity! Don Carlos, walk this way, and satisfy your's, in beholding your future wife. [*Exeunt Gen. and Seb.*]

Flora. Who would have supposed that Don Carlos should be Sebastian, and I not know him till he was obliged to tell me so himself! But by what means could he contrive to be introduced under that shape. O, he has bribed Nicholas I dare say.

Mar. (*From the chest that is in the middle of the stage.*) Flora, Flora!

Flora. Did anybody call me?

Mar. I; the Marquis! I am stifled, suffocating! *Flora.* In this box as I live! Oh, excellent! I

Mar. Open the lid. [*shall die with laughing.*]

Flora. I can't for laughing. Hush, hush! don't be in such a hurry; don't be in such a passion; don't speak a word. Let me see if anybody is coming. No, all is safe! Come out; no—lie still, and let me look at you a moment. Well, you are the prettiest Jack-in-a-box I ever saw!

Mar. Help me out. (*She helps him.*) Oh, that's right. I breathe once more. Hide me somewhere instantly, for I should die if I was kept in that chest another moment.

Flora. Where can I hide you? We have no place where you will be safe; we are so watched; but Nicholas is in the plot, I suppose?

Mar. No, no, he is not; it is the old duenna, whom your master turned away this morning. She went to Don Carlos, on board his vessel, the moment she heard he was arrived; and telling him the General was in the country, keeps him with the ship till to-morrow morning; and, in the mean time, she had my servant disguised, and imposed him upon Nicholas (who came to the inn to inquire for Don Carlos) for Don Carlos himself. Nicholas is in the plot! No, no.

Flora. I am heartily glad of it; for, with all his boasting, he is the most unlucky varlet—

Mar. I flatter myself, Julia is not averse to my wishes.

Flora. No, that she is not; but will run away with you the first favourable moment. Hark! I hear somebody coming in haste up stairs. Get into

Mar. D— me if I do. [*the chest again.*]

Flora. Hide in my closet, then.

Mar. What, where I was before?

Flora. You must, and don't breathe, I charge you. [*Exit Mar.*]

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nic. Flora, Flora! what do you think? Hush! such a thing!

Flora. What? What surprising thing now?

Nic. Speak low. (*He points to the chest from whence the Marquis came, with great significance.*) He is there.

Flora. Who? What is there?

Nic. Hush! (*In a half whisper.*) The Marquis. One of the porters has just told me of it. His servant (a Mr. Sebastian) is now playing the part of my master's intended nephew; and the Marquis himself is shut up in that box. Ha, ha, ha! and I am going to have it taken back again to his hotel by Mathias, whom I have ordered to come up and take it away; and then, as soon as he returns, he and I, and Ambrose, mean altogether to seize this grand impostor, Mr. Sebastian, who is now my master, and give him a little return for what I received on the Marquis's account this morning.

Flora. A fine story you have been telling, truly; and I have had patience to hear it all! Why that chest was full of Indian silks and muslins for my young lady. I opened it, and took them out before with my master; and have hung them up in my lady's

Nic. Impossible; it can't be. [*wardrobe.*]

Flora. Why, see; the box is empty. (*Opening it.*)

Nic. Flora, Flora, you are in the plot.

Flora. Simpleton! How do you suppose any man could lie in this box?

Nic. It would hold two men.

Flora. No, nor half a one.

Nic. How mistaken you are. (*Gets into the chest.*) There; pray, a'n't I in now, and at my ease?

[*Your head is out.*]

Flora. No,—at your ease? no, nor entirely in.

Nic. There; there then; see, there. My head is in now, I hope?

Flora. Yes, now it is in. I find I was mistaken. You are in now, sure enough. (*She shuts the lid, and locks the chest.*) I find I was mistaken.

Nic. But don't shut the lid. Flora, Flora, open the lid.

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. I am come to take the chest to the Marquis's hotel.

Flora. Here it is; make haste.

Nic. Mathias, Mathias! (*Calling from the chest.*)

Mat. (*Pointing to the chest.*) Sad doings here, Mrs. Flora; shameful doings.

Nic. Mathias!

Flora. (*Stooping to the chest.*) You know you may as well hold your tongue, for he can't hear you.

Nic. General, General! Ambrose!

Mat. You need not tell me. I know who I have got here; Nicholas told me; and I'll give him a hearty tumble or two as I go along.

Flora. (*Very loud.*) Pray do.

Mat. Ha?

Nic. Flora! General!

Flora. I say, pray do. [*stairs.*]

Mat. And, perhaps, I may tumble him down

Flora. Do, you are very welcome. I will help you to the top of the stairs. (*She pushes it, while he draws it off; she then runs to the closet.*)

Enter MARQUIS.

My lord, you find all is discovered; the door is now open, fly away immediately.

Mar. Why go, till I have gained my point?

Flora. You must; I have a project in my head not half so hazardous as your staying. Fly to your hotel, and keep Nicholas from returning; that is more essential than anything at present; for he cries so into all that is going on, we can do nothing while he is one of our guards. Away, away!

Mar. I obey; but remember how much I rely upon your zeal. [*Exit.*]

Flora. I will be the first to discover to the General, what, in a few minutes, somebody else will tell him, if I don't. By this, I gain his entire confidence, and then—

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Flora, your master has not the smallest suspicion of me. What have you done with my lord?

Flora. Away, away! he is gone, and you must follow him. All is discovered.

Seb. How?

Flora. Ask no questions, but away while you can; while the door is without a guard; or you'll be murdered if you are caught.

Seb. But I have left my hat; let me run for that. (*Going back in great haste, he runs full upon the General, who is entering.*) No, I'll run away without it. [*Exit.*]

Enter GENERAL.

Gen. What is the matter with Don Carlos?—Where is he going in such a hurry? (*Turning to Flora, sees her in a fainting fit in an arm-chair.*) What is the matter with you, Flora?

Flora. O General, General, General, General!

Gen. One runs away from me; another can pronounce nothing but my name. What can this mean?

Flora. The supposed Don Carlos is an impostor!

Gen. An impostor!

Flora. Valet to the Marquis; and Nicholas has

been bribed to introduce him. Nicholas is wholly gone over to them.

Gen. But how did you know all this?

Flora. The Marquis was hid in one of the chests. I wanted to have a peep at the fine things, and saw him. Oh! I shall never recover my fright.

Gen. One of the chests is gone.

Flora. Yes; as soon as Nicholas found I knew all, he called up Mathias, and made him take away the chest, in spite of my tears and cries; for poor Mathias, you know, could not hear me; and then I fainted, and could not come to you.

Gen. Faithful creature! Oh that villain, Nicholas! why, he is worse than old Cecily. Poor Flora! poor thing! take this purse as a reward for thy fidelity. [don't, sir.

Flora. Oh, sir, I don't deserve it; indeed, I *Gen.* Take it, take it, I say; you shall have it. I punished old Cecily; and, by the same rule, I ought to reward you. [are too good to me.

Flora. Since you desire it, sir; but, indeed, you *Gen.* Say no more, but step to my niece, while I run and see that the door is safe; for, while so many of my house have turned against me, I have every thing to fear. But you—you are a miracle of faith; and henceforth all my confidence shall be placed in you alone.

Flora. Why, indeed, sir, I must own few servants could have done as I have done; and yet you think too well of me. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Moonlight. A Garden, two tents or pavilions on each side of the stage, a wall at the bottom of the stage, and a hedge at a little distance from it.*

SEBASTIAN discovered, descending from the wall by the arbour-work fastened to it.

Seb. Here I am safe. [Calls in a whisper.] Flora, Flora! This is the very minute she appointed in her note. How can she be so slow, when we have such little time left. The clocks have now all struck eleven; and in one hour more, it will be midnight, and our doom fixed. Oh, midnight, midnight! twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock! During this season of the year, she and her young lady sleep in this pavilion; and the old General and Ambrose sleep in this. In a country town such as this, every body has been in bed an hour ago; therefore, unless the family sit up to watch—No, here she comes—'Sdeath! and the old General with her. What shall I do! [Trying to ascend the wall, falls; then hides behind the hedge.] Here, here, here.

Enter the GENERAL, AMBROSE, with Julia's clothes, and FLORA, from the pavilion, left hand.

Flora. Dear sir, it is only eleven o'clock; I beg you will sit up till twelve.

Gen. No, no, I'll sit up no longer; my fears are as much quieted for this night, as if the clock had already struck twelve.

Flora. Ay, sir, but there is no being sure.

Gen. While there was a cause for apprehension, I was as cautious as anybody; but now my niece is safe in bed, and I have had the precaution to bring away her clothes, even if she had an opportunity of going away, she could not go without them; besides, her windows are grated, her door locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Flora. But, sir, she may still—

Gen. Why, yes, she may still go out at the chimney; for that I have not guarded against; but if she does, Flora, I'll forgive her. No, no, I'll go to bed; the Marquis shall not have to boast that he kept me up an hour after my usual time; to-morrow it will add to my triumph to tell him, I went to bed at my usual hour.

Flora. Well, then, sir, if you won't sit up, I will. I will sit till twelve strikes; and amuse my-

self by playing on my lady's guitar; and if you should chance not to sleep, you will find, by my music, I cannot sleep either, while any danger threatens you.

Gen. Good girl, good girl.

Flora. Here, sir, is the key of this pavilion; lock me up, I beseech you, too, lest any fatal thing should happen, notwithstanding your precaution, and I be suspected.

Gen. Impossible I should suspect you; no, no.

Flora. Pray, sir, take the key: indeed you had better lock me up; you had indeed, sir. [Forcing the key upon him.]

Amb. Lock her up, lock her up, sir; I don't think it would be at all amiss.

Gen. Well then, Flora, since you desire it. [Takes the key.]

Flora. Thank you, sir, thank you; good night, sir: [curtsying] now my conscience is safe. [Exit into the pavilion, left hand; the General locks the door.]

Gen. Come, Ambrose, I now feel my mind pretty easy: I am only sorry Don Carlos is not yet come, for his ship is certainly arrived; however, he won't come till the morning now, to be sure.

Amb. [Yawning.] No, he won't come till the morning, now, to be sure. [Exeunt into the pavilion.]

SEBASTIAN comes forward from behind the hedge.

Seb. Oh, what a rage I am in; and, if I was not afraid the General and his crippled attendant would overhear me, I would so abuse—[Goes to Flora's pavilion, and speaks through the key-hole.]—Flora, Flora! [Calling softly.] You serpent, you viper, snake, crocodile! I hate you, abhor you! Oh, you good-for-nothing—Oh, that I had you here.

Enter FLORA from a window in the pavilion, taking away a large iron bar, goes up to Sebastian, and strikes him on the shoulder.

Flora. And here I am.

Seb. What do I see? Why, where, for heaven's sake, did you come from?

Flora. From the pavilion.

Seb. Not at the door?

Flora. At the door! do you think I did? I have a genius above such common methods; I came by the window, and had the dexterity to move that iron bar, as large—

Seb. But have you had the dexterity to take that bar from your mistress's chamber?

Flora. No, that is fast yet; and yet she is out.

Seb. By what means?

Flora. The General, thinking he had nothing to fear if he once saw her in bed, as soon as she pulled off her clothes, he seized them and carried them out of the room; she stepped behind one of the curtains; I drest the bolster in her night-cap; the old man put his head forward, and wished it "good night;" that instant she stole out of her chamber, and flew to mine. I lighted him out of her's; he double-locked the door; run to tell Ambrose and Mathias all was safe; applauded his own sagacity; and thanked me a thousand times for having devoted myself so entirely to his service.

Seb. But by what means did you contrive to see the note to me of this appointment?

Flora. I sent it by old Cecily. But this is a time for explanation; my mistress is waiting for me in my chamber, dressing herself in the suit of clothes you sent me of the Marquis's; which was a lucky thought, as it will certainly much less incommodate her flight than a female dress; and must go tell her at what signal to steal out of the window to the Marquis, for I forgot it in a hurry. [Nicholas appears upon the wall.]

Nic. Who, in the name of wonder, have you here? Softly, softly! [He descends, and conceals himself behind the hedge.]

Flora. Now, Sebastian, while my lady is dressing, away to your master, and tell him we shall

expect him here within a quarter of an hour; and that he must come close by the other side of the garden-wall; and as soon as he is there, he must clasp with his hands so. I shall be waiting for the signal; and the first favourable moment after, I will begin playing on my guitar the favourite air, "*Ma chère Amie*," and he must take that signal, for the exact time to leap into the garden.

Nic. (Behind the hedge.) Good.

Flora. Good, did you say? I say excellent.

Seb. I did not speak.

Flora. But be sure to caution your master, that he does not come into the garden before he hears that very song I have mentioned, and then to come directly; but bid him take great care not to mistake one air for another; for at that very air, my young lady will steal out of the pavilion to meet him.

Seb. I will remember all with the utmost exactness. *(He goes, and Nicholas runs on the other side of the hedge to avoid him.)*

Flora. (Calling after Sebastian.) In a quarter of an hour the Marquis must be here, remember; neither sooner nor later.

Seb. I remember.

[done with Nicholas?]

Flora. Oh, Sebastian, I forgot; what have you *Seb.* O, you make me die with laughing; he is a prisoner, poor devil!

Flora. But did they thrash him well, when they took him out of the box?

[I assure you.]

Seb. Oh, yes, they gave him a pretty drubbing. *Flora.* I am vastly glad to hear it; I thank them a thousand times: I wish I had been there; it was what he richly deserved. But away, Sebastian; mind all I have said, and our fortune is made.

[Exit into the pavilion by the window, but so hid by Sebastian's following her close, that Nicholas thinks she goes in by the door.]

Seb. (Climbing the wall.) I am not very fond of scaling this wall; if I should break my neck, our project is at an end; and that would be shipwreck in the sight of port.

[Exit over the wall.]

Nic. (Coming forward.) And now, my dear gentleman and lady, you shall pay for all your stratagems; and my poor old master! how glad he will be to see me returned. *(Goes to the General's pavilion.)* He is not in bed, I see. General, General! *(Raps at the door.)*

Enter AMBROSE in his nightcap, from the pavilion.

Nic. Ambrose, a'n't you glad to see me?

Amb. Get about your business; how dare you shew your face here?

Nic. More ill usage still; sure, never innocence was so ill treated. Mr. Ambrose, *(in the most begging tone.)* I pray, I supplicate of you, to inform the General I have a secret of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

Amb. I'll let him know; but you may dread your reception.

[Exit into the pavilion.]

Nic. Oh, the blessing of being faithful! I have this day been beaten by all parties; friends and enemies have kicked me, and the bitterest foes agree in using me like a dog.

Enter GENERAL in his robe-de-chambre, AMBROSE with him, from the pavilion.

Gen. How dare you, sir, enter my doors? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by an hypocritical story, invented merely to replace yourself in my family?

Nic. Dear sir, I humbly on my knees beg your pardon for the mistake you are in.

Gen. Villain!

Nic. Call me what you will, so you won't speak loud. *(Retiring from Flora's pavilion.)* Beat me, if you have the heart; but when your passion is over, permit me to do you a signal piece of service.

Gen. What service?

Nic. Within a quarter of an hour your niece will be carried out of your house; I overheard the whole plot, and Flora is at the head of it.

Gen. Do you dare to accuse that faithful creature?

Nic. Faithful creature! why, sir, it was she that had me carried to the Marquis's hotel in a box.

Gen. What do you mean? in a box?

Nic. Yes, sir, in a box; she procured the Marquis's escape, and made me take his place. I cried, but she laughed, and made Mathias take me away, for he could not hear my complaints; and when he got me on his shoulder, he did so shake and jumble me, I was impatient to be let out; but that was ten times worse, for he gave me to the care of four footmen belonging to the Marquis; and as soon as they opened the chest, and saw it was me, souse I went into a tub of cold water; and then, to dry me, they tossed me in a blanket. The Marquis took me out of their hands; but he shut me up in a dark room, from whence I escaped through a hole in the wall, and got into the garden; the gardener took me for a thief, and sent a shower of potatoes and cucumbers at my head; I saved myself by climbing over the wall, and tumbled into a ditch on the other side.

Gen. Very well; go on. What then?

Nic. Is not that enough? if it is not, I have more to come yet.

[extremely.]

Gen. So much the better; I like to hear it

Nic. After all my distress, I thought myself happy when I reached your door, but I found it shut against me; and had not a ladder been placed by the Marquis's people against that wall—

Gen. A ladder?

Nic. Or how could I have been here? I ascended it softly, descended it softly, and overheard Flora plotting with the Marquis's valet—he that personated Don Carlos.

Gen. It can't be; I locked Flora in the pavilion.

Nic. These eyes saw her; and this was the plan she laid with the Marquis's servant: within a quarter of an hour the Marquis is to walk on the other side that wall, and to give the signal he is there, by clapping his hands. Flora is to reply, by playing upon her guitar, "*Ma chère Amie*." On hearing this air (no other) the Marquis leaps into the garden; your niece comes from the pavilion, runs to him, they scale the wall, bid farewell to you; and you run, with old Ambrose, limping after them in vain.

Gen. This demands attention. Flora deceive me? she must then have false keys, both of my niece's apartment and her own.

Nic. If you doubt what I have said, go to bed, and consider of it again in the morning.

Gen. No; I cannot but believe it. Ambrose!

Amb. Sir.

Gen. Fetch the blunderbuss.

Amb. Yes, sir.

[Exit into the pavilion, and returns with it.]

Gen. Do you two hide yourselves behind these elms; and the moment the Marquis descends into the garden, seize him, and lead him home to his hotel.

Amb. We won't let him escape, you may depend

Nic. No; you may depend upon it. [upon it.]

Gen. But behave with proper respect; no violence; that is according to our agreement.

Amb. Then for what did you send me for the blunderbuss?

[go away quietly.]

Gen. To keep him in apprehension, and make him

Nic. He would go much more quietly, sir, if you would permit Ambrose to shoot at him first.

Gen. I tell you no; my honour is engaged. I'll place myself at the door of the pavilion, in order to seize my niece as she attempts to come out to him. *(To Nicholas and Ambrose.)* Hush! and hide yourselves instantly; do not stir or breathe. *(They hide behind the elms.)* Flora, come hither; I have a word or two to say to you.

Flora. (Within.) Open the door, sir, and I'll come immediately.

Gen. (Unlocks the door.) And I warrant, when

you are come, I'll make you give the signal in spite of yourself. I am resolved.

Enter FLORA from the pavilion, left hand, with a guitar in her hand.

Flora. The General! how unfortunate! and my mistress has just got on her disguise. (*Aside.*) What did you please to want with me, sir?

Gen. Flora, I want to have a little conversation with you.

Flora. Dear sir, if you have not anything very particular to say, will you permit me to go to bed? for I die with sleep. (*Yawning.*)

Gen. Why, you offered of your own accord, to sit up till midnight.

Flora. Very true; but the air is so sharp. Bless me, I die with cold. (*Shaking.*)

Gen. And yet you walked in the garden, after bidding me good night?

Flora. He saw me; all is lost. (*Aside.*) Dear, what a thought!

Gen. I saw you; and you talked with somebody, *Flora.* He overheard us. (*Aside.*) Dear sir, how was that possible, when you had me under lock and key?

Gen. You know you have false keys; I saw you lock and unlock the door.

Flora. He knows nothing, I find. (*Aside.*)

Gen. Give me those keys.

Flora. Indeed, sir, indeed I have not any.

Gen. Well, perhaps, I am deceived.

Flora. Certainly you are.

Gen. Come, play me a tune on your guitar.

Flora. It is out of tune, sir. (*Alarmed.*)

Gen. Psha! psha! I command you to do it; one little air, and I'll go to bed.

Flora. What air, pray, sir?

Gen. The first you think of.

Flora. Upon my word, the thing is so out of tune. (*She plays a short tune reluctantly; just as it is finished, the Marquis on the other side of the wall, gives the signal by clapping his hands.*)

Gen. Vastly well; and there is somebody in the streets applauding you.

Flora. (*Aside.*) It is the signal.

Gen. This air was so finely executed, you must play me another: "*Ma chère Amié,*" for instance.

Flora. (*Starting.*) No; pray, sir, excuse me; indeed, I can't. I am afraid he knows all. (*Aside.*)

Gen. What! refuse to play, when you have met with such applause? Play, play "*Ma chère Amié.*"

Flora. O, sir, you have, I fear, discovered all; you know the whole scheme, I am sure you do, and on my knees—(*Kneeling.*)

Gen. No forgiveness; don't hope for it; there kneel, and play the air I mentioned. Stir not for your life, nor utter a word; obey. (*Flora, with the most melancholy countenance, and half crying, sings and plays, "Ma chère Amié." During the air, the Marquis appears upon the wall, and Julia steps one leg out of the window from which Flora has passed and repassed, dressed in a habit like the Marquis.*)

Nic. (*Seeing the Marquis on the wall.*) There *Amb.* Let me go first; consider, I am lame. (*They each strive to go first; Nicholas succeeds, and creeps softly along the hedge. At the end of the air, the Marquis jumps into the garden, and falls upon his hands behind the hedge.*)

Mar. 'Sdeath! I am watched. (*Julia, at the same time, comes out of the window, and places herself by the wall; Nicholas immediately secures her, and brings her down the stage; she, overcome with grief, covers her face with her cloak.*)

Nic. Here he is, sir! we have taken him. Now, Marquis, what would you say if I was to shut you up in a dark room?

Amb. (*Presenting his gun.*) No resistance, or you are a dead man.

Nic. Here he is, sir! we have taken him.

Flora. It is Nicholas has discovered all. (*Aside; throws herself on one of the garden chairs.*)

Gen. (*To Julia.*) Your humble servant, my good lord! Why do you hide your face? do you think we don't know you? Go, go, my lads, conduct his lordship safe to his hotel, and stand sentinel at his door till the clock strikes twelve, and then return back in triumph; make haste home with him, before the clock strikes. Away, away!

[*Exit Julia, led by Nicholas and Ambrose.* And so end my cares. (*With great joy.*) Poor fellow! suffered himself to be taken away, too, without speaking a word; caught in his own snare: sure, a man never looks so ridiculous, as when he is caught in his own snare. (*To Flora.*) And you, you perditions! what have you to say? you, who received my purse?

Flora. But I told you I did not deserve it.

Gen. Oh, yes; I don't know whether you did not deserve it; for you have taken a great deal of trouble to-day, and to very little purpose; ha, ha, ha! I believe the Marquis will have enough to do to pay his wager, without paying you anything, and so you see I have done it for him; and now I'll step and wish my niece joy of the success of her project.

[*Exit.* *Flora.* Oh! how I grudge your joy; but, while he goes up the stairs, I'll see if my lady cannot come out of the window. (*She goes to the window of the pavilion.*) Madam, madam Julia!

Mar. (*From the hedge.*) Flora, Flora!

Flora. Is it you, madam?

Mar. (*Coming forward.*) No; 'tis I.

Flora. You! why, who have they taken away, *Mar.* Your mistress. [then?

Flora. (*Expressing the most extreme joy.*) My mistress? She? Madam Julia? Oh, do; do not tell me so; I shall die with joy. (*Running to the door of the pavilion.*) Sir, sir! General! Sir!

Mar. Peace, be quiet; let me escape first.

Flora. That's right; away, away, before the clock strikes. [*Exit Marquis.*] Thank heaven! he has only across the street to go. The General laughed at me; now, how I long to laugh at him. Sir, come down instantly, and take your share of the joke.

Enter GENERAL, from the pavilion, left hand, with the bolster in his hand, dressed with a cap on.

Gen. I found this in bed, instead of my niece; where, where can she be?

Flora. She has not even been in bed.

Gen. Where is she, then?

Flora. Gone to the Marquis.

Gen. My niece?

Flora. Gone to his hotel; conducted by your own servants, and by your own command.

Enter NICHOLAS, running.

Nic. We have led him home; the clock has struck twelve. [they took, surely?

Gen. And I'll strike one. It was not my niece! *Enter the MARQUIS, JULIA, AMBROSE, SEBASTIAN and several domestics of the Marquis's, with lights.*

Julia. Pardon me, my dear uncle, but it was *Mar.* (*To the General.*) Uncle, will you permit me now to call you by that name? "A man never looks so ridiculous, as when he is caught in his own snare."

Gen. And was old Cecily faithful?

Julia. She was, uncle; and you must recompense her for the injustice you have done her merely for her fidelity.

Mar. I will repay every servant, who, either by their genius have aided, or by their fidelity obstructed, my designs; for, possessed of such blessing as my Julia, I shall ever remember, with gratitude, the adventures of this day; and never cease to reflect with rapture on the *Midnight Hour*

[*Exeunt*

THE DEVIL TO PAY; OR, THE WIVES METAMORPHOSED.

A BALLAD FARCE.—BY C. COFFEY.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JOHN LOVERULE
BUTLER
COOK
FOOTMAN

COACHMAN
JOBSON
DOCTOR
LADY LOVERULE

LUCY
LEFTICE
NELL
TENANTS, &c.

SCENE I.—*Jobson's House.*

Enter JOBSON and NELL.

Nell. Pr'ythee, good Jobson, stay with me to-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you jade! and go spin; for, if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no doubt of that, whilst you take your swing at the alehouse, spend your substance, get as drunk as a beast, and then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, brazen-face! do you speak ill of the government? Don't you know, hussy, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty?

Nell. Did ever one hear such stuff? But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the alehouse to-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once; but don't grow saucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall-place: we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to enter her doors; she grudges even a draught of small beer to her own servants; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong beer in the house.

Job. A plague on her for a fanatical jade! She has almost distracted the good knight. But she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

Nell. O, dear husband, let me go with you; we'll be as merry as the night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold baggage! would you be carried to a company of smooth-faced, eating, drinking, lazy, serving-men? No, no, you jade, I'll not be a cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome: you promised I should see the house; and the family has not been here before since you married and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious strumpet, darest thou dispute with me, thy lord and master? Get in and spin, or else my strap shall wind about thy ribs most confoundedly.

AIR.

*He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.*

Nell. Well, we poor women must always be slaves, and never have any joy; but you men run and ramble at your pleasure.

Job. Why, you most pestilent baggage, will you be hoop'd? Be gone.

Nell. I must obey. (*Going.*)

Job. Stay; now I think on't, here's sixpence for you; get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with lamb's wool, rejoice and revel by thyself, be drunk and wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art. (*Sings.*)

*He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life, &c.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Sir John Loverule's House.*

Enter Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, LUCY, LETTICE, &c.

But. I would the blind fiddler and our dancing neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant lady is abroad: I have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

Enter blind Fiddler, JOBSON, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our wish. Honest old acquaintance, Goodman Jobson, how dost thou?

Job. By my troth, I am always sharp-set towards punch; and am now come with a firm resolution, though but a poor cobbler, to be as richly drunk as a lord: I am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as the best part of the liberty of the subject.

But. Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of punch in solemn procession; and then for a song to crown our happiness. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter JOBSON, Butler, &c. with a bowl of punch.

AIR.

*Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl,
That every true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without control,
To support our pleasure.*

*Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our pleasure;
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure.
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises that we may
Live and die with pleasure.*

But. The king and the royal family, in a brimmer.

AIR.

*Here's a good health to the king,
And send him a prosperous reign;
O'er hills and high mountains
We'll drink dry the fountains,
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
Until the sun rises again.*

Then here's to thee, my boy boon.

And here's to thee, my boy boon;

As we've tarry'd all day

For to drink down the sun,

*So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave boys,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.*

Omnes. Huzza!

Enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE and LADY LOVERULE.

Lady L. O heaven and earth! what's here within my doors? Is hell broke loose? What troop of fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak!

Sir J. For shame, my dear. As this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

Lady L. I say, meddle with your own affairs; I will govern my own house without your putting in an oar. Shall I ask you leave to correct my own servants?

Sir J. I thought, madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

Lady L. Did I bring a fortune, to be thus abused and snubbed before people? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man? Look to your dogs and horses abroad, but it will be my province to govern here; nor will I be controlled by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

AIR.—SIR JOHN LOVERULE.

*Ye gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her;
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
T' obey your wills, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.*

This it is to be married to a continual tempest: strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally aloft: 'tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady L. Ye filthy scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket it thus, and steal my provisions; I shall be devoured, at this rate.

But. I thought, madam, we might be merry once upon a holyday.

Lady L. Holyday, you popish cur! Is one day more holy than another? And if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. (*Beats him.*) You minx, you impudent flirt! are you jiggling it after an abominable fiddle? (*Lugs Lucy by the ears.*)

Lucy. O lud! she has pull'd off both my ears.

Sir J. Pray, madam, consider your sex and quality: I blush for your behaviour.

Lady L. Consider your incapacity; you shall not instruct me. Who are you, thus muffled, you buzzard? (*She beats them all; Jobson steals by.*)

Job. I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobbler, madam: if your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady L. I'll try thy voice here first, villain. (*Strikes him.*)

Job. Nounz! what a plague, what a devil ails you?

Lady L. O profane wretch! wicked varlet!

Sir J. For shame! your behaviour is monstrous!

Lady L. Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a woman!

*Job. (Sings.) He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel.*

[Exit.]

Lady L. O rogue! scoundrel! villain!

Sir J. Remember modesty.

Lady L. I'll rout you all with a vengeance: I'll spoil your squeaking treble. *(Beats the fiddle about the blind man's head.)*

Fid. O murder! murder!

Sir J. Here, poor fellow, take your staff and be gone; there's money to buy you two such: that's your way.

[Exit Fiddler.]

Lady L. Methinks you are very liberal, sir. Must my estate maintain you in your profuseness?

Sir J. Go up to your closet, pray, and compose your mind.

Lady L. O wicked man! to bid me pray.

Sir J. A man cannot be completely cursed, I see, without marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the benefit of it. *(Knocking at the door.)* Here, where are my servants? Must they be frightened from me? Within there—see who knocks.

Lady L. Within there. Where are my sluts? Ye drahs, ye queans! Lights there.

Re-enter Butler.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten miles off; he practises physic, and is an astrologer; your worship knows him very well; he is a cunning man, makes almanacs, and can help people to their goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to-night.

Lady L. Out of my house, you lewd conjurer, you magician.

Doc. Here's a turn! here's a change! Well, if I have any art, ye shall smart for this. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. You see, friend, I am not master of my own house; therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobbler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be well entertained.

Doc. I thank you, sir; I'm your most humble servant; but as for your lady there, she shall, this night, feel my resentment. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. Come, madam, you and I must have some conference together.

Lady L. Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation, too, in this house, or I'll turn it upside down, I will. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Jobson's house.*

Enter NELL and the Doctor.

Nell. Pray, sir, mend your draught, if you please; you are very welcome, sir.

Doc. Thank you heartily, good woman; and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, sir; I never had my fortune told me in my life.

Doc. Let me behold the lines of your face.

Nell. I'm afraid, sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty work all this day.

Doc. Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not ashamed of it; you shall shew it in greater places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, sir, I shall be mightily ashamed; I want dacency when I come before great folks.

Doc. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare man; heaven be thanked. *(Aside.)*

Doc. To-morrow, before the sun-rise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow? Alack-a-day, sir! how can that be?

Doc. No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? He must me a conjurer! *(Aside.)* Indeed, my husband is somewhat rugged, and, in his cups, will beat me, but it is not much: he's an honest, pains-taking man, and I let him have his way. Pray, sir, take t'other cup of ale.

Doc. I thank you. Believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest woman in the hundred, and ride in your own coach.

Nell. O father! you jeer me.

Doc. By my art, I do not. But mark my words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, sir, I warrant you. O gemini! a coach.

Enter JOBSON.

Job. Where is this quean? Here, Nell! What a plague, are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

Nell. O husband! here's the rarest man—he has told me my fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my fortune too, a lusty pair of horns upon my head. Eh! Is't not so?

Doc. Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'lt be happy—

Job. Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, you cheating, bamboozling villain; must I be cuckolded by such rogues as you are, mackmaticians, and almanac makers?

Nell. Pr'ythee, peace, husband; we shall be rich, and have a coach of our own.

Job. A coach! a cart, a wheelbarrow, you jade. By the mackin, she's drunk, beastly drunk, most confoundedly drunk. Get to bed, you strumpet. *(Beats her.)*

Nell. O mercy on us! is this a taste of my good fortune? Oh, you are the devil of a conjurer, sure enough. *[Exit.]*

Doc. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly rogue.

Job. Out of my house, you villain.

Doc. Farewell, you paltry slave.

Job. Get out, you rogue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*An open Country.*

Enter Doctor.

AIR.

Doc. My little spirits now appear,
Nadir and Abishog draw near;
The time is short, make no delay;
Thou quickly haste and come away:
Nor moon nor stars afford their light,
But all is wrapp'd in gloomy night:
Both men and beast to rest incline,
And all things favour my design.

Spi. (Within.) Say, master, what is to be done?

*Doc. My strict commands be sure attend,
For ere this night shall have an end,
You must this cobbler's wife transform,
And to the knight's the like perform:
With all your most specific charms,
Convey each wife to different arms;
Let the delusion be so strong,
That none may know the right from wrong.*

*Spi. All this we will with care perform
In thunder, lightning, and a storm.*

[*Thunder. Exit Doctor.*]

SCENE V.—*Jobson's House. The bed in view.*

JOBSON discovered at work.

Job. What devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such claps of thunder in my life; I thought my little hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say, Winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

AIR.

*Of all the trades from east to west,
The cobbler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise, who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours;
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours.*

Lady L. (In bed.) Heyday! what impudent ballad-singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep? I'll have you flayed, you rascal.
Job. What a plague, does she talk in her sleep? or is she drunk still?

AIR.

*In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write,
Who wantonly did spend her time
In many a fond delight.
All on a time so sick she was,
And she at length did die;
And then her soul at Paradise
Did knock most mightily.*

Lady L. Why, villain, rascal, screech-owl, who maketh a worse noise than a dog hung in the pales, or a hog in a high wind. Where are all my servants? Somebody come and hamstring this rogue. (Knocks.)

Job. Why, how now, you brazen quean! You must get drunk with the conjurer, must you? I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

Lady L. Monstrous! I can find no hell to ring. Where are my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

Job. Ay, the jade's asleep still; the conjurer told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage. (Sings.)

AIR.

*I will come in spite, she said,
Of all such churls as thee;
Thou art the cause of all our pain,
Our grief and misery,*

*Thou first broke the commandment,
In honour of thy wife:
When Adam heard her say these words,
He ran away for life.*

Lady L. Why, husband! Sir John! will you snfer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir John! what a plague has she knighted me? And my name's Zekel, too; a good jest, faith.

Lady L. Ha! he's gone, he's not in the bed. Heaven, where am I? Foh! what loathsome smells are here? Canvas sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain; a beastly rug, and a flock bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream? What rogue is that? Sirrah! where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing; I never heard such words from her before? If I take my strap to you I'll make you know your husband; I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab.

Lady L. Oh, astonishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah? I'll have you hanged, you rogue; I'm a lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping draught, and conveyed me hither, you dirty varlet?

Job. A sleeping draught! yes, you drunken jade, you had a sleeping draught with a plague to ye. What, has not your lamb's-wool done working yet?

Lady L. Where am I? Where has my villainous husband put me? Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What, does she call her maids, too? The conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady L. He talks of conjurers; sure I am bewitched! Ha! what clothes are here? a linsey-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat; I am removed from my own house by witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? (Horns wind without.)

Job. Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work; come, and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you. What a plague must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

Lady L. Why, sirrah, thou impudent villain! dost thou not know me, you rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough; and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady L. I am Sir John Loverule's lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's lady! No, Nell, not quite so bad neither; that d—d stungy, fanatic w—— plagues every one that comes near her; the whole country curses her.

Lady L. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners. (Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.)

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her, I never had an ill word from her before. Come, strap, I'll try your mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, quean. (He straps her. She flies at him.)

Lady L. I'll pull your throat out; I'll tear out your eyes; I am a lady, sirrah. O murder! murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this. Murder! murder!

Job. Come, hussy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you; you never were so lamb'd since you were an inch long. Take it up, you jade. (She flings it down. He straps her.)

Lady L. Hold! hold! I'll do anything.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady L. What shall I do? I cannot spin. (*Aside.*)

Job. I'll into my stall; 'tis broad day now. (*Works and sings.*) Heyday, I think the jade's brain is turn'd. What, have you forgot to spin, hussy?

Lady L. But I have not forgot to run. I'll even try my feet. I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me. (*She runs out.*)

Job. What, does she run for it? I'll after her. (*He runs out.*)

SCENE VI.—*Sir John Loverule's House.*

NELL discovered in bed.

Nell. What pleasant dreams I have had to-night! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by my side! Ha! bless me! where am I now? What sweets are these? No garden in the spring can equal them. Am I on a bed? The sheets are sarcenet, sure; no linen ever was so fine. What a gay silken robe have I got. O heaven! I dream. Yet, if this be a dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last night, and went to heaven, and this is it.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Now must I awake an alarm that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest; the first greeting I suppose will be jade, or slut. (*Aside.*) Madam! madam!

Nell. O gemini! who's this? What dost say, sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! O lud, sweetheart! The best names I have had these three months from her, have been slut or jade. (*Aside.*) What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! gown and ruffles! Sure I am awake! Oh! I remember the cunning man, now.

Lucy. Did your ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, child; I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a miracle. (*Aside.*)

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Is my lady awake? Have you had her shoe or her slipper at your head yet? (*Apert to Lucy.*)

Lucy. Oh no, I'm overjoyed: she's in the kindest humour! Go to the bed, and speak to her. Now is your time. (*Apert to Lucy.*)

Let. Now's my time! what, to have another tooth beat out? (*Apert.*) Madam.

Nell. What dost say, my dear! O father! What would she have?

Let. What work will your ladyship please to have done to-day.

Nell. Work, child! 'tisholyday; no work to-day.

Let. Oh, mercy! Am I, or thee awake? or do we both dream? Here's a blest change! (*Apert to Lucy.*)

Lucy. If it continues we shall be a happy family. (*Apert to Lettice.*)

Let. Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some garment, I snppose. (*Aside.*) Put it on then, sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, madam? I have taken it off; 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean put it by; I don't care for drinking now

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's commands about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called? (*Aside.*)

Let. Oh, John Cook! you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper. (*Apert to Cook.*)

Cook. What a devil are they all mad? (*Apert to Lettice.*)

Lucy. Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine cook! He looks like one of your gentlefolks. (*Aside.*)—Indeed, honest man, I'm very hungry now; pray get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of milk cheese, and some white bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my head turns round. Honest man! I looked for rogue and rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her diet, as well as her humour. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid, madam, cheese and bacon will sit very heavy on your ladyship's stomach in a morning. If you please, madam, I'll toss you up a white fricassee of chickens in a trice, madam; or what does your ladyship think of a veal sweetbread?

Nell. Even what you will, good cook.

Cook. Good cook! good cook! Ah! 'tis a sweet lady. (*Apert.*)

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiss me, chip, I am out of my wits. We have the kindest, sweetest lady. (*Apert to the Butler.*)

But. You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits, all of ye; the maids look merrily, too. (*Apert to Cook.*)

Lucy. Here's the butler, madam, to know your ladyship's orders.

Nell. Oh! pray, Mr. Butler, let me have some small beer when my breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! I shall be turned into stone with amazement. (*Aside.*) Would not your ladyship rather have a glass of Frontinac, or Monte-pulchianco.

Nell. O dear! what hard names are there; but I must not betray myself. (*Aside.*) Well, which you please, Mr. Butler!

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am. (*Apert to Coachman.*)

Coach. The cook has been making his game I know not how long. What, do you banter, too? (*Apert to Butler.*)

Lucy. Madam, the coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your ladyship goes out to-day, and which you'll have, the coach or chariot.

Nell. Good lack-a-day! I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

Coach. The sky will fall, that's certain.

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well-pleased they all seem to wait upon me! Oh, notable cunning man! My head turns round! I am quite giddy with my own happiness. [*Exit.*]

AIR.

*Though late I was a cobbler's wife,
In cottage most obscure-a,
In plain stuff gown, and short-ear'd coif,
Hard labour did endure-a.*

*The scene is chang'd, I am alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
And from all bear the bell-a.* [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE, meeting his Servants.

But. Oh, sir! here's the rarest news!

Lucy. There never was the like, sir! You'll be overjoyed and amazed!

Sir J. What, are ye mad? What's the matter with ye? How now? here's a new face in my family! What's the meaning of all this?

But. Oh, sir! the family's turned upside down! We are almost distracted; the happiest people!

Lucy. Av, my lady, sir; my lady—

Sir J. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! heaven forbid! O! she's the best woman; the sweetest lady!

Sir J. This is astonishing! I must go and inquire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, sir, upon my honour. Long live Sir John and my lady! Huzza! [Exeunt.

Re-enter NELL.

Nell. I well remember the cunning man warned me to bear all out with confidence, or worse, he said, would follow. I am ashamed, and know not what to do with all this ceremony! I am amazed, and out of my senses! I looked in the glass, and saw a gay, fine thing I knew not! Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves; whilst poor folks' glasses represent them even just as they are.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Oh, madam! here's my master just returned from hunting.

Re-enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE.

Nell. O gemini! this fine gentleman my husband! [Aside.)

Sir J. My dear, I am overjoyed to see my family thus transported with ecstasy, which you occasioned.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction.

Sir J. By heaven, I am charmed! Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real? May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest. [Kneels.)

Sir J. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed.

DUETT.—SIR JOHN LOVERULE and NELL.

Sir J. Was ever man possess'd of
So sweet, so kind a wife?

Nell. Dear sir, you make me proud.
Be you but kind,
And you shall find
All the good I can boast of,
Shall end but with my life.

Sir J. Give me thy lips.

Nell. First let me, dear sir, wipe 'em.

Sir J. Was ever so sweet a wife? (Kisses her.)

Nell. Thank you, dear sir.
I vow and protest
I ne'er was so kiss'd.
Again, sir!

Sir J. Again, and again, my dearest;
O may it last for life!
What joy thus to enfold thee!

Nell. What pleasure to behold thee!
Inclin'd again to kiss!

Sir J. How ravishing the bliss!

Nell. I little thought this morning
'Twould ever come to this. [Exeunt.

Enter LADY LOVERULE.

Lady L. Here's a fine rout and rioting! You sirrah, butler, you rogue!

But. Why, how now? Who are you?

Lady L. Impudent varlet! don't you know your lady?

But. Lady! Here, turn this mad-woman out o' doors.

Lady L. You rascal; take that, sirrah. (Fling a glass at him.)

Foot. Have a care, hussy; there's a good pump without; we shall cool your courage for you.

Lady L. You, Lucy, have you forgot me, too you minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, woman! Why, I never remember'd you; I never saw you before in my life.

Lady L. Oh, the wicked slut! I'll give you cause to remember me; I will, hussy. (Pulls her head clothes off.)

Lucy. Murder! murder! help!

Re-enter SIR JOHN LOVERULE and NELL.

Sir J. How now? What uproar's this?

Lady L. You, Lettice, you slut! won't you know me neither? (Strikes her.)

Let. Help! help!

Sir J. What's to do there?

But. Why, sir, here's a mad woman call herself my lady, and is beating and cuffing us a round.

Sir J. Thou my wife? poor creature, I pit thee. I never saw thee before. (To Lady Loverule.)

Lady L. Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee, thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

Nell. How am I amazed! Can that be I there, in my clothes, that have made all this disturbance and yet, I am here to my thinking, in these fine clothes. How can this be? I am so confounded

and affrighted, that I begin to think I was with Zekel Jobson again. (*Aside.*)

Lady L. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heaven! what do I see? Is not that I yonder, in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be at two places at once.

Sir J. Poor wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady L. What, in the devil's name, was I here before I came? let me look in the glass. Oh, heavens! I am astonished! I don't know myself! If this be I that the glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir J. What incoherent madness is this?

Enter JOBSON.

Lady L. There, that's the devil in my likeness, who has robb'd me of my countenance.—He here, too?

Job. Ay, hussy; and here's my strap, you quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my husband will beat me! that man on t'other side the room there.

Job. I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjurer last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady Loverule.

Sir J. Poor woman! take care of her; do not hurt her; she may be cured of this.

Job. Yes, and please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir J. What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness, too?

Nell. I am not well; pray lead me in.

[*Exeunt Nell and Maids.*]

Job. I beseech your worship don't take it ill of me; she shall never trouble you more.

Sir J. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady L. What will become of me?

[*Exeunt Jobson and Lady Loverule.*]

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who called here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you, upon very earnest business.

Sir J. What can this mean? bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Lo! on my knees, sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

Sir J. What mean you?

Doc. I have exercised my magic art upon your lady; I know you have too much honour to take away my life, since I might still have concealed it, had I pleased.

Sir J. You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great to bear. Is all my happiness, then, turned into vision only?

Doc. Sir, I beg you, fear not: if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir J. Inform me what you have done.

Doc. I have transformed your lady's face, so that she seems the cobbler's wife, and have charmed her face into the likeness of my lady's: and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits conveyed them to each other's bed.

Sir J. Oh, wretch, thou hast undone me! I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and must still be cursed with a tempestuous wife, a fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doc. If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

Sir J. Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you, if you do not end the charm this instant.

Doc. I will, this minute, sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life: I can assure you your lady will prove the better for it.

Sir J. Hold, there's one material circumstance I'd know.

Doc. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir J. Perhaps the cobbler has—you understand me?

Doc. I do assure you, no; for e'er she was conveyed to his bed, the cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since; and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute: here he comes.

Re-enter JOBSON.

Sir J. So, Jobson, where's your wife?

Job. And please your worship she's here at the door; but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps, did the business at last. Here, where are you hussy?

Re-enter LADY LOVERULE.

But. (*Holds up the candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.*) O heaven and earth! is this my lady?

Job. What does he say? My wife changed to my lady?

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our lady.

Lady L. Sir, you are the person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of wives in every thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty and observance of your will.

Sir J. Rise, madam; I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world without you could do.

Job. What a plague! am I to lose my wife thus?

Re-enter LUCY and LETTICE.

Lucy. Oh, sir, the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us! My lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Lett. And when she came to herself, she proved another woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! A bull! a bull!

Re-enter NELL.

Nell. My head turns round; I must go home. O, Zekel, are you there?

Job. O lud! is that fine lady my wife? Egad, I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir J. This is a happy change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaimed for my late short-lived vision.

Lady L. To me 'tis the happiest day I ever knew.

Sir J. Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife.

Job. But one word, sir—Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose?

Sir J. No, upon my honour, nor ever kissed her lips till I came from hunting; but since she has been the means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds with her, to buy a stock of leather.

Job. Brave boys! I'm a prince—the prince of cobblers! Come hither and kiss me, Nell; I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream that I'm quite weary of it. Forsooth, madam, will you please to take your clothes, and let me have mine again. (*To Lady Loverule.*)

Job. Hold your tongue, you fool, they'll serve you to go to church. (*Apart to Nell.*)

Lady L. No; thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as relics.

Job. And can your ladyship forgive my strapping your honour so very much?

Lady L. Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets all things right again.

Sir J. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but joy and pleasure.

AIR.

Lady L. *Let ev'ry face with smiles appear,
Be joy in ev'ry breast,
Since from a life of pain and care,
We now are truly blest.*

Sir J. *May no remembrance of past time
Our present pleasures soil;
Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,
And sporting all our toil.*

Job. *I hope you'll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold:
Nought but the devil, and this good strap,
Could ever tame a scold.*

[*Exeunt.*]

THE LYING VALET;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY D. GARRICK.



Act II. Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GAYLESS
SHARP
JUSTICE GUTTLE

BEAU TRIPPET
DRUNKEN COOK
MELISSA

MRS. GADABOUT
MRS. TRIPPET
KITTY PRY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Gayless's Lodgings.*

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Sharp. How, sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present condition: all your money spent, your moveables sold, your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer. But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, on my conscience, I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse all old bachelors and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great an uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it. What! because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must sir, or abandon me: so, pray discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too; and you know very well, that honour of your's will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat. Do gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Pr'ythee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. Why, you must certainly be a very great philosopher, sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, sirrah.

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, sir. But, to be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune, and out-lived your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify. Your father has disowned you; all your friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven! knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squandered away, make a good husband, and turn economist, you still may be happy—may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady, too, no loser by the bargain. There's reason and argument, sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray, then, convince me of that, sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undressed me from top to toe, she must begin with you, and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me; so, sir, wishing you much comfort and con-

solation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starved friend and servant. (*Going.*)

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me?

Sharp. I must eat, sir; by my honour and appetite, I must.

Gay. Well, then, I am resolved to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure—

[*present.*]

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at *Gay.* (*A knocking without.*) Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favoured you with money at fifty per cent, and helped you to spend it, and are now become daily mementos to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following the wenches, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence! To the door. If they are duns, tell them my marriage is now certainly fixed, and persuade them still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret, for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, sir; they still have so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gay. And, do you hear, Sharp? if it should be anybody from Melissa, say I am not at home; lest the bad appearance we make here should make them suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, sir; but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chap-fallen countenance. [*Exit.*]

Gay. These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and professed the greatest friendship.

Sharp. (*Without.*) Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty. (*Without.*) Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him.

Gay. Ha! what do I hear? Melissa's maid! What has brought her here? My poverty has made her my enemy, too! She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there without fees—She's coming up stairs—What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit.*]

Enter SHARP and KITTY.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know, too, Mr. Impertinence.

Sharp. Not of me, you won't. (*Aside.*) He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

Kit. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress, Melissa: you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl.

Kit. Not if I can help it. (*Aside.*) But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kit. Why, I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it, too: for instance, now, your master will get a good fortune; that's what I'm afraid he wants: my mistress will get a husband; that's what she has wanted for some time; you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant. But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the match: for, was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kit. You'd marry if you could, and mend it: ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Sharp. Lie! lie! why, it lies—Faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many. His

effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kit. Scattered, scattered, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? you seem to be a little bare here at present.

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fixed, my master ordered me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kit. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is! (*Aside.*)

Kit. She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more!

Kit. No more: and she ordered me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh! never fear.

Kit. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! (*Aside.*)

Kit. And what do you think I have done of my

Sharp. What? [*own head.*]

Kit. I have invited all my Lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: (*affecting to dance*) won't your master be surprised?

Sharp. Much so, indeed.

Kit. Well, be quick, and find out your master and make what haste you can with your preparations: you have no time to lose. Pr'ythee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. O, my unfortunate face! (*Aside.*) I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I'm as full of vigour hussy—(*offers to kiss her.*)

Kit. What, with that face? Well, bye, bye. (*Going.*) Oh! Sharp, what ill-looking fellows were those standing about your door when I came in! They want your master, too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum! Yes, they are waiting for him. They are some of his tenants out of the country that want to pay him some money.

Kit. Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They chose it: as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kit. Well, I must run home; farewell. But do you hear? get something substantial for us in the kitchen; a ham, a turkey, or what you will. We'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there, too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French dishes; tal, la! la! (*They dance a minuet step or two.*) Well, adieu! Without any compliment, shall die if I don't see you soon. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray heaven you may.

Enter GAYLESS.

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone.

Sharp. That's no news to me.

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers; ten or dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit; my Lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates a appetite; and I am sure, of late, I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Cursed misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy.

except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances; and has invented this scheme to distress me, and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No? Why did her maid then make so strict an inquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons: the first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding. [at stake?

Gay. Pr'ythee, be more serious: is not our all

Sharp. Yes, sir; and yet, that all of our's is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much share of uneasiness. However, sir, I'll convince you, in half an hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what, too, sir, she sha'n't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, sir! Warm, warm; and delays will cool it: therefore, I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

*Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,
Whose head can plan, and front can execute.*
I am the man; and I hope you neither dispute in friendship nor qualifications.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Pr'ythee, be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Melissa's Lodgings.*

Enter MELISSA and KITTY.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! The master not at home; the man in confusion; no furniture in the house; and ill-looking fellows about the doors. 'Tis all a riddle.

Kit. But very easy to be explained.

Mel. Pr'ythee, explain it, then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Kit. The affair is this, madam: Mr. Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kit. But I know they are all base.—You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young, too, but have had more experience; you never was in love before; I have been in love with an hundred, and tried them all; and know them to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with may answer the character you give them; but Mr. Gayless—

Kit. Is a man, madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kit. With all my heart. I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh! madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension; ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kit. Of his poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh! there the shoe pinches! [Aside.]

Kit. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper, with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect, when a man is

deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another. [Knocking without.]

Mel. See who's at the door. [Exit Kitty.] I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: her bad opinion of Mr. Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.

Enter KITTY and SHARP.

So, Sharp, have you found your master? Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, madam. I have just now bespoke the music and supper, and wait now for your ladyship's farther commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know, I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea and play at cards before we dance.

Kit. So shall I and my company, Mr. Sharp. [Aside.]

Sharp. Mighty well, madam! [Aside.]

Mel. Pr'ythee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kit. Mr. Sharp, madam, is of a very hot constitution. Ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. [Sighing.]

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, madam; I beseech you don't: let us change the subject.

Kit. Insist upon knowing it, madam. My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. [Aside.]

Mel. I do insist upon knowing: on pain of my displeasure, tell me.

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, madam, indeed. [shall.]

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, he never

Sharp. But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter. [Pointing to Kitty.] [say.]

Kit. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for anything you can

Mel. I engage for her. [you.]

Sharp. Why, then, in short, madam—I cannot tell

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, madam, I

lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation!

Sharp. I will assure you, madam, I've suffered very much in defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Pr'ythee explain.

Sharp. In short, madam, you was seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my master.

Kit. What, your property, jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this!

Sharp. Why, madam, as I came out but now to make preparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs. Pryabout, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me: "Hearkee, fellow," says she, "do you and your modest master know, that my husband shall indict your house at the next parish meeting, for a nuisance?"

Mel. A nuisance!

Sharp. I said so—a nuisance! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master, as is really the case. "Decency and regularity!" cried she with a sneer, "why, sirrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? and did not he bring in a certain lady such a day?" describing you, madam. "And did not I see—"

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! why, I told her, I was sure she lied: for, "D—n it!" said I, (I could not

help swearing,) I am so well convinced of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtain."

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her error and impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names; upon which, out bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, that being half delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! What did you confess?—

Sharp. That my master loved intriguing; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was a go-between, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kit. A go-between! a go-between! Do I look like a go-between, madam? (*Retires.*)

Sharp. And so, madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you joined to make me infamous!

Sharp. For heaven's sake, madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, (*showing his head plastered*) that I would have given up all the reputations in the kingdom rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be revenged. And did not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! no madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attorneys in town by this time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my impudence be praised! (*Aside.*)

Kit. Why not, madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh the devil! ruined again! (*Aside.*)—To be sure, face them by all means, madam—they can but be abusive, and break the windows a little; besides, madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you. I have a fine blunderbuss, charged with half a hundred slugs, and my master has a delicate large Swiss broad sword; and between us madam, we shall so pepper and slice them, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kit. Don't fear, madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concerned.

Mel. Persuade me ever so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kit. Why, then, I'll tell you what, madam; since you are resolved not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was to come to you. 'Tis a great pity such preparations as Mr. Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs. Kitty. But I can immediately run back, and unbespeak what I have ordered; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to your master? he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly so!—But I have it—I'll tell him you are very much indisposed, that you were suddenly taken with the vapours, or qualms, or what you please, madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help your invention. (*Retires with Kitty.*)

Sharp. Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I had anything to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, outlie her chamber-maid, and yet be paid for thy honesty! But my joy will discover me.—(*Aside.*)—Madam, you have eternally fixed Timothy Sharp, your most obedient humble servant. Oh the delights of impudence and a good understanding! [*Exit.*]

Kit. Ha, ha, ha! was there ever such a lying

varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords, his attorneys and broken heads, and nonsense? Well, madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do: but I find you are resolved to give me none.

Kit. Madam!

Mel. I see through your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayless in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kit. Pay, me, madam! I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when I believe 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! he's a gentleman, and a man of honour, and you are—

Kit. Not in love, I thank heaven! (*Curtsying.*)

Mel. You are a fool. [*now.*]

Kit. I have been in love; but I am much wiser

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kit. That's the severest thing she has said yet. (*Aside.*)

Mel. Leave me.

Kit. Oh this love, this love is the devil! [*Exit.*]

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put them upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers. Sharp's behaviour, though I seemed to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions! and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

Enter KITTY.

Kit. May I speak, madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool. What do you want?

Kit. There is a servant just come out of the country, says he belongs to Sir William Gayless, and has got a letter for you from his master upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless? What can this mean! where's the man?

Kit. In the little parlour, madam.

Mel. I'll go to him—my heart flutters strangely. [*Exit.*]

Kit. Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless; nay, were she as well convinced of his poverty as I am, she'd have him. A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratafia; when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Gayless's Lodgings.*

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Gay. Pr'ythee be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, sir. But in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her, we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, sir,—at that instant a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion! have you betrayed me, villain? Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't

hear reason: my melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes, and desires never to see your face again; and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea. (*Shows the money.*)

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world! Well, well, then, to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes. (*Puts up the money.*)

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal?

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laughed at? Ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, sir, dispute the success of my negotiations; when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known, in an hour's time, whether you was a fish or a man. [*ing me?*]

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling?

Sharp. A downright lie from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, sir, but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern that her indisposition has debarred you the pleasure of her company here to-night: you need know no more; away. [*maid again.*]

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her

Sharp. The devil she is; I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure, while she lives, I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Your door was open; so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly ill.

Kit. Vapours, vapours, only, sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but, I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter. Sharp shall go to be rest of the company, and let them know 'tis out off.

Kit. Not for the world, sir: my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her and the rest of the company; so, she is resolved, though he can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment; she's very good natured.

Sharp. I had better run and let 'em know 'tis deferred. (*Going.*)

Kit. (*Stopping him.*) I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here: so, pray don't be under any apprehensions that your reparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy anything at present, and she not partake of it.

Kit. O, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs. Gadabout, and

the rest of the company, will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coach-full of them. (*Retires.*)

Sharp. Then my master must be ruined, in spite of my parts. (*Aside.*)

Gay. (*Aside to Sharp.*) 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take them into the captain's that lodges here, and set them down to cards; if he should come in the meantime, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with them. Pray Mr. Gayless, don't order too many things; they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, sir, let me entreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose; while Mr. Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may employed within. If you'll lend me the keys of your sideboard (*to Sharp*) I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it's disposed of already. (*Knocking.*)

Kit. Bless me, the company's come; I'll go to the door, and conduct them into your presence. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. If you'd conduct them into a horse-pond, and wait on them there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this.

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety; and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter MRS. GADABOUT, MR. GUTTLE, MR. TRIPPET, and MRS. TRIPPET.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr. Gayless! (*Kisses him.*)

Gay. My dear widow! (*Kisses her.*)

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr. Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life. (*Aside.*)

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you; and I protest I have been all about the town to get the little I have—Mr. Guttle, sir, Mr. Gayless—Mr. Gayless, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh, destruction! one of the quorum. (*Aside.*)

Gut. Hem! Though I had not the honour of any personal knowledge of you, yet, at the instigation of Mrs. Gadabout, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, thrown aside all ceremony to let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, though I cannot answer you with the same elocution, however, sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

Kit. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr. Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot, Mr. Gayless; my nephew, whom you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so, I left word to send him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me honour, madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies choose cards or supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the fellow mean? (*Aside.*)

Gut. Oh, the supper, by all means; for I have eat nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I since last Monday was a fortnight. (*Aside.*)

Gay. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music,

Sharp. Well said, master.

Gad. Without ceremony, ladies.

[*Exeunt, all but Kitty, Sharp, and Guttie.*]

Kit. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Gut. Pray, Mr. What's-your-name, don't be long with supper; but, harkye, what can I do in the meantime! Suppose, you get me a pipe and some good wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or, suppose, sir, you was to take a nap till then; there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Gut. The best thing in the world; I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me when supper is ready. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. Pray heaven you may not wake till then. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set them down to cards; and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for your's. Suppose, sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the villainy of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable.

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion; a very common death among the justices.

Gay. Pr'ythee, be serious: we have no time to lose. Can you invent nothing to drive them out of Sharps. I can fire it. [*the house?*]

Gay. Shame and confusion so to perplex me; I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gadabout say her nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company; if I don't send them out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience; away to your company, sir. [*Exit Gayless.*] Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you; now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind, whimsical jade they take you for; but let them see, by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes entitled to your favour and protection. So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lie. (*Goes aside, and cries out.*) Help, help, master! help, gentlemen, ladies!—Murder, fire, brimstone!—Help, help, help!

Enter MR. GAYLESS and the Ladies, with cards in their hands. SHARP pretends to enter running, and meets them.

Gay. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, sir? If you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murdered. I am sure it was he; he was set upon at the corner of the street by four; he has killed two; and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Gad. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! This frolic of her's may be fatal. (*Aside.*)

Gay. Draw, sir, and follow me. [*Exit with Gad.*]

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into needless quarrels.

Mrs. Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr. Tripper if you draw. [*Exeunt.*]

Sharp. Curse the justice, I must rouse him! (*Knocks.*) Fire! Fire! Fire!

Enter GUTTLE, disordered, as from sleep.

Gut. What noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murdered in the street.

Gut. Is that all? Zounds! I was afraid you had thrown the supper down. A plague of your noise! I sha'n't recover my stomach this half hour.

Enter GAYLESS and GADABOUT, with MELISSA in boy's clothes, dressed in the French manner.

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt.

Mel. A little with riding post only. [*sure*]

Gad. Mr. Sharp alarmed us all with an account of your being set upon by four men; that you had killed two, and was attacking the other when he came away; and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small rencontre with half a dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their heels. I believe I scratched some of them. (*Laying her hand to her sword.*)

Gad. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr. Gayless. Sir, this is my nephew.

Gay. (*Saluting her.*) Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Gut. Pray, sir, what news in France?

Mel. Faith, sir, very little that I know of in the political way: I had no time to spend among the politicians. I was—

Gay. Among the ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much, indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy enough to resist their solicitations; you take me. (*Aside to Gayless.*)

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop. 'Sdeath! this puppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery. (*Aside to Sharp.*)

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what shifts is he reduced! I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition; I shall discover myself. (*Aside to Gadabout.*)

Gad. Not before the end of the play; beside the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my heart.

Mel. Allons donc. (*As the company go on. Sharp pulls Melissa by the sleeve.*)

Sharp. Sir, sir! Shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray, did you find a bank-note in your wallet?

Mel. What, between here and Dover, do you mean?

Sharp. No, sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you. I'll tell you, sir: a little while ago, your master sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of, d—e, sir, and clashing of swords, a rascal, and murder, I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one: and, having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you, so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character.

Mel. Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, sir, you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with your master; but I've heard he's a very good-natured man.

Sharp. I have heard so, too; but I have felt it otherwise: he has so much good-nature, that if I could compound for one broken head a-day I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Lookye, sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you: see here, sir; (*shews his head*) these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

Mel. Matchless impudence! (*Aside.*) Why do you live with him, then, after such usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money; and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a-day, he's very free, and will give me anything; but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married, then?

Sharp. To-morrow, sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour, and something else, too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. D—, sir; but mum; you must know his entertainment was designed for madam to-night, but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone, too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed, violently; here, here, sir. (*Pointing to his head.*)

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. (*Aside.*) Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, an't please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex; but to return, sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprised, you who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour will lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it—

Mel. Somebody's at the door. (*Knocking.*)

Sharp. I can give very good security.

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr.— (*Knocking.*)

Sharp. Ten pounds will do.

Mel. *Allez vous en.* (*Knocking.*)

Sharp. Five, sir.

Mel. *Je ne puis pas.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas!* I find we shan't understand one another. I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement. [*Exit.*]

Enter SHARP, before several persons with dishes in their hands, and a Cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! (*Aside.*) This way, gentlemen; this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr. Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: what, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you! Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes, upon my honour, Mr. Cook; the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's. (*Aside, drawing in a table from an upper entrance.*) Come, come, my boys, be quick; the company begin to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no friend of your's; so I desire less familiarity. Lick-spit, too!

Enter GAYLESS, who stares.

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is so offensive, I can easily have it removed. (*Aside to Gayless.*)

Gay. Pr'ythee, explain thyself, Sharp. (*Aside.*)

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here: however, sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business. (*Aside to Gayless.*)

Gay. Hold, hold! necessity obliges me, against my inclination, to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expense.

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

Sharp. Ay; and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him, then. Sir, I have, according to your commands, dressed as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, sir; 'tis paid for. (*Aside to Gayless.*)

Gay. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr. Cook; and I'm obliged to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman; and if you would but look over the bill, and approve it, (*pulls out a bill*) you will over and above return the obligation.

Sharp. Oh, the devil!

Gay. (*Looking on the bill.*) Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him the trouble, and take it with me sir; I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Ha!

Sharp. Then you won't have our custom. (*Aside.*) My master is busy now, friend; do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow; so, d'ye hear—

Enter MELISSA.

Gay. Pr'ythee, be advised; 'sdeath, I shall be discovered. (*Takes the Cook aside.*)

Mel. (*To Sharp.*) What's the matter?

Sharp. The cook has not quite answered my master's expectations about the supper, sir, and he's a little angry at him; that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy, a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken fool say?

Cook. That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow; and, and—

Sharp. (*Runs and stops his mouth.*) Hold, hold! what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names. Don't be abusive, Cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you: pray, be pacified; you are in liquor.

Cook. I will have my—

Sharp. (*Holding still.*) Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman; he's a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you. Pray, good sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another. You'll repent this, when you are sober, friend. Pray, sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gay. Pray, sir, walk in. He's below your anger.

Mel. D—n the rascal! What does he mean by affronting me? Let the scoundrel go; I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best

reformer of manners in the universe. (*Draws his sword.*) Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so; you have done finely now. Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome man in all England. Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you. Make your escape, you fool.

Cook. I won't. Eat me! he'll find me d—d hard of digestion though—

Sharp. Pr'ythee, come here; let me speak with you. (*They walk aside.*)

Enter KITTY.

Kit. Gad's me! is supper on table already? Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she, indeed? Bless me! I did not expect—but, however—*Sharp!* (*Retires.*)

Kit. What success, madam? (*Aside to Melissa.*)

Mel. As we could wish, girl! but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out any longer. (*Retires.*)

Sharp. I have pacified the cook; and, if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet: you may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you; about it straight, sir.

Gay. Sir, sir—(*to Melissa*)—I beg to speak a word with you: my servant, sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive; my banker is shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh, sir, with all my heart; (*taking out her purse*) and, as I have a small favour to beg of you, sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, sir?

Mel. You are to be married, I hear, to Melissa.

Gay. To-morrow, sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small favour, sir?

Mel. A mere trifle, sir. Breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckoned trifles now-a-day; and smart young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of fashion.

Gay. But pray, sir, how are you concerned in this affair?

Mel. Oh, sir, you must know I have a very great regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me; and, by the by, I have the most despicable opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, sir, and give yourself airs. D—e, sir, I shall be through your body else in the snapping of a finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain! (*Draws and makes a pass at Melissa.*)

Kit. Hold, hold! murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah! her mistress! (*Drops his sword.*)

Sharp. How! Melissa? Nay, then, drive away cart; all's over now.

Enter all the Company, laughing.

Gad. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. (*Comes down on Sharp, who is in the corner*) Your humble servant, good Mr. Politician! (*2 Sharp.*) This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, scheme general and redoubted 'squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer, Charles Gayless, Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! the dismal face, and more dismal head of your! (*Strikes Sharp upon the head.*)

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. O, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon woman, and one that loved you, too. [*sities.*]

Gay. Oh, most unpardonable! But, my niece

Sharp. And mine, madam, were not to be matched I'm sure, o' this side starving.

Mel. Your necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real contrition, are too powerful motives not to affect the breast already prejudiced in your favour. You have suffered too much already for your extravagance; and, as I take part in your suffering 'tis easing myself to relieve you: know, therefore all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. Oh, Melissa! this is too much. Thus I shew my thanks and gratitude, (*kneeling, she raises him*) for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kit. I have been, sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant; and I hope, sir, a former enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. Pry! I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

Sharp. Well, then, madam, since my master has vouchsafed pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you will not deny it to his footman Timothy

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, madam; and, among the rest, insinuating that your ladyship would—

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive anything Sharp, that was designed for the service of your master: and, if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability, we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with its inconveniences. What say you, Kitty?

Kit. Do you hear, Sharp; before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild, impetuous sallies of my youth are now blown over, and most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds

*Thus Ætna's flames the verdant earth consume,
But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom;
So virtuous love affords us springing joy,
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.*

[*Exeunt*]

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MRS. COWLEY.



Act I. Scene 3.

DOILEY
SANDFORD

GRANGUS
GRANGER

ELIZABETH
CHARLOTTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter GRANGER meeting SANDFORD.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate. I wrote to you last night, in Devonshire, to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter-carrier and I jostled each other at two o'clock on this side Hounslow. My d—d postilion, nodding, I suppose, in his dreams, over the charms of some Greasalinda, run against the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel, and I was forced to mount his one-eyed hack; and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negociation with your brother ended? Will he put you into a situation to—

Grang. Yes, to take a heat with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commission in the East Indies: and, you know, every body grows rich there; and then, you know, you're a soldier, you can fight. (*In a tone of mimicry.*)

Sand. Well, what answer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight, (*mimicking*) but I can't grow rich on the smell of gunpowder. Your true East India soldier is of a different genus from those who strewed Minden with Frenchmen, and must have as great a fecundity of character as a Dutch burgo-master. Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade: he must be as expert at fractions as at assaults: to day mowing down ranks of soft beings, just risen from their embroidery: to-morrow selling pepper and beetle-nuts: this hour, a son of Mars, striding over heaps of slain; the next, an auctioneer, knocking down shiats and calico to the best bidder.

Sand. And thus your negociation ended?

Grang. Except that I was obliged to listen to

some very wise dissertation about 'running out,' as he calls it. Five thousand—enough for any younger son, but a prodigal. (*Mimicking.*) Really Sandford, I can't see how I can help it. Jack Spiller, to be sure, had twelve hundred: the poor fellow was honest; but he married a fine lady, so died insolvent. I had a few more accidents of the same kind; my captaincy cost a thousand; and the necessary expenses of my campaign, with the distresses of my fellow-soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honour to five thousand a year, thou art not worth five shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai.* Should my affairs with Elizabeth be crossed, I am the most undone dog on earth.

Sand. Now tell me honestly, is it Elizabeth or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. Why, lookye, Sandford; I am not one of those sighing milkops, who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge and help my wife to knit stockings; but, on the word of a soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with twenty thousand pounds, than any other woman on earth with a hundred thousand.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But do you know that Elizabeth's father has taken the liberty to choose a son-in-law without your permission?

Grang. Ha! a lover! That, then, is the secret she hinted, and which brought me so hastily to town. Who—what is he?

Sand. Everything that you are not.

Grang. Psha! there is such a mixture of jest and earnest—

Sand. Upon my soul, 'tis confoundedly serious. Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am

in the secrets of the whole family; and, for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, citizen and sloop-seller. In a word, the father consults me, the daughter complains to me, and the cousin romps with me. Can my importance be increased?

Grang. My dear Sandford! the lover! (*Impatiently.*)

Sand. My dear Granger! The sum total is this: Old Doiley, bred, you know, in a charity-school, swears he'll have a man of 'larning' for his son. His caprice makes him regardless of fortune; but Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his fingers' ends, and be able to teach his grandson to sputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write odes in Chaldee, if that will content him: but, may I perish, if all the pedants in England, with the Universities to back 'em, shall rob me of my Elizabeth! See here, (*producing a letter*) an invitation from her own dear hand. This morning—this very hour—in a moment I shall be at her feet. (*Going.*) Go with me through the Park. Oh, no, I cry you mercy; you walk, but I fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An Apartment at Mr. Doiley's.

MR. and MISS DOILEY at breakfast. A Servant waiting.

Doil. Here, take away, take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody, but to Mr. Gradus.

Serv. The formal gentleman that was here last night, sir?

Doil. Yes, (*snappishly*) the gentleman that was here last night. [*Exit Serv.*] What, I see you are resolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth. I never saw you so tricked out in a morning before. But he isn't none of your chaps that's to be caught with a mountain-head, nor knots, nor gew-gaws. No, no; you must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now, when he's with you. You've a confounded knack at laughing; and there's nothing so odious, in the eyes of a wise man, as a great laugher.

Miss D. Oh! his idea is as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics. I wish I had seen him last night, with all the rust of Oxford about him; he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth.

Doil. How? What? a provocative to mirth! Why, why, hussy, he was recommended to me by an antiky doctor of the Royal Society. He has finished his larning some time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropshire. Not he; he sticks to Al Mater; and the College-heads have been laid together many a time to know whether he shall be a great judge, a larned physician, or a civility doctor.

Miss D. Nay, then, sir, if he's all this, laughing will be irresistible.

Doil. Don't put me in a passion, Betty; don't go for to put me in a passion. What, would you have a man with an eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? And hopping and skipping about like a Dutch doll with quicksilver in its heels? If you must have a husband of that sort, so be it, so be it; you know the rest.

Miss D. Surely, sir, 'tis possible for a man who does not move as if cut in wood, or speak as though he delivered his words by tale, to have breeding, and to—

Doil. May be, may be; but your man of breeding is not fit for old Doiley's son. What! shall I go for to give the labour of thirty years to a young jack-anapes, who'll come into the room with a dancing-school step, and prate of his grandfather Sir Thomas, his great-grandfather the general, and his great-great-grandfather, merely because I can't tell whether I ever had one or no?

Miss D. I hope, sir, that such a man could never engage my—

Doil. Psha! psha! you can't pretend for to judge of a man: all hypocrites and deceivers.

Miss D. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, he! He's very different from your men of breeding, I assure you: the most extraordinary youth that was ever turned out of college. None of your randans, up all night; not drinking and wenching. No, in his room, poring and reading, and reading and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love larning. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a boy; and if thou hadst been a boy, thou shouldst have had Greek, and algebra, and jometry, enough for an archbishop.

Miss D. I am sorry—

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry; be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know, I doat on you, you young slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you. Haven't I carried you to Bath, Brummigem, and Warley Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudges you no expense, nor no pleasure whatsoever.

Miss D. Indeed, sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well, then, don't thwart me, Betty; don't go for to thwart me, that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your father of a son, 'tis your duty to give him a wise son-in-law, to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mrs. Taffety, the mantua-maker, is in your dressing-room, ma'am.

Doil. Then send her away: she hasn't no time now for Mrs. Taffety.

Miss D. Ay, send her away, Charlotte. What does she want? I didn't send for her.

Char. Bless me! 'tis the Captain. (*Apert.*)

Miss D. Oh, heavens! (*Aside.*) Yes, I do remember—ay, I did—I did send for her about the painted lutestring.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

Char. Lord bless me, sir! I dare say she can't come again to-morrow. Such mantua-makers as Mrs. Taffety won't wait half-a-dozen times on people. Why, sir, she comes to her customers in a chair of her own; and her footman beats a tattoo at the door as if she was a countess.

Doil. A mantua-maker with her footman and chair! O lud! O lud! I should as soon have expected a duchess in a wheel-barrow.

Miss D. Pray, sir, allow me just to step and speak to her. It is the sweetest gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charmed with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing slut! [*Exeunt Miss D. and Char.*] Where the devil can Gradus be now? Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry. If I'd pitched upon your man of breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago: sipped his jocklate, kissed Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench to divert her with charactures of the old fellow and his daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these puppies, I'd spend 'em all in building hospitals for lazy lacqueys and decayed pimps. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Dressing-room.

MISS DOILEY and GRANGER.

Miss D. A truce to your transports! Perhaps am too much inclined to believe all you can swear but this must be a moment of business. To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that—

Gran. Anything,—everything. I'll have a chair at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has settled his address.

Miss D. Pho! pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my father shall give me to you at St. James's church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss D. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust to it, my angel. Beauty can work miracles with all mankind; but an obstinate father—

Miss D. It is you who must work the miracle. I have settled the whole affair with my cousin, who has understanding and wit; and you have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient. Pray give me my lesson.

Miss D. Why, luckily, you know my father has never seen you: he left Bath before you had the sauciness—

Enter CHARLOTTE, with a bundle.

Char. There! you're finely caught! Here's your father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the stairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! Where's the closet?

Miss D. O lord! here's no closet: I shall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs? No clothes-press?

Char. Neither, neither. But here; I'm your guardian angel: (*untying the bundle*) I told 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; so, without more ceremony, slap on these: speak broken English, and, my life for it, you'll pass muster with my uncle.

Grang. What! make a woman of me? By Jupiter—

Char. Lay your commands on him. If he doesn't submit, we are ruined.

Miss D. Oh! you shall, I protest. Here, I'll put this cap on.

Doil. (*Without.*) This way, sir; come this way. We'll take her by surprise; least preparation is best. (*Pulling at the door.*) Open the door.

Miss D. Presently, sir.

Doil. (*Knocking.*) What the dickens are you doing, I say? Open the door.

Char. In a moment. I'm only pinning my cousin's gown. Lord bless me! you hurry one so, you have made me prick my finger. There, now you may enter.

Enter DOILEY and GRADUS.

Doil. Oh! only my daughter's mantua-maker. *Granger makes curtsies, and goes out, followed by Charlotte.* Here, Elizabeth, this is that Mr. Gradus talked to you about. Bless me! I hope you a'n't ill; you look as white as a candle.

Miss D. No, sir, not ill; but this woman has retted me to death: she has spoiled my gown.

Doil. Why then, make her pay for it, d'ye hear? 't's my belief, if she was to pay for all she spoils, he'd soon drop her chair, and trudge a-foot. Mr. Gradus—beg pardon—this is my daughter; don't think the worse of her, because she's a little dashed or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of modesty; and modesty, as hath been well observed, is a sunbeam on a diamond, giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him, that said that. I remember something like it in the *Visdom of Solomon*. Come, speak to Elizabeth here; I see she won't till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam! (*bows*) hem! permit me—this honour—hem! believe me, lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I should have in conversing with Grævius and Gronovius: I had rather possess your approbation than that of the *Idler* Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious

to me than was the Lyceum Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There! Shew me a man of breeding who could talk so? (*Aside.*)

Miss D. I believe all you have said to be very fine, sir: but, unfortunately, I don't know the gentlemen you mentioned. The education given to women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Grad. Perfectly right, madam; perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the purest ages. The charms of women were never more powerful; never inspired such achievements, as in those immortal periods, when they could neither read nor write.

Doil. Not read nor write! Zounds! what a time was that for to bring up a daughter! Why, a peeress in those days did not cost so much as a barber's daughter in our's. Miss Friz must have her dancing, her French, her tambour, her piny-forty, her jography, her 'stronomy—whilst her father, to support all this, lives upon sprats; or, once in two years, calls his creditors to a composition.

Grad. O, *tempora mutantur!* but these exuberances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate or not—ifackens! if the ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their distaffs, and grow notable; to distinguish themselves from their shopkeepers' wives.

Grad. Ah! it was at the loom and the spinning-wheel, that the Lucretias and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonini, caught that sacred flame with which they inspired their sons, and with the milk of their own pure bosoms, gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them conquerors and kings.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a lord. Lord Pharo!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum! then the four aces run against him last night. Well, the ill-luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits. (*Aside.*)

Serv. Sir—

Doil. Well, well, I'm coming. When a lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble sarvant. Elizabeth! you understand me. [*Exit.*]

Grad. How unlucky the old gentleman should be called away! Hem! (*Addressing himself to speak to her.*) There is something in her eye so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *terre-filius*, than address her. Madam! What can I say? Oh! now—that's fortunate. (*Pulling out some papers.*) Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, madam, on a little autographon, which I design for the world.

Miss D. Sir!

Grad. In which I have found a new chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person; and that the Pyramids are not so ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss D. To what purpose, sir?

Grad. Purpose!—Purpose, madam! Why, really, miss, our booksellers' shelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of plain sense and nature; and unless an author can elance himself from the common track, he stands as little chance to be known, as a comet in its aphelion. Pray, ma'am, amuse yourself.

Miss D. O lord, sir! you may as well offer me a sheet of hieroglyphics; besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss D. Ay, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff, embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints; (*observing him*) he twirls

his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers,—his beholders, I mean,—are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'Tis my picture she has been drawing, and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever. (*Aside.*)

Miss D. For my part—for my part, if I were a man, I'd study only dancing and bon-mots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicsome as Lady Airy's ponies: but, loaded with Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a cart-horse.

Grad. Fœmina cum voce diaboli.

Miss D. Bless me, sir! why are you so silent? My father told me you was a lover. I never saw such a lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things; found an hundred similes for my eyes, complexion, and wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat? No poetry, no heroics? What subject did Portia's lovers entertain her with, while she sat spinning—eh?

Grad. The lovers of that age, madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of flattery, they studied virtue and wisdom. It was these, madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot-wheels; and that raised her to such an exalted height—

Miss D. That down she tumbled in the dust—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever anything so monstrous! I ask for a compliment, and you begin an oration: an oration on a parcel of stiff warriors, and formal pedants. Why, sir, there is not one of these brave, wise, godlike men, but will appear as ridiculous in a modern assembly, as a judge in his long wig and a maccaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh! that I had you at Brazen-nose, madam! I could manage you there. (*Aside.*)

Miss D. What! now you're in the pouts, sir? 'Tis mighty well! Bless us! what a life a wife must lead with such a being! for ever talking sentences, or else in profound silence. No delightful nonsense, no sweet trifling. All must be solemn, wise, and grave. Hang me! if I would not sooner marry the bust of Seneca, in bronze: then I should have all the gravity and coldness of wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of wisdom! Surely, madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable of—

Miss D. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, sir, you are beginning another oration; but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again, till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, sir; throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a dressing-room, hire a dancing-master, and grow agreeable. [*Exit.*]

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A girl bred in a nursery, in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays, hath vanquished, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Here's another she-devil, I'd as soon encounter a she-wolf. (*Going.*)

Char. Stay, sir, pray, an instant. Lord bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from by a young man before in my life. (*Pulls him back.*)

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex. Youth and beauty are only other names for coquetry and affectation. Let me go, madam, you have beauty, and, doubtless, all that belongs to it.

Char. Lud! you've a mighty pretty, whimsical, way of complimenting. Miss Doiley might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in

spite of that husk of scholarship. To pass one's life with such a being, seems to me to be the very apex of human felicity. I found that word for him in a book of geometry, this morning. (*Aside.*)

Grad. Indeed!

Char. Positively. I have listened to your conversation, and I can't help being concerned that talents, which ought to do you honour, should, by your mismanagement, be converted into downright ridicule.

Grad. This creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has understanding. (*Aside.*) I begin to suspect, madam, that though I have some knowledge, I have still much to learn.

Char. You have indeed: knowledge, as you manage it, is a downright bore.

Grad. Boar! What relation can there be between knowledge and a hog?

Char. Lord bless me! how ridiculous! You have spent your life in learning the dead languages and are ignorant of the living. Why, sir, bore is all the *ton*.

Grad. *Ton! ton!* What may that be? It cannot be orthology: I do not recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! better and better. Why, sir, *ton* means—*ton* is—Pho! what signifies where the root is? These kind of words are the short-hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is *ton*, and all one hates is bore.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pours trays our minds, and makes us first in the animal climax—is speech become so arbitrary, that—

Char. Divine medium! animal climax! (*Contemptuously.*) You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes: and a pig will do this as effectually by its squeak, or a hen will her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you?

Char. Nothing; but yield yourself to my guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Conquer her! she's so incased with ridicule, there is not a single vulnerable spot about her.

Char. Psha, psha! What becomes of her ridicule when you have banished your absurdities? Or can no more exist without the other, than the mud-dane system without air. There's a touch of science for you. (*Aside.*)

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva. Cover me with your shield, and lead me to battle.

Char. Enough. In the first place, (*leading him to a glass*) in the first place, don't you think you a habited *à la mode d'amour*? Did you ever see Cupid in a grizzle wig, curled as stiffly as S. Cloudsley Shovel's in the Abbey? A dingy brocade, with vellum button-holes, to be sure, speaks an excellent taste; but then, I would advise you lay it by in lavender, for your grandson's christening; and here's cambric enough in your ruffles make his shirt.

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of logic commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them, as a burpette to a Socrates. But habit is so strong, that, to gain an empress, could not assume that careless air, that promptness of expression—

Char. Then you may give up the pursuit of Miss Doiley.

Grad. It is Mr. Doiley, who will—

Char. Mr. Doiley! ridiculous. Depend on he'll let her marry just whom she will. "This Mr. Gradus," says he, "why, I don't care a groat whether you marry him or no," says he: "there are five young fellows at Oxford, who can talk Greek as well as he."

Grad. Indeed!

Char. "I have heard a good account of the young man," says he. "But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him; no more than two visits."

you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death."

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to two visits. This is already past, and she hates me. What can I expect from the other?

Char. Everything. It is a moment that decides the fate of a lover. Now, fancy me Miss Doiley; swear I'm a divinity; then take my hand, and press it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrilled me.

Char. And if I should pout, and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. (*Gradus catches her in his arms, and kisses her.*) So, so, you have fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend, Mr. Sandford, whom you saw here last night; you shall dine with him: he will initiate you at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipped from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a man of the world. Adieu to grizzles, and—

Grad. But what will the father think of such a metamorphosis?

Char. Study your mistress only: your visit will be to her; and that visit decides your fate. Resolve, then, to take up your new character boldly; in all its strongest lines, or give up one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, madam—

Char. Don't stay, now, to run the risk of meeting Mr. Doiley; for if he should discover that you have disgusted his daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away, I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you. [*Exit Gradus.*]

Enter MISS DOILEY.

Miss D. Excellent Charlotte! you've outgone my expectation: did ever a woodcock run so blindly into a snare?

Char. Oh! that's the way of all your great scholars: take them but an inch out of their road, and you may turn 'em inside out, as easily as your glove.

Miss D. Well, but have you seen Sandford? Is everything in train? Will Gradus be hoodwinked?

Char. Hoodwinked! Why, don't you see he's already stark blind? or, if he has any eyes, I assure you they are all for me.

Miss D. My heart palpitates with apprehension: we shall never succeed.

Char. Oh! I'll answer for the scholar, if you'll undertake the soldier. Mr. Sandford has engaged half-a-dozen of the *savoir vivre*; all in high spirits at the idea of tricking old Leather-purse; and they have sworn to exhaust wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finished coxcomb.

Miss D. Blessing on their labours! My Granger is gone to study his rival; and will make, I hope, a tolerable copy. Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him just champagne enough to raise him to the point, without turning over it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-room.

Enter GRADUS, led by CHARLOTTE, and followed by MR. SANDFORD.

Char. Well, I protest this is an improvement! Why, what with satins and tassels, and spangles and foils, you look as fine as a chemist's shop by candle-light.

Grad. Madam, do you approve—

Char. Oh, amazingly; I'll run and send Miss Doiley to admire you.

Grad. (*Looking in a glass.*) Oh, if our proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true, and I give you joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-shot of a college.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*? wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm; what a subversion of ideas. Oh, Mr. Sandford, if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus—

Sand. D—n it! will you never leave off your college cant? I tell you once more, and by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up; I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed; that there was ever a language but English, a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his *Art of Love*.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions; but tarry with me, I entreat you; if you should leave me—

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your mistress. Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best.

Enter MISS DOILEY.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted; allow me, madam, to introduce a gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested—Mr. Gradus.

Miss D. Mr. Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. Be not astonished, oh lovely maiden, at my sudden change. Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miss D. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting.

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo!—brightest constellation of the starry zone. I am but now created. Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warmed the clod to life, and rapt me to a new existence.

Miss D. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign the spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss D. I shall burst. (*Aside.*)

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*. But prythee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those fine fellows conversed you saw at dinner; no sentences, no cramp words—all was ease and impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged.

DOILEY entering, starts back.

Doil. Why, who the dickens have we here?

Sand. So, there's the old genius.

Miss D. But I am convinced now, I am convinced now this is all put on; in your heart you are still Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, madam, still Gradus; but not that stiff scholastic fool you saw this morning. No, no, I've learned that the acquisitions of which your father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber; that a man who knows more than his neighbours, is in danger of being shut out of society; or, at best, of being invited at dinner once in a twelve-month, to be exhibited like an antique bronze, or a porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. (*Behind.*)

Miss D. And don't you think learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, madam. Learning! a vile bore.

Doil. Do I stand upon my head or my heels?

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the greybeards at college. Let 'em chop logic or make English flashes out of stale Hebrew, till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fixed as Ixion on his wheel. I have no study now but the *ton*.

Doil. Indeed! (*Aside.*)

Grad. You shall confess, my friend, in spite of prejudice, that 'tis possible for a man of letters to become a man of the world.

Miss D. Bless me, one would suppose you had been familiar in the *bon ton* all your life; you have all the requisites to make a figure in it, by heart.

Grad. The mere force of beauty, madam; I wished to become worthy of you, and that wish has worked a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance. (*Aside.*)

Miss D. How different from what you was this morning.

Grad. Oh, mention it not. This morning! may it be blotted from time's ledger, and never thought on more. I abhor my former self, madam, more than you can; witness now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure, abjure for ever.

Doil. You do? (*Aside.*)

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called philosophy, may suit a monk; but it is as unbecoming a gentleman, as loaded dice or a brass-hilted sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a gentleman. Very well. (*Aside.*)

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew rabbins, Greek to the bench of bishops, Latin to the apothecaries, and astronomy to the almanack makers.

Doil. Better and better. (*Aside.*)

Grad. The mathematics—mixed, pure, speculative, and practical, with their whole circle of sciences, I consign in a lump to old men who want blood, and to young ones who want bread. And now you've heard my whole abjuration.

Doil. (*Rushing forward.*) Yes, and I have heard too; I have heard. Oh, that I should ever have been such a dolt, as to take thee for a man of larning!

Grad. Mr. Doiley! (*Confounded.*)

Doil. What! don't be dashed, man; go on with your abjurations, do. Yes, you'll make a shine in the tone? Oh, that ever I should have been such a nincompoop!

Sand. My dear Mr. Doiley, do not be in a heat. How can a man of your discernment—Now look at Gradus; I'm sure he's a much prettier fellow than he was—his figure and his manner are quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can see that, I can see that. Why, he has turned little *Æsop* upside down; he's the lion in the skin of an ass.

Grad. I must retrieve myself in his opinion. The skin, Mr. Doiley, may be put off; and be assured, that the mind which has once felt the sacred energies of wisdom, though it may assume, for a moment—

Miss D. So, so! (*Angrily.*)

Sand. (*Apart.*) Hark ye, sir; that won't do. By heaven, if you play retrograde, I'll forsake you on the spot. You are ruined with your mistakes in a moment.

Grad. Dear madam; believe me, that as for—What can I say? How assimilate myself to two such opposite tastes? I stand reeling here between two characters, like a substantive between two adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn fop and maccaroni! Why, 'twould be as natural for a Jew rabbin to turn parson. An elephant in pinnners; a bishop with a rattle and bells couldn't be more posterous,

Sand. Nay, now, my dear Mr. Doiley—

Doil. Dear me no dears. Why, if I wanted a maccaroni, I might have had choice; every alley, from Hyde-Park to Shadwell-Dock, swarms with 'em, genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphib-erous thing, half and half, like the sea-calf?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten Gradus will soon be as complete a character as if he had never learnt his alpha beta; or known more of the classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. Now, what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Horsi, and the rest of 'em, ay?

Grad. Oh, a mere bore! a parcel of brawny, untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they'd stood candidates for rank in a college of taste, they'd have been returned *ignorantur*. Would they not, madam?

Miss Doil. Oh, certainly. I could kiss the fellow, he has entered into my plot with such spirit. [*Exit.*]

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haste to get rid of the ingranter part; but as it happened, that was the only part I cared for; so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Ay, your bores, your improvements, your fashionable airs, your—in short, you are not the man I took you for; so you may trot back to college again; go, mister, and teach 'em the tone, do. Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the monkey returned from travel!

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too severe. Leave us, man, leave us; I'll settle your affair, I warrant. (*To Gradus.*)

Grad. Not so easily, I fear; he sticks to his point, like a rusty weathercock; all my dependence is on the lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak to Miss Doiley.

Doil. Oh, ay, to be sure; the more he speaks the less she'll like him. Here, shew Mr. Gradus the dressing-room. [*Exit Grad.*] Give her another dose; surfeit her by all means. Why, sure Mr. Sandford, you had no hand in transmogrifying the—

Sand. Yes, faith, I had. I couldn't endure the idea of seeing your charming daughter tied to a collection of Greek apothegms and Latin quotations; so I endeavoured to English him.

Doil. English him! I take it shocking ill of you, Mr. Sandford, that I must tell you—Here are all my hopes gone like a whiff of tobacco.

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley, this attachment of yours to scholarship is a mere whim—

Doil. Whim! Well, suppose it is, I will have my whim. Worked hard forty years, and saved about twice as many thousand pounds; and if so much labour and so much money won't entitle; man to whim, I don't know what the devil should

Sand. Nor I either, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell you a bit of a secret, lack of larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been scholar, there's no knowing what I might have got; my plum might have been two; my—

Sand. Why, doubtless, a little classical knowledge might have been useful in driving your bargains for Russia tallow and whale blubber.

Doil. Ay, to be sure. And I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor; only think of that—Lord Mayor of London.

Sand. How so?

Doil. Why, I tended the common council and all the parish meetings for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue; at last, a westr was called about chusing of a turncock. So now thinks I, I'll shew 'em what I'm good for. Our alderman was in the purples; so, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I as well as another? So I'

make a speech about patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious.

Doil. If you'll beliege me, I got up three times. Silence! says Mr. Crier; and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it; so I was forced to squat down again, 'midst horse-laugh; and they nicknamed me Dummy, through the whole ward.

Sand. Wicked rogues! Well, I ask your pardon; I had no idea of these important reasons. Yet, how men differ! Now the family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite distressed by the obstinate attachment to the sciences of that fine young fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Ay! What is he Sir William Granger's son? Knew his father very well;—kept a fine study of horses, and lost many thousands by it;—lent him money many a time;—good man, always punctual.

Sand. Ay, sir, but this youth disappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleasant, to see a young fellow, formed to possess life in all its points and bewitching varieties, shrink from the world, and bury himself amidst obsolete books, systems, and schisms, whilst pleasure woos him to her soft embrace, and joys solicit him in vain. Oh, it gave his father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiser man. Why, I would have given the world for such a son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely. (*Aside.*) Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues, and mastering all the quibbles of our English philosophers.

Doil. English philosophers! I wouldn't give a farthing for them.

Sand. Why sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton—

Doil. Newton! oh, ay; I have heard of Sir Isaac—every body has heard of Sir Isaac—great man—master of the mint.

Sand. Oh, sir! this youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations. In short, he is advised to give the world a system of his own, in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowl.

Doil. (*Aside.*) He's the man, he's the man.—Look'e, Mr. Sandford, you've given a description of this young fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. Do you—now my dear friend, do you think that you could prevail upon him to marry my daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know; neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his mistress.

Doil. Ay, I'm sorry for that; and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him, see what ye can do with him.

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promised to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Museum. I don't know whether he isn't below now.

Doil. Below now? Ifackins, that's lucky; hang me if it isn't! Do go and—speak to him a bit, and bring him up, bring him up. Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll give him, that is, I'll leave him every farthing I have in the world.

Sand. Well, since you are so very earnest, I'll see what I can do. [*Exit.*]

Doil. Thank'e, thank'e; I'cod! I'll buy him twice as many books as a college library, but what I'll bribe him, that I will. What the dickens can Elizabeth be about with that thing there, that Gradus! He a man of larning! Hang me, if I

don't believe his head's as hollow as my cane. Sure, she can't have taken a fancy to the smatter-ing monkey. Ho, there they are; here he comes. Why there's Greek and algebra in his face.

Enter SANDFORD and GRANGER, dressed in black.

Mr. Granger, your very humble servant, sir, I'm very glad to see you, sir.

Grang. I thank you, sir. (*Very solemnly.*)

Doil. I knew your father, sir, as well as a beggar knows his dish. Mayhap, Mr. Sandford told you that I wanted for to bring you and my daughter acquainted. I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent man. (*Apart.*)

Sand. Studying, studying. Ten to one he's forming a discourse in Arabic, or resolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit. I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, man; forget the old sages a moment. Can't the idea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miss Doiley, I'm inform'd, is as lovely as a woman can be. But what is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something. (*Aside.*) Why, as to that, Mr. Granger, a woman with no portion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain; but when fifty thousand is popt into the scale, she must be bad indeed, if her husband does not find her a pen'worth.

Grang. With men of the world, Mr. Doiley, fifty thousand pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of philosophy, gold is light as dephlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep. I can make nothing of it; that must be deep. (*Aside.*) Mr. Granger; the great account I have had of your larning, and what not, has made me willing for to be akin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford suggested to me your design, sir; and as you have so nobly proposed your daughter as the prize of learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. (*Aside.*) But I'll see a bit farther into him though, first. Now pray, Mr. Granger, pray now—a—I say; (*to Sand.*) ax him some deep question, that he may shew himself a bit.

Sand. What the devil shall I say? A deep question you would have it? Let me see. Oh, Granger, is it your opinion that the ancient antipodes walked erect, or crawled on all fours?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts; but the best informations concur, that they were quadrupedes during two revolutions of the sun, and bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! What a fine man he is! (*Aside.*)

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an eruca to a chrysalis, a chrysalis to a nymph, and a nymph to a butterfly.

Doil. There again! I see it will do. I see it will do: ay, that I will; hang me if I don't. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, chuckling and laughing.*]

Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his daughter, I hope. Give ye joy, my dear fellow! the nymph, the eruca, and the chrysalis, have won the day.

Grang. How shall I bound my happiness! My dear Sandford, that was the luckiest question, about the antipodes.

Sand. Yes, pretty successful. Have you been at your studies!

Grang. Oh, I've been in the dictionary this half hour; and have picked up cramp words enough to

puzzle and delight the old gentleman the remainder of his life.

Sand. Here he is, falth—

Grang. And Elizabeth with him. I hear her dear footsteps! Oh, how shall I—

Doil. (*Without.*) Come along, I say; what a plague are you so modest for? Come in here. (*Pulls in Gradus by the arm.*) Here, I've brought him; one of your own kidney. Ha, ha, ha! Now I'll lay you a gallon, you can't guess what I've brought him for. I've brought him, ha, ha, ha! for to pit him against you, (*to Granger*) to see which of you two is the most larned. Ha, ha!

Grang. Ten thousand devils, plagues, and furies!

Sand. Here's a blow up!

Doil. Why, for all he looks so like a nimcompoop in this pye-picked jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek and algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus, don't stand aloof, man; this is a brother scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A scholar! all who have earned that distinction are my brethren. *Carissime frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I—most obedient. I wish thou wert in the bottom of the Red Sea, and the largest folio in thy library about thy neck. (*Aside.*)

Sand. For heaven's sake, Mr. Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why I mean for to pit 'em, to be sure, and to give Elizabeth to the winner. Touch him up, touch him up! (*To Granger.*) Shew him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure you won't set them together by the ears!

Doil. No, no; but I'm resolved for to set them together by the tongues. To out the business short, Mr. Gradus, you are to be sure a great dab at larning, and what not; but I'll bet my daughter, and fifty thousand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins shall have her.

Grang. Heavens, what a stake! 'Tis sufficient to inspire a dolt with the tongues of Babel.

Sand. My dear friend, think of the indelicacy—

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee! I tell you, I will have my whim; and so, Gradus, set off. By Jenkin! you'll find it a tough business to beat Granger; he's one of your great genus men; going to write a book about Sir Isaac, and the moon, and the devil knows what. (*Miss Doil. and Char. enter at the back of the stage.*)

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, sir! let us enter the lists, since it must be so, for this charming prize; (*pointing to Miss Doiley*) choose your weapons; Hebrew—Greek—Latin, or English. Name your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically, or socratically, as you please.

Grang. (*Aside.*) Curse your syllogisms and socraticisms.

Doil. No, no, I'll not have no English; what a plague! every shoe-black jabbars English, so give us a touch of Greek to set off with; come, Gradus, you begin.

Miss Doil. Undone! undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you shall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of that sublime language.

Char. (*Aside.*) Oh, confound your sublime language!

Grad. *Panta gelos, kai panta konis kai panta to meden*

Panta gar exalagon, esti ta ginomena.

Doil. *Panta tri pantry!* Why, that's all about the pantry. What, the old Grecians loved tit-bits, mayhap; but that's low! eh, Sandford?

Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well have talked about a pig-sty.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and fifty thousand pounds!

Grang. Yes, sir. I—I—am not much prepared: I could wish—I could wish; Sandford! (*Apart.*)

Sand. Zounds! say something; anything!

Char. (*Aside.*) Ah! it's all over. He could as easily furnish the ways and means, as a word in Greek.

Doil. Hoity, toity! What, at a stand! Why sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus.

Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide, you must determine it. Now, impudence, embrace me with thy seven-fold shield! Zanthus, I remember, in describing such a night as this—

Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. Homer mentions but one being of that name, except a river, and he was a horse.

Grang. Sir, he was an orator; and such an one that, Homer records, the gods themselves inspired him.

Doil. Come, come! I sha'n't have no brow-beating; nobody offered for to contradict you; so begin. (*To Granger.*) What said orator Zanthus?

Grad. True; but sir, you won't deny—

Grang. You lucid orb, in æther pensile, irradiates th' expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in th' ambient void opake, emit humid splendor. Chrysalic spheroids th' horizon vivify—astifarious constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrangerated radii, illumine our orb terrene.

Miss Doil. I breathe again. (*Aside.*)

Doil. There, there! well spoke, Granger! Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enwrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, sir; instead of classical language, you have heard a rant in English—

Doil. English! Zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own mother-tongue! 'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whittington's cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English.

Doil. There's impudence!—There wasn't no word of it English; if you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *try-pantrys*.

Grad. Oh! the torture of ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant! Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I know you mean all that as a skit upon my edication;—but I'll have you to know, sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter of Nehemiah with you for your ears.

Grad. I repeat that you are imposed on. Mr. Sandford, I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal—

Sand. Nay, gentlemen, Mr. Doiley is your judge in all disputes concerning the vulgar tongue.

Doil. Ay, to be sure I am. Who cares for your peals? I peal too; and I tell you, I won't be imposed on. Here, Elizabeth, I have got ye a husband, at last, to my heart's content.

Miss Doil. Him, sir! You presented that gentleman to me this morning, and I have found such a fund of merit in him—

Doil. In he! what in that bean-bookworm! that argues me down, I don't know English? Don't go for to provoke me; bid that Mr. Granger wel come to my house—he'll soon be master on't.

Miss Doil. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my father. (*Significantly.*)

Doil. Sha'n't say obedience, say something to him of yourself: he's a man after my own heart.

Miss Doil. Then, sir, without reserve, I acknowledge your choice of Mr. Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet! (*Kissing her.*) We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye understand that, Mr. Tri-pantry!—is that English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exsuscitated my understanding. I perceive I have been duped.

Doil. Ay, well! I had rather you should be the dupe than me.

Grad. Well, sir, I have no inclination to contest; if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed; provided that, in your character of husband, you will be as singular and old fashioned, as the wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, cousin! have you taken a fancy to the scholar? Egad! you're a cute girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him; and I don't

care if I throw in a few hundreds, that you mayn't repent your bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my mind, I am the happiest man in the world. And, d'ye hear, Gradus? I don't love for to bear malice. If you'll trot back to college, and learn the difference between Greek and English, why you may stand a chance to be tutor—when they've made me a grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a tutor to teach me to read the world; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Nose, your indulgence will grant me applause. [Exeunt.]

MIDAS;

A BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY KANE O'HARA.



Act I.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

APOLLO
MIDAS
PAN
DAMÆTAS

SILENO
JUPITER
VULCAN
GANYMEDE

MERCURY
MARS
BACCHUS
SHEPHERD

DAPHNE
NYSAS
NYSIS
JUNO

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Discovers the heathen Deities seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter.*

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

*Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Though absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Though so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.*

Jup. (Rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.

As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. *(To Jupiter.)* My proctor, with a summons,
Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctor's Commons.
Jup. Let him; but first I'll chase from heaven yon varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot!

AIR.—JUNO.

*Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehellly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness enclose them;
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.*

Jup. Peace, termagant. I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth. Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa. No bowels for your own relations!

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.*

*What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?*

Jup. You saucy scoundrel; there, sir. (*Strikes him.*) Come, disorder,
Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no further.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him:
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.
(*Thunder and lightning.*) *Jupiter darts a bolt at him;
he falls; Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the
gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus;
"Jove in his chair," &c.*

SCENE II.—*A champaign Country, with a distant
village. Violent storm of thunder and lightning.
A Shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and
runs off frightened, leaving his cloak and guitar
behind him.*

*APOLLO, as cast from heaven, falls to the earth,
with a rude shock, and lies for awhile stunned.*

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent
tumble!

Kind usage, Mr. Jove; sweet sir, your humble.
Well, down I am; no bones broke, though sore
pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay. What can I do? turn shep-
herd— (*Puts on the cloak, &c.*)

A lucky thought. In this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO.

Sil. Whom have we here? a sightly clown! and
sturdy:

Hum; plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place; a stranger; all in tatters;
I'll hire him; he'll divert my wife and daughters.
Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Apo. An orphan lad, sir.
Pol is my name; a shepherd once my dad, sir,
I'th' upper parts here; though not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery; so have
I too;

Why, I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUETT.—*APOLLO and SILENO.*

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to brug home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fal, lul, la.

*With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Buttermilk, and outen bread.*

Fal, lul, la.

*Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over,
We will dance to your strum-strum.*

Fal, lul, la.

Apo. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.
Fal, lul, la.

Sil. Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;

Apo. I strike hands, and take your offer;

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;

Apo. Farther on I may fare worse.

Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,

Apo. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse,

Apo. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, lul, la.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Sileno's Farm-house.*

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on 'Squire Midas's
courtship? [*worship,*

Nysa. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great
Brought me from him a purse; but the conditions—
I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with
my father.

Nysa. Right; so we're rid of the two frights to-
Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha! [*gether.*

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found? For
ever grinning:
Ye rantipoles; is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR.—*MYSIS.*

*Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle;
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle;
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.*

Enter SILENO, introducing APOLLO.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you
grumble
At too hard toil; I chanc'd just now to stumble
On this stout drudge; and hir'd him; fit for labour.
(*Puts him over.*)

To 'em, lad; then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Mysis. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling
thrummer!

What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mum-
mer? (*To Apollo.*)

Nysa. Mother, for shame—

Mysis. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Apo. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue.
For bis and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Mysis. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR.—*APOLLO.*

*Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of
your tongue:*

*Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice
is strong:*

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove 'ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Pray, goody, &c.

Mysis. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nysa. With what sweet temper he bears all her
snubbing!

Sil. Ous, no more words. Go, boy, and get your
dinner. [*Exit Apo.*

Fie, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nysa. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!
Sil. (To *Mysis*.) Not pert, nor lumpish.
Mysis. Would he were hang'd!
Nysa & *Daph.* La! mother, why so frumpish!

QUARTETTO.

Nysa. *Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd*
To the gentle, handsome swain?
Daph. *To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,*
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.
Mysis. *Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,*
I'm alarm'd on your account:
Sil. *Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,*
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nysa. *Ah! Ah!*
Daph. *Mamma!*
Nysa. *Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd.*
Daph. *Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?*
Nysa. *To the gentle, handsome swain,*
Daph. *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;*
Nysa. *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;*
Daph. *To the gentle, handsome swain.*
Mysis. *Girls, for you my fears perplex me,*
I'm alarm'd on your account;
Sil. *Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,*
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nysa. *Mamma!*
Mysis. *Psha! psha!*
Daph. *Papa*
Sil. *Ah! ah!*
Daph. *Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,*
Sil. *Psha! psha! you must not be so ill-*
natur'd;
Nysa. *Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?*
Daph. *To the gentle, handsome swain.*
Sil. *He's a gentle handsome swain.*
Nysa. *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.*
Mysis. *'Tis my pleasure to give pain.*
Daph. *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.*
Sil. *He's a gentle, handsome swain.*
Nysa. *To the gentle, handsome swain.*
Mysis. *To your odious, fav'rite swain. [Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Midas's House.

Enter MIDAS and DAMETAS.

Mid. *Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.*
Dam. *Ah! please your worship; she is wondrous skittish.*
Mid. *I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs, I'll force her—*
Dam. *The halter—*
Mid. *As for madam—I'll divorce her.*
Some favour'd lout incog, our bliss opposes.
Dam. *Ay, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.*
Mid. *I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of his sly tampering*
To sling poor Pan but I'll soon send him scampering:
'Shblood, I'll commit him; drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?
Dam. *Tippling, sir, at th' alehouse.*
Mid. *Run, fetch him; we shall hit on some expedient*
To rout this Pol. [dient,
Dam. *I fly. (Going returns.) Sir, your obedient. [Exit.*
Mid. *What boots my being 'squire,*
Justice of peace, and quorum;
Churchwarden; knight o the shire,
And custos rotulorum:
If saucy little Nysa's heart, rebellious,
My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?

No: I'll kidnap; then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange:
So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.
No; I'll kidnap, &c. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Village Alehouse-door.

PAN is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

AIR.—PAN.

Jupiter venches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I;
Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life;
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMETAS.

Dam. *There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling little*
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle—
Ho, master Pan! 'Gad, you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail; to yon buck ranter;
Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMETAS.

All around the maypole how they trot.
Hot
Pot,
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad

To see us sad:
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad.

Round about, &c. [Exit

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis. *O Pan! the devil to pay, both my slut frantic!*
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all; and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if old Nick were behind 'em.— [Going.

Pan. *Soa, soa,—don't flounce;*
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—MYSIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.

*Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dunc—*but 'tis he pays the piper.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Wood and Lawn near Sileno's Farm.
A tender, slow symphony. Enter DAPHNE, crosses,
melancholy and silent, and exit; NYSA, watching her.*

Nysa. O ho; is it so. Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word. I'll lead her such a
Shall make her stir her stumps. [dance
To all her secret haunts,
Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.
[*Retires.*]

Re-enter DAPHNE.

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what
thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe;
And what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister cast a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue;
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.*

Enter APOLLO.

Apo. Think o'the devil—'tis said,
He's at your shoulder;
This wench was running in my head,
And pop—behold her.

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish:
At your feet a tender swain,
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain:
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.*

Daph. Sir; you're such an olio
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you;
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That, by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o'late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
His beard so frouzy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.*

Mysis. (*From within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste,
come hither.

Apo. Death, what a time to call;
Oh! rot your old lungs of leather.

*B'ye, Daph.
Daph. B'ye, Pol.*

[*Exit Apo.*]

Enter NYSA.

Nysa. Marry come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on;
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?
Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?
Nysa. Ay, though a dozen.

DUETT.—DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. *My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?*
Nysa. *Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall?*
Daph. *Pigmy elf,*
Nysa. *Colossus itself,*
Both. *You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.*
Daph. *You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.*
Nysa. *You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdingnag.*
Daph. *Sour grapes,*
Nysa. *Lead apes;*
Both. *I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes.*
Daph. *Miss, your assurance*
Nysa. *And, miss, your high airs*
Daph. *Is past all endurance*
Nysa. *Are at their last pray'rs.*
Daph. *No more of these freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.*
Nysa. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a*
Daph. *Poor spite!* [peg.
Nysa. *Pride hurt!*
Daph. *Liver white!*
Nysa. *Rare sport!*
Daph. *Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you
can't bite;*
Nysa. *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c.* [*Exeunt squabbling.*]

ACT II.

Enter NYSA, followed by MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tygress, turn; nay fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder?

Nysa. Sir, to my virtue ever steady:
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack,
Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, ay, there's the curse—but she is old
and sickly;
And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly.
Would she yield now—I swear, by the lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

AIR.—MIDAS.

*O what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
O, how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me!
How I'd mangle her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me!*

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.

Nysa. I would not take your bond, sir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nysa. No, nor the whole—my fond sir. [Exit.

Mid. Well, Master Pol I'll tickle,
For him at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN.

Pan. So, squire, well met—I flew to know your business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol, we must bring him on his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flaggon;

I'll make him skip—

Pan. As St. George did the dragon. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before Midas's house.*

Enter NYSA.

Nysa. Good lack! what is come o'er me?

Daphne has stepp'd before me!

Envy and love devour me.

Pol dotes upon her phiz hard!

'Tis that sticks in my gizzard!

Midas appears now twenty times more hideous:

Ah, Nysa, what resource!—a cloister.

Death alive—yet thither must I run,

And turn a nun,

Prodigious!

AIR.—*NYSA.*

In these greasy old tatters

His charms brighter shine:

Then his guitar he clatters

With tinkling divine;

But my sister,

Ah! he kiss'd her,

And me he pass'd by;

I'm jealous

Of the fellow's

Bad taste and blind eye. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Midas's Parlour.*

MIDAS, MYNIS, and PAN, discovered in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes, and tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast.

Pan. Here goes our noble umpire.

Mysis. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

Mysis. Sure he's the devil himself;

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Mysis. Ah, 'squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Mysis. Look, 'squire, I've sold my butter; here the price is

At your command, do but this job for Mysis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus;

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobis.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me, I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card;

'Shlood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end the tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle,

When I'm most rocky, I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one boose, and roar
Then part to our affairs.— [a catch

Pan. A match.

Mysis. A match.

TRIO.—MIDAS, PAN, and MYNIS.

Mid. Master Pol

And his tol de rol lol,

I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, sir.

Mysis. And I'll have a thump,

Though he is so plump,

And makes such a wounded racket.

Mid. I'll buff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Mysis. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

All.

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket

Mid. For all his cheats,

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em;

Or skip by goles,

As high as Paul's

Like ugly witch on besom.

Arraigned he shall be.

Of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it,

I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Mysis. I'll tear,

All. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Landscape.*

Enter SILENO and DAMETAS, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph, a wife for thee; the 'squire's base pander!

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor,

What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack anapes,

By dint of congees and of scrapes—

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags!

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags

Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

DUETT.—SILENO and DAMETAS.

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,

In perfection he'll find out a flaw;

With black he will paint,

Make a de'il of a saint,

And change to an owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,

Who his friend's good advice would despise

Who, when danger is nigh,

Throws his spectacles by,

And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;

Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,

This insolent puppy to drub?

You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,

Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. *You're bald pate you'll rub,*
 Sil. *This muckworm to drab.*
 Dam. *When you find that your cub,*
 Sil. *Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.*
 Dam. *Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub.*

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

Mysis. *Soh! you attend the trial—we shall drive*
our vagabond— [hence]

Sil. *I smoke your foul contrivance.*
 Daph. *Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue.*
 Nysa. *Daph—for your sake my claim I thereforego*
and with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. *O, gemini, say'st thou me so?*
 Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nysa. *Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will*
back us.

Daph. *Mamma will storm.*

Nysa. *What then! she can but whack us.*

QUINTETTO.

DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO and DAMÆTAS.

Daph. *Mother, sure you never*
Will endeavour
To disserve
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.

Nysa. *Father, hopes you gave her,*
Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.

Daph. *Think of his modest grace,*
His voice, shape, and face;

Nysa. *Hearts alarming,*

Daph. *Bosoms warming,*

Nysa. *Wrath disarming,*

Daph. *With his soft lay:*

Nysa. *He's so charming,*

Ay, let him stay.

Both. *He's so charming, &c.*

Mysis. *Shuts, are you lost to shame?*

Sil. *Wife, wife, be more tame.*

Mysis. *This is madness!*

Sil. *Sober sadness*

Mysis. *I with gladness,*
Could see him swing,
For his badness.

Sil. *'Tis no such thing.*

Dam. *Must Pan resign to this fop his employ-*
ment?

Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoy-
ment?

Mysis. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,*

Fop outlandish

Daph shall blandish.

Dam. *Will you reject my income,*

Herds and clinkum?

Sil. *Rot and sink 'em.*

Dam. *Midas must judge.*

Mysis. *And Pol must fly:*

Sil. *Zounds, Pol sha'n't budge:*

Mysis. *You lie.*

Dam. *You lie.*

Mysis. *You lie.*

Dam. *You lie.*

Sil. *You lie.*

Enter MIDAS, enraged, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. *Peace, ho! Is hell broke loose? what means*
this jawing?

Under my very nose this clapper-clawing!

AIR.—MIDAS.

What the devil's here to do,
Ye loggerheads and gipsies?

Sirrah you, and hussy you,

And each of you tippy is;

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm justice Midus.

Chorus. *O, tremendous justice Midas!*

Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?

AIR.—MIDAS.

I'm given to understand that you are all in a pother
here;

Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you ano-
ther year,

Do you think your clumsy ears so proper to decide, as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?

Chorus. *O, tremendous, &c.*

Mid. *So, you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble?—*

Enter APOLLO and PAN.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
 Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR.

Now I'm seated,

I'll be treated

Like the Sophi on his throne;

In my presence,

Scoundrel peasants

Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief;

Ne'er the loser

Shall show nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. *O tremendous, &c.*

Dam. *Masters, will you abide by this condition?*

Pan. *I ask no better.*

Apo. *I'm all submission.*

Pan. *Strike up, sweet sir.*

Apo. *Sir, I attend your leisure.*

Mid. *Pan, take the lead.*

Pan. *Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.*

AIR.—PAN.

A plague on your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat:
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at tol de rol lol.

When beauty her rack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—tol de rol lol?

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race:
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's tol de rol lol.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long!

Mid. *Not at all.*

Pan. *I only meant life is but an old song;*

The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;

Where all act the scene of tol de rol lol.

Peasants. *A Pan!—a Pan!*

Mid. *By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;*
Now, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage?

Apo. *Why, master Midas, for that matter,*

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

(Midas falls asleep.)

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
 Ye danc'd on down away:
 When, my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay!
 But from her charms when sunder'd,
 As Midas' frowns presage,
 Each hour will seem an hundred;
 Each day appear an age.*

Peasants. A Pol! a Pol!—a Pan! a Pan!

Mid. Silence—this just decree, all, at your peril,
 Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain,
Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. *O, tremendous, &c.*

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned him—

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—

(The Crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays. He is then carried round the stage, the dancers leading the way to the Chorus.)

Chorus. *See triumphant sits the bard,
 Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
 Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
 Exil'd, twang his faint guitar;
 While with echoing shouts of praise,
 We the bagpipe's glory raise.*

Mid. 'Tis well. What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Apo. Now all attend—

(Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo.)

The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
 Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping
 Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'd thy utmost
 tether;

Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Dunce, I did but sham,
 For Apollo I am,
 God of music, and king of Parnass;
 Thy scurry decree,
 For Pan against me,
 I reward with the ears of an ass.*

(Midas's wig falls off, and he appears with the ears of an ass.)

Mid. Detected, balk'd, and small,
 On our marrow-bones we fall.

Mysis. Be merciful.

Dan. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

FINALE.—APOLLO.

*Thou, a Billingsgate quean; (To Mysis.
 Thou, a pandar obscene, (To Damatas.
 With strumpets and bailiffs shall class:
 Thou, driven from man, (To Midas.
 Shall wander with Pan;
 He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.
 Be thou 'squire—his estate (To Sileno.
 To thee I translate.
 To you his strong chests, wicked mass;
 Live happy, while I, (To Daphne and Nysa.
 Recall'd to the sky,
 Make all the gods laugh at Midas.
 Chorus. Jove in his chair, &c.*

THE ADOPTED CHILD;

A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL BIRCH.



Act I.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

SIR BERTRAND
LE SAGE
RECORD
MICHAEL

SPRUCE
FLINT
BOY

CLARA
LUCY
JANNETTE
NELL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An old Hall in Milford Castle.

Enter RECORD and LUCY.

Lucy. I tell you once more, Mr. Record, I won't stay any longer in this place, to be frightened to death every hour of my life, night and day.

Rec. Poh! Poh! why you are a silly girl:—childish apprehensions! You have been reading some foolish stuff or other to put such notions into your head: what is there in this venerable building to frighten such a sweet innocent little girl as you, most timid?

Lucy. What is there? Why, a'n't I oblig'd to cross those long cloisters I don't know how many times a day, where my own steps clatter like twenty people besides myself; and when 'tis dark, to go to bed in that frightful room of tapestry, where those horrid creatures with nodding plumes are galloping upon their large horses, and the wind whistles all night as loud as thunder along the gallery; and to be all alone too! Or if I do see any body, is it not you, Mr. Record?

Rec. Well; and is there anything so frightful in me, most insulting! Whom would you see?

Lucy. Why something human, something like myself, that I could talk to. O! when shall we have a master and mistress come to this place?

Rec. You must put up with me as master; and as to a mistress, if I can do very well without one, surely you may. Our old gentleman's relations are on their road from Spa, and we shall soon be all alive again.

Lucy. What, will not Sir Edmund come back again?

Rec. Never! but thank heaven, my accounts are all clear enough: his old complaint; but his relations have one consolation left, however.

Lucy. What is that, pray, Mr. Record?

Rec. The physicians all agree, that notwithstanding the obstinacy of his complaint in his life-time, he certainly died cur'd.

Lucy. Why then, would it not have been better that he had never been cured, and perhaps the poor soul might have lived?

Rec. We are not such good judges as they, most presumptuous! But mind me, I'm now going down to Michael's at the ferry, and don't you let a soul in under any pretence whatever.

Lucy. I won't if I can help it; but indeed 'tis very dismal to be left here so many hours by one's self, while you are at the ferry. I can't think what you are so fond of them for?

Rec. Why, I love Michael, because he would do no wrong to man, woman, or child; and besides, he has seen better days.

Lucy. And what do you love Michael's wife for?

Rec. Because she loves Michael, and makes all his friends welcome; and that's a note of admiration in the wife of any man. (*A loud knocking without.*) There! There! There's a pretty racket at this early hour! Go round by the south gallery, and open the wicket, and then you'll see who it is.

Lucy. What, by myself? No; if I must go, I'll go the direct road to the gate, and let them in; for I dare say they have business here, by the loud knocking. [*Knocking again. Exit Lucy.*]

Rec. Those who have the least business generally make the greatest disturbance every where. Now to my accounts: I begin very much to suspect that Sir Edmund's title here was a little

doubtful, and an old parchment I was turning over mentions something of the succession of the old Baron's male issue, if living: I shall keep possession of these two little opportunity serves.

Enter LUCY, with SPRUCE.

Lucy. Nobody here, but our Mr. Record, sir: he'll answer any questions—

Rec. Nobody here! why the girl's a fool; she means nobody that can give a proper answer but me; she forgot the keepers of the armoury above, and the porters and mastiffs below. (*Aside to Lucy.*) What, do you mean to have our throats cut?

Lucy. I'm sure he don't look as if he would do anybody harm.

Rec. Your business here, if you please, most impatient! By the knocking at the gate, I should have thought my master had arrived.

Spruce. Not much out, old one, for he'll soon be here.

Rec. Who? my master? I thought they had buried him at Parma.

Spruce. He that was your master lies there: but our present master is just here; I have left him at the ferry, and am come to put every thing in order for him. We shall give the old walls a warming, I promise you; take all the mildew out of the tapestry, and put a little flesh upon your bones.

Rec. O! you will, most audacious! Why, then as you are a stranger, I had better shew you the house first. Will you be pleased to walk in and try our old fare, that you may be the better able to make comparison with the new?

[*Exeunt Record and Spruce.*]

Lucy. When things come to the worst, they say, we must mend. I think that has been my case a long time, and the blessed proverb seems now about to be fulfilled. He's a very smart fellow indeed, and I dare say won't forget me in the promised alteration of affairs.

SONG.—LUCY.

*Silly maid!
Be not afraid,
For joy will soon await you;
Hope repeats
What bosom beats,
No vision now shall cheat you;
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.*

*Why should Time,
When in my prime,
With slow pace, detain me?
Why be coy
When bridal joy
Strives to entertain me?
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.*

Enter RECORD, with a large key.

Lucy. What have you done with the gentleman?

Rec. Lock'd him in the refectory, most inquisitive! that nobody may disturb him: to give him an opportunity of arranging his plans of improvement here, whilst I go down to Michael to see whether he's an impostor or no. Confine yourself in the chapel till I return, and don't you open the door, if they knock the very walls down.

Lucy. Sha'n't I take him a tankard of October first?

Rec. No! Put a little flesh upon my bones, will he, an impudent varlet! My bones have never yet been ashamed of what covers them, and I must take care that the future covering don't blush for the bones. [Exit.]

Lucy. 'Tegs! but I'll have another peep at him. He may like to go to chapel with me, and if he does, I can get him out. What then? the chapel is a very good place; but there will be no parson there. That's no fault of mine; well, we can read the ceremony without him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Michael's Hut at the Ferry.—Mountains in the back view.*

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE.

SONG.—LE SAGE.

*Down the rugged mountain's steep,
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Rushing with resistless force
To the Derwent's gentler course.
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer tide.
Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the rash alone would brave:
Hark! the plunging waters leap
Down the rugged mountain's steep.
Soon its fury will subside,
Then we'll trust the safer side.*

Enter MICHAEL to them.

Mich. The carriage and horses must wait the next tide; the torrent from that mountain is so rapid, I dare not answer for their safety. We can make you up tolerable accommodation here.

Sir Ber. We are not very particular: the country seems most beautiful, and the delay of a day or two will make no difference.

Mich. If you are fond of fishing, we have some rare sport a mile or two up the stream. You do us great honour to put up with our little place. Here, Nell!—The best brown bread of our own making, and honey from our own hives. Homely fare, but sweet!—Stoop your head, your honour, our butts are but low. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of an old Convent.*

Enter CLARA and JANNETTE.

Cla. The long absence of Sir Edmund, Jannette, fills my mind with strange apprehensions for his safety.

Jan. The charms of foreign travel, madam, are great.

Cla. Under his protection, Jannette, you know, I have lived here, secluded from the hated passion of Sir Bertrand. Nothing do I dread equal to his death; and then, his precarious state of health when he went to Parma—

Jan. Madam, do not give way to such melancholy. You strangely discourage my labours to amuse and please you. I have just finished the grotto; the further end of it opens secretly to the forest.

Cla. Indeed I am to blame. How beautiful it is! what a heavenly retirement from the vicious pursuits of man!—

Jan. From a seat within it, you command the surrounding country, and in the distance, a view of Milford Castle.

Cla. O name it not: for though living here by favour of Sir Edmund, I can never forget it once belonged to my ancestors; and have great reason to believe it would have returned again to our possession, after a time, had not the cruel ocean deprived me both of a father and infant brother at a stroke.

SONG.—CLARA.

*In Seclusion's sacred bower,
Meek Regret, with soften'd sigh,
Will enjoy her pensive hour,
Fearing no intruder nigh.*

*So, sweet bird! thy lonely sorrow
In the wy'd turrets height,
Pines in secret, till the morrow
To the shades directs thy flight.*

*Smiling Hope ! my soul illume,
Transports thou alone can'st give,
Dissipate a dungeon's gloom,
Bid the child of sadness live.* [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Michael's House.*

Enter MICHAEL and NELL.

Mich. Well ; they are out now, are they ?

Nell. Yes : but I can't think what they notice the boy so much for ; I wish they were gone.

Mich. Notice him, do they ? Where is he now ?

Nell. At his old employment, his pencils and his compasses, and I don't know what, pothering his poor little brains.

Mich. I'm not very easy about that boy ; he advances in life apace, and we are very laborious ; we have but little leisure—to be sure you teach him to read—

Nell. Read ! ay, that I do : and he spells to a miracle.

Mich. Well, I know he does ; but if I could any how give him a little more learning, I'm sure he'd make an excellent scholar.

Nell. A scholar quoth'a ? fine doing to make poor people scholars ! and when he has got it, I wonder who's to mind the Ferry.

Mich. Does a man make the worse seaman, think ye, Nell, because he understands his compass ? But come, come, sit down, and I'll tell you a secret, and you shall advise—

Nell. Now, Michael, you love me indeed : and will you trust me with a secret ?

Mich. I will : you have always thought him a boy of mine ; but I am not his father.

Nell. No !

Mich. No : but you shall hear. About eight years since, I had been out all night fishing ; and, about a league from hence, was hauling close in shore, with a stiff gale, when I heard to windward a signal gun fire of a ship in distress. I could see nothing ; but presently heard another, and then, the piercing shrieks of some poor souls in their last extremity. That was enough for me : so I luffed and stood out to sea again. The gale increased, and it was my duty, Nell, you know, and danger was no object, when I could save the life of a fellow-creature.

Nell. I never would have had you, if you could have deserted them.

Mich. Well, the moon every now and then peeped from underneath a pitch black cloud. I crowded sail, and soon made the wreck, just time enough to take out a gentleman and this little boy, with a trunk, and she went to pieces. I was endeavouring to make port again, when the poor gentleman, quite exhausted, told me he was dying, and begged I would run in upon the beach, as he had something to say. Cheerly, says I, cheerly ; a glass of grog will soon right you again : so he tasted it, but it would not do : his spirits were ebbing apace, and I ran into the first creek I could see. His distress had made him my commander, you know, and I was not to disobey orders.

Nell. What could you do with him, poor creature ?

Mich. I struck a light, and seated him in a small cavity of the cliff upon the best jacket I had got ; made a small fire to leeward, of as many sticks as I could scramble together, and sat down beside him, with the little boy upon my knee. "You seem an honest fellow," says he, "and I will trust you : " "My commander often has," says I, "and I think you may : but take another sup of grog : " he tried again, but could not : then shivering all over,

he said, "I must be brief." I wrapped some old sail-cloth round him, put some more sticks upon the fire, and wiped the tears from the little boy's cheek, which seemed to grow to my bosom. "Take care of my boy," says he, "and don't desert him." "I'll be d—— if I do," says I ; though to speak nearly choked me. "Do not lose the trunk, perhaps it may one day reward you."—"I am rewarded already, says I ;" for at that moment I felt something at my heart, that was quite enough !

Nell. But where is the trunk, Michael ?

Mich. "Promise me one thing," added he ; "his life is sought secretly : keep him as your own, and when you shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund of Milford Castle, then open the trunk. The poor soul reached out his hand, which the boy kissed as he dropped. The day-break gave me light enough to sink a grave for him in the sand. He went peacefully home ; the salt tear of a sailor seemed to satisfy him of his boy's safety ; and the trust was more binding than if all the lawyers in the universe had been by ; for the seal is here. (*Laying his hand upon his heart.*—*They retire.*)

Enter Boy.

SONG.

*At evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide—
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore :
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.*

*Toward the abbey wall I steer,
There the choral hymn I hear :
While the organ's lengthen'd note
Seems in distant woods to float :
Returning then, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore :
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.*

(*After the song, they meet him.*)

Boy. Here, father ! these good gentlemen have given me—O ! see here ! it will buy for me plenty of pencils and colours for drawing, when you can spare me : 'tis a great deal of money though, and I won't keep it if you don't like it.

Mich. They are returned, then. See, Nell, they want nothing. [*Exit Nell.*] What, give you gold ! impossible ! Come, come, tell me fairly where you got this, and I won't be angry. Tell me the truth.

Boy. When did I ever tell you a lie ? You know I scorn it.

Mich. That's true, that's true ; I am too hasty. Gold ! for what ? My heart misgives me. What did they say to you ?

Boy. O ! they asked me if I should like to go with them, and said that they would give me a horse to ride upon ; but I told them no, I would not, I was very happy : and so I am too ; for you know I could not leave mother and you.

Mich. No, no, to be sure you could not. This is very strange ! (*Aside.*)

Boy. They asked me who gave me this rosary, and they took a great deal of notice of it ; they are very kind gentlemen, indeed ; but you would not part with me, would you ?

Mich. Part with you ! no ; never till death slips the cable. (*Aside.*) That rosary was his father's ; given to him on the sand just before he died ; it has, I fear, betrayed him. Stay by me, and don't run about so much by yourself. (*Aside.*) O ! they're

coming; I must not seem surprised. (*Speaking loud to the boy.*) We must down to the boat, boy, more passengers are waiting to cross, and the tide is making in apace. Take the flask aboard. (*Boy brings the flask.*) Stay! there is but a little in it. Well, well, if we can't bring our means up to our wishes, we can keep our wishes down to our means, and that comes to the same point—content.

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, in conversation, on the opposite side.

Sir Ber. There cannot be a doubt of it: here are the very features, line for line. (*Looking at a miniature.*) We must get possession of him by courtesy, if possible, and that will hoodwink suspicion. The disposal of him we'll settle after.

Mich. (*Aside.*) They are very intent upon the boy.

Le Sage. Had you not better speak to the man?

Sir Ber. That seems to be a clever lad of your's, ferryman.

Mich. Yes, sir, I believe the boy's well enough.

Sir Ber. He passes for your son, I believe?

Mich. Why, whose should he pass for?

Sir Ber. Come, come, be explicit. Do you mean to tell me that you are his father?

Mich. Why, as to that, few fathers, I believe, could take upon them to say: 'tis useless to fathom beyond the depth of the line: 'tis sufficient for me that he is cast under this roof to lay claim to my protection.

Sir Ber. Will you part with him? He can have no great instruction here; I'll see his genius attended to; what can he learn of you?

Mich. Nature's independence—honesty! Labour to procure his meal of content, and gratitude to Him that sends it! He may see, perhaps, an example to resent injury or insult. What would you teach him more?

Le Sage. A purse, Sir Bertrand, may alter this tone.

Sir Ber. Come, come, I have a fancy to see him educated; there's earnest of what more I intend for you. (*Offering a purse.*)

Mich. I'll starve first! (*Throwing it away.*)

Le Sage. Do you know whom you are insulting by this behaviour?

Mich. What, because I won't sell my boy? I don't know who his honour may be; but if he is in great power, he ought to know that it was given him to protect, and not to oppress those below him.

Enter NELL and RECORD.

Nell. These are the gentlemen, Mr. Record.

Mich. (*Aside.*) Record here, and knows them! then I'm ruin'd.

Rec. Most high and mighty! you see your faithful servant bow before you; you are coming to Milford Castle, I suppose; you bring credentials with you. I am the old steward of the place, and must render proper accounts: I keep all under lock and key, most accurate! and am very particular whom I let in during my master's absence.

Sir Ber. Did not my servant arrive before you left the Castle?

Rec. He did.

Sir Ber. Where is he now?

Rec. Under lock and key, most noble!

Sir Ber. What, have you made a prisoner of him?

Rec. He is very safe, till I return with proper authority to let him loose. His companions are two thirds of a peck loaf, the carcase of a cold turkey, and a Cheddar cheese: so there's no danger of his breaking out.

Sir Ber. An odd fellow this! but come, sir, why did you lock him in?

Rec. For the same reason that I have locked you

out, right worshipful! to guard against impostors, as I must render account to those who come after; therefore, sir, I hope to see your credentials, the certificate of my master's death and burial, and your right of succession.

Mich. (*Aside to Nell.*) Sir Edmund dead!

Nell. The trunk, Michael.

Sir Ber. Le Sage, give him the papers; his formalities must be indulged. (*Le Sage gives him papers.*) In that parcel you will see every thing you want. I shall not visit the castle till evening. (*To Michael in parting.*) Think of what I've said to you, and give me an answer.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Le Sage.*]

Mich. I hope I shall have an answer for you.

Rec. What a sudden alteration of affairs! Come, Michael, give me a draught of your ale; I'll sit down and chat with you a little.

Mich. I thank you, I thank you.—And so, Sir Edmund is certainly dead, is he? Poor man!—I am very heartily glad to see you.—How the devil shall I get him out of the house? (*Aside.*) Nell go and draw a mug of ale, child; take the boy with you.

Nell. Well, I'm going. (*Aside to Michael.*) But Michael, can't you give me the key of the trunk you know? [*Exit Nell*]

Mich. Silence! And so these people are come to live here, are they? Upon my soul, I'm heartily glad to see you: but won't you be wanted at home? You are sure you won't now, because, make no ceremony with me—Quite sure! Good God! what a taking I'm in! (*Aside.*)

Rec. O! no! not in the least, not in the least—Yes! he's dead and—but where's the ale?

Enter NELL, with ale.

Nell. Here it is.

Rec. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out quite so well; what's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt. Ay! it should be deeper coloured than this. (*Drinks.*) Delicious in good truth! Did I never tell you of Sir Edmund's pedigree?

Mich. My impatience almost chokes me! (*Aside.*) Here's to you! here's to you! (*Drinks.*)

Rec. Why, you are in a d— hurry. What the matter with you? I came to gossip half an hour or so.

Nell. He has a number of things to do; Mr. Record, good morning! good morning! (*Drinks.*)

Rec. Good morning! What the devil, are you drinking me out of the house?

Mich. I've a great mind to tell him, but—(*Aside.*) Well, good by'e, we shall meet in the evening; I see you're in such a hurry now; I'm sure you must be wanted.

Rec. Well, I'm going! I'm going! Lackaday this is the strangest kind of hospitality, to turn your old friend out of doors. Some family secret, I suppose—

Mich. Well, now, do go; make haste, will you?

Nell. There's a good man; good bye!

Mich. You don't know how much I'm obliged

[*Exit RECORD.*]

Nell. Well, now for it.

Mich. Now for what, Nell?

Nell. The trunk, to be sure. Sha'n't we open it?

Mich. We open it? I've divulg'd the secret to you, Nell, and of course we are embarked; but, you know the danger of two commanders in one bottom? If we mean to come safe to shore, we must have only one pilot; and as I'm best acquainted with the coast, you must trust the helm to me, so as there may be some difficulty in the steering I'll go first and reconnoitre, and then—

Nell. What, then, you shut me out from the secrets of your heart! Have I deserved this, Michael?

Mich. Be satisfied: I'll keep nothing from you; but when I open that trunk, I shall think I'm in company with my shipwreck'd friend, and that his spirit will witness for me. My curiosity is excited more for the happiness of his boy, than for any paltry recompense I may expect, for the discharge of the first duty of the human heart—kindness to the unfortunate.

DUETT.—MICHAEL and NELL.

Mich. As the compass true, believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak.

Nell. If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke.

Mich. By those eyes, my planets steering—

Nell. Thou the pilot, safe we go;

Mich. Never from affection veering,

Nell. Briskly may the breezes blow.

Both. Now for life's uncertain weather,
Tight and trim, and fond and free,
Safely in one bark together,
With fair wind we'll put to sea.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Inside of Michael's house continued.

Enter MICHAEL, with a trunk, sealed up.

Mich. I have closed the hatchways, and the decks are all clear. I feel just now for all the world like a commander going into an engagement, determined to do his duty, eager for victory, yet not without remembering that a battle may be lost as well as won. (*Breaks the seal.*) This is the key—what's here? (*Opens the trunk, and takes out a paper, then reads.*) "The child with whom this trunk is found has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund. The writings within will explain the rest, and guide to the only copy of the Baron's will, now in the chapel of the Castle. Whoever finds this, and faithfully executes the trust, will meet with his reward, if needy, in the silken purse within, besides an annuity of fifty pounds when he shall be in possession of his estate." Nell must not know this yet; it will turn her brain. She will be like a sudden squall, a hurricane that whisks at once round every point of the compass. I should like to see the purse though; a little ready cash will be useful. Let's see; how shall I break it to him? I must make a friend of Record, to examine the papers. Lucky little dog! D—e, I've done my duty by him, that's one comfort though. It would have been a pretty business if I had let him go.

Enter NELL in haste.

Nell. We're ruin'd, Michael! we are ruin'd!

Mich. (*Hiding the trunk.*) Don't be in such a hurry. No! we a'n't ruin'd—not ruin'd, Nell.

Nell. I tell you, they have stolen the poor boy away, and are dragging him I can't tell where: I saw him struggling till his little strength was gone: they have taken him quite out of sight.

Mich. Which way? Who have got him?

Nell. Over the—O, two such ill-looking fellows.

Mich. D—e but I'll be up with them: give me down my pistols. Don't look into that trunk; I'll tell you all; shut the papers in close. Poor little soul!—take care of the trunk!—I shall never make press of sail enough after him. Don't look into the trunk, Nell. O, the villains! [Exit.]

Nell. Yes, I'll take care of it; but, for fear of interruption, I'll go with it up stairs, and there have an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Ah! I knew dreaming of those huge precipices boded no good.

SONG.—NELL.

If woman is curious, sure nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime, I aver.

So if kept from our view

Any good thing or new,

What wonder we pout,

And would fain find it out?

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
Of wonders and dangers of this, that, and t'other.
What a trouble, heav'n bless us, they'd save to their
lives,

If they would but consult, in most matters, their
wives:

'Tis strange they don't try it,

We are always so quiet,

Never wish for the rule,

Only prudent and cool:

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

[Exit with the trunk.]

SCENE II.—Outside of Milford Castle.

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE.

Sir Ber. Is the boy safe?

Le Sage. All manag'd to a charm: they have got him away without suspicion of us, and I have just written to remove him again from St. Nicholas, where he will be quite out of their recovery.

Sir Ber. That's well; then soon the lovely Clara shall be the fair mistress of these extensive possessions. While Sir Edmund lived, I dared not oblige her, but now—she knows not of our arrival, does she?

Le Sage. Not a syllable: she occupies a part of the old convent where I have lodged the boy, but knows not of your arrival, nor of Edmund's death.

Sir Ber. Thus far, then, we glide on smoothly.

Enter RECORD.

Rec. The way for your reverend steps is round these ramparts to the great gate. I have all the keys, and will give an account of every thing as we go on. Will you be pleased to follow, most respectful? [Exit.]

Sir Ber. We'll follow. Your man is trusty, or, Le Sage, our plans will but involve us deeper.

Le Sage. Both secret and determined. You may now take possession with confidence and cheerfulness.

Sir Ber. No, Le Sage; who takes what he knows to be another's right, must have confidence, indeed; but a merry heart will not be among his possessions.

Le Sage. Mere vapours! a glass or two of the old convent wine will alter your opinion.

SONG.—LE SAGE.

In the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream,
Where the convent of Nicholas stood:

The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,

And believe me, the produce is good.

How the monks, in their day,

Must have swigg'd it away,

O, they let not a cluster escape;

Till, their cheeks, I suppose,

In an afternoon's doze,

Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mould'ring walls are conceal'd by the fruit,

And the liquor you'll say is divine,

Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,

Our cups overflow with the wine.

How the monks in their day, &c. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Armory in the Castle.**Enter LUCY and SPRUCE.*

Lucy. This is the last of our curiosities, sir; we have been all round the castle now, and I hope you like our situation.

Spruce. Vastly, vastly, my dear.

Lucy. I hope you don't believe I had any hand in locking you up; it was all Mr. Record's own doing, I can assure you, sir.

Spruce. Not at all, my love, not at all; I shall settle the old boy in a twinkling, when I am a little to rights.

Lucy. And you won't forget me: I should be sorry to lose my place now such fine people are coming.

Spruce. Lose your place! you shall not, by this, and this. Depend upon it I'll settle you too. (*Kissing her.*)

Lucy. Thank you, sir! Lord, this will be something like living.—(*A door shuts within with a hollow sound.*) Mercy on me! they are all coming in with Record's key, and will be up the winding staircase in a moment. We must not be found here; I shall be ruin'd; we have no way out but that by which they come.

Spruce. Never fear, put me in any where, only make haste.

Lucy. Well, well; here! you can creep behind that black armour; don't breathe for your life; they'll only pass on, and we can slip back when they are gone through. (*Spruce places himself behind the armour.*)

Spruce. Perhaps I am not the first coward that has trembled behind this suit of armour.

Lucy. I'll get into this case where Record keeps his best armour; I see he has left the key and believes it locked.—(*Goes into the case.*)

Enter SIR BERTRAND, LE SAGE, and RECORD.

Rec. You see, right noble, I've done my duty; every thing is to the completest order—

Sir Ber. I'm satisfied, and shall reward you accordingly.

Le Sage. For what are these piles of arms preserved?

Rec. To arm your tenants and followers, most victorious! in case of civil commotions; they were of great import to Sir Edmund's grandsire; and my father followed him, when a youngster, in that helmet and coat of mail, in his troublesome days.

Sir Ber. He was at Palestine, in the holy wars; is he not?

Rec. He was, right reverend: and I can shew you the armour which he prized upon those occasions—(*Approaching the case where Lucy is concealed.*) It often preserved his life in great perils. He never went to the holy wars without it, and slept with it every night in his tent.—I myself have now the care of it, and indeed I value it as much as the old warrior did: but I only regard it now as a curiosity, and am obliged to be very tender with it. (*Opens the case, and discovers Lucy.*)

Le Sage. Heav'n's! a woman!

Sir Ber. An excellent companion for the holy wars!

Rec. I'm dumb, most terrific! Did I not order you to stay in the chapel till my return? and how the devil got you in here? speak! (*An arm from the black armour falls.*) What's that? why here's witchcraft, in very truth.

Le Sage. That armour moves, Sir Bertrand.—

Sir Ber. Which? Which? *Le Sage.*—what's the meaning of all this? do you know?

Le Sage. I'll have it down if the devil's there. (*Drawing his sword. Lucy screams.*)

Spruce. (*Coming out.*) 'Tis only I, sir; I hope no offence: but this young woman was shewing me all her—no, your curiosities, sir, and hearing you

approach, we fear'd you might be angry, so we concealed ourselves till you were gone by.

Lucy. Indeed, that's all; as he was just come to his new place, I thought I would shew him the nature of it.

Rec. Go down, hussy: wait below till I come, most impudent; I shall pay you off directly.

[Exit Lucy.]

Sir Ber. Don't be so hasty. As to you, sir, I shall desire Record to put you to some employment—

Rec. I will, most dignified! Come with me. So, putting a little flesh upon my bones did not seem to be all your intention here, eh?

[Exeunt Record and Spruce.]

Sir Ber. Now, *Le Sage*, we are satisfied there is no copy left of the original will destroyed, we may with greater security proceed. Send the boy beyond sea, and there let him be despatched.

Le Sage. 'Tis done: by this he's safe. Lose not sight of Record, he may still be useful; should he prove otherwise, or turn refractory, we must provide for him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A retired part of a Forest. The remains of a Convent on the side.**Enter MICHAEL.*

I have lost him now for ever, that's plain. I have wander'd up and down through every track of the forest, and all to no purpose. Poor boy! how he'll grieve after me! his little heart will break—mine is gone to pieces already—quite waterlogg'd.—And Nell, too—well, I must not repine—The same Providence that threw him into my arms from shipwreck, may again think fit to save him. I'm quite faint and parch'd, I'll taste this running stream; here's a cup chain'd to the stone for wearied strangers. (*As he stoops to drink, the boy sings from within.*)

SONG.—BOY.

*Through forests drear I once did stray,
Where every songster us'd to say:
"O loiter here, 'tis nature's spring,
Thy carol sweet—dear minstrel! sing."*

Mich. Heaven's, that's his voice! my strength's renew'd; but how to get admittance?

BOY sings again.

*"Sweet birds," I cried, "could I, like you,
Ascend, the face of heaven to view;
Like you I'd welcome nature's spring,
My carol sweet for ever sing."*

Mich. D— I'll board! But lie to, lie to, Michael, and take a peep into the enemy's harbour. (*Retires.*)

Enter FLINT.

Flint. This purse is to have its fellow, when I take back evidence of the boy being safe on board. The smuggling boat is ready, but the way to it bad; O! there's the old convent! Now for my letter; if the boy's troublesome, this shall muzzle him. (*Michael, overhearing, comes forward.*)

Mich. What are you going to do with that letter?

Flint. What am I going to do? that's a pretty question: who the devil are you?

Mich. I am not used to turn assassin, believe me: but you must be plain, or two minutes will close your mouth for ever. The boy you are going for is in that house.

Flint. He is.

Mich. And you are employ'd to murder him?

Flint. O no! to put him off to sea.

Mich. By orders from the castle?

Flint. Yes: and here's my reward.

Mich. That letter will procure him?

Flint. Yes.

Mich. Now mark me; first give me the letter: then strip off that villain's coat of your's, and steer towards the ferry-house; there drop anchor till I come.

Flint. Pull off my coat?

Mich. No words—but do it this moment.

Flint. Well, well, there. (*Putting off his coat.*) you are not going to take anything else from me?

Mich. No: keep your money, and if you can, enjoy it. Your coat I only borrow: it shall be your's again. [*Exit Flint.*] (*Taking up the coat.*) 'Tis lawful in some cases to hoist false colours; and d—— if I must play the hypocrite, 'tis better to wear the villain's outside, so I am right and tight within, than to clothe a heart rotten at the core with the robes of honesty. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Inside of the Convent.*

Enter CLARA and BOY.

Boy. Indeed I could be happy with you as with anybody: but that I love my poor father and mother so dearly. What are they going to do with me? I am sure I never injured them.

Clara. You are sent here to be under my protection, and I will endeavour to make you comfortable. Alas! I fear by Le Sage directing this, some foul play; if so, and I lose Sir Edmund's protection, my ruin will be complete.

Boy. My father Michael always told me to fear nothing but doing a bad action. I have kept the lesson close, and I wish he could see me now, that I am not afraid. Poor dear Michael!

Enter JANNETTE and MICHAEL, disguised.

Clara. What ruffian are you to break in upon our solitude without notice and due respect?

Jan. Madam! he has found his way through the grotto from the forest: he has frightened me almost out of my wits; he says he has a letter for you.

Boy. Don't be alarmed, he shall not hurt you; O, I'm almost afraid to look at him.

Mich. 'Tis he! his little soul breaks out. (*Aside.*) Do not terrify yourself, fair lady; I am no ruffian, though I believe I look very like one. (*Aside.*) That letter will tell you my business. (*Gives a letter, and drops a paper.*)

Clara. Signed Le Sage, as I foreboded. But what can all this mean? 'Tis to no purpose my inquiry; I am myself unprotected, and can afford no help to others. This is the child! My dear boy, it afflicts me to part with you, but you must go.

Boy. What! must I go with him? O! Michael! what would I give to see you once more!

Mich. I cannot hold out much longer. (*Aside.*) I must crowd sail, or shall lose my weather-gauge: fair lady, your servant.

Boy. Where are we going? If you mean to kill me, let me tell my beads first.

Mich. Kill you! O, no! I did not think I looked so diabolical as that neither.

[*Exeunt Michael and Boy.*]

Clara. (*Looking after him.*) Farewell! farewell! I cannot think why I take such an interest in that boy. Ah me! what's here? (*taking up the paper, reads.*) "The child with whom this trunk is found, has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund." Amazement! this must be my brother!—and Le Sage, by employing this wretch, must have found the papers. Gracious heaven! then my dear father is lost for ever, and his child within the fangs of that miscreant agent! I'll to the castle instantly, although my life should pay the forfeit of my rashness. Just

heaven will not look on without regard, nor suffer innocence to fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RECORD and NELL.

Nell. We know you are our friend, Mr. Record, and trust the whole to you! Michael, I'm sure, depends upon your honour.

Rec. That he may with safety, most adorable!—I won't utter a syllable about the papers till the proper moment: when will Michael be here?

Nell. O! I can't tell; he is gone in search of the poor boy; and heaven only knows whether he will find him or not: perhaps they have kill'd him, and Michael lost his life in defending him.

Rec. Don't despond, most affectionate: he will come back to you; and now let me, while we are quite alone, just taste the nectar of those lips, most —(*Attempting to kiss her.*)

Enter LUCY, who discovers him.

Nell. For shame! Mr. Record, what are you about?

Lucy. Mr. Record!

Rec. What brought you here, most curious, eh?

Lucy. I beg pardon, sir; but a lady desires to see you directly. (*Aside to Record.*) I see Michael's wife makes all his friends welcome. [*Exit.*]

Rec. Take care of the papers, Mrs. Nelly, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Inside of the chapel.*

SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE meet CLARA and RECORD.

Clara. Sir Bertrand here! then I'm undone.

Sir Ber. Now, lovely Clara; I can make you most happy; at last, you see me lord of this fair castle, and you shall be its mistress.

Rec. (*Aside.*) This is very familiar at first sight, I think.

Clara. No, Sir Bertrand, that can never be; I come to claim a right on behalf of injured innocence. Le Sage must give the answer. Where is the child, you hypocrite? Where is the ruffian, to whom you committed him?

Le Sage. Haughty madam, this is not a time to interrogate my proceedings; your home from henceforth is here. That boy!—what of that boy?—why do you inquire?

Rec. Be cool, most vehement, be cool!

Clara. That boy! The wretch you sent to murder him, I suppose, was not quite collected in his business, or he would not have left this behind him. Know you that hand? (*Shewing the paper.*) What, you pause?

Le Sage. This is some mystery, beyond my cunning to develope.

Clara. It is my honoured father's hand, and that child my brother. Restore him to me, or his blood shall be upon your heads, and sweep his oppressors from the earth.

Sir Ber. By this he is properly bestowed: this raving is useless; 'twere better you prepare to share the splendour of this scene.

Clara. No, never. I'll to the world proclaim such villany, though I beg my daily crust from door to door. (*Gong.*)

Sir Ber. Not so hasty, Clara; you must not, shall not leave me. (*Struggling with her.*)

Clara. For pity's sake, assist me, heaven! (*Breaks from him and meets Michael entering.*)

Mich. What, more injuries! Human nature can't endure them.

Clara. That ruffian here! then all is lost.

Sir Ber. What insolence is this? how came you here? who are you?

Clara. Who are you? Matchless hypocrisy! You know him not, nor his business?

Mich. Who am I? Look on this weather-beaten brow, and tell me whether you can read aught there that could deserve injustice at your hands? Look still, and say do you discover fear to resent it?

Sir Ber. What injuries are you speaking of?

Mich. What injuries? Do you know a villain of the name of Le Sage, and does he know another of the name of Flint?

Le Sage. (*Drawing.*) Who has given your tongue this license?

Mich. Put up your steel; I've seen too many of them in my time to tremble at your's; a good cudgel is all the weapon an honest cause wants, and more than a bad one will encounter.

Sir Ber. Leave the castle this instant. Record and Spruce, why don't you turn the fellow out?

Rec. I am too weak—most potent!

Mich. Because they know I have higher orders than your's to remain here—

Le Sage. Whose are they?

Mich. The Baron's of Milford Castle.

Sir Ber. And who is that now?

Mich. I'll shew you in the veering of a point; Eh! what! (*Searching his pockets.*) D—the paper's gone! the rudder carried away just coming into harbour—

Clara. What do you mean? Are you then his friend? what paper have you lost? Is it this? (*Giving him the paper.*)

Mich. This! eh! this! yes, yes, it is, sure enough! Now I'll produce the commander of this station. (*Goes out and returns with Boy and Nell.*)

Clara. (*Runs and embraces him.*) It is he again!

Mich. Yes, that it is, I'll swear to him as I would to my own right hand.

Sir Ber. This is all forgery.

Rec. I'm afraid not, most unfortunate! for Mrs. Nelly and I have been looking over some papers in a trunk—

Le Sage. What papers?—

Mich. Those which his father delivered to me on his death-bed.

Sir Ber. Now you are detected. Where was that, villain; for his father was cast away at sea?

Mich. In these arms—on the bleak sea-shore, when I saved him and his little one from shipwreck; and had not heaven directed me to intercept that letter, he had still been at your mercy.

Le Sage. Curse on your officious zeal: we will think upon some plan to punish these usurpers.

[*Exeunt Sir B. and Le Sage.*]

Rec. O, here are the tenants of the estate assembled to assert the right of our new baron against injury and oppression.

Enter Villagers.

Mich. Now, Nell, it is enough for us to reflect that we have done our duty, and bore up so steadily against wind and tide to port, that we shall always find anchorage sure, and shelter from the storm.

FINALE.—*Chorus.*

*The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.*

Boy. *Though changed our lot to brighter scenes,
Though fair the prospects rise,
My mind to former pleasure leans,
Unconscious of disguise.*

Clara. *To honour's sway
This happy day
Its proudest laurels owing;
Then be it blest,
By ev'ry breast,
With gratitude o'erflowing.*

Chorus. *The castle walls resounding, &c. &c.*

Nell. *In smoothest waters safe at last,
We now forget the tempest past;
For sunshine greets the happy shore,
Care never will afflict us more.*

Record. *Most renown'd, I give you joy!*

Clara. *Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.*

Chorus. *The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.* [*Exeunt.*]

THE QUAKER;

A COMIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

STEADY
LUBIN
SOLOMON

EASY
SERVANTS
COUNTRYMEN

GILLIAN
FLORETTA
CICELY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An irregular Hill, carried quite to the back of the stage; so situated, that Lubin, who comes from it during the symphony of the Duett, is sometimes seen, and sometimes concealed by the trees.*

LUBIN comes over the stile with a stick and bundle on his shoulder.

AIR AND DUETT.—LUBIN and CICELY.

Lub. 'Midst thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales,
Whose songs are echo'd from the vales,
Trudging along through thick and thin,
Thank fate, at last I've reach'd the door.

(Knocks at the Cottage door.)

How pleas'd they'll be to let me in!
I've walk'd amain,
And yet ne'er leaving her before,
Hast'ning to see my love again,
I thought each furlong half-a-score.—
They're long, methinks—

Cice. (At the window.) Who's there, I trow?

Lub. Look out, good mother, don't you know?
'Tis Lubin. How does Gillian do?
And Hodge, and Margery, and Sue?

Cice. Not a whit better, sir, for you.

Lub. Why, what's the matter? why d'ye frown?

Cice. You shall know all when I come down.

Lub. What is the meaning of all this?
Oh! here she comes.

Enter CICELY.

Well, what's amiss?

Cice. Who are you, making all this stir?
If to come in you mean,
You may as well be jogging, sir,
While yet your boots are green.

Lub. I'm perfectly like one astound,
I know not, I declare,
Whether I'm walking on the ground,
Or flying in the air.
This treatment is enough to quite
Bereave one of one's wits.

Cice. Good lack-a-day! and do you bite,
Pray, ever, in these fits?

Lub. But you are jesting—

Cice. Think so still.

Lub. Where's Gillian?

Cice. She's not here:

*She's gone abroad, sir, she is ill.
 She's dead, you cannot see her,
 She knows you not, did never see
 Your face in all her life;
 In short, to-morrow she's to be
 Another person's wife.*

Cice. I tell you we know nothing at all about you.

Lub. You don't! why then may happen my name 'en't Lubin Blackthorn, and 'tis likely I did not set out six months ago to see my father down in the west, and ask his consent to my marriage with your daughter Gillian; and I warrant you I did not stay till my father died to take possession of his farm and every thing that belonged to him; nay, you'll want to make me believe presently that I 'en't come now to settle affairs, and take her back into the country with me.

Cice. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man: get back to your farm, and graze your oxen. You won't get a lamb out of our fold, I promise you.

Lub. Well, but in sober sadness, you 'en't serious, are you?

Cice. Serious! why, don't I tell you, Gillian's to be married to another to-morrow?

Lub. Where is she? I'll hear it from her own mouth.

Cice. I believe about this time she is trying on her wedding-suit.

Lub. And who is this she is going to be married to? I'll see him, and know what he has done to deserve her more than I have.

Cice. Done to deserve her!

Lub. Yes, done to deserve her. You forget, I suppose, when I've carried her milk-pail for her, or taken her share of work in the hay-field, how you used to say, that I was a true lover indeed: but I don't desire to have anything to say to you—you'll repent first.

Cice. Poor young man!

Lub. Nay, but don't you think you have used me very ill now?

Cice. I thought you said you would not speak a word to me.

Lub. Nay, but dame Cicely—

Cice. Your servant. If you have a mind to be a bridesman, we shall be glad to see you. [Exit.]

Lub. A very pretty spot of work this! and so I have come a hundred miles to make a fool of myself, and to be laughed at by the whole village.

AIR.—LUBIN.

*I lock'd up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.*

*My business done and over,
 I hasten'd back again,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again.*

*But this delight was stifted,
 As it began to dawn;
 I found the casket rifled,
 And all my treasure gone.*

Enter EASY.

Lub. Here comes her father. I don't suppose he had much hand in it; for so he had his afternoon's nap in quiet, he was always for letting things go as they would. So, master Easy, you have consented, I find, to marry your daughter to another, after promising me over and over, that nobody should have her but me.

Easy. My wife desired me.

Lub. Your mind is strangely altered, farmer Easy. But do me one piece of justice however—tell me, who is it you intend for your son-in-law?

Easy. 'Tis a rich one, I assure you.

Lub. And so you have broke your word, and all for the lucre of gain. And, pray now, don't you expect to be hooted out of the village?

Easy. I can't say I do.

Lub. Then they're a vile pack of wretches, and I'll get away from them as soon as I can. Go on, go on—let me know all.

Easy. You are in a passion, child, so I don't regard what you say: but I think I should have been out of my wits to have refused Mr. Steady, the rich Quaker.

Lub. What, is it he, then?

Easy. It is.

Lub. What! he that you are steward to; he that does so much good all about; and he that gives a portion every May-day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity?

Easy. The same. You have seen the nature of it: that villager who can boast of having done the most ingenious thing, claims a right to demand a farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and a hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatever maiden he chooses, provided he gain her consent: and it is a good custom; for the young men who formerly used to vie with one another in the feats of strength, now as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding.

Lub. And so he is to marry your daughter?

Easy. Things are as I tell you. And for that purpose, he has taken Gillian into his own house, had her taught music; and to say the truth, she is a different thing to what she was when you saw her last.

Lub. She is, indeed! for when I saw her last, she told me, that all the riches in the world should never make her forget me.

Easy. But since she has changed her mind; and as it so falls out, that to-morrow is May-day, you would do well to study some ingenious thing, and get this portion for a more deserving damsel.

Lub. No, farmer Easy; her using me ill is no reason why I should do anything to make me angry with myself; I swore to love her for ever, and I'll keep my word, though I see she has broke her's.

Easy. Do what you please; I must be gone.

Lub. Nay, but tell me one thing—did Gillian herself consent to this?

Easy. You'll know all in good time. [Exit.]

AIR.—LUBIN.

*Women are will-o'-the-wisps, 'tis plain,
 The closer they seem, still the more they retire;
 They tease you, and jade you,
 And round about lead you,
 Without hopes of shelter,
 Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
 Through water and fire:*

*And when you believe every danger and pain
 From your heart you may banish,
 And you're near the possession of what you desire,
 That instant they vanish,
 And the devil a bit can you catch them again.*

*By some they're not badly compar'd to the sea,
 Which is calm and tempestuous within the same
 hour;
 Some say they are syrens, but take it from me,
 They're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that
 have power;
 His person, his heart, nay, his reason to seize,
 And lead the poor creature wherever they please.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Quaker's house.**Enter FLORETTA and GILLIAN.**Flo.* Pooh, pooh! you must forget Lubin.*Gil.* How can you talk so, Floretta? I won't though, and none of them shall make me; they all frightened me, by saying it was a bad thing not to obey my parents, and so I consented to marry this Quaker-mao; but there's a wide difference between marrying him and forgetting Lubin.*Flo.* And so you would be silly enough to prefer being the homely wife of a clown, to rolling about in your own coach, having your own servants to wait on you; and, in short, leading the life of a fine lady?*Gil.* Oh, lord! I am sick at the thoughts of being a fine lady! But what's the reason, Floretta, that my friends want to make me so unhappy? I'm sure I'd do anything rather than vex them.*Flo.* Why you know that Mr. Steady's will is a law to us all; and as he had desired your friends to consent to this marriage, how could they refuse?*Gil.* Well, but you know he is a very good-natured man; and I dare say, if I was to tell him how disagreeable he is, and that I can't bear the sight of him, he'd let me marry Lubin.*Flo.* Suppose you try.*Gil.* So I will.*Flo.* But how are you sure this Lubin you are so fond of, is as fond of you?*Gil.* I've tried a thousand ways.

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*A kernel from an apple core,
 One day on either cheek I wore,
 Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
 That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
 Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,
 Sure token that his love's unsound;
 But Lubin nothing could remove,
 Sure token his is constant love.*

*Last May, I sought to find a snail,
 That might my lover's name reveal;
 Which finding, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the embers spread;
 When, if my letters I can tell,
 I saw it mark a curious L.
 Oh, may this omen lucky prove!
 For L's for Lubin and for love.*

*Enter STEADY.**Stea.* Verily thou rejoicest me to find thee singing, and in such spirits.*Gil.* I was singing, to be sure; but I cannot say much about being in spirits.*Stea.* No? why, do not thy approaching nuptials lift up, and as it were, exhilarate thee?*Flo.* Lord, sir! there's no persuading her; nothing will get this Lubin out of her head.*Stea.* And why, young maiden, wilt thou not listen unto me? have I not, for thy pleasure, given into all the vanities in which youth delights? I tell thee, that although my complexion be saturnine, my manners are not austere; why, therefore, likest thou not me?*Gil.* I should like you very well if you were my father, but I don't like you at all for a husband.*Stea.* And wherefore, I pray thee?*Gil.* Oh! there are reasons enough.*Stea.* Which be they?*Gil.* Why, in the first place, I should want you to change your clothes, and to have you as spruce as I am.*Stea.* Rather do thou change those thou wearest,

unto the likeness of mine. The dove regardeth not the gay plumage of the gaudy mackaw, and the painted rainbow delighteth our sight, but it vanishes away, yea, even as a vapour. What more?

Gil. Why, in the next place, I should want to change your age, and have you as young as I am.*Stea.* She speaketh her mind, and I esteem her. (*Aside.*) Therefore, why then, since it is necessary unto my peace, that thou shouldst become bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and thou canst not fashion thy disposition unto the likeness of mine, I will make it my study to double thy pleasure, until that which is now gratitude, shall at last become love.*Gil.* Ah! you'll never see that day, so you had better take no trouble about it.*Stea.* Thou art mistaken, and when thou beholdest the gambols to-morrow on the green—*Gil.* I shall long most monstrously to make one amongst them.*Stea.* And so thou shalt. Goodness forbid that I should withhold from thee those pleasures that are innocent.

AIR.—STEADY.

*While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!**Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,**And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!**Thou and I will be first in the throng.**While the lads, &c.**Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,**With his mates shall the sports have begun,**When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each boister,**And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.**While the lads, &c.**Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame?**'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;**And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.**While the lads, &c.* [Exit.]*Gil.* What an unfortunate girl am I, Floretta!*Flo.* What makes you think so?*Gil.* Why, what would make you think so too, if you were in my place?*Flo.* Well, then, I own I do think so; and if you'll promise not to betray me, I'll stand your friend in this affair.*Gil.* Will you? oh, la! and what must be done, Floretta?*Flo.* Why—but see yonder's a lover of mine; I'll make him of use to us.*Gil.* Lord! what's Solomon your lover? I hate him with his proverbs and his formality. What the deuce do you intend to do with him?*Flo.* What women generally do with their lovers, my dear, make a fool of him.—Mr. Solomon!*Enter SOLOMON.**Sol.* I listened, when, lo! thou calledst me; and as the voice of the shepherd is delightful unto the sheep in his fold, so even is thy voice delightful unto me.*Flo.* There's a lover for you! why the spirit moves you, Mr. Solomon, to say abundance of fine things.*Sol.* According unto the proverb, love maketh a wit of the fool.*Flo.* Yes, and a fool of the wit. But do you love me?*Sol.* When thou seest one of our speakers, dance—

ing a jig at a country wake; when thou beholdest the brethren take off their beavers, and bow their bodies, or hearest them swear, then believe I love thee not.

Flo. A very pompous speech, upon my word.

Sol. An ill phrase may come from a good heart; but all men cannot do all things; one getteth an estate by what another getteth an halter; a foolish man—

Flo. Talks just as you do now. But will you do a little favour I have to beg of you?

Sol. Slaves obey the will of those who command them.

Flo. There is a young man who has been used ill—

Sol. 'Tis very like; kind words are easier met with than good actions; charity seldom goeth out of the house, while ill-nature is always rambling abroad.

Flo. His name is Lubin, and I want you to inquire him out, and appoint him to meet me to-morrow morning very early, in the row of elms at the bottom of the garden.

Sol. But shall I not in this offend my master?

Flo. Never mind him: suppose if he should find us out, and scold us a little—

Sol. True—high words break no bones. But wilt thou give me a smile if I do this for thee?

Gil. Ay, that she shall, Mr. Solomon, and I'll give you another.

Sol. But wilt thou appoint the spousal day?

Flo. You are so hasty, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. And with reason; a man may catch cold while his coat is making. Shall it be to-morrow?

Flo. Must I promise?

Sol. Yea, and perform too; 'tis not plums only that maketh the pudding.

Flo. Well, well, we'll talk about it another time.

Sol. No time like the time present.

Flo. Nay, now, but go, Solomon.

Sol. An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow. Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.

Flo. Pray, now, go.

Sol. Yea, I will. (*Going, returns.*) A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush. [*Exit.*]

Gil. What a fright of a creature it is! How good you are, Floretta.

Flo. I could not bear to see you used in such a manner; and when I reflected on it, it went to my heart.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

I said to myself, now, Floretta, says I,

Supposing the case were your own;

Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,

To get rid of this canting old drone?

You well know you would, and you're worse than a Turk,

If one minute you hesitate whether

In justice you should not your wits set to work,

To bring Lubin and Gillian together.

To be certain, old Formal will frown and look blue,

Call you baggage, deceitful, bold-face,

With all manner of names he can lay his tongue to,

And perhaps turn you out of your place.

What of that? Let him frown, let him spit all his spite,

Your heart still as light as a feather,

With truth shall assure you, 'tis doing but right,

To bring Gillian and Lubin together. [*Exit.*]

Gil. I wonder what they plague us poor girls so for? Fathers and mothers in this case, are comical folks; they are for ever telling one what they'll do to please one; and yet, when they take it into their heads, they make nothing of desiring us to be mi-

serable as long as one lives. I wish I could be dutiful and happy too. May be, Floretta will bring matters about for me to marry Lubin with their consent; if she does, lord, how I shall love her!

AIR.—GILLIAN.

The captive linnet, newly taken,

Vainly strives and vents its rage;

With struggling pants, by hope forsaken,

And flutters in its golden cage;

But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,

Quickly on some neighbouring tree,

It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,

To bless the hand that set it free. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Wall at the back of the Quaker's garden.

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. 'Tis all true, 'tis all true; there's not a soul in the whole village that has not had something to say to me about it. Some pity me, others laugh at me, and all blame me for making myself uneasy. I know, if I did as I ought to do, I should get me back, and think no more concerning of them: but instead of that, here am I come creeping to the garden-gate, to see if I can get a sight of her. Who comes yonder? Oh! 'tis her father and the old Quaker. I'll listen and hear what they are talking about. (*Retires.*)

Enter STEADY and EASY.

Stea. Friend Easy, hie thee home to thy wife; tell her to hold herself ready for to-morrow, and say unto her, that when the youth who gains the customary dower shall receive from me the hand of his bride, I will from thee receive the hand of thy daughter.

Lub. Why, I must be turned fool to hear all this and not say a word. (*Aside.*)

Stea. Get thee gone friend. [*Exit Easy.*]

Enter SOLOMON.

Stea. Where art thou going?

Sol. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. (*Aside.*) Into the village about a little business for Mrs. Floretta.

Stea. Verily, I do suspect thee to be in a plot against me. I will not have thee, therefore, to do this business: stay here by me.

FLORETTA and GILLIAN look over the garden-wall.

Flo. I wonder whether Solomon is gone.

Gil. Oh, dear Floretta, as sure as you're alive, yonder's Lubin!

Flo. So there is. And see on the other side the old fellow talking to Solomon.

QUINTETTO.

Stea. Regard the instructions, I say,
Which I am now giving thee—

Sol. Yea.

Stea. Speed betimes to friend Easy, and bid him
take care,
The minstrels, the feasting, and sports to
prepare.
He must keep away Lubin too.

Lub. (*Peeping.*) Can I bear this?

Gil. *Won't you call out to Solomon presently?*

Flo. *Yes.*

Ste. *And do thou attend with thy dobbins of beer,
And see that our neighbours and friends
have good cheer:
Make the whole village welcome, and—*

Flo. *Solomon!*

Ste. *Stay.*

Flo. *You blockhead, come here,*

Ste. *Dost thou notice me?*

Sol. *Yea.*

(Here as often as Solomon tries to speak to Floretta and Gillian, he is prevented by Steady.)

Ste. *Stand still then.*

Flo. *Friend Solomon!*

Lub. *Is it not she?*

Flo. *Mind the oaf.—*

Gil. *Ha, ha, ha!*

Lub. *They are laughing at me.*

Ste. *See that garlands are ready—*

Gil. & Flo. *Ha, ha, ha!*

Lub. *Again,
Oh, Gillian! thou falsest of women, since
when
Have I merited this?*

Ste. *So that when on the lawn—*

Lub. *But I'll speak to her:—*

Gil. *Look, look, he sees us!—*

Ste. *Begone.*

Lub. *But hark thee—
Oh, Gillian! how wicked thou art!
Thou hast fool'd me, betrayed me, and broke
my poor heart,
But henceforth with safety in infamy reign,
For I never, no never, will see you again.* [Exit.

Gil. *He's gone! Now, lord, lord! I'm so mad,
I could cry!*

Flo. *Here, Solomon!*

Ste. *Go where I told thee—*

Sol. *I fly!*

Ste. *Well, do then, and tarry no where by the way.*

Flo. *Quickly run after Lubin.—*

Gil. *Do, Solomon.—*

Sol. *Yea.*

Ste. *What, Gillian, art there?*

Gil. *Yes, I am!—*

Ste. *Why dost sigh,
When the hour of thy happiness waxeth so
nigh?*

Gil. *Why, you know well enough.—*

Ste. *Come, come, do not sorrow.*

Gil. *Go along: get away!—*

Ste. *By yea, and by nay,
Thy mind shall be easy, believe me, to-mor-
row.* [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. *What a plague have they brought me here
or? I am in a rare humour; they'd better not*

*provoke me; they would not have set eyes on me
again, if it had not been that I want to see how she
can look me in the face after all this.*

Enter FLORETTA.

Flo. *There he is. (Aside.)*

Lub. *She shall find that I am not to be persuaded
into anything. (Aside.)*

Flo. *We shall try.*

Lub. *And if her father and all of them were at
this minute begging and praying me to marry her,
they should see—(Aside.)*

Flo. *That you would consent to it with all your
heart. (Aside.)*

Lub. *I'll just abuse her heartily; tell the Quaker
what an old fool he is; call her father and mother
all to pieces for persuading her to marry him; then
get me down to my farm, and be as careful to keep
myself out of love, as I would to keep my wheat
free from tares, a fox from my poultry, or the mur-
rain from my cattle. (Aside.)*

Flo. *If I should make you alter your tone now!
(Aside.)*

Lub. *I remember the time, when 'twas who
should love most: but what a fool am I to think of
that now; no, no, she shall find I can forget her, as
easily as she can forget me. (Aside.)*

Flo. *That I firmly believe. (Aside.)*

DUETT.—FLORETTA and LUBIN.

Flo. *How! Lubin sad! this is not common;
What do ye sigh for?*

Lub. *A woman.*

Flo. *How fair is she who on your brow
Prints care?*

Lub. *Just such a toy as thou.*

Flo. *What has she done?—*

Lub. *For ever lost my love.*

Flo. *That's sad, indeed! And can no prayers
move?*

Lub. *None: 'tis too late, that folly is o'er;
My love's turn'd to hate, and I'll see her no
more.*

*The time has been when all our boast
Was who should love the other most,
How did I count without my host!*

*I thought her mine for ever.
But now I know her all deceit;
Will tell her so when'er we meet,
And, were she sighing at my feet—*

Flo. *You would forgive her.*

Lub. *Never.*

Flo. *Then I may e'en go back, I find;
To serve you, sir, I was inclin'd;
But to your own advantage blind,
'Twould be a vain endeavour.
'Tis certain she does all she can,
And we had form'd a charming plan
To take her from the Quaker-man.*

Lub. *Nay, pr'ythee tell it—*

Flo. *Never.*

Enter GILLIAN.

Flo. *Here she is; now let her speak for herself.*

Gil. *Oh, Lubin! why would you not hear me
speak to you yesterday? I did not sleep a wink all
night for thinking on't.*

Lub. Why, had I not reason, Gillian, to be angry, when every one I met told me what a fool you had made of me?

Gil. Why, what could I do? Floretta here knows that I have done nothing but abuse old Steady from morning till night about it.

Flo. Come, come, don't let us dispute about what's past, but make use of the present opportunity; we have not a moment to lose. Get you to my master, make up a plausible story how ill you have been used by an old fellow, who has run away with your sweetheart; and tell him, that you come to complain to him, as you know 'tis a custom for every body to do when they are used ill.

Gil. What a rare girl you are, Floretta. But are you sure he won't know him?

Flo. Yes; I heard your father say, he never saw him in all his life.

Lub. That's lucky; leave me alone for a plausible story. [Exit.]

Enter SOLOMON.

Flo. Here comes my formal messenger. Well, Solomon, where's your master?

Sol. In the great hall, awaiting your approach.

Gil. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Words cost us nothing. If I have done thee service, thank me by deeds.

Gil. Oh! what you want me to coax Floretta to marry you?

Sol. I do.

Flo. Solomon has it very much in his power to make me love him.

Sol. How, I pray thee?

Flo. Why, I have said a hundred times, that I never would marry a man who has always a proverb in his mouth.

Gil. So you have, Floretta. I have heard you.

Sol. And thou would'st have me leave off mine; a word to the wise; thou shalt hear them no more.

Flo. Why, that sounded something like one.

Sol. It must be done by degrees. Word by word great books are written.

Flo. Again.

Sol. I pray thee to pardon me. I shall soon conquer them. But Rome was not built in a day.

Flo. Oh! this is making game of one.

Sol. I protest I meant no ill. I shall forget them, I say. 'Tis a long lane that hath no turning.

Gil. Poor Solomon, he can't help it.

Flo. Have you any desire to marry me?

Sol. Ask the vintner if the wine be good.

Flo. Because I will have my way in this; and I think it very hard you won't strive to oblige me.

Sol. I protest, I strive all I can—but custom is second nature; and what is bred in the bone,—verily I had like to have displeased thee again.

Flo. Oh! what you found yourself out, did you? then there's some hopes of amendment.

Sol. It shall be amended. A thing resolved upon is half done; and 'tis an old saying—but what have I to do with old sayings?

Flo. Very true.

Sol. But I must attend on the green.

Flo. Well, go! and by the time I see you next, take care that you get rid of all your musty old sayings. I wonder how so sensible a man as you, could give into such nonsense.

Sol. Evil communication corrupts good manners; and a dog—pise on the dog! well, thou shalt be obeyed, believe me.—Pise on the dog! [Exit.]

Gil. For goodness sake, what excuse do you intend to make to him, when he has left off his proverbs?

Flo. Why, desire him to leave off something else; and at the rate of one in a month, he won't have parted with all his peculiarities in seven years.

Gil. Well, how we do use men in love with us, when we take it into our heads!

Flo. And yet they are fools to be used so by us. But I am sure you will never use Lubin ill; he will make you the happiest girl in the world.

AIR.—FLORETTA.

*The face which frequently displays
An index of the mind,
Dame Nature has her various ways
To stamp on human kind.*

*Purs'd brows denote the purse-proud man,
Intent on some new scheme;
Clos'd eyes the politician,
For ever in a dream.*

*But features of ingenuous kind,
Which semblance bear of truth,
Display, methinks, in face and mind,
The portrait of this youth.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Hall.

Enter STEADY and LUBIN.

Lub. Your servant, sir.

Stea. Thine, friend.

Lub. I hope, sir, you'll excuse my rudeness.

Stea. I don't perceive thee guilty of any.

Lub. May be not; but I made bold to ask, if I might not trouble your worship about a little affair, concerning my being sadly ill used.

Stea. Speak freely.

Lub. Why, there's a covetous old hunk, an't like your worship, that because he is rich, would fain take away a young woman that I was to be married to, without her consent or mine.

Stea. Has the old hunk, thou speakest of, the consent of her friends?

Lub. They have no consent to give, an't please you.

Stea. And why, I pray thee?

Lub. Because, as I take it, if anybody gives a thing, 'tis not their's any longer; and they gave me their consent long ago.

Stea. Thou speakest the truth, but what would'st thou have me to do in this business?

Lub. Why, please you, sir, I have often heard it said of your worship, that there were three things you'd never suffer in our village, if you could help it; the maidens to go without sweethearts; the industrious without reward; and the injured without redress; and to be sure, it made me think, that if you were once acquainted with the rights of this affair, you would not suffer it to go on; "for," says I, "set in case it was his worship's own concern, how would he like to have the young woman taken away from him, that he is going to marry?"

Stea. There thou saidst it.

Lub. Why yes, I thought that was bringing the case home.

Stea. Well, attend on the lawn; make thy claim known, and if the parties concerned are present deliver to them what I now write thee for that purpose. (Writes.)

Lub. This is better and better still; how they'll all be laughed at! he little thinks he is signing his consent to part with Gillian. (Aside.)

Stea. Do thou direct it, (giving him the paper, thou knowest to whom it is to be given.

Lub. Yes, I am sure the person will be upon the lawn.

Stea. And fear not to tell him thy mind.

Lub. I sha'n't be sparing of that, I warrant you.

Stea. Urge thy ill usage.

Lub. Never fear me.

Stea. And tell him, that by endeavouring to prevent thy happiness, he hath done thee an injury he can never repair. For that riches are given us to comfort, and not distress those beneath us.

AIR.—LUBIN.

*With respect, sir, to you, be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it, and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.*

*There's something so comical in it,
I ne'er was so tickled by half;
And was I to die the next minute,
I verily think I should laugh.*

*Affairs happen better and better,
Your worship,—but mind the old put,
When first he looks over the letter,
I say, what a figure he'll cut.* [Exit.

Enter GILLIAN and FLORETTA.

Flo. Yonder he goes; I wonder now how he succeeded?

Stea. Come, Gillian, I was anxious to see thee; the time draweth near, and the sports will shortly begin on the lawn.

Gil. I long to be there as much as you do.

Stea. I doubt it not; and when thou seest thyself the queen of such a set of happy mortals, I know thou wilt consent that this shall be thy bridal day.

Flo. Yes, sir, if you'll consent to her having Lubin.

Gil. And I can tell you he's to be there.

Stea. Lubin, I'm sure, will not oppose what I decree.

Gil. I'm sure he won't part with me quietly.

Stea. Thou shalt see that he will not dare to murmur at my will and pleasure. But come, we are expected. Verily, I find myself exalted even to transport, in that I am going this day to make thee a bride.

AIR.—STEADY.

*In verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
That my manners are simple and plain;
That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
By my own good-will never are twain.*

I love thee—umph!

Would move thee—umph!

Of love to be a partaker.

Relent then—umph!

Consent then—umph!

And take thy upright Quaker.

*Though vain I am not, nor of fopp'ry possess'd,
Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,
Thou shouldst find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast,
As joyful as joyful can be.*

I love thee, &c.

[Exit.

Gil. Why, I don't see but that I am as bad off as ever, Floretta.

Flo. I don't know what to make of it myself; but, however, if the worst comes to the worst,

you must downright give them the slip, and run away. [Exit.

Enter LUBIN.

Lub. Gillian, I have just watched the old Quaker out, and slipped back to tell you that every thing goes well. I have got his consent under his hand to marry the young woman.

Gil. And does he know 'tis me?

Lub. Not a bit; but you know he never forfeits his word, so that we have him safe enough. But don't let us be seen together. I am going to the lawn; we shall have fine sport, I warrant you. [Exit.

AIR.—GILLIAN.

*Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.*

*Upon my troubled mind at last,
Kind fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So, after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm.* [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Lawn, with a May-pole.

STEADY, EASY, LUBIN, SOLOMON, GILLIAN, FLORETTA, CICELY, Country Lads and Lasses, discovered.

Stea. Friends and neighbours, it hath been my study since I first came among you, to do whatever might procure me your love and esteem. I have instituted a custom, the salutary effects of which I view with great gladness; and each is well entitled to the reward he has received. I will now propose to you a question, to see which of you can make the most ready reply. What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and, without which, nothing can be done?

First Coun. The earth.

Stea. No.

Second Coun. Ah! I knew you would not guess it. Light, an't please your worship.

Stea. Thou art as much mistaken as he, friend.

Lub. 'Tis my belief 'tis time. Nothing can be longer, because 'twill last for ever; nothing can be shorter, because 'tis gone in a moment; nothing can go slower than it does, when one's away from her one loves, and nothing swifter when one's with her. 'Tis an old saying—

Sol. Friend, I hate old sayings.

Lub. That 'tis as precious as gold; and yet we are always throwing it away. And, your worship, as a proof that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking about to-day, had not had the opportunity of my absence, he could not have run away with a certain young damsel.

Stea. Thou hast solved my question aright, and art indeed an ingenious youth. If thou goest on as thou hast begun, I foresee that thou wilt win the dower. Give me now your several claims, sealed up as usual, and go on with the sports while I peruse them.

(A Dance.)

Stea. Hast thou nothing to give, young man? (To Lubin.)

Lub. Why yes, please your worship, I have.

Stea. This is addressed unto me! let me view the contents; how! my own hand! Thou expectest, I find, to receive this damsel for thy wife; and

thy plot, which thou didst so artfully carry on, was contrived to make my neighbours laugh at me.

Lub. No, with respect to your worship, 'twas to keep them from laughing at you.

Stea. How is this?

Lub. Why, you know, you advised me to tell the old gentleman a piece of my mind.

Stea. Thou shalt see the revenge I will take upon thee for this. I will comply with the contents of this paper to the utmost. Here, read this aloud. (*To a Countryman.*)

Coun. "If the youth Lubin—"

Stea. Thou seest I knew thee then.

Lub. I am afraid I have been too cunning for myself.

Stea. You see, neighbours, how I am treated; and I request of you to be witness how much it behoveth us to resent such injuries. Go on.

Coun. "If the youth Lubin, will faithfully love and cherish the maiden, called Gillian, and make her a good helpmate, I do freely give my consent to her becoming his wife, and request her friends to do the same."

Lub. How is this!

Stea. This is my revenge. By thy ingenuity thou hast won the dower; and by thy truth and integrity, my friendship.

Lub. Was ever the like?

Gil. I never could abide you before, but now I shall love you as long as I live.

Stea. Verily, my heart warmeth unto you both; your innocence and love are equally respectable. And would the voluptuous man taste a more exquisite sensation than the gratifying his passions, let him prevail upon himself to do a benevolent action.

CATCH.

Let nimble dances beat the ground,

Let tabor, flageolet, and fife,

Be heard from every bower;

Let the can go round:

What's the health?—long life

To the donor of the dower.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A TALE OF MYSTERY;

A MELO-DRAME, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

BONAMO
ROMALDI
FRANCISCO
STEPHANO

MONTANO
MICHELLI
MALVOGLIO
PIERO

EXEMPT
GARDENERS
PEASANTS
MUSICIANS

DANCERS
SELINA
FIAMETTA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the house of Bonamo, with two side doors, and folding-doors in the back scene: a table, pen, ink, and paper, chairs, &c. Music, to express discontent and alarm.

Enter SELINA and FIAMETTA.

Sel. You seem hurried, Fiametta?

Fiam. Hurried, truly! Yes, yes; and you'll be hurried too.

Sel. I?

Fiam. Fine news!

Sel. Of what kind?

Fiam. A very bad kind. The Count Romaldi—

Sel. (Alarmed.) What of him?

Fiam. Is coming.

Sel. When?

Fiam. This evening.

Sel. Heavens! What can he want?

Fiam. Want? He wants mischief. We all know he wants you to marry his son, because you're a rich heiress.

Sel. Surely, my uncle will never consent?

Fiam. Your uncle and all Savoy fear him.

Bona. (Calling without.) Fiametta!

Fiam. I am here, sir.

Bona. But I want you here.

Fiam. Lord, sir! I am busy.

Sel. Go, run to my uncle.

Fiam. It's a shame that he should not think of marrying you to his own son; when he knows how dearly you love each other.

Sel. It is the excellence of my dear uncle's heart, that disdains the appearance of self-interest.

Fiam. So, rather than be blamed himself, he'll make you and I and every body miserable! But I'll talk to him!

Bona. (Without.) Fiametta, I say!

Fiam. Coming! (Going.) He shall hear of it. I'm in the proper cue. He knows I'm right, and I'll not spare him. [Exit, talking.]

(Hunting music.)

Enter STEPHANO, with his fowling-piece, net, and game.

Sel. Why are you so late, Stephano? I had a thousand alarms.

Steph. Forgive me, dear Selina. The pursuit of game led me too far among the mountains.

Sel. Do you know—

Steph. What?

Sel. I almost dread to tell you. Count Romaldi is coming.

Steph. Romaldi!

Sel. I shudder when I recollect the selfishness of his views, and the violence of his character.

Steph. Add, the wickedness of his heart.

(Music, to express chattering contention.)

Enter BONAMO and FIAMETTA.

Fiam. I tell you again, sir, it is uncharitable, it is cruel; it is hard-hearted in you, to give any such orders.

Bona. And I tell you they shall be obeyed. Have not I a right to do as I please in my own house?

Fiam. No, sir; you have no right to do wrong anywhere.

Steph. What is the dispute, sir?

Fiam. He has ordered me to turn the poor Francisco out of doors; because, forsooth, the house is not large enough to hold this Count Romaldi.

Sel. Think, my dear uncle, how grateful and kind is his heart!

Steph. And that he is a man of misfortune.

Bona. Folly and misfortune are twins: nobody can tell one from the other. He has got footing here; and you seem all determined he shall keep it.

Sel. I own I am interested in his favour. His manners are so mild!

Steph. His eyes so expressive!

Sel. His behaviour so proper!

Fiam. I'll be bound he's of genteel parentage!

Bona. Who told you so?

Fiam. Not he, himself, for certain; because, poor creature! he is dumb. But only observe his sorrowful looks. What it is I don't know, but there is something on his mind so—

Bona. You are a fool!

Fiam. Fool, or not, I have served you faithfully these three-and-twenty years; so you may turn me out of doors at last, if you please.

Bona. I!

Fiam. Yes; for, if you turn Francisco out, I'll never enter them again.

Bona. You certainly know more concerning this man?

Fiam. Since it must be told, I do.

Bona. Then speak.

Fiam. It is quite a tragedy!

Bona. Indeed! Let us hear.

Fiam. It is now seven or eight years ago, when you having sent me to Chambery, I was coming home. It was almost dark; every thing was still; I was winding along the dale, and the rocks were all as it were turning black. Of a sudden, I heard cries! A man was murdering! I shook from head to foot! Presently, the cries died away; and I beheld two bloody men, with their daggers in their hands, stealing off under the crags at the foot of the mill. I stood like a stone; for I was frightened out of my wits! So I thought I heard groans; and, as I feared as I was, I had the sense to think they must come from the poor murdered creature. So I listened, and followed my ears, and presently I saw this very man—

Sel. Francisco?

Fiam. Weltering in his blood! To be sure I screamed and called loud enough: for what could I do by myself? So presently my cries were heard; and honest Michelli, the miller, with his man, came running.

Bona. I now remember the tale. The poor man recovered; and every body praised Michelli.

Fiam. So they ought; he is an honest, good soul! What then, sir, can you suppose I thought, when, about a week ago, I again saw Francisco's apparition standing before me; making signs that he was famished with hunger and thirst? I knew him at once; and he soon bethought himself of me. If you had seen his clasped hands, and his thankful looks, and his dumb notes, and his signs of joy, at having found me! While I have a morsel, he shall never want. I'll hire him a cottage; I'll wait upon him; I'll work for him: so turn him out of doors, if you have the heart.

Steph. Fiametta, you wrong my father.

Bona. I'll hear his story from himself.

Fiam. He can't speak.

Bona. But he can write.

Fiam. I warrant him. I'm sure he's a gentleman.

Bona. Bring him here: if he prove himself an honest man, I am his friend.

Fiam. I know that, or you should be no master of mine. [Exit.]

Steph. His kind attentions to Selina are singular.

Sel. Every morning, I find him waiting for me with fresh gathered flowers, which he offers with such modest yet affectionate looks!

FIAMETTA returns with FRANCISCO; the latter, poor in appearance, but clean; with a reserved, placid, and dignified air.

Bona. Come near, friend. You understand his gestures, Fiametta; so stay where you are.

Fiam. I intend it.

Bona. (To himself.) He has a manly form! a benevolent eye! (Aloud.) Sit down, sir. Leave us, my children. (Francisco suddenly rises, as Stephano and Selina offer to go; brings them back, and intreats they may remain.) Since he desires it, stay. There is pen, ink, and paper; when you cannot answer by signs, write; but be strict to the truth.

Fran. (With dignity points to heaven and his heart.)

Bona. Who are you? (Francisco writes; and Stephano, standing behind him, takes up the paper and reads the answers.)

Fran. "A noble Roman!"

Bona. Your family?

Fran. (Gives a sudden sign of Forbear! and writes) "Must not be known."

Bona. Why?

Fran. "It is disgraced."

Bona. By you?

Fran. (Gesticulates.)

Fiam. (Interpreting.) No, no, no!

Bona. Who made you dumb?

Fran. "The Algerines."

Bona. How came you in their power?

Fran. "By treachery."

Bona. Do you know the traitors!

Fran. (Gesticulates.)

Fiam. (Eagerly.) He does! he does!

Bona. Who are they?

Fran. "The same who stabbed me among the rocks." (A general expression of horror.)

Bona. Name them.

Fran. (Gesticulates violently, denoting painful recollection; then writes) "Never."

Bona. Are they known by me?

Fiam. (Interpreting.) They are! they are!

Bona. Are they rich?

Fran. "Rich and powerful."

Bona. Astonishing! Your refusal to name them gives strange suspicions. I must know more: tell me all, or quit my house. (Music to express pain and disorder.)

Enter PIERO.

Pier. Count Romaldi, sir.

Fran. (Starts up, struck with alarm.)

Steph. So soon!

Bona. Shew him up.

Pier. He's here. (Similar music.)

ROMALDI suddenly enters, as FRANCISCO is attempting to pass the door: they start back at the sight of each other. Romaldi recovers himself; and Francisco, in an agony of mind, leaves the room.

Bona. What is all this? Where is he gone? Call him back, Fiametta!

[Exeunt Fiametta and Stephano; both regarding Romaldi with dislike.]

Rom. (With forced ease.) At length, my good friend, I am here. I have long promised myself the pleasure of seeing you, Your hand. How hearty you look! And your lovely niece! Her father's picture!

Bona. Rather her mother's.

Rom. My son will adore her. In two days I expect him here. I have serious business to communicate.

Sel. (To her uncle.) Permit me to retire, sir.

Bona. (Tenderly.) Go, my child; go.

Sel. (Aside.) Grant, oh, merciful heaven! I may not fall a sacrifice to avarice! [Exit.]

Bona. And now your pleasure, Count?

Rom. Nay, I imagine, you can guess my errand. You know my friendship for my son, who, let me tell you, is your great admirer. The care you have bestowed upon your niece, her education, mind, and manners, and the faithful guardian you have been, both of her wealth and person, well deserve praise.

Bona. If I have done my duty, I am greatly fortunate.

Rom. She is a lovely young lady; and you are not ignorant of my son's passion: to which your duty towards your niece must make you a friend. I therefore come with open frankness, to propose their union.

Bona. And I, with equal candour, must tell you, I can give no answer.

Rom. (*Haughtily affecting surprise.*) No answer!

Bona. Your rank and wealth make the proposal flattering; but there is a question still more serious.

Rom. (*In the same tone.*) What can that be?

Bona. One which my niece only can resolve.

Rom. Inexperience like her's should have no opinion.

Bona. How, my lord! Drag the bride, by force, to that solemn altar, where, in the face of heaven, she is to declare her choice is free?

Rom. Mere ceremonies.

Bona. Ceremonies! Bethink yourself; lest marriage become a farce, libertinism a thing to laugh at, and adultery itself a finable offence!

Rom. Ay, ay; you are a moralist; a conscientious man. Your son is reported to have designs on Selina.

Bona. My lord!

Rom. No anger: I speak as a friend. Her fortune is tempting: but you disdain to be influenced. The wealth and rank of our family—

Bona. Surpass mine. True; still my niece, I say, must be consulted.

Rom. Indeed! (*Sternly.*) Then my alliance, it seems, is refused?

Bona. By no means: I have neither the right to refuse nor to accept. If Selina—

Re-enter SELINA, with a letter.

Sel. (*Presenting it to Bona.*) From the unfortunate Francesco.

Rom. What! that strange fellow I met as I came in?

Sel. (*Aside.*) He knows his name!

Rom. I forgot to ask how he got admittance here?

Sel. (*With marked displeasure.*) I should hope, my lord, there would always be some charitable door open to the unfortunate!

Rom. (*With courteous resentment.*) I addressed your uncle, lovely lady.

Bona. When you came in, he was relating his adventures, which have been strange.

Rom. (*Retaining himself.*) And are you, my friend, simple enough to believe such tales?

Sel. What tales, my lord?

Bona. The proofs are convincing! The mutilation he has suffered; the wounds he received, not a league from hence; the—

Rom. (*Alarmed.*) Did he name—

Bona. Who? The monsters that gave them? No; but they are not unknown to him.

Rom. That—that is fortunate.

Bona. I was amazed to learn—

Rom. What?

Bona. That they are rich and powerful. But I forget: the story can have no interest for you.

Rom. (*Eagerly.*) You mistake: I—(*recollecting himself.*) my feelings are as keen as your's.

Bona. But what has he written? (*Offers to open the letter.*)

Rom. If you will take my advice, you will not

read. Doubtless, he has more complaints, more tales, more favours to request. Be kind and hospitable; but do not be a dupe.

Bona. Of which, I own, there is danger.

Rom. (*Seizing the letter which Bonamo carelessly holds.*) Then let me guard you against it.

Sel. (*After continually watching and suspecting Romaldi, snatches the letter back; while he, remarking her suspicions, is confused.*) This letter, my lord, was given in charge to me: I promised to bring an answer; and I respectfully entreat my uncle will read it.

Bona. Well, well. (*Reads.*) "*Friend of humanity, should I remain, the peace of your family might be disturbed. I therefore go; but earnestly entreat you will neither think me capable of falsehood nor ingratitude. Wherever I am, my wishes and my heart will be here.—Farewell.*" He shall not go.

Rom. Why not? He owes the peace of your family may be disturbed.

Bona. Fly, Selina, tell him I require, I request, him to sleep here to-night, that I may speak with him to-morrow.

Rom. (*Aside.*) That must not be.

Sel. Thanks, my dear uncle! you have made me happy. [*Exit in haste. Confused music.*]

Enter PIERO.

Bona. What now, Piero?

Pier. Signor Montano is below.

Rom. (*Alarmed and aside.*) Montano!

Bona. I'm very glad of it, for I wanted his advice. (*To Romaldi.*) The best of men!

Pier. Please to come up, sir.

Rom. With your permission, I will retire.

Enter MONTANO.

(*Music plays alarmingly, but piano when he enters and while he says.*)

Mon. I beg pardon, good sir, but—(*Music loud and discordant at the moment the eye of Montano catches the figure of Romaldi; at which Montano starts with terror and indignation. He then assumes the eye and attitude of menace, which Romaldi returns. The music ceases.*) Can it be possible?

Rom. (*Returning his threatening looks.*) Sir!

Mon. You here!

Rom. Not having the honour of your acquaintance, I know not why my presence should please or displease you.

Mon. (*After a look of stern contempt at Romaldi, and addressing Bonamo.*) Good night, my friend; I will see you to-morrow. [*Exit suddenly. (Hurrying music, but half piano.)*]

Bona. (*Calling.*) Nay, but signor! Signor Montano! Are the people all mad? Fiametta!

Fiam. (*Without.*) Sir!

Bona. Run, overtake him; and say, I must speak with him. (*Music ceases.*) Excuse me for going. (*To Romaldi.*)

Rom. Why in such haste? I have heard of this Montano: a credulous person; a relator of strange stories.

Bona. Signor Montano credulous! There is not in all Savoy a man of sounder understanding. Good night, my lord; I will send your servant: that door leads to your bed-room. Call for whatever you want; the house is at your command.

[*Exit with looks of suspicion. Music of doubt and terror.*]

Rom. What am I to think? How act? The arm of Providence seems raised to strike! Am I become a coward? Shall I betray, rather than defend myself! I am not yet an idiot. (*Threatening music.*)

Enter the Count's Servant, MALVOGLIO; who observes his master. Music ceases.

Mal. Your lordship seems disturbed!

Rom. Francisco is here.

Mal. I saw him.

Rom. And did not your blood freeze?

Mal. I was sorry.

Rom. For what?

Mal. That my dagger had missed its aim.

Rom. We are in his power.

Mal. He is in our's.

Rom. What are your thoughts?

Mal. What are your's, my lord?

Rom. Guess them.

Mal. Executioners!

Rom. Infamy!

Mal. Racks!

Rom. Maledictions!

Mal. From all, which a blow may yet deliver us.

SELINA, entering and hiding behind the door, opposite to the chamber of ROMALDI, overhears them.

Rom. 'Tis a damning crime!

Mal. Were it the first.

Rom. Where is he to sleep?

Mal. There! (Pointing to the chamber opposite to Romaldi's.)

Sel. (Behind the door.) They mean Francisco!

Rom. Obstinate fool! Since he will stay—

Mal. He must die.

Sel. The monsters!

Rom. I heard a noise.

Mal. (Looking toward the folding-doors.) He's coming.

Rom. Let us retire and concert—

Mal. Then, at midnight—

Rom. When he sleeps—

Mal. He'll wake no more!

[Exeunt to the chamber of the Count.]

(The stage dark: soft music, but expressing first pain and alarm; then the successive feelings of the scene. FIAMETTA enters, with FRANCISCO, and a lamp, which she places on the table. She regards him with compassion, points to his bed-room, then curtsies with kindness and respect, and retires; he returning her kindness. He seats himself as if to write, rises, takes the lamp, looks round with apprehension, goes to the chamber-door of Romaldi, starts away with horror, recovers himself, again places the lamp on the table, and sits down to write. The door of Romaldi opens: Malvoglio half appears, watching Francisco; but, as he turns, again retires.)

Enter SELINA, who gently pulls the sleeve of Francisco: he starts; but, seeing her, his countenance expands with pleasure.

(Music pauses on a half close.)

Sel. (In a low voice.) Dare not to sleep! I will be on the watch; your life is in danger! [Exit.]

(Music continues tremendous.)

Fran. (Greatly agitated, draws a pair of pistols, lays them on the table, and seats himself to consider if he should write more.)

ROMALDI and MALVOGLIO appear.

(Music suddenly stops.)

Rom. (To Malvoglio.) Watch that entrance. (To Francisco.) Wretched fool! Why are you here?

(Music: terror, confusion, menace, command.)

Fran. (Starts up, seizes his pistols, points them toward Romaldi and Malvoglio, and commands the former, by signs, to read the paper that lies on the table.)

(Music ceases.)

Rom. (Reads.) "Repent; leave the house. Oblige me not to betray you. Force me not on self-defence." Fool! Do you pretend to command? (Throws him a purse.) We are two. Take that, and fly. (Music.)

Fran. (After a look of compassionate appeal, spurns it from him; and commands them to go. After which, sudden pause of music.)

Rom. (Aside to Malvoglio.) I know him; he will not fire.

(Music. They draw their daggers; he at first avoids them; at length they each seize him by the arm, and are in the attitude of threatening to strike, when the shrieks of Selina, joining the music, which likewise shrieks, suddenly brings Bonamo, Stephano, and Servants, through the folding-doors.)

Sel. Uncle! Stephano! Murder! (Romaldi and Malvoglio, at hearing the noise behind, quit Francisco, and feign to be standing on self-defence. Music ceases.)

Bona. What mean these cries? What strange proceedings are here?

Sel. They are horrible!

Bona. Why, my lord, are these daggers drawn against a man under my protection?

Rom. Self-defence is a duty. Is not his pistol levelled at my breast?

Bona. (To Francisco.) Can it be? (Fran. inclines his head.) Do you thus repay hospitality?

Sel. Sir, you are deceived: his life was threatened.

Rom. (Sternly.) Madam!

Sel. I fear you not: I watched, I overheard you.

Bona. Is this true?

Rom. No.

Sel. By the purity of heaven, yes! Behind that door, I heard the whole; Francisco must quit the house, or be murdered!

Rom. (To Bonamo sternly.) I expect, sir, my word will not be doubted.

Bona. My lord, there is one thing of which I cannot doubt: the moment you appeared, terror was spread through my house. Men's minds are troubled at the sight of you: they seem all to avoid you. Good seldom accompanies mystery; I, therefore, now decidedly reply to your proposal, that my niece cannot be the wife of your son; and must further add, you oblige me to decline the honour of your present visit.

Rom. (With threatening haughtiness.) Speak the truth, old man, and own you are glad to find a pretext to colour refusal, and gratify ambition. Selina and Stephano;—you want her wealth, and mean in that way to make it secure. But, beware! Dare to pursue your project, and tremble at the consequences! To-morrow, before ten o'clock, send your written consent; or dread what shall be done.

[Exeunt Romaldi and Malvoglio: appropriate music.]

Bona. Dangerous and haughty man! But his threats are vain; my doubts are removed; Selina shall not be the victim of mean precaution, and cowardly fears. I know your wishes, children. Let us retire. (To his servants.) Make preparations for rejoicing: early to-morrow, Stephano and Selina shall be affianced. (Music of sudden joy, while they kneel.)

Steph. My kind father!

Sel. Dearest, best of guardians! (Music pauses.)

Bona. Francisco shall partake the common happiness.

Fiam. (As they are all retiring.) Dear, dear! I sha'n't sleep to-night.

[Exeunt: Bonamo expressing friendship to all, which all return; Francisco with joy equal to that of the lovers. Sweet and cheerful music, gradually dying away.]

ACT II.

(Joyful Music.)

SCENE I. — A beautiful Garden and Pleasure-grounds; with garlands, festoons, love-devices, and every preparation for a marriage festival.

First and second Gardeners; PIERO and his Companions; all busy.

Pier. Come, come; bestir yourselves! The company will soon be here.

1 Gard. Well; let them come: all is ready.

Pier. It has a nice look, by my fackins!

1 Gard. I believe it has, thanks to me!

Pier. Thanks to you!

2 Gard. And me.

Pier. And you? Here's impudence! I say it is thanks to me!

1 and 2 Gard. You, indeed!

Pier. Why, surely, you'll not have the face to pretend to deny my incapacity!

1 Gard. Your's?

2 Gard. Your's?

Pier. Mine! mine!

Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. What is the matter, my honest friends?

1 Gard. Why, here's Mr. Piero pretends to dispute his claim to all that has been done.

2 Gard. Yes; and says every thing is owing to his incapacity.

1 Gard. Now, I maintain, the incapacity was all my own. *(To Steph.)* Saving and excepting your's, sir.

2 Gard. And mine.

1 Gard. Seeing you gave the first orders.

Pier. But wasn't they given to me, sir? Didn't you say to me, Piero, says you—

Steph. *(Interrupting.)* Ay, ay; each man has done his part: it is excellent, and I thank you kindly. Are the villagers invited?

Pier. Invited! They no sooner heard of the wedding than they were half out of their wits. There will be such dancing and sporting! Then, the music! Little Nanine, with the hurdy-gurdy; her brother, with the tabor and pipe; the blind fiddler, the laune piper, I and my jew's harp! such a band!

Steph. Bravo! Order every thing for the best.

Pier. But who is to order? Please to tell me that, sir.

Steph. Why, you.

Pier. There! *(To his companions.)* Mind! I am to order! Mark that!

Steph. You shall be major-domo for the day.

Pier. You hear. I am to be—do—drum-major for the day!

Steph. Selina is coming. To your posts. *(Music. They hurry each to his garland, and conceal themselves by the trees and bushes.)*

Enter BONAMO, SELINA, and FIAMETTA.

(Music ceases.)

Bona. *(Looking round.)* Vastly well, upon my word!

Sel. *(Tenderly.)* I fear, Stephano, you have slept but little.

Bona. *(Gaily.)* Sleep, indeed! He had something better to think of. Come, come! we'll breakfast here in the bower. Order it, Fiametta.

Fiam. Directly, sir. *(She goes, and returns with the servants; aiding them to arrange the breakfast-table.)*

Bona. How reviving to age is the happiness of the young! And yet—*(sighs)*—thou hast long been an orphan, Selina; it has more than doubled thy fortune, which was great at my brother's sudden death. Would thou hadst less wealth, or I more!

Sel. And why, my dear uncle?

Bona. Evil tongues—this Romaldi—

Steph. Forget him.

Sel. Would that were possible! his menace—before ten o'clock—oh! that the hour were over!

Bona. Come, come, we'll not disturb our hearts with fears. To breakfast, and then to the notary. I forgot Francisco; why is he not here?

Sel. Shall I bring him?

Bona. Do you go, Fiametta.

Fiam. Most willingly.

Bona. Come, sit down. *(They seat themselves.)*

Sweet music. Piero peeps from behind a shrub. Stephano gives a gentle clap with his hands, and the peasants all rise from their hiding-places, and suspend their garlands, in a picturesque group, over Bonamo, Selina, and Stephano. Music ceases.)

Pier. What say you to that now?

Bona. Charming! charming!

Pier. I hope I am not made a major for nothing.

Bona. *(To Francisco, who enters with Fiametta.)* Come, sir, please to take your seat.

Pier. *(To Steph.)* Shall the sports begin?

Steph. *(Gives an affirmative sign.)*

Pier. Here! dancers! pipers! strummers! thrummers! to your places! This bench is for the band of music—mount. *(Here the dancing, which should be of the gay, comic, and grotesque kind; with droll attitudes, gesticulations, and bounds, in imitation of the mountaineers, the goats they keep, &c. that is, the humorous dancing of the Italian peasants. In the midst of the rejoicing, the clock strikes; the dancing suddenly ceases; the changing music inspires alarm and dismay.)*

Enter MALVOGLIO. He stops in the middle of the stage; the company start up; Francisco, Stephano, Selina, and Bonamo, all with more or less terror. The peasants, alarmed and watching; the whole, during a short pause, forming a picture. Malvoglio then presents a letter to Bonamo, with a malignant assurance, and turns away, gratified by the consternation he has occasioned: with which audacious air and feeling, he retires. While Bonamo opens the letter and reads with great agitation, the music expresses confusion and pain of thought; then ceases.

Bona. Oh, shame! dishonour! treachery!

Steph. My father!

Sel. My uncle!

Fiam. What treachery!

Fran. *(Attitude of despair.)*

Bona. No more of love or marriage! no more of sports, rejoicing, and mirth.

Steph. Good heavens!

Sel. My guardian! my friend! my uncle!

Bona. *(Repelling her.)* I am not your uncle.

Sel. Sir!

Steph. Not?

Bona. She is the child of crime!—of adultery! *(A general stupefaction; the despair of Francisco at its height.)*

Steph. 'Tis malice, my father!

Bona. Read.

Steph. The calumny of Romaldi!

Bona. *(Seriously.)* Read.

Steph. *(Reads.)* "Selina is not your brother's daughter. To prove I speak nothing but the truth, I send you the certificate of her baptism."

Bona. 'Tis here—authenticated. Once more read.

Steph. *(Reads.)* "May the 11th, 1584, at ten o'clock this evening, was baptised Selina Bianchi, the daughter of Francisco Bianchi."

Fran. *(Utters a cry, and falls on the seat.)*

Sel. Is it possible? my father!

Fran. *(Opens his arms, and Selina falls on his neck.)*

Steph. Amazement!

Bona. Sinful man! not satisfied with having dishonoured my brother, after claiming my pity, would you aid in making me contract a most shameful alliance? Begone! you and the offspring of your guilt.

Steph. Selina is innocent.

Fran. *(Confirms it.)*

Bona. Her father is—a wretch! Once more, begone.

Fran. *(During this dialogue had held his daughter in his arms; he now rises with a sense of injury, and is leading her away.)*

Bona. Hold, miserable man! *(to himself)* House-

less—pennyless—without bread—without asylum ; must she perish because her father has been wicked? (To Francisco.) Take this purse, conceal your shame, and, when 'tis empty, let me know your hiding place.

Fran. (Expresses gratitude, but rejects the purse.)

Sel. (With affection.) Spare your benefits, sir, till you think we deserve them.

Bona. Poor Selina!

Steph. (Eagerly.) What say you, sir?

Bona. Nothing; let them begone.

Sel. Stephano! farewell.

Steph. She shall not go! or—I will follow.

Bona. And forsake your father! ungrateful boy! (To Fran.) Begone, I say. Let me never see you more. (To the Peasants.) Confine that frantic youth. (Violent distracted music.) Stephano endeavours to force his way to Selina: Fiametta passionately embraces her; and by gesture, reproaches Bonamo, who persists, yet is tormented by doubt. Stephano escapes, and suddenly hurries Selina forward, to detain her; after violent efforts, they are again forced asunder; and, as they are retiring on opposite sides, with struggles and passion, the scene closes.

SCENE II.—The House of Bonamo.

BONAMO and STEPHANO brought on by the Peasants, who then leave the room.

Bona. Disobedient, senseless boy!

Steph. (Exhausted.) Selina! Give me back Selina, or take my life!

Bona. Forbear these complaints.

Steph. She is the woman I love.

Bona. Dare you—

Steph. None but she shall be my wife.

Bona. Your wife!

Steph. To the world's end I'll follow her!

Bona. And quit your father? now, when age and infirmity bend him to the grave?

Steph. We will return to claim your blessing.

Bona. Stephano! I have loved you like a father; beware of my malediction.

Steph. When a father's malediction is unjust, heaven is deaf.

Enter FIAMETTA, retaining her anger.

Fiam. Very well! it's all very right! But you will see how it will end!

Bona. (To Steph.) I no longer wonder Count Romaldi should advise me to drive such a wretch from my house.

Fiam. Count Romaldi is himself a wretch.

Bona. Fiametta!—

Fiam. (Overcome by her passion.) I say it again! a vile, wicked wretch! and has written—

Bona. (Imperiously.) The truth. The certificate is incontestible.

Fiam. I would not for all the world be guilty of your sins.

Bona. Woman!

Fiam. I don't care for you; I loved you this morning; I would have lost my life for you, but you are grown wicked.

Bona. Will you be silent?

Fiam. Is it not wickedness to turn a sweet, innocent, helpless, young creature out of doors; one who has behaved with such tenderness; and leave her at last to starve? Oh, it is abominable!

Bona. Once more, hold your tongue.

Fiam. I won't, I can't! Poor Stephano! And do you think he'll forbear to love her? If he did, I should hate him! But he'll make his escape. You may hold him to-day, but he'll be gone to-morrow. He'll overtake and find his dear forlorn Selina; and they will marry, and live in poverty; but they will work, and eat their morsel, with a good conscience; while you will turn from your dainties with an aching heart!

Bona. For the last time I warn you—

Fiam. I know the worst; I have worked for you all the prime of my youth; and now you'll serve me as you have served the innocent, wretched Selina; you'll turn me out of doors. Do it! But I'll not go till I've said out my say: so I tell you again, you are a hard-hearted nunc, an unfeeling father, and an unjust master! Every body will shun you! You will dwindle out a life of misery, and nobody will pity you; because you don't deserve pity. So, now I'll go, as soon as you please.

Enter SIGNOR MONTANO, hastily.

Fiam. Enter and Stephano eagerly attentive.

Mon. What is it I have just heard, my friend? Have you driven away your niece?

Bona. She is not my niece.

Mon. 'Tis true.

Fiam. How!

Mon. But where did you learn that?

Bona. From these papers.

Mon. Who sent them?

Bona. Count Romaldi.

Mon. Count Romaldi, is—a villain.

Fiam. There! There!

Steph. You hear, sir!

Fiam. I hope I shall be believed another time.

Bona. (Greatly interested.) Silence, woman!—By a man like you, such an accusation cannot be made without sufficient proofs.

Mon. You shall have them. Be attentive.

Fiam. I won't breathe! A word sha'n't escape my lips. (They press round Montano.)

Mon. Eight years ago, before I had the honour to know you, returning one evening after visiting my friends, I was leisurely ascending the rock of Arpennaz.

Fiam. So, so! The rock of Arpennaz! You hear! But I'll not say a word.

Mon. Two men, wild in their looks, and smeared with blood, passed hastily by me, with every appearance of guilt impressed upon their countenances.

Fiam. The very same! Eight years ago! The rock of Arpennaz! The—

Bona. Silence!

Fiam. I'll not say a word. Tell all, sir; I am dumb.

Mon. They had not gone a hundred paces before he, who appeared the master, staggered and fell, I hastened to him; he bled much, and I and his servant supported him to my house: they said they had been attacked by banditti, yet their torn clothes, a deep bite, which the master had on the back of his hand, and other hurts appearing to be given by an unarmed man, made me doubt. Their embarrassment increased suspicion; which was confirmed next day by Michelli, the honest miller of Arpennaz; who, the evening before, near the spot from which I saw these men ascend, had succoured a poor wretch, dreadfully cut and mangled.

Fiam. It's all true! 'Twas I! I myself! My cries made Michelli come! Eight years—

Bona. Again?

Fiam. I've done.

Mon. I no longer doubted I had entertained men of blood, and hastened to deliver them up to justice: but, when I returned, they had flown; having left a purse, and this letter.

Bona. (Having seen it.) 'Tis the hand of Romaldi.

Mon. Imagine my surprise and indignation, yesterday evening, when I here once more beheld the assassin! I could not disguise my emotion; and I left you with such abruptness to give immediate information. The archers are now in pursuit: I have no doubt they will soon secure him, as they already have secured his accomplice.

Steph. Malvoglio?

Mon. Yes; who has confessed—

Steph. What?

Mon. That the real name of this pretended Romaldi is Bianchi.

Bona. Just heaven! Francisco's brother!

Mon. Whose wife this wicked brother loved. Privately married, and she pregnant, Francisco put her under the protection of his friend here in Savoy.

Steph. My uncle! His sudden death occasioned the mystery.

Mon. But the false Romaldi decoyed Francisco into the power of the Algerines, seized his estates; and, finding he had escaped, attempted to assassinate him.

Fiam. Now are you convinced? He would not 'peach this brother of abomination! (*Raising her clasped hands.*) I told you Francisco was an angel! but, for all you know me so well, I'm not to be believed.

Bona. You are not to be silenced.

Fiam. No; I'm not. Francisco is an angel, Selina is an angel, Stephano is an angel: they shall be married, and all make one family; of which, if you repent, you shall be received into the bosom.

Bona. (*Slowly; earnestly.*) Pray, good woman, hold your tongue.

Fiam. Repent, then! Repent! (*Here the distant thunder is heard, and the rising storm perceived.*)

Bona. (*To Montano and Stephano.*) I do repent!

Fiam. (*Affectionately.*) Then I forgive you, (*sobs*) I won't turn you away. You're my master again. (*Kisses his hand, and wipes her eyes.*)

Bona. But where shall we find Selina, and—?

Fiam. Oh, I know where!

Steph. (*Eagerly.*) Do you?

Fiam. Why, could you think that—(*her heart full*) Follow me! Only follow me. [*Exeunt hastily.*]

Thunder heard, while the Scene changes. Music. Scene, the wild mountainous country called the Nant of Arpennaz, with pines and massy rocks. A rude wooden bridge on a small height thrown from rock to rock; a rugged mill stream, a little in the back ground; the miller's house on the right; a steep ascent by a narrow path to the bridge; a stone or bank to sit on, on the right-hand side. The increasing storm of lightning, thunder, hail, and rain, becomes terrible, Suitable music.

Enter ROMALDI from the rocks, disguised like a peasant, with terror; pursued as it were by heaven and earth.

Rom. Whither fly? Where shield me from pursuit, and death, and ignominy? My hour is come! The fiends that tempted, now tear me. (*Dreadful thunder.*) The heavens shoot their fires at me! Save! Spare! Oh, spare me! (*Falls on the bank. Music, hail, &c. continue; after a pause, he raises his head. More fearful claps of thunder are heard, and he again falls on his face. The storm gradually abates. Pause in the music. A very distant voice is heard. (Holla!) Music continues. He half rises, starts, and runs from side to side; looking and listening. Music ceases. Voice again, (Holla!) They are after me! Some one points me out! No den, no cave, can hide me! (Looks the way he came.) I cannot return that way. I cannot. It is the place of blood! A robbed and wretched brother! 'Tis his blood, by which I am covered! Ay! There! There have I been driven for shelter! Under those very rocks! Oh, that they would open! Cover me, earth! Cover my crimes! Cover my shame! (*Falls motionless again. Music of painful remorse; then changes to the cheerful pastorate, &c.*)*

MICHELLI is seen coming toward the bridge, which he crosses, stopping to look round and speak; then speaks as he descends by the rugged narrow path, and then in the front of the stage.

Mich. (*On the bridge.*) 'Tis a fearful storm!

One's very heart shrinks! It makes a poor mortal think of his sins, and his danger.

Rom. (*After listening.*) Danger!—What? Is it me? (*Listening.*)

Mich. (*Descending.*) Every thunder clap seems to flash vengeance in his face!

Rom. I am known; or must be! Shall I yield? or shall I—(*points his pistol at Michelli, then shrinks*) More murder!

Mich. (*In the front of the stage.*) At such terrible times, a clear conscience is better than kingdoms of gold mines.

Rom. (*In hesitation whether he shall or shall not murder.*) How to act?

Mich. (*Perceiving Romaldi, who conceals his pistol.*) Now, friend!

Rom. Now, miller!

Mich. (*Observing his agitation.*) You look—
Rom. How do I look? (*fearing, and still undetermined.*)

Mich. I—What have you there?

Rom. Where?

Mich. Under your coat?

Rom. (*Leaving the pistol in his inside pocket, and shewing his hands.*) Nothing.

Mich. Something is the matter with you.

Rom. (*Sudden emotion to shoot: restrained.*) I am tired.

Mich. Come in, then, and rest yourself.

Rom. Thank you! (*moved*) Thank you!

Mich. Whence do you come?

Rom. From—the neighbourhood of Geneva.

Mich. (*As if with meaning.*) Did you pass through Sallancha?

Rom. (*Alarmed.*) Sallancha! Why do you ask?

Mich. You have heard of what has happened?

Rom. Where?

Mich. There! At Sallancha! One Count Romaldi—

Rom. What of him?

Mich. (*Observing.*) Do you know him?

Rom. I—How should a poor—

Mich. Justice is at his heels. He has escaped: but he'll be taken. The executioner will have him.

Rom. (*Shudders.*) Ay?

Mich. As sure as you are here.

Rom. (*Aside.*) All men hate me. Why should I spare him?

Mich. I saved the good Francisco.

Rom. (*Gazing stedfastly at him.*) You! Was it you?

Mich. I.

Rom. Then—live.

Mich. Live?

Rom. To be rewarded.

Mich. I'd have done the same for you.

Rom. Live—live!

Mich. I will, my friend, as long as I can; and, when I die, I'll die with an honest heart.

Rom. Miserable wretch!

Mich. Who?

Rom. That Count Romaldi.

Mich. Why, ay; unless he is a devil, he is miserable indeed. (*Music, quick march.*) He'll be taken; for, look, yonder are the archers. *They cross the bridge.*

Rom. (*Fearing Michelli knows him.*) What then? Where is Romaldi?

Mich. How should I know?

Rom. (*Aside.*) Does he dissemble! They are here: I am lost! (*Retires.*)

Music. The Archers come forward.

Mich. Good day, worthy sirs.

Exempt. Honest miller, good day. We are in search of Count Romaldi, whom we are to take, dead or alive. Do you know his person?

Mich. No.

Rom. (*Aside, and out of the sight of the Archers.*) Thanks, merciful heaven!

Exempt. (*Reads.*) "Five feet eight," &c. the description must be that of the actor's voice, size and person: to which add "with a large scar on the back of the right hand."

Rom. (*Thrusting his hand in his bosom.*) 'Twill betray me!

Exempt. 'Twas a bite. The wretch Malvoglio has deposed, that good Francisco is the brother of the vile Romaldi.

Mich. How!

Exempt. And that Francisco, though robbed, betrayed and mutilated, has endured every misery, and lived in continual dread of steel or poison, rather than bring this monster to the scaffold.

Mich. But he'll come there at last.

Exempt. We are told, he is among these mountains.

Mich. Oh, could I catch him by the collar!

Exempt. Should you meet him, beware: he's not unarmed.

Mich. There is no passing for him or you by this valley after the storm; the mountain torrents are falling. You must go back.

Exempt. Many thanks. We must lose no time.

Mich. Success to you. (*Archers reascend the hill.* *Music.* *Quick march; as when they entered.*)

Rom. Death! infamy! is there no escaping?

Mich. The day declines, and you look—

Rom. How?

Mich. Um!—I wish you looked better. Come in; pass the evening here: recover your strength and spirits.

Rom. (*with great emotion, forgetting and holding out his hand.*) You are a worthy man.

Mich. I wish to be. (*Feeling Romaldi's hand, after shaking.*) Zounds! What! Eh!

Rom. (*Concealing his confusion.*) A scar—

Mich. On the back of the right hand!

Rom. I have served. A hussar with his sabre gave the cut.

Mich. (*After considering.*) Humph! It may be. *Rom.* It is.

Mich. At least it may be; and the innocent—

Rom. Ay! might suffer for the guilty.

Mich. (*After looking at him.*) Rather than that, I'll run all risks. I am alone; my family is at the fair, and cannot be home to-night. But you are a stranger; you want protection—

Rom. (*With great emotion.*) I do, indeed!

Mich. You shall have it. Come, never shall my door be shut against the houseless wretch.

[*Exeunt to the house.*]

Music expressing dejection. FRANCISCO and SELINA approaching the bridge, he points to the Miller's house. *Cheerful music; she testifies joy and admiration, of the Miller.* They descend;

he carefully guiding and aiding her. *The Miller supposed to hear a noise, comes to inquire, sees Francisco, they run into each other's arms.*

Mich. Welcome! A thousand times welcome!

Sel. Ten thousand thanks to the saviour of my father!

Mich. Your father, sweet lady! [*enemy.*]

Sel. Oh yes! discovered to me by his mortal

Mich. The monster Romaldi?

Sel. (*Dejectedly.*) Alas!

Mich. For your father's sake, for your own sake, welcome both.

Rom. (*Half from the door.*) I heard my name!

Mich. (*Leading them to the door, just as Romaldi advances a step.*) Come, I have a stranger—

Sel. (*Seeing Romaldi, shrieks.*) Ah!

Fran. (*Falls back and covers his eyes with agony.*)

Mich. How now? (*Romaldi retires.*)

Sel. 'Tis he! (*Music of hurry, terror, &c.* *Francisco putting his hand towards her mouth, enjoins her silence with great eagerness.* *Michelli, by making the sign of biting his right hand, asks Francisco if it be Romaldi.* *Francisco turns away without answering.* *Michelli denotes his conviction it is Romaldi, and hastily ascends to cross the bridge in search of the Archers; Francisco entreats him back in vain.* *Romaldi, in terror, enters from the house presenting his pistol.* *Francisco opens his breast for him to shoot if he pleases.* *Selina falls between them.* *The whole scene passes in a mysterious and rapid manner.* *Music suddenly stops.*)

Rom. No! Too much of your blood is upon my head! Be justly revenged: take mine! (*Music continues as Romaldi offers the pistol: which Francisco throws to a distance, and entreats him to fly by the valley.* *Romaldi signifies the impossibility, and runs distractedly from side to side: then after Francisco and Selina's entreaties, ascends to cross the bridge.* *Met at the edge of the hill by an Archer, he is driven back; they struggle on the bridge.* *The Archer's sword taken by Romaldi, who again attempting flight, is again met by several Archers.* *Romaldi maintains a retreating fight.* *Fianetta, Bonamo, Stephano, Montano, and Peasants, follow the Archers.* *Francisco and Selina, in the greatest agitation, several times throw themselves between the assailants and Romaldi.* *When the combatants have descended the hill, Romaldi's foot slips, he falls, and Francisco intervenes to guard his body.* *By this time all the principal characters are near the front.* *The Archers appear prepared to shoot, and strike with their sabres; when the entreaties and efforts of Francisco and Selina are renewed.* *The Archers forbear for a moment; and Francisco shields his brother.* *The music ceases.*)

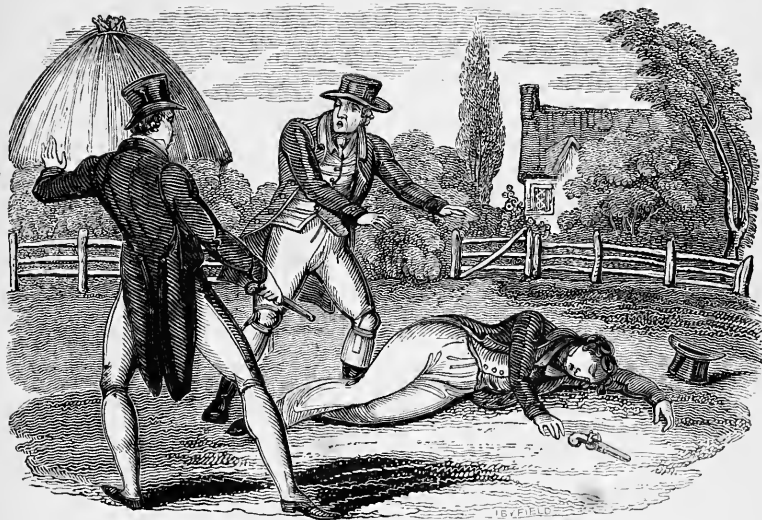
Sel. Oh, forbear! Let my father's virtues plead for my uncle's errors!

Bon. We all will entreat for mercy; since of mercy we all have need: for his sake, and for our own, may it be freely granted!

(*The curtain falls to slow and solemn music.*)

THE FARM HOUSE;

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.



Act III.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JOHN ENGLISH
MODELY
HEARTWELL

FREEHOLD
SHACKLEFIGURE
COUNTRYMEN

CONSTABLES
AURA
FLORA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Country Village.

Enter AURA and FLORA.

Aura. Cousin, I'll go to London.

Flora. What new lure has Satan employed to tempt you thither?

Aura. Only to see some of my own species; a few men and women; for I cannot look on the things we talked to just now, but as beings between men and beasts, and of an inferior nature to be people who grow in cities. If I stay longer among the savages, I shall not have vanity enough to keep myself clean. I must go to London to recover my pride.

Flora. And yet how often have I heard thee rail at London, and call it an infectious congregation of vapours; an assemblage of falsehood and hypocrisy.

Aura. 'Tis true; but my affections have taken another turn. The heart of a woman, girl, like a owl down a hill, continually changes as it rolls. I declare, seriously, I never knew my own mind so hours together in my life.

Flora. Cousin, thou art a very wild fop.

Aura. We are all so in our hearts. O my conscience, here they are.

Flora. What?

Aura. Men, my dear, men! Human creatures! look, here they come.

Enter MODELY and HEARTWELL.

Mod. Pretty maidens, stay a moment; turn again,

and give your assistance to two honest fellows in distress. Our carriage is broke down, our horses are lame, 'tis late, and we have lost our way.

Hear. And we would know where—She's intolerably handsome!

Mod. We shall lie to-night—She is a sweet girl!

Flora. Sir, we buy, we don't sell fortune: two gipsies just now offered us a penny-worth. They passed by those elms; I believe you may overtake them.

Aura. Yes, sir; they will tell you what will happen to you exactly. Good evening. (*Going.*)

Mod. Why, you would not leave me in a strange place, child?

Aura. We have no title at all to you. If you are a couple of stray cattle, all we can do is to bring you to the constable.

Mod. And what then?

Aura. Why, then, we must cry you three market-days; and if nobody owns you, why you must be pounded till somebody does.

Hear. Stay one moment, dear creature; vanish not immediately, if you would not have me believe myself in a vision.

Flora. Pray, sir, come down to my understanding: mine, you see, is as plain as my dress.

Hear. In one word, then, who is the inhabitant of that farm-house in the valley? Our horses fell lame, and we have sent our carriage round there.

Flora. A sour, old man, sir; who, when he is in a very good humour, vouchsafes to call me niece.

Aura. And me daughter. There we live, gentlemen, and are like to live; fretting one another

like silk and worsted wove together, till we quite wear out.

Heart. You have none of the rust of the country upon you: neither your words, your manners, nor anything but your habits, speak what you would appear.

Aura. My father and the vicar of our parish, taught us to read and write. But indeed, sir, my father was born a gentleman, and is, by accident only, a clown: for having in his youth profusely squandered a great estate in London, he took an aversion to the town, and turned his sword into a ploughshare.

Heart. Is it impossible to see this old cynic? I persuade myself we might revive those seeds of humanity that once lived within him, and get entertainment in his farm, for one night only; especially, if you would be so good to use your power, too, and venture to intercede for a stranger.

Flora. Sir, 'tis impossible! If you wore any form but what you do—

Heart. Ask him only—try a little—use the influence of your eyes; ask him, with a look of pity, and 'tis impossible he should deny you.

Flora. Shall we ask?

Aura. Will you venture?

Flora. I'm half afraid. If you would second me—

Aura. Never fear, my girl; I'll stand bravely by thee. Gentlemen, we'll endeavour to prevail, and you shall have an answer in the turn of a second.

[*Exeunt Flora and Aura.*]

Heart. What a couple of jewels are here in rustic work?

Mod. I never beheld anything so charming!

Heart. What a shape! What—

Mod. An air, a mien, an instep, a foot!

Heart. Why, you don't mean my girl?

Mod. Nor you mine, I hope?

Heart. Ah! rogue, rogue! what a lucky night is this.

Mod. If we get in.

Heart. Hold! here they come, and old Crabtree with them!

Enter FREEHOLD, FLORA, and AURA.

Free. Oh! oh! perhaps these are some of my Covent-Garden acquaintance.

Flora. I can't tell; but they have waited a great while for an answer.

Free. Let them wait, with a murrain.

Aura. Please, sir, to say ay or no.

Free. No, then; no! Burn my house and barns, send the murrain among my cattle, the mildew in my corn, and the blight in my fruit, but let no London plagues come within my doors. What has bewitched you to ask such a question?

Flora. They desire in common humanity, as they are gentlemen.

Free. Gentlemen! ha! They are the bane of your sex. The devil did less mischief in the form of the serpent to Eve, than in that to her daughters. Well, I'll talk with them to oblige you.

Mod. Sir, the unexpected occasion of this trouble—

Free. Oons! sir, speak truth. I know what you are pumping for; a pretty excuse for an unseasonable visit. I have not told one lie in compliment these thirty years.

Heart. Nor heard one neither?

Free. No, sir, nor heard one. Here we only make up a few necessary lies for a market-day or so.

Mod. But we would only say in plain words—

Free. I'll tell you what honourable designs you two have clubbed for, in plain words: your horses were to fall lame; you were to be benighted; and making use of my humanity for entrance into my house, you very honestly hope for an opportunity

to ruin my family. Ask your consciences, is it not so? eh!

Heart. We confess the charge is too generally true; but we beg leave to be excepted.

Free. Whence came you?

Heart. From London.

Free. From London; so I thought again: the mart of iniquity; Satan's chief residence. He picks up a vagabond soul or two now and then with us; but he monopolizes there.

Mod. But, sir, to our purpose: is there no security to be taken for one night only?

Free. There is, if you'll accept the terms. Look ye, gentlemen; I have one faithful friend in the world—'tis honest Towzer, a true bred mastiff; one who never scrapes or kisses my hand but in honest truth, who will stand by me with his best blood. Now he does me the favour to lie every night at my bed's foot. I am likewise master of a brace of large boned threshers; and these three have been the guardians of my farm these ten years. They have no more respect than I for a laced coat you know the rest. I'll ha' no poaching.

Heart. Sir we accept your terms. He that intends no wrong, fears none.

Free. There, then, there lies your way.

[*Exeunt Freehold, Modely, and Heartwell.*]

Flora. Laud! cousin, he has taken them both in.

Aura. I tremble so, I don't know what to do.

Flora. It was your fault.

Aura. You were bewitched to ask him.

Flora. Why did you not advise me to the contrary?

Aura. O dear! my heart beats.

Flora. Ay, it beats to arms, child. The garrison is besieged!

Aura. Come, let's in: courage, and the day our own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the farm.*

Enter FREEHOLD, MODELY, and HEARTWELL.

Free. Forget you have been within the walls of a city, and we shall agree well enough.

Heart. But, sir, do you never, never intend see London again?

Free. Never, never, I tell you.

Heart. Why so, sir?

Free. I am unqualified for conversation then. The few virtues you have you hide; and as for crimes, to be agreeable. In a word, you are a false, double-faced, execrable hypocrites. Come will you drink a cup of brown ale before you eat?

Heart. I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty now.

Free. Do you never drink but when you are dry? We have none of your French wines; we live upon English beef and beer, the staple of our own country.

Heart. And every honest Briton ought to encourage it.

Free. Right, boy! Come, will you smoke a pipe before supper? A pipe is the best whet in the world.

Mod. No, by no means. Pray, sir, who is the lord of your manor here?

Free. We have no lord, sir, we have a lady.

Mod. A lady?

Free. Ay, sir; she lives at the great house on the hill above, with an old knight, her kinsman, whose estate joins to her's: one Sir John English. But come into this room, and drink a cup of before supper; nay, I will have it so.

Mod. We'll follow you.

Free. What! you see the wenches coming: remember our articles, or Towzer's the word. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURA and FLORA.

Mod. Ha! my mademoiselle once again! I'll kill thee, my dear little thief, with kisses.

Aura. Then I shall be the first maid that ever died that death, and deserve to be buried with my face downwards.

Mod. Whither do you run? What! must I follow you?

Aura. If you have courage: the old dragon is in the next room.

Mod. Hang the dragon! I am a knight-errant, and 'tis my business to conquer dragons.

Aura. Come on, then, Hercules the second!

[*Exeunt Modely and Aura.*]

Heart. Hear me! let me swear to you, fair maid! *Flora.* What is it you would swear! that you love me?

Heart. Really, I never liked a woman better in my life.

Flora. I think you are something more than tolerable; I was going to say, agreeable.

Heart. Do you like me?

Flora. As I might a picture.

Heart. Do you take me only for the shadow of a man?

Flora. To me no more; for I look on this accident only as the idle delusion of a morning dream.

Heart. Then let me wake thee into real happiness: the little god of love shall wanton in thy heart, as he now plays and revels in thy eyes.

Flora. Hold! hold! you are running back into metaphor; why, this is downright poetry. Pray, come to common sense again.

Heart. That is very true. To be short, then, hereabouts is your bedchamber?

Flora. What, then, it seems, you do certainly assure yourself, that having squeezed my hand, and sighed out a few unnecessary fine things, I shall fall plump into your arms, as cats get birds by gazing at them.

Heart. Come, my love, this dialect is as affected as t'other. Take this jewel, accept it, wear it as a token of the most pure affection; you shall live with me, command me and my fortune. I'll keep you from this cottage, and this cross old man; and you shall live, as your beauty and your wit demand you should, in all the various pleasures this gay world can give you.

Flora. Here, sir; take your toy again. I thank you humbly for the mighty favour. What! would you barter with me for myself? Bribe me out of my person? 'Tis poorly done. But know, sir, I have a heart within, that proudly tells me, no price will ever buy it. But is it honest in you to tempt at innocence you should protect? Reason distinguishes men from beasts; and virtue, men from men. Think—reflect: are your intentions agreeable to justice, honour, gratitude? You wrong yourself, as well as me. Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Heart. She has stung me to the soul with her just reproaches. I am conscious and ashamed of my crime. My heart burns within me; she strikes into my mind; I must have her, though at a price of liberty. I'll ask her uncle's consent immediately. But what will the world say! I renounce it; I abjure it.

I'll give her all my future life; and prove,

Like Antony,—the world well lost for love.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect, with the Farm House.*

Enter MODELY and HEARTWELL from the house.

Mod. Was ever anything so agreeable?

Heart. What palace could have entertained us in this cottage?

Mod. The blunt, old man gave us a meal, plain and undisguised.

Heart. Artless and honest like himself. Did you observe the sweetness and purity of this little dwelling? The honey-suckles hid the light of our small casement—

Mod. And mixed their odours with the sharp morning air, and waked me early.

Heart. Why, did you sleep?

Mod. Like a whipped top. Did not you?

Heart. Ah, no! my heart was dancing the galloping nag. My spirits were in arms; and all the mobility of my blood roared out incessantly—*Flora!* *Flora!* *Flora!*

Mod. What, then, you are really in love; that is, à-la-romanski.

Heart. So much in love, I could fight for—I could die for her; and will marry her.

Mod. What, you have a mind to put your passion to a violent death! Marry her: do so, do so; 'tis a certain cure.

Heart. Be not severe; her beauty, George, will make my joys immortal.

Mod. I can't believe either in the immortality of her beauty, or your passion.

Heart. May be so; but I shall put them to the trial.

Mod. Fly! fly, begone! for here comes my temptation. [*Exit Heartwell.*]

Enter AURA.

Aura. Gentlemen, the tea is ready.

Mod. Tea! Why you live within doors as elegantly as the people of our world. This cottage is like a diamond in the quarry—all rough without; within, all light and beauty. My lovely, charming—

Aura. Nay, no more love, I entreat, I petition. Come, leave this whimsical dumb cant of sighing and ogling; and tell me, in plain English, what you'd have.

Mod. Could not you help one to a little ready beauty?

Aura. What would you give for a small purchase of that way?

Mod. Heart for heart, my dear.

Aura. That was the old way, they say. Before money was in fashion, they used to barter in kind.

Mod. Let us renew that honest custom in the age of innocence and love.

Aura. Have you a clear title to the thing you would sell? That heart of yours, I warrant, has been mortgaged over and over.

Mod. Humph! it has been a little dipped; but I have always honourably redeemed it, and was as free as air, till I beheld those eyes.

Aura. Ah! that humble, killing bow. Go on! Now I know you are to talk of chains, and daggers, and loves, and hearts, and flames, and darts.

Mod. Is it possible to hide a passion, which though my tongue is silent, breaks out in every look and motion?

Aura. Wonderful pretty this! But, sir, I know the natural whirl of the mind of man; 'tis as inconstant as a turnstile; his heart's a tennis-ball; his inclination's the racket; and his passions drive it round the world.

Mod. Dare only to try me; and if you like me not, discharge me.

Aura. She deserves to be robbed, who takes a servant that brings a certificate of his being a thief.

Mod. 'Tis not engraven here, I hope.

Aura. Yes, truly; there is a sort of a faithless, loving, London, lying air, that hangs upon your features, and frightens me terribly.

Mod. Then propose your own security; bind me as you please.

Aura. Agreed. Suppose, then, I liked you well

enough to make a husband of you; would you marry me? Lookye there; confounded—astonished at once. Mentioning the word only, has put the man into a cold sweat, I profess.

Mod. No, no; but I would have you leave this sour, old mau, and this rustic cot, and take your flight with me and love. Love shall conduct us with his purple wings; joys shall meet joys in circles, and new pleasures chase the swift hours away. Thou shalt be dearer to me, than any wife can be.

Aura. So 'tis out at last. What, then, am I to be your mistress only? have every inconvenience of a wife, with the scandal of a wench; and perhaps be forced to cluck a brood of illegal chickens after me, and peck about the parish for my subsistence?

Mod. No, my dear, it shall not be within my power to wrong you; I will settle—

Aura. The Lord knows what with a sham lawyer.

Mod. Choose your own lawyer, take your own security, make your own trustees; you shall have an inheritance in my heart and my land, as firm as if you were born to it.

Aura. To be serious, then, since you are so. I'll tell you all the inheritance I boast, or wish for, is this low, humble cottage; and a mind, I hope a virtuous mind, that cannot, even in this situation, bear dishonour. Take back your worthless trifle of a heart, and your more worthless promises; and know I scorn as much to yield to the mean bargain of your hireling passion, as you do to submit to honourable love. You say the laws of honour, when they are broken, ask life for recompense; yet, you would falsify your trust to my father—defraud him of his treasure in his child; inhospitably murder your good host, whose house you entered with a promise that would to two common thieves, under such circumstances, be sacred and inviolable!

Mod. Do you know now what you have lost by this canting? I was to have made love to you in soft nonsense. You were to have been very angry, and very kind; and so I was to have made you the happiest woman in the world with your own consent, that's all. You see what a fool you have been.

Aura. How came this unworthy imagination into your head?

Mod. In a dream, deary. It's a pity it was not real.

Aura. Go; you are a devil.

Mod. Come; you are an angel.

Aura. Keep your distance.

(Sings.) *Young I am, and sore afraid,
Would you hurt a harmless maid?
Lead an innocent astray?*

Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray. [Exit.]

Mod. I'll follow thee to the world's end. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Village. Bells heard at a distance.

Enter HEARTWELL, FLORA, and several Country-men and Women.

Heart. My good neighbours, I thank you all. I beg you'll excuse me now; here is something to drink this lady's health. [Exit all but Heart, and Flora.] My wife! my dear! I am now richer than the sea: I have a treasure in thee more valuable than what the earth contains.

Enter SHACKLEFIGURE.

How now! what solemn piece of formality, what man of wires is this that moves towards us? He stirs by clockwork, like St. Dunstan's giants: he prepares to open his mouth, as if he could not speak without an order of court.

Shack. Save you, right worshipful sir.

Heart. And you eke also.

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame—

Heart. Common fame is a common liar, friend; you have your news from the worst hands.

Shack. Sir, you break the thread of my discourse.

Heart. Well, join it again, and go on.

Shack. Sir John English, my most bountiful lord and master, hearing by the mouth of common fame that you were joined in holy wedlock to the niece of his good tenant, Solomon Freehold, sends his wishes, ambassadors, by me, the humblest of his vassals, that you and your fair bride will be pleased to dine on this day of your marriage at his house.

Heart. Verily thou hast well unfolded thy message. Now, plait it up carefully again, friend, and give my service to thy master, Sir John, and say that my wishes are to be private.

Shack. Sir, I shall report—or carry back your answer accordingly.

Flo. Stay, friend, stay a moment. (To Heart.) If I could prevail upon you, you should grant Sir John's request. He has always been to me the most obliging, kindest, best natured man. At the time it would look like ingratitude to refuse him I'll go before, and prepare the old gentleman to receive you; and prevent all ceremonious trouble.

Heart. I can deny thee nothing. Tell your master I'll wait on him. [Exit Shack. and Flo.]

Enter MODELY.

Ah, George! I was looking for you. What shall I do? You shall advise me. Shall I marry your dear little girl, or no?

Mod. To marry for love, my friend, is confining your whole body for the error of your eyes only.

Heart. Ay, but where one loves, one would know a woman to one's self.

Mod. Ha, ha, ha! keep a woman to one's self. He that purchases an estate where all the world takes a right of common, may build churches for atheists, and alms-houses for misers.

Heart. But a little legal inclosure is for the comfort of our lives, when the land has been properly cultivated.

Mod. Why you don't really intend to marry this girl?

Heart. Really, I believe I shall.

Mod. Indeed! Ah, pretty! Do, do; sling a thousand pounds a-year away upon a cottage-Marian; take the refuse of a bumpkin to your marriage-bed; and, after that, be the cuckold of a ploughman.

Heart. Sir, I bore your base reflections with temper, while I believed your meaning was friendly; but now I find you indulge your ill-nature at the expense of a virtuous woman.

Mod. Oh, oh! you are grave; that is, you're growing mad indeed, and begin to rattle your matrimonial chains.

Heart. I am talking of religion to a heretic of morals to a libertine.

Mod. Well, well, then, it shall have its say. Did it cry for a wife? It shall be tied to it; nothing else will do, like an idiot with a born-brook at his girdle. It shall have a gingerbread wife too, but without any gilding.

Heart. Pr'ythee, George, don't make me angry with thee in earnest.

Mod. What is the matter with the man? Art thou mad? Thou art as uneasy as if thou were married already.

Heart. Why, then, to confess the honest truth I am married.

Mod. Married! when?

Heart. Just now.

Mod. To whom?

Heart. To Flora.

Mod. Very good; and so you come to know, it seems, whether you shall give bond for the debt, when there's an execution upon the goods.

Heart. Well, George; but now you know my case, tell me, as a friend, only your opinion of what I have done.

Mod. Done! you have done a very silly thing; sold yourself for a waxen baby; a painted mop-pet, a gay, prating, parti-coloured paraquito; which little master will play with till he is sick of it; and then, in a gloomy mood, be ready to twist its neck off. Ha! ha! a very pretty fellow, to make a vow always to be in the same mind.

Heart. Thou art so loose, there is no talking with thee. Come, go with me to Sir John's to dinner, and be as much a wag there as you please.

Mod. No; I have other game in view. Farewell! [*Exit Heart.*] Yonder she starts. Ay, there's a mademoiselle I'll have cheaper, in spite of the high price she holds herself at.

Enter AURA.

My life! my soul!

Aura. I desire you'll let me go.

Mod. What, won't you trust me with a kiss? [*Kisses her.*]

Aura. You're impudent.

Mod. You're idle.

Aura. I swear, I'll cry out.

Mod. You expose yourself.

Aura. Lud! sir, what do you mean?

Mod. To wrestle for a fall only. This way, my ear. [*Struggling.*] Nay, now you're a little fool.

Aura. I'll tear your eyes out. Help! help! for heaven's sake! Murder! murder!

Enter FREEHOLD and two Threshers, who run up to MODELY, and seize him.

Free. Ah! ware haunches, ware haunches! There—So, so, the hunt is safe. What vicious cur is his, poaching by himself? What, my good friend, Mr. Modely! why thou art a very impudent fellow. What canst thou say for thyself, now?

Mod. Say! why I say, that young gentlewoman was very unceivil, and all that.

Free. You would have been too civil, and all that. Come, bring him along; he shall have a fair ace for it. Our moat, sir, is somewhat wide, but of very clear. Now, unless you can outrun and outswim Towzer, I believe you'll not make aunting-seat of my house in haste.

Mod. Sir, I am a gentleman, and expect to be so sed.

Free. How!

Mod. Take off your bull-dogs. Let me speak no word with you alone, and I'll tell you.

Free. Come on, sir. I'll trust you; I'll give you more credit than you deserve. Do you hear? I'm ready when I call. [*Exeunt Countrymen.*] Well, sir, what have you to say now why sentence should ot pass—

Mod. Say! why I say, sir, that what I did was according to the common law; that the common law is custom; and that it has been the custom, me out of mind, for us young fellows, whose blood flows briskly, to use no ceremony with a wholesome cherry-cheek, whether in haycock, meadow, barn, or bed.

Free. Ay; and so having robbed the poor girl of all that could be dear to her, you could have unmed a tune, taken a pinch of snuff, sat down perfectly satisfied in the legality of the action, and have reconciled yourself to your own reflections, ith as much ease as you drink a dish of tea. What provokes you to this injustice?

Mod. Love, love, and joy, old Wormwood. I have made a league with my youth, to get the better of time; I have fast hold of his forelock, and won't let a moment pass without enjoyment.

Impatient sense and nature dies,

And love a second life supplies;

Gentle boy, then fill my cup,

A bumper, Cupid; fill it up.

With youth and wit, and noble fires,

Vigorous health, and young desires.

Free. This fellow's in a blaze; his blood has set him all on fire.

Mod. I love the whole sex, sir. The beautiful I adore as angels; the ugly as Indians do the devil, for fear. The witty persuade me, the innocent allure me, the proud raise my ambition, and the humble my charity. Say what you will, I am in love, old boy, from head to foot. I am Cupid's butt, and stand ready to receive his whole quiver.

Free. I'll tell thee what thou art: thou art a romance, finely bound and gilt; and thy inside is full of silly love and lies, senseless and shewish.

Mod. I think thou art the sourest old fellow that ever I met with. Pr'ythee, polish thyself, my dear, rough diamond; you invite a man to your house here, and then deny him the only tid bit he has a mind to.

Free. You have broke every social virtue; and yet impudently imagine you are in the character of a gentleman.

Mod. How, sir, you grow scurrilous. (*Going.*)

Free. Nay, you shall hear me, or I'll recall my myrmidons; a gentleman should not dare to think of doing wrong to any. His love, his friendship, his courage, his generosity, his word, and his honour, should be inviolably bound to the strict laws of virtue.

Mod. This may be the picture of a saint; but for the character of a fine gentleman, 'tis as unlike it, my dear—

Free. As you are. Your love is appetite; your friendship interest; your courage, brutal butchery; your word, a lie; and your honour, a jest.

Mod. Ha, ha! very concise and smart; but I take nothing ill of thee. Thou art like a frosty morning, sharp and wholesome. Dear sir, your most obedient servant. You see I have stood your jobation very patiently; and so, compliments being passed on both sides, I humbly take my leave.

Free. Hold, sir! I demand satisfaction for the wrong you have done my family.

Mod. With all my heart, old boy; your time, place, and weapons. Will you use seconds?

Free. Ay, and thirds, too, if you provoke me. Lookye friend, according to the justest sentiments I can form of this affair, you ought to be knocked o'the head. But custom that invades the rights of nature, and makes us act by senseless example,—says, that you have a right to justify one wrong, by committing another.

Mod. Plague to your preamble! Come to the point, sir.

Free. The young woman you have wronged has a lover, sir. A young officer, who at present lives with his kinsman, Sir John, above. He shall meet you, and bleed you for this fever. I know the young fellow loves her, and has spirit to do himself justice: I think that is the cant you have for it. He shall meet you, half an hour hence, in the rookery behind Sir John English's house.

Mod. Odso! your bullies about you, too! Well, sir, I'll meet him.

Free. If you fail, I'll stick your name upon every tree in the parish for a coward, a poltroon, that dares not fight in a wrong cause; and that is a greater reproach to a man of modern honour, than to be called a thief, or a murderer. [*Exit.*]

Mod. An ill-natured, old puppy, to engage a man in a quarrel, too. However, I think I am pretty well off. This is much better than the discipline of Towzer and the ditch, or than my friend's matrimonial comfort; though 'tis very ugly, methinks, too, to fight upon an idle business here. But 'tis the fashion, the mode; and as Old Crabtree says, right or wrong, we are obliged to obey it.

*This fashionable folly makes us stake
The loss of virtue for our honour's sake;
Stronger than nature, tyrant custom grows,
For what we venture life to keep, we lose.*

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter MODELY.

Mod. A fine evening, really, for a cool thrast or two. Where is the warrior that is to entertain me here? Egad! I wish 'twas over; I don't like it; it sits but qualmishly upon my stomach. Oh! yonder he comes across the stile. Ho! that's a boy, I think. I suppose he has sent some formal excuse; the women have locked him up; the country is raised; and the justices have sent their warrants forth to stop all military proceedings, and make up the matter over a cup of October.

*Enter AURA in boy's clothes.**Aura.* Your servant, sir.*Mod.* Your's sir.

Aura. I am invited hither, sir, to do justice to an injured beauty, whom I have the honour to be well with; and I suppose you are my man.

Mod. Why man, lovey! and what then?

Aura. Why, then, sir, on the behalf of that fair one, I demand the honourable amends, sir. To use violence to a lady, is an affront not to be put up with. To tear the boughs, and offer to haul down the fruit before it was consenting kindly ripe. If you had climbed up the ladder of her affections, and gathered it regularly with the consent of the owner, there had been no harm done.

Mod. Ha! thou art a very pretty metaphorical prigster. Harkye, child! go home presently, or I'll gather a handful of nettles under that hedge, and whip thee most unmercifully.

Aura. I shall whip you through the guts, or make a pair of bellows of your lungs, for this arrogance. What are your weapons?

Mod. Nettletops, infant; nettletops.

Aura. What, are you for your country diversions of this sort—flails, cudgels, scythes, back-swords, oaken-towels, or wrestling?

Mod. Wouldst thou have me wrestle with a bull-rush?

Aura. Ah! I have brought a stouter man than you, down before now. Or are you for the town gallantries, single rapier, sword and dagger, sword and pistol, single pistol, blunderbuss, demi-cannon, culverin, mortar-piece, or a barrel of gunpowder. I am ready at any of these weapons to wait your commands.

Mod. Look thee, thou impertinent insect! thou may'st be troublesome, though thou canst not be hurtful! therefore, if thou flyest about my face thus, I shall be forced to put thee down with my hand, and tread thee out.

Aura. Humph! You are very pert.

Mod. I am so. Pray tell me, though, what interest have you in this lady, that she has engaged your haughty littleness in her affairs?

Aura. Who I, sir? Oh! I have been her first minister a great while. She is a fine woman, really, considering she has been rusticated from her birth,

too. Her only fault is, poor creature, she is doo-
iably fond of me.

Mod. Indeed! And so thou art her play-fellow, her gentle refreshment; her pretty pillow-boy, her afternoon's cordial, and her tea at breakfast, her evening's slumber, and her morning's indulgence.

Aura. Sir, the reputation of a lady is not th-
impiously to be sported with. Ooas! eat yo-
words; up with them again this moment, or I
ram them down your throat with the hilt of a
sword.

Mod. Cool thyself, Narcissus; cool thyse-
child; relieve thy reason with a dram of reflectio-
'Tis the town talk; the whole village, and all t-
parishes round, ring of it. I am sure thou woul-
not die a martyr to falsehood. Why, thy engag-
ments there are known to every body; 'tis a
secret, my prettiness.

Aura. Ay, sir, 'tis true; but 'tis not so gall-
to enter into particulars of that sort. Though,
you say, indeed, I am sensible 'tis no secret. The
affair has made a noise; the fury of the poor cr-
ture's passion did now and then blind her disc-
tion. I think this is the seventh duel I have en-
gaged in for her sake already. The seventh?—
the eighth. There were three justices, two ec-
cise-men, a parson, the apothecary, and yourself.

Mod. Thou art the most impudent, wick-
little, bragging, lying son of a — that ever I m-
with.

Aura. D—, sir, son of a —, in your tee!—
What, because I have reprieved you, suffered you
to breathe a minute or two longer while I diver-
you with my gallantries, you grow insolent!

Mod. Thou art a very popgun charged with a—

Aura. And thou art a wooden blunderbuss wi-
out any charge at all.

Mod. Thou most insignificant, teasing terr-
By heaven! if thou dost provoke me, I will m-
thee into minced meat, and have thee dished u-
for thy mistress's wedding dinner. (*Draws his
sword.*)

Aura. (*Presenting a pistol.*) Put up your swor-
put it up, I say; 'sdeath, sir! this instant, or u-
die. (*Modely sheathes his sword.*) So, so!

Mod. Ha! what have you these tricks, too, y-
little bully?

Aura. Very well; now you have obeyed y-
I'll use you like a gentleman. You have a lon-
reach than I; and therefore it may not be so r-
sonable to engage with single sword. Here, t-
one of these; this, or this. (*Offering pistols.*) You
may change it, or draw it and re-charge it, if you
suspect my honour.

Mod. (*Taking a pistol.*) How are they loaded.*Aura.* Equally, sir, with a brace of balls.

Mod. (*Aside.*) What can be the meaning of al-
this? Sure the young dog is not in earnest.

Enter FREEHOLD.

Free. Eh! my brave boy! my lad of mee-
my Cupid in arms! There! he stands his gro-
to an inch. I told you he would find you spr-
my Covent-Garden friend. All I can say is he
shoots flying finely.

Mod. Ha! I am glad you are come, far-
we were just going to be serious here. This bl-
half-bluff hector will let nobody lie with
family but himself, it seems: so egad! if you k-
it, why—

Free. Oh! sir, he is a perfect Spaniard, with an
English heart. I know him; nothing will satisfy
him but your blood.

Aura. No, sir; nothing but your blood—un-
blood, sir.

Mod. Say you so? why, then, if nothing is to
will do, have at you, my boy.

Aura. Look at your flint and your prime; are they in right order?

Mod. I warrant you.

Aura. Please to stand wide a little, sir; a ball may graze. (*To Freehold.*) Now, come on, sir. Let us retreat from each other five yards, then turn round upon our heels at one motion, and let fly. Are you ready? (*They retire and turn round; Modely fires, and Aura drops.*)

Free. Oh, he is shot! he is killed!

Mod. Curse on my steady hand!

Free. Help! murder! murder! help!

Enter Countryman, crying.

This way, this way.

Mod. Say you so? nay, then, 'tis time to save one. By your leave, as fast as my feet or my fears can carry me.

[*Exeunt all but Freehold and Aura.*]

Free. This was admirably performed; I was afraid you durst not have stood the powder.

Aura. No, no; I put in half a charge, and no wadding. I had really much ado to provoke him to fight; so, so, we'll shew him a little country play now.

Free. I must wait upon his companion, honest Heartwell. He expects me to attend him to Sir John's, according to his wife's request.

Aura. Do so; while I slip the back way through the orchard, into the hall house, that I may be with you time enough to finish my part. This is a day of business, i'faith. [*Exit.*]

Enter HEARTWELL.

Heart. How could you use a lover so roughly? I saw it all; the little girl stood his fire gallantly.

Free. O, most heroically! O my conscience, I believe she would have fought him in earnest.

Heart. Is he taken?

Free. Ay, ay; we have him fast by this time, I warrant.

Heart. Well, then, let his fears pay the price of his sin: I think his punishment very just. But see where old steady-muscles comes, in form, to introduce us.

Free. Ay, come on now; you shall see a worthy piece of antiquity, a right bred old English country gentleman; one who keeps open house the whole year round, and yet never took or paid a penny for a vote in his life.

Enter SHACKLEFIGURE.

Shack. Sir, with the greatest submission, if it shall be your worship's good pleasure, I will wait on the company at the hall, and know if it shall be their pleasure to receive you. [*Exit.*]

Free. Do so, old stiff-rump, do. This fellow keeps himself as regular as his day-book.

Heart. Company! what company?

Free. A friend or two, only, perhaps, that Sir John has invited to a dance, or so.

Heart. A dance—a friend—'Sdeath! you distract me. Excuse me to him, I beg you.

Free. No, no; you must bear with a little noise at first. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Sir John English's House.*

Enter HEARTWELL and FREEHOLD, meeting FLORA and Countrymen and Women.

Heart. My love! my dear! I am surprised! Why hast thou changed thyself from what thou wert?

Flora. To tell you, sir, the truth, then, I was obliged to change my dress. My landlord has obliged me to it; and you know we country folks must obey our landlords.

Heart. Well, I am satisfied; you have obeyed him, then.

Flora. Yes, sir; but he is a very obstinate, self-willed—and I think, a little too barbarously insists—

Heart. Insists! upon what?

Free. Why, sir, I'll tell you; in short, 'tis this: the lord of our manor has claimed, by prescription, time out of mind, and still does claim, the first favour from every tenant's daughter married here; and has sent for you to let you know his claim.

Heart. Furies! damnation! What do you mean? Madam, what does all this tend to?

Flora. Why 'tis even so, husband.

Heart. Oh! very well, very well. Tell me, thou devil in an angel's form! wherefore was I chosen out to be thus abused?

Free. Because you are a man of fortune, sir; because she hopes in a little time to break your heart, and enjoy the full third of two thousand pounds a-year.

Heart. Pray madam, favour me—you see I bear this affair very calmly—pray tell me, though I suppose 'tis no unreasonable request, what particular obligations you have to this landlord?

Flora. Such sir, of such a nature—as nothing can dissolve—I love him passionately; and I believe his affection for me is mutual; nay, I hope it will endure to the last moment of my life.

Heart. (*Singing.*) Tol, lol, lol, Pray, ma'am, what's o'clock? I have been married but four hours, and I am breeding already. Get my horses ready; I'll ride post to Japan, but I'll be rid of this affair; but first I'll cut this toll-taking rascal's throat. What's his name? where is he? who is the landlord?

Flora. You are this landlord, sir; the sole lord of this demesne and me. This morning I was mistress of this house, these servants, and all the country within three miles round us: now they are your's; you are their master now.

Free. What say you, sir? Shall the landlord have his due or no?

Heart. My heart, my tongue, my eyes, my soul, overflow with joy.

Flora. I was resolved, fully resolved, never to venture on a husband, till I was certainly convinced my person, and not my fortune, was his aim; that proof you have most generously given me; and I hope you will pardon the little deceits I have used to procure these assurances.

Heart. Give me thy hand, thy heart; there let me dwell for ever.

Free. But see your friend in bonds,—Mr. Modely. (*Modely brought in by two Countrymen and a Constable.*)

Heart. What! in captivity, George?

Const. An it please your worship, we have caught a vagrom man here, who has committed a murder, as I may say, in neighbour Freehold's five acres; and so, sir, an like you, we bring him hither, to take his exhibition upon the said bulgarity afore Sir Jaun.

Heart. Murdered! who has he murdered?

Const. Nea, nea, I know not. The young fellow and he beliken ha' had some words about their sweethearts; and so he shot 'em, that's aw.

Heart. I always told you, George, what these wild ways would bring you to; but you would still run riot upon every thing. What could you expect?

Mod. Yes faith, we have made a very pretty expedition; one of us is married, and t'other's going to be hanged. My comfort is, I shall be out of my pain first. However, I don't doubt, as this was a gentleman's duel, I shall have gentleman's play for my life. Keep my chamber a month or two, touch could iron, and come out as free as

liberty. While you, having beat your poor wings in vain against the bar of your conjugal cage, sit sullenly molting the remainder of your feathers, and sicken to death of the pip.

Free. I believe I shall secure that affair; I can prove premeditated malice. I can prove the challenge; and you know very well, I saw you shoot him before his pistol was cocked.

Mod. So, so; nay then my business is done! Thou devil, what have I done to thee, that thou tormentest me thus? If I could come at thee, I'd pawn my credit for one sin more, and send thee down to the father of falsehood, with a lie in thy mouth.

Flora. Don't vex the poor man so; all his time will be little enough. Don't put him into a passion now.

Mod. Insulting devil!

Free. Have you no feeling: no sense of your condition?

Mod. What, Mr. Constable, am I to be set up here like a shrovetide cock, to be pelted by every clown in the hundred?

Enter SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Give you joy, cousin! give you joy! Codso! you prog very well for yourself. I did not know you went a husband hunting all this while. Give you joy, sir! give you joy!

Heart. Sir, here's an angry person, an acquaintance of mine, who has committed a gentleman's murder, and is in great haste for his mittimus; pray despatch him.

Enter another Constable and two Countrymen, with AURA prisoner.

2 Const. An it please your worship, here's another vagrom that we have taken upon deposition of his concerns in the said murder.

Sir John. Bring him nearer; shew me his face. Codso! a pretty young fellow! Let me look! What? How! Madam Aura! as I live!

Mod. Ha! Aura! Harkye, my little reprobate bully! I am surprisingly rejoiced to see thee; 'faith I am. 'Gad, I never was so much in love with thee in my life. Heartwell, how dost?

Madam Flora, your obedient. Joy, Madam! joy Freehold! 'Faith thou art a very clever old gentleman. Sir John, I rejoice to see you. I am prodigiously pleased, in troth; I was in a horrid cold sweat just now, though my proud heart would not own it.

Flora. Ah! if they could but frighten you in sobriety once,—

Mod. I should sink into a husband; thou faith, I find a strange stir within me about the whimsical girl there. Harkye! madam, dare you venture upon a rake, in full assurance (as so ladies have) that your charms will reform him?

Aura. And so fall a martyr to my pride instead of my virtue?

Free. Hold, sir, I have some interest here, and I don't think you tame enough yet to be married but if the girl is foolish enough to venture, will let her own inclination lead her.

Aura. Thank you, sir. I think I would not claim the wildest hawk that ever flew. What say you? Dare you venture on me?

Mod. I'd marry thee, though I wrought with my hands for thy daily support; my whole soul, my wishes, are centered in thee.

Aura. Ay, but when we are married, they'll perhaps move eccentrically again. Marriage is a tedious journey in a heavy road. Many an honest fellow, who set out briskly at first, has been horribly tired before he reached his inn at night.

Mod. Try me, trust me.

Aura. I tell you, before I try and trust you, you must serve me faithfully at least two whole months together; and, then, if we like one another as well as we do now—why we'll settle our fortunes and our inclinations.

Mod. And jog on in the road of our fathers.

Aura. Amen.

Mod. So be it.

Heart. Well, George, let these accidents make you remember, that there is no real lasting good but in virtue; and that the greatest happiness below consists in honourable love.

When heaven conspicuous merit would regard,

A virtuous woman is the great reward.

This blessing gives a taste of joys above,

Beauty and virtue, harmony and love. [Exit.]

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY;

A BURLESQUE OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY H. CAREY:

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE **Old Ballad** ON WHICH IT IS FOUNDED.



Act III.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

MOORE
GUBBINS

DRAGON
MARGERY

MAUXALINDA
VILLAGERS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Rural Prospect.*—Enter Villagers.

CHORUS.

*Fly, neighbours, fly,
The Dragon's nigh;
Save, save your lives, and fly!
Away, away!
For if you stay,
Sure as a gun, you die.
Fly, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*

(*The Dragon crosses the stage.*)

SCENE II.—*A Hall.*

Enter GUBBINS, MAUXALINDA, and Chorus.

Gub. What wretched havoc does this Dragon make!

He sticks at nothing for his belly's sake.
Feeding but makes his appetite the stronger;
He'll eat us all, if he 'bides here much longer.

AIR.—GUBBINS.

*Poor children three,
Devoured he,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup,
He eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.*

CHORUS.

*Houses and churches,
To him are geese and turkeys.*

Enter MARGERY.

Marg. O father! father! as our noble squire
Was sat at breakfast by his parlour fire,
With wife and children, all in pleasant tattle,
The table shook, the cups began to rattle;
A dismal noise was heard within the hall,
Away they flew; the Dragon scar'd them all:
He drank up all their coffee at a sup,
And next devour'd their toast and butter up.

AIR.—MARGERY.

*But to hear the children mutter,
When they'd lost their toast and butter,
And to see my lady moan,
Oh! 'twould melt a heart of stone.*

*Here the squire with servants wrangling;
There the maids and mistress jangling,
And the pretty hungry dears
All together by the ears,*

*Scrambling for a barley-cake;
Oh! 'twould make one's heart to ache.*

But to hear, &c.

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is;
What shall we do in this disastrous crisis?

Marg. A thought, to quell him, comes into my head;

No way more proper than to kill him dead.

Gub. Oh! miracle of wisdom! rare suggestion! But how, or who to do it? that's the question.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant knight,

A man of prowess great, and mickle might;
He has done deeds St. George himself might brag on.

Maux. This very man is he shall kill the Dragon.

AIR.—MAUXALINDA.

*He's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,
Stout, vigorous, active, and tall;
There's none can from danger secure you,
Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-hall.
No giant or knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their hearts with alarms;
No virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his arms.*

CHORUS.

*Let's go to his dwelling,
With yelping and yelling;
And tell him a sorrowful ditty;
Who knows but the knight,
With this Dragon may fight,
If he has but a morsel of pity?*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Moore Hall.

Enter MOORE and his Companions.

Moore. Come, friends, let's circulate the cheerful glass;
Let each true toper toast his favourite lass,
Sound all your instruments of joy, and play;
Let's drink and sing, and pass the time away.

AIR.—MOORE.

*Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle,
Poets, painters, and musicians,
Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
All admire a pretty lass,
All require a cheerful glass.
Every pleasure has its season,
Love and drinking are no treason.*

Zeno, &c.

Enter GUBBINS, MARGERY, MAUXALINDA, and others.

CHORUS.

*O save us all! (Kneeling.)
Moore of Moore Hall!
Or else this cursed Dragon
Will plunder our houses,
Our daughters and spouses,
And leave us the devil a rag on.*

AIR.—MARGERY.

*Gentle knight! all knights exceeding,
Pink of prowess and good breeding,
Let a virgin's tears inspire thee;
Let a maiden's blushes fire thee.
For my father and my mother,
For my sister and my brother,
For my friends that stand before thee,
Thus I sue thee, thus implore thee;
Thus I kiss thy valiant garment,
Humbly hoping there's no harm in't.*

Moore. (*Aside.*) Her looks shoot through my soul, her eyes strike fire;
I'm all a conflagration of desire.

Fair maid, I grant whatever you can ask,
(*To Margy.*)

The deed is done, when once you name the task.

Marg. The Dragon, sir! the Dragon!

Moore. Say no more,
You soon shall see him weltering in his gore.

Marg. Most mighty Moore! do but this Dragon kill,

All that we have is wholly at your will.

Moore. The only bounty I require, is this,
That thou may'st fire me with an ardent kiss;
That thy soft hands may 'noint me over night,
And dress me in the morning ere I fight.

AIR.—MARGERY.

*If that's all you ask,
My sweetest,
My featest,
Completest,
And neatest,
I'm proud of the task.*

*Of love take your fill,
Past measure,
Sole spring of my pleasure,
As long as you will.*

Maux. (*Overhearing.*) A forward lady; she grows fond apace;

But I shall catch her in a proper place.

Moore. Leave her with me; conclude the Dragon dead;

If I don't maul the dog, I'll lose my head.

[*Exeunt all but Moore and Marg.*]

DUETT.

Moore. Let my dearest be near me.

Marg. I'll ever be near thee.

Moore. To warm me, to cheer me.

Marg. To warm thee, to cheer thee.

Moore. To fire me, inspire me.

Marg. To fire thee, inspire thee.

Both. With kisses and ale.

Moore. Your fears I'll abolish.

Marg. This Dragon demolish.

Moore. I'll work him.

Marg. Ay, work him.

Moore. I'll jerk him.

Marg. Ay, jerk him.

Both. From nostril to tail.

Moore leads off Margery; MAUXALINDA enters and pulls him back by the sleeve.

Maux. O villain! monster! devil! basely base
How can you dare to look me in the face?

Did you not swear last Christmas we should marry?

Oh! 'tis enough to make a maid miscarry!

Witness this piece of sixpence, certain token
Of my true heart, and your false promise broken.

Moore. The devil's in the woman, what's the matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; time was you could flatter.

Moore. Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean.

Maux. Don't you know Margery, of Roth'rair Green?

Moore. Not I, upon my honour.

Maux. That's a lie,

What, do you think I've neither ear nor eye?

Villain! I will believe my eyes and ears,

She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand dear
'Let my dearest be near me,' &c. (*Sings mocking*)

Moore. By Jove! I'm blown. Zounds! how came this about? (*Aside.*)
However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.
I only of policy was civil; (*To Maux.*)
But, 'faith, I hate her, as I hate the devil.
You're all I value, witness this close hug,
I'm your's, and only your's.

Maux. Ah, coaxing pug!

Moore. My pretty Mauxy, pr'ythee don't be jealous;

Maux. Dear me, you men are such bewitching fellows;

You steal into our hearts by sly degrees,
Then make poor girls believe just what you please.

AIR.—MOORE.

*By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a hey-down, ho-down derry,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True blue will never stain.*

Maux. But do you really love me?

Moore. By this kiss,
By raptures past, and hopes of future bliss.

DUETT.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we,
We will out-coo the turtle dove.
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting sparrows we'll out-love.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter MARGERY.

AIR.

*Sure my stays will burst with sobbing,
And my heart quite crack with throbbing.
My poor eyes are red as ferrets,
And I ha'n't a grain of spirits.
O I wouldn't for any money,
This vile beast shall kill my honey.
Better kiss me, gentle knight,
Than with Dragons fierce to fight.*

Enter MOORE.

Moore. My Madge! my honey-suckle in the dumps!

Marg. Put your hand here, and feel my heart how't thumps.

Moore. Good lack-a-day! how great a palpitation!

Tell me, my dear, the cause of this vexation.

Marg. An ugly dream has put me in a fright:

I dreamt the Dragon slew my gentle knight:

If such a thing should happen unto thee,

O miserable, miserable Margery!

Moore. Don't fright thyself with dreams, my girl, ne'er fear him;

I'll work his buff, if ever I come near him.

I've such a suit of spiked armour bought,

Bears, lions, dragons, it sets all at nought;

In which, when I'm equip'd, my Madge shall see

I'll scare the Dragon, not the Dragon me;

But time grows short, I must a while away.

Marg. Make haste, my dear.

Moore. My duck, I will not stay. [*Exit.*

Enter MAUXALINDA.

Maux. So, madam, have I found you out at last?
You now shall pay full dear for all that's past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore silk or satin,
I'd beat your harlot's brains out with my patten,
Before you shall delude a man of mine.

Mar. Who, in the name of wonder, made him thine?

Maux. D'y'e laugh, you minx? I'll make you change your note,
Or drive your grinning grinders down your throat.

DUETT.

*Insulting gipsy,
You're surely tipsy,
Or non se ipse,
To chatter so.
Your too much feeding,
All rules exceeding,
Has spoil'd your breeding;
Go, trollop, go.*

Mar. Lank! what a monstrous tail our cat has got.

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go to pot.

Come, bodkin; come! take Mauxalinda's part,
And stab her hated rival to the heart.

(*Goes to kill Margery; she swoons.*)

Enter MOORE, who takes away the bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the devil is the woman doing?

Maux. To put an end to all your worship's wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came before the whim went further;

Had I staid longer, here had sure been murder.

This cursed jade has thrown the girl in fits.

How dost, my dear? (*Margery recovers.*)

Marg. Frighted out of my wits.

Moore. But fear her not; for by her own confession,

I'll bind her over to the quarter session.

AIR.—MAUXALINDA.

*O give me not up to the law,
I'd much rather beg upon crutches;
Once in a solicitor's paw,
You never get out of his clutches.*

Mar. Come, come, forgive her.

Moore. Here my anger ends.

Maux. And so does mine.

Moore. Why then let's buss and friends.

(*Kiss round.*)

TRIO.

Maux. Oh, how easy is a woman!

How deluding are you men!

Oh, how rare to find a true man,

Not so oft as one in ten!

Moore. Oh! how charming is a woman,

Form'd to captivate us men!

Yet so eager to subdue man,

For each one she covets ten.

Marg. Let's reward them as they treat us;

Women prove sincere as men;

But, if they deceive and cheat us,

Let us e'en cheat them again.

All. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter GUBBINS.

Gub. Now, now, or never, save us, valiant Moore!

The Dragon's coming; don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why, let him roar his heart out, 'tis no matter:

Staud clear, my friends; this is no time to chatter.

Gub. Here, take your spear.

Moore. I scorn sword, spear, or dart;
I'm arm'd completely in a valiant heart.
But first I'll drink, to make me strong and
mighty,
Six quarts of ale, and one of *aqua vitæ*.

*Fill, fill, fill the mighty flagon,
Then I'll kill this monstrous Dragon.*
(*Drinks.*)

CHORUS.

*Fill, fill, fill the mighty flagon;
Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.*

Enter MOORE in armour, and MARGERY.

Moore. One buss, dear Margery, and then
away.

Marg. I cannot go, my love.

Moore. You must not stay.
Get up, sweet wench, get up in yonder tree,
And there securely you may hear and see.
(*Margery gets up into the tree.*)
Come, Mr. Dragon, or, by Jove I'll fetch you;
I'll trim your rascal's jacket, if I catch you.

AIR.—MOORE.

*Moore. Dragon, Dragon, thus I dare thee:
Soon to atoms thus I'll tear thee;
Thus thy insolence subdue.
But, regarding where my dear is,
Then, alas! I feel what fear is,
Sweetest Margery, for you.*

(*Dragon roars.*)

Moore. It is not strength that always wins;
Good wit does strength excel.
Confound the rascal, how he grins!
I'll creep into this well. (*Gets into the well.*)

Enter DRAGON, and goes to the well.

Dragon. What nasty dog has got into the well?
Disturbs my drink, and makes the water smell.
(*Moore pops up his head, and cries, Boh!*)

AIR.—DRAGON.

*Oh, oh! Mr. Moore,
You son of a whore,
I wish I'd known your tricks before.*

(*Moore gets out of the well, encounters the Dragon, and kills him by a kick on the backside.*)

Dragon. Oh! oh! oh!
The devil take your toe. (*Dies.*)
(*Margery descends from the tree.*)

Marg. Oh, my champion! how d'ye do?
(*To Moore.*)

Moore. Oh, my charmer! how are you?

Marg. Very well, thank you.

Moore. I'm so too.
Your eyes were livid, and your cheeks were
pale;
But now you look as brisk as bottled ale.
Give me a buss.

Marg. Ah, twenty, if you please.

Moore. With all my heart, and twenty after
these.

DUETT.

*My sweet honeysuckle, my joy and delight,
I'll kiss thee all day, and hug thee all night.
My dearest is made of such excellent stuff,
I think I shall never have kissing enough.*

Enter GUBBINS, MAUXALINDA, and Villagers.

Gub. Most mighty Moore, what wonders hast
thou done!
Destroy'd the Dragon, and my Margery won.
The loves of this brave knight, and my fair daughter,
In roratorios shall be sung hereafter.
Begin your songs of joy; begin, begin;
And rend the welkin with harmonious din.

CHORUS.

*Sing, sing, and rorio,
An oratorio,
To gallant Moorio
Of Moore Hall.*

*To Margereenia,
Of Roth'ram Greenia,
Beauty's bright queenia,
Bellow and bawl.*

CHORUS OF CHORUSSES.

Huzza!

*Marg. } Huz———za!
Maux. }*

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

The Old Ballad,

ON WHICH THE FOREGOING BURLESQUE OPERA IS FOUNDED.

*An excellent BALLAD of a most dreadful Combat,
fought between Moore, of Moore Hall, and the
Dragon of Wantley.—To a pleasant tune much in
request.*

Old stories tell, how Hercules

A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:

But he had a club this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But Moore of Moore Hall with nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four-and-forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojau horse,
With seventy men in his belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell you:
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he eat up trees;
And that the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees:

For houses and churches, were to him geese and turkies ;

He eat all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,

Which on the hills you'll find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,
The place, I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow, I cannot tell ;

But there is a hedge just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it ;
O, there and then, was this Dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a witch ;
Some say he was a devil ;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel ;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
Into a well that stands by ;
Which made it look just like a brook,
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by, a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring ;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter staff, kick,
cuff, and huff,
Call son of a w—, do any kind of thing ;
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead ;
And what is stranger, he for very anger,
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise :
" O save us all, Moore of Moore Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods !
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a rag
on,
We'll give thee all our goods."

" Tut, tut !" quoth he, " no goods I want,
But I want, I want in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, and clean,
And smiles about the mouth ;
Hair black as a sloe, and a skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning ;
To 'noint me o'ernight, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning."

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down ;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak, at Sheffield town,
With spikes all about, not within, but without,
Of steel, so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig :
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog ;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see the fight, all people then
Got upon trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too ;
But they put on their trowers,

Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of *aqua vitæ*.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit does strength excel ;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well ;
Where he did think this Dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth ;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd
" Boh !"
And hit him on the mouth.

" Oh," quoth the Dragon, " p—x take you, come
out,
Thou that disturb'st me in my drink :"
With that he turn'd, and **** at him ;
Good lack, how he did stink !
" Beshrew thy soul, thy body is foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam ;
Thou son of a w—, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome."

Our politic knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the Dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think.
" By cock," quoth he, " say you so ; do you
see ?"
And then at him he let fly ;
With hand, with foot, and so they went to't,
And the word it was " Hey, boys, hey !"

" Your words," quoth the Dragon, " I don't under-
stand :"
Then to it they at it fall,
Like two wild boars so fierce ; I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this Dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground ;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The Dragon gave him such a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straight he
thought
To lift him as high as a rock,
And then let him fall : but Moore of Moore Hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick * * * * *

" Oh !" quoth the Dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,
Out of his throat of leather.
" Moore of Moore Hall, O thou rascal !
Would I had seen thee never !
With the thing at thy foot thou hast prick'd my
* * * *

And I'm quite undone for ever.

" Murder, murder !" the Dragon cry'd,
" Alack, alack !" for grief ;
" Had you but miss'd that place, you could
Have done me no mischief."
Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
And down he laid and cry'd ;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groa'd, kick'd, and ****, and died.

THE LIAR;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY SAMUEL FOOTE.



Act II. Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JAMES ELLIOT
OLD WILDING
YOUNG WILDING

PAPILLION
JOHN
JAMES

MISS GRANTAM
MISS GODFREY
KITTY

ACT I. SCENE I.—A Lodging.

Enter YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION.

Young W. And I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped?

Pap. *Persome mieux.* Nobody better.

Young W. My figure?

Pap. *Fait à peindre.*

Young W. My air?

Pap. *Libre.*

Young W. My address?

Pap. *Parisienne.*

Young W. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tattered academical habit.

Pap. *Ah! bien autre chose.*

Young W. Why, then, adieu, Alma Mater! *bien venue, la ville de Londres!* farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, and short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, and long tavern-bills, with no graces at all.

Pap. *Ah, bravo, bravo!*

Young W. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, thirteen year.

Young W. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is *difficile.*

Young W. But here you are at home.

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Young W. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. *O, faite!*

Young W. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. *Sans doute.*

Young W. Well, then, open your lecture; and d'y'e hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Young W. Hey, Papillion!

Pap. Sir?

Young W. What is this? Why you speak English?

Pap. Without doubt.

Young W. But like a native!

Pap. To be sure.

[this?]

Young W. And what am I to conclude from all Pap. But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Young W. Pr'ythee do.

Pap. Why, then, you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies, with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Young W. Why this disguise? Why renounce your country?

Pap. There, sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Young W. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Young W. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one! The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemned books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original. But it would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand; and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Young W. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh! half-starved me.

Young W. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

Young W. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef-à-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lantern jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "*Ah! maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse; to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country.*" "*How, Monsieur?*" "*Taisez vous; keep-a your tongue.* *Autrefois* I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my logement, I vil give you proper dress; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house, you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman *Anglois*, vil fly open demselves to a French *valet-de-chambre.*"

Young W. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Gad! sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Young W. Did it succeed? [vice.]

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was *apasse partout*. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Young W. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, sir, to the point: as you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Young W. Well, I'll be your customer. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day; the Mall will be crowded.

Young W. Allons!

Pap. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material

Young W. Proceed. [to you.]

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Young W. What is it? [well.]

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very

Young W. Pr'ythee be plain.

Pap. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Young W. Well.

Pap. But now and then, in your narratives, you

are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

Young W. I understand you; what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh! pardon me, sir, I don't say that; no, no, only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure, it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing; but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact; and, yet, this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Young W. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in prose?

Pap. Why, sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Young W. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion, if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice sha'n't be thrown away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter MISS GRANTAM, MISS GODFREY, and JOHN.

Miss Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens. [Exit John.] My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out. Why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous, I honour the Park? Forty thousand million of times preferable to the playhouse! Don't you think so, my dear?

Miss Go. They are both well in their way.

Miss Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same, to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! Well, that is well enough. But, O gemini! I beg a million of pardons. You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

Miss Go. Liberties in public!

Miss Gr. Yes, child, such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow across the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoli ambassador.

Miss Go. The good fortune, ma'am? Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

Miss Gr. Decent! Oh! my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you foud out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

Miss Go. I profess I don't recollect.

Miss Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connexions.

Miss Go. Ma'am!

Miss Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know, that all my male friendships are formed in this place?

Miss Go. It is an odd spot: but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

Miss Gr. Oh! I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure, (Drops her handkerchief.)

Miss Go. Nay, for heaven's sake!

Miss Gr. I am determined, child: that is—

Miss Go. You will excuse my withdrawing.

Miss Gr. Oh! please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit Miss Go.*]

Enter YOUNG WILDING with PAPILLION.

Young W. Your ladyship's handkerchief, ma'am.

Miss Gr. I am, sir, concerned at the trouble—

Young W. A most happy incident for me, madam; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

Miss Gr. Is this meant to me, sir?

Young W. To whom else, madam? Surely you must have marked my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can. (*Aside.*)

Young W. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder-magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pulled. (*Aside.*)

Miss Gr. You have served in America then?

Young W. Full four years, ma'am; and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity asfirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now? (*Aside.*)

Young W. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

Miss G. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Young W. The mere taking the town, ma'am; but that's a trifle: sieges, now-a-days, are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation; for instance now, we will suppose the commander-in-chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expense?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

Miss Gr. And you shall be near the mark?

Young W. To an odd joint, ma'am. But, madam, it is not to the French people alone that my feats are confined; Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, sir. (*Aside to Young W.*)

Young W. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle.

Miss Gr. And so young!

Young W. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum-belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their war-hoop.

Pap. For heaven's sake! (*Aside to Y. W.*)

Miss Gr. The place is too public.

Young W. In short, madam, after having ga-

thered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you: then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved; prouder to serve here than commander-in-chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquished world.

Miss Gr. I have got here a most heroic lover; but I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present, it is necessary we should separate.

Young W. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

Miss Gr. Sir?

Young W. Your place of abode.

Miss Gr. Oh! sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood sentinel at my ladyship's portal.

Young W. Madam, I—I—I—

Miss Gr. Oh! sir, your servant; ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, sir.

Young W. A little *mal-a-propos* I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Young W. Pho! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is: harkye, Papillon, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman,—I see there he stands,—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try.

[*Exit.*]

(*Wilding retires up the stage.*)

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, and WILLIAM.

Sir J. Music and an entertainment?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Last night, upon the water?

Wil. Upon the water, last night.

Sir J. Who gave it?

Wil. That, sir, I can't say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PAPILLION.

Young W. (*Coming forward.*) Sir James Elliott, your most devoted. [*to town.*]

Sir J. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome

Young W. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seemed upon an interesting subject.

Sir J. Oh! an affair of gallantry.

Young W. Of what kind?

Sir J. A young lady regaled last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Young W. As how?

Sir J. A band of music in boats.

Young W. Were they good performers?

Sir J. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Young W. Well ordered?

Sir J. With elegance. After supper, a ball; and to conclude the night, a fire-work.

Young W. Was the last well designed?

Sir J. Superb.

Young W. And happily executed?

Sir J. Not a single faux pas.

Young W. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir J. I can't even guess.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Why do you laugh?

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir J. You?

Pap. You, sir?

Young W. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he is entered again. (*Aside.*)

Sir J. Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Young W. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O lord! O lord! (*Aside.*)

Young W. It is true, not daring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights. But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir J. I shall hear it with pleasure. This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival. (*Aside.*)

Young W. Why, sir, between six and seven, my goddess embarked at the Temple stairs, in one of the companies' barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us! (*Aside.*)

Young W. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing: the conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-timed, and what was better, well taken.

Sir J. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs! (*Aside.*)

Young W. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surrey side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hantboys from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sailed along, till the arches of the new bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden china, by Robinson. Here the repast closed, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us! (*Aside.*)

Young W. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir J. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him. (*Aside.*)

Young W. True to the letter, upon my honour! I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, *feu-d'artifice*, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir J. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Young W. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature! (*Aside.*)

Sir J. I wish you joy of your success. For the present you will excuse me.

Young W. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir J. For that I shall seize another occasion. [*Exit.*]

Pap. Nobly performed, sir.

Young W. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

Young W. Freely.

Pap. Pray, sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Young W. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

Pap. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deemed absolute flams.

Young W. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Young W. No; a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay; mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou mayest rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, sir. I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

Young W. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, sir, a soldier?

Young W. How little thou knowest of the sex! What, I suppose thou wouldest have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, sir—

Young W. No, no; the man of war is their man; they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, cohorts, and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell. Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, sir, this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Young W. Do you think so, Papillion? And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so, along after the lady. (*Stops short, going out.*) Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Tavern.

YOUNG WILDING AND PAPILLION rising from table.

Young W. Gad, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot, so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Young W. Well then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment; I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so fluttered at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Young W. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Young W. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Young W. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Young W. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Young W. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Young W. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, sir.

Young W. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see,

by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expense of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Young W. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, sir?

Young W. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Young W. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Young W. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

Young W. The old way; solder it by marriage; that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr. Wilding.

Young W. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, sir!

Young W. Ay; how is he drest?

Wait. In a tie-wig and snuff-coloured coat.

Pap. Zooks, sir, it is your father.

Young W. Shew him up. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Pap. And what must I do?

Young W. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Your servant, sir; you are welcome to town.

Young W. You have just prevented me, sir; I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Young W. Six weeks! I have scarcely been six hours.

Wild. Come, come, I am better informed.

Young W. Indeed, sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman, (who first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you,) this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford, for some time, the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Wild. Does he speak English?

Young W. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, sir,—(*Aside to Young W.*)

Wild. Any services, sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command

Pap. *Beaucoup d'honneur.*

Young W. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

Wild. Indeed!

Pap. *C'est vrai.*

Wild. This is amazing! I was, at the same time, informed of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Young W. What could that be, pray, sir?

Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Young W. Me, sir!

Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fire-works.

Young W. Monsieur le Marquis! And pray, sir, who could tell you all this?

Wild. An old friend of yours.

Young W. His name, if you please.

Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Young W. Yes; I thought he was the man.

Wild. Your reason.

Young W. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

Wild. What may that be?

Young W. Why you can't, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

Wild. How!

Young W. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville; at Oxford he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

Wild. Amazing!

Young W. Lord, sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize a cause as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

Wild. A strange turn.

Young W. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath I don't think he would have bounced neither but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Young W. That may be; but can there be stronger proof of his practice than the flum he has been telling you, of fire-works, and the lord know what. And I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

Wild. Extremely.

Young W. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending eh, marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, became a kind of constitutional liars.

Young W. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is your's. (*Aside.*)

Wild. Well, sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening?

Young W. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, sir, as he is an entire stranger to town, he may want my little services.

Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concerned.

Young W. I shall attend your commands; but where?

Wild. Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. *Votre serviteur très humble.* [*Exit Wild.*]

Young W. So, Papillon; that difficulty is dispatched. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed; but are you afraid of the consequence?

Young W. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Young W. That may embarrass; but the day distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Young W. Why, to say truth, I do begin to fir

my system attended with danger; give me your hand, Papillion, I will reform.

Pap. Ah, sir!

Young W. I positively will; why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. (*Aside.*) Ay, think of that, sir.

Young W. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter of fact fellow—but, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father was an Indian governor and left her all his wealth; she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor Square.

Young W. A governor! oh ho! Bushels of rупees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return; I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concerned?

Pap. I can't guess.

Young W. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor Square. Papillion I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, sir?

Young W. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss Grantam's House.*

Enter MISS GRANTAM and MISS GODFREY.

Miss G. And you really like this gallant spark?

Miss G. Prodigiously. Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance; I wonder who he is; he can't have been long in town, a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

Miss G. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

Miss Gr. Indeed but I have.

Miss G. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

Miss Gr. Oh, no.

Miss G. What is your intention in regard to him?

Miss Gr. Hey? I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

Miss G. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

Miss Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

Miss G. My dear!

Miss Gr. Why I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

Miss G. Very true.

Miss Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs; if I should not like this man; if he should not like me; if we should quarrel; if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall never be at a loss.

Enter JOHN.

John. A letter to you, madam. (*To Miss G.*) Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. (*To Miss Gr.*) [*Exit.*]

Miss Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the details; what can be the matter now?

Miss G. You'll excuse me?

[*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir J. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, ma'am, of inquiring after your health.

Miss Gr. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir J. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

Miss Gr. Cold! why, sir, I hope I did not sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir J. Madam!

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir J. No, madam; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

Miss Gr. Upon the water!

Sir J. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, were a sufficient temptation.

Miss Gr. What can he be driving at now? (*Aside.*)

Sir J. And pray, madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

Miss Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir J. You don't know him!

Miss Gr. No.

Sir J. And his father I did not meet at your door!

Miss Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir J. I am glad you own that, however; but, for the son, you never—

Miss Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir J. Really!

Miss Gr. Really.

Sir J. Finely supported. Now, madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

Miss Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir J. Madam, you do me honour; but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

Miss Gr. And that is a wonder. What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir J. Admirably rallied; but I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

Miss Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

Sir J. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

Miss Gr. Indeed!

Sir J. From your first entering the barge at the Temple, to your last landing at Whitehall.

Miss Gr. Surprising!

Sir J. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reached me.

Miss Gr. Why you deal in magic.

Sir J. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

Miss Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer.

Sir J. Freely, madam. Only the very individual spark, to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

Miss Gr. But his name?

Sir J. Young Wilding.

Miss Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir J. I had.

Miss Gr. From Wilding! That is amazing.

Sir J. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

Miss Gr. Lookye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir J. Oh, madam, I know you are provided.

Miss Gr. Matchless insolence! as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with

the subject of this visit, you won't be surprised at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir J. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption from me; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. (*Going.*) But, madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*]

Miss Gr. Very well. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced, if my hopes had rested upon one lover! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILION.

Wild. There, marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity. Oh, Jack, look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Young W. Very well; but I don't see anything extraordinary.

Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Young W. What may that be, sir?

Wild. The mistress, you rogue you;—a fine girl and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Young W. Time enough yet, sir.

Wild. I don't see that; you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Young W. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Young W. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself?

Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Young W. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Young W. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Young W. A little more knowledge of the world.

Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Young W. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Young W. You are then resolved?

Wild. Fixed.

Young W. Positively?

Wild. Peremptorily.

Young W. No prayers—

Wild. Can move me.

Young W. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? (*Aside.*) But suppose, sir, there should be an insurmountable objection?

Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

Young W. But I say, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

Wild. Impossible! I don't understand you.

Young W. Oh, sir! But on my knees first let me crave your pardon. (*Kneels.*)

Wild. Pardon! for what?

Young W. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

Wild. Which way?

Young W. I have done a deed,—

Wild. Let's hear it.

Young W. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks

Wild. Well?

Young W. I am—

Wild. What?

Young W. Already married!

Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Young W. Married.

Wild. And without my consent?

Young W. Compelled; fatally forced. Oh, sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

Wild. What an unlucky event! But rise, and let me hear it all.

Young W. (*Rising.*) The shame and confusion I now feel, renders that task, at present, impossible; I must, therefore, rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, sir! I never heard one word of the matter. (*Aside to Young W.*) [*ticular*]

Wild. Come, marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my word, sire, this affair has so shocked me, that I am almost as incapable to tell de tale a your son. (*To Young Wild.*) Dry-a your tears. What can I say, sir? (*Aside to him.*)

Young W. Anything. Oh! (*Seems to weep.*)

Pap. You see, sare.

Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortune, *sans doute*.

Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, *beaucoup*; a great deal more.

Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, sir, at Abingdon.

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon. [*door*]

Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Young W. Oh, oh!

Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack; are all my hopes then— Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; what is the girl, pray, sir?

Pap. De girl, sare—(*Aside to Young W.*)—What shall I say?

Young W. Anybody. (*Aside to Pap.*)

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my word.

Wild. Her condition?

Pap. *Pas grande* condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help. (*Aside to Young W.*) Sir, am quite a-ground.

Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserved some artful hussey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussey?

Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy? (*Aside to Young W.*)

Young W. I'll step to your relief, sir. (*To Pap.*)

Pap. O lord, a happy deliverance. (*Aside.*)

Young W. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

Wild. That is something.

Young W. And though her fortune may not equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

Wild. Her name?

Young W. Miss Lydia Sybthorpe.

Wild. Sybthorpe—I never heard of the name. But proceed.

Young W. The latter end of last long vacatio

went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at new purchase of his, near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

Wild. Is she handsome?

Young W. Oh, sir, more beautiful—

Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Young W. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

Wild. Modestly observed.

Young W. I was deterred from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

Wild. Was that so decent? But love and prudence, madness and reason.

Young W. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Young W. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place; I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Young W. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Young W. I rushed to the door; but fatally my foot slipped at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rushed with united force upon me.

Wild. And so surprised you.

Young W. No, sir; with my sword, I, for some time, made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which, is obvious enough.

Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Young W. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam, I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth; I'll hasten and explain it to her all. Oh, Jack, Jack! this is a mortifying business.

Young W. Most melancholy. [*Exit Wilding.*]

Pap. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully concealed this transaction from me.

Young W. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Young W. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Young W. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, sir, how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Young W. Genius: the mere effects of genius, Papillon. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not give your humble servant a hint when you

are just bent upon bouncing? Besides, sir, if you recollect your fixed resolution to reform—

Young W. Ay; as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but, in case of necessity, why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter WILLIAM and JOHN.

Both Ser. A letter, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pap. There are two things in my conscience my master will never want; a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling it.

Young W. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore, the lady first. Let me see; I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife: now, if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillon, we have no time to be idle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room, with table, pen, ink, paper, and chairs.*

Enter JOHN, conducting in WILDING.

John. My lady, sir, will be at home immediately; Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him? [*Exit John.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Sir I ask your pardon; but, upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but, as to their character. Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir J. The family of the Sybthorpes!

Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir J. Really I don't know, sir,

Wild. Not know!

Sir J. No; it is the very first time I have ever heard of the name.

Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir J. It will be to no purpose.

Wild. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son; but I know the whole affair.

Sir J. What affair?

Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir J. What Jack?

Wild. My son Jack.

Sir J. Is he married?

Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir J. Not I, upon my honour.

Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but, to remove all your scruples at once, he has owned it himself.

Sir J. He has!

Wild. Ay, ay, to me: every circumstance. Going to your new purchase at Abingdon; meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at the assembly; their private interviews; surprised by the father; pistol, poker, and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir J. And this account you had from your son?

Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir J. I wish you joy, sir.

Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir J. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you?

Wild. Doubtless.

Sir J. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

Wild. Why so?

Sir J. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir J. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir J. She'll be easily jointured.

Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir J. No provision necessary for younger children.

Wild. No, sir! why not? I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Wild. You are very merry, sir.

Sir J. What an unaccountable fellow!

Wild. Sir?

Sir J. I beg your pardon, sir. But, with regard to this marriage,—

Wild. Well, sir!

Sir J. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

Wild. How, sir?

Sir J. Even so.

Wild. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir J. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

Wild. What do you know?

Sir J. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

Wild. Oh, mighty well, sir! He wants to turn the tables upon Jack. But it wont do; you are forestalled; your novels wont pass upon me.

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir J. What is this?

Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir J. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

Wild. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, withered and impotent as you may think it.

Enter MISS GRANTAM.

Miss Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir J. No more at present, sir; I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

Miss Gr. How, Sir James Elliot? I flattered myself that you had finished your visits here, sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, sir, what right—

Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

Miss Gr. Married!

Sir J. Yes, madam, to a lady in the clouds; and, because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion; but you, it seems—

Miss Gr. Oh! is that the business? Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

Wild. Madam!

Miss Gr. Your son has just confirmed Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

Wild. Is it possible?

Miss Gr. Most true; and assigned two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

Wild. What can they be?

Miss Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

Wild. You amaze me!

Miss Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplexed us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir J. Which I shall take care to acknowledge to first opportunity.

Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! Was his father a proper subject for it—But I discard him.

Miss Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-headed. This is a levity.

Wild. How, madam! a levity?

Miss Gr. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir J. I have no quarrel to him, but for the offices he has done me with you.

Miss Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my union with Sir James must cement the general peace.

Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. Wilding, to wait upon you, madam. [Exit.]

Miss Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, gentlemen, you all act under my direction. You will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction: come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees. [Exit.]

Wild. This strange boy! But I must command my temper.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Young W. (Speaking as he enters.) People do speak with me! See what they want, Papillio. My father here! that's unlucky enough.

Wild. Ha, Jack! what brings you here?

Young W. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her see apology for the late unfortunate—

Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Young W. I am happy to meet, sir, with your approbation.

Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about your daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow your chariot shall fetch her.

Young W. The devil it shall! (Aside.) Not quite so soon, if you please, sir.

Wild. No! why not?

Young W. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

Wild. What's the matter with her?

Young W. She is big with child, sir.

Wild. An audacious—Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Young W. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger, indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Young W. By all means, sir; it will make him extremely happy.

Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Young W. Abingdon, Berkshire.

Wild. True; but his address?

Young W. You need not trouble yourself, sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclosed.

Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. (*Going.*)

Young W. So, I have parried that thrust.

Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios. No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Young W. You have it, sir.

Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurried that I have entirely forgot it.

Young W. I am sure, so have I. (*Aside.*) His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

Wild. Hopkins!

Young W. Yes, sir.

Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before; that, if I recollect, was either Sybthorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Young W. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation, but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins, or Sybthorpe; and, now I recollect, I have his letter in my pocket: he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

Wild. There is no end of this; I must stop him at once. Harkye, sir, I think you are called my son.

Young W. I hope, sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Young W. In having the honour of descending from you.

Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Young W. Sir, pray, sir—

Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? by their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. And has it never occurred to you, that what was gained by honour might be lost by infamy?

Young W. Perfectly, sir.

Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! Not satisfied with violating the great bond of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions.

Young W. But, sir—

Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly sacrificed in defence of your fame; but, perhaps, that

was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Young W. For heaven's sake, sir!

Wild. What other motive?

Young W. But, hear me, sir; I own the Abingdon business—

Wild. An absolute fiction?

Young W. I do.

Wild. And how dare you—

Young W. I crave but a moment's audience.

Wild. Go on.

Young W. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms—

Wild. So! what, here is another marriage trumped up! Well, sir; and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in *nubibus*—

Young W. No, sir; in London.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Nay, more; and, at this instant, in this house.

Wild. And her name?

Young W. Godfrey.

Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Young W. The very same, sir.

Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Young W. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Young W. Time, sir, and your approbation will, I hope.

Wild. Lookye, sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. If I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember, you have lost a father.

Young W. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Wilding.*]

Enter PAPILLION.

Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Young W. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Young W. What do they want?

Pap. You, sir.

Young W. Me!

Pap. Yes, sir; they have brought in their bills.

Young W. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Young W. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, sir; you remember the bill of fare; but, however, I have despatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Young W. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop. Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon business.

Pap. The deuce!

Young W. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Young W. Happy, beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Young W. Who else? he is now with her in another room. [this?]

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all *Young W.* No, no; that is all over now; my reformation is fixed.

Pap. As a weathercock.

Young W. Here comes my father.

Enter WILDING and MISS GODFREY.

Wild. If, madam, he has not the highest sense

of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him. There, sir; make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Young W. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

Wild. What! is the puppy petrified? Why don't you go up to the lady?

Young W. Up to the lady! That lady?

Wild. That lady! To be sure. What other lady? To Miss Godfrey.

Young W. That lady Miss Godfrey?

Wild. What is all this? Harkye, sir, I see what you are at; but no trilling; this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Young W. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

Wild. No further evasions; there, sir.

Young W. Heigh ho! (*Signs it.*)

Wild. Very well. Now, madam, your name, if you please.

Young W. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question, indeed! Don't you, sir?

Young W. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter JOHN.

John. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Young W. With me!

Miss Go. A young lady, with Mr. Wilding!

John. Seems distressed, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

Miss Go. Indeed! There may be something in this. You must permit me, sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

Wild. How, sir? who is this lady?

Young W. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

Wild. You know nothing of her?

Young W. How should I?

Wild. You hear, madam.

Miss Go. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Young W. Not in the least, madam.

Miss Go. Shew her in, John. [*Exit.*]

Wild. No, madam; I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a sightly woman!

Enter KITTY, as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kitty. Where is he? Oh! let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Young W. Hey-day!

Kitty. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagged along.

Young W. Madam!

Kitty. But we are met at last, and now we will part no more.

Young W. The dence we won't!

Kitty. What! not one kind look? no tender word to hail our second meeting?

Young W. What the devil is all this?

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wandered here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

Young W. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kitty. Am I disowned, then? contemned—slighted?

Wild. Hold; let me inquire into this matter little. Pray, madam—You seem to be pretty familiar here—Do you know this gentleman?

Kitty. Too well.

Wild. His name?

Kitty. Wilding.

Wild. So far she is right. Now, yours, if you please?

Kitty. Wilding.

All. Wilding!

Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kitty. Most lawfully, sir: by the sacred hand the holy tie that made us one.

Wild. What! married to him?

Kitty. Most true.

All. How?

Young W. Sir, may I never—

Wild. Peace! monster. One question more your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The same.

Wild. As I suspected. So, then, the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

Young W. Me, sir! By all that's—

Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee! measure less liar.

Young W. If not me, hear this gentleman Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so go out as well as you can. Meantime, I'll shift for myself. [*Exit.*]

Wild. What evasion, now, monster?

Miss Go. Deceiver!

Wild. Liar!

Miss Go. Impostor!

Young W. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you a grossly imposed upon; the low contriver of the woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and, as to you, madam, with whom have been suddenly surprised into a contract, most solemnly declare, this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring him at your request?

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Is not this your own letter?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

Young W. No.

Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Hear me.

Young W. No.

Miss Go. Answer me.

Young W. No.

Wild. Have not I—

Young W. No, no, no. Zounds! you are mad; and, if I stay, I shall catch the infection. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and MISS GRANTAM

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Gr. Finely performed.

Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crime. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar.

*They in the fairest frames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ROSINA;

AN OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MRS. BROOKE.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BELVILLE
MR. BELVILLE
WILLIAM

RUSTIC
IRISHMEN
VILLAGERS

DORCAS
PHÆBE
ROSINA

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Cottage.

DORCAS, seated on a bench, is spinning; ROSINA and PHÆBE are measuring corn; WILLIAM enters, and they sing the following

TRIO.

*When the rosy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.*

*Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.*

*See, content, the humble gleaner
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.*

(William retires with Phæbe.)

Ros. See, my dear Dorcas, what we gleaned yesterday in Mr. Belville's field.

Dor. Lord love thee! but take care of thyself; thou art but tender. [out the lamp?]

Ros. Indeed, it does not hurt me. Shall I put

Dor. Do, dear; the poor must be sparing. (Rosina going to put out the lamp, Dorcas looks after her and sighs; she returns hastily.)

Ros. Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

Dor. I cannot bear it: it's nothing to Phæbe and me, but thou wast not born to labour.

Ros. Why should I repine? Heaven, which deprived me of my parents, and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage?

Dor. Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor

little linnet that thou pick'dst up half starved under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour; he's main kind to the poor.

Ros. Not for the world, Dorcas; I want nothing; you have been a mother to me.

Dor. Would I could! Would I could! I have worked hard and earn'd money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am pushed about by every body. More's the pity, I say; it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wicked every day.

Ros. Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest; go into the cottage, whilst Phæbe and I join the gleaners, who are assembling from every part of the village.

Dor. Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant, in these arms; little did I think a child of her's would live to share my poor pittance. But I won't grieve thee. (Dorcas enters the cottage.)

Phæ. What makes you so melancholy, Rosina? Mayhap it's because you have not a sweetheart? But you are so proud, you won't let our young men come a-near you. You may live to repent being so scornful. (Rosina retires.)

AIR.—PHÆBE.

*When William at eve meets me down at the stile,
How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.*

*By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe every word of her song:*

*You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.*

(During the last stanza, William appears, and makes signs to Phæbe; who steals softly to him, and they disappear.)

Ros. How small a part of my evils is poverty! And how little does Phœbe know the heart she thinks insensible! the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion. I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy, lost Rosina!

AIR.—ROSINA.

*The morn returns, in saffron drest,
But not to sad Rosina rest.
The blushing morn awakes the strain,
Awakes the tuneful choir;
But sad Rosina ne'er again
Shall strike the sprightly lyre.*

Rust. (Without.) To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the sun is half an hour high, and not a stroke struck yet.

Enter RUSTIC, singing, followed by Reapers.

AIR.

*Rust. See, ye swains, yon streaks of red
Call you from your slothful bed:
Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See! where harvest crowns your toil!*

*Cho. Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See! where harvest crowns your toil!*

*Rust. As we reap the golden corn,
Laughing plenty fills her horn:
What would gilded pomp avail,
Should the peasant's labour fail?*

*Cho. What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peasant's labour fail?*

*Rust. Ripen'd fields your cares repay;
Sons of labour, haste away;
Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.*

*Cho. Bending, see the waving grain
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.*

Rust. Hiss! there's his honour. Where are all the lazy Irishmen, hired yesterday at market?

Enter BELVILLE, followed by two Irishmen.

1 Irish. Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? Then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Bel. You are too severe, Rustic; the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

1 Irish. Bless your sweet face, my jewel, and all those who take your part. Bad luck to myself, if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning.

Rust. If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good. *(The Reapers cut the corn, and make it into sheaves. Rosina follows, and gleans.)*

Rust. What a dickens does this girl do here? Keep back; wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

Ros. If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have gleaned down again. *(She lets fall the ears.)*

Bel. How can you be so unfeeling, Rustio? She is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

Rust. Your honour is too good by half.

Bel. No more: gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

Rust. There; take the whole field, since his honour chooses it. *(Putting the corn into her apron.)* *[Exit.]*

Ros. I will not abuse his goodness.

[Retires, gleaning.]

2 Irish. Upon my soul, now, his honour's no churl of the wheat, whatever he may be of the barley.

[Exeunt.]

Bel. (Looking after Rosina.) What bewitching softness! There is a blushing, bashful gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion. She turns this way: what bloom on that cheek! 'Tis the blushing down of the peach.

AIR.—BELVILLE.

*Her mouth, which a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.*

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, in a riding-dress.

Capt. B. Good morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

Bel. My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September.

Capt. B. I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles distant, where I left my chaise, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

Bel. You know our harvest is late in the north; but you will find all the lands cleared on the other side of the mountain.

Capt. B. And pray, brother, how are the part-ridges this season?

Bel. There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order.

Capt. B. The gamekeeper is this moment leading them round. I am fired at the sight. But where is my little rustic charmer? O! there she is: I am transported. *(Aside.)* Pray, brother, is not that the little girl, whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year?

Bel. It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you share our rural repast, or have a dinner prepared at the manor-house?

Capt. B. By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time. *[Exit Belville.]*

AIR.

*By the dawn to the downs we repair,
With bosoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheasant or hare;
Gain health by the sports of the day.
Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare!
See Diana! she points: see, they rise:
See, they float on the bosom of air!
Fire away! whilst loud echo replies,
Fire away!*

*Hark! the volley resounds to the skies;
Whilst echo in thunder replies:*

*In thunder replies,
And resounds to the skies,
Fire away! Fire away! Fire away!*

(Rosina re-appears, Captain Belville goes up to her, gleans a few ears, and presents them to her; she refuses them, and runs out; he follows her.)

Enter WILLIAM, speaking as he enters.

Will. Lead the dogs back, James; the Captain won't shoot to-day. *(Seeing Rustic and Phœbe behind.)* Indeed, so close! I don't half like it.

Enter RUSTIC and PHŒBE.

Rust. That's a good girl! do as I bid you, and you shan't want encouragement. *(He goes up to the Reapers, and William comes forward.)*

Will. O no, I dare say she won't. So, Mrs. Phœbe!

Phœ. And so, Mr. William, if you go to that!

Will. A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

Phœ. I don't deserve this of you, William; but I'm rightly served, for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

Will. You do right to cry out first; you think, belike, that I did not see you take that posey from Harry.

Phœ. And you, belike, that I did not catch you tying up one, of cornflowers and wild roses, for the miller's maid; but I'll be fool'd no longer; I have done with you, Mr. William.

Will. I sha'n't break my heart, Mrs. Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

DUETT.—WILLIAM and PHŒBE.

Will. *I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,*

And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see!

But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,

The maid of the mill for me.

Phœ. *There's fifty young men, who have told me fine tales,*

And call'd me the fairest she:

But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,

Young Harry's the lad for me.

Will. *Her eyes are as black as a sloe in the hedge,*

Her face like the blossoms in May,

Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,

Her breath like the new-made hay.

Phœ. *He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,*

His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;

He looks like a squire of high degree,

When drest in his Sunday clothes.

Will. *I've kiss'd and I've prattled, &c.*

Phœ. *There's fifty young men, &c.*

[*Exit Phœ. and Will.*]

ROSINA runs across the stage, CAPTAIN BELVILLE following her.

Capt. B. Stay and hear me, Rosina. Why will you fatigue yourself thus? Only homely girls are born to work. Your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

Ros. Why do you stop me, sir? My time is precious. When the gleaning season is over, will you make up my loss?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Will it be any advantage to you to make me lose my day's work?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. Would it give you pleasure to see me pass all my days in idleness?

Capt. B. Yes.

Ros. We differ greatly then, sir. I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

AIR.

Whilst with village maids I stray,

Sweetly wears the joyous day;

Cheerful glows my artless breast,

Mild content the constant guest.

Capt. B. Mere prejudice, child; you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

Ros. Let me call my mother, sir; I am young, and can support myself by my labour; but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestowed. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

Capt. B. Why—as to that—

Ros. I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

Capt. B. Really—I believe not.

Enter DORCAS, from the Cottage.

Ros. You are just come in time, mother. I have

met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour youth.

Dor. 'Tis very kind. And old age—

Ros. He'll tell you that himself. [*Exit.*]

Dor. I thought so. Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old.

Capt. B. You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

Dor. And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

Capt. B. You have a charming daughter—

Dor. I thought as much. A vile wicked man! [*Aside.*]

Capt. B. Beauty like her's might find a thousand resources in London; the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

Dor. And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

Capt. B. She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

Dor. I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I had rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame.

[*Goes into the Cottage, and shuts the door.*]

Capt. B. These women astonish me; but I won't give it up so.

Enter RUSTIC, crossing the stage.

Capt. B. A word with you, Rustic.

Rust. I am in a great hurry, your honour; I am going to hasten dinner.

Capt. B. I sha'n't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

Rust. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For yourself. And this purse.

Rust. For whom, sir?

Capt. B. For Rosina; they say she is in distress, and wants assistance.

Rust. What pleasure it gives me to see you so charitable! But why give me money, sir?

Capt. B. Only to—tell Rosina there is a person who is very much interested in her happiness.

Rust. How much you will please his honour by this! He takes mightily to Rosina, and prefers her to all the young women in the parish.

Capt. B. Prefers her! Ah! you sly rogue!

Rust. Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I meant no harm.

Capt. B. Give her the money, and tell her she shall never want a friend: but not a word to my brother.

Rust. All's safe, your honour. [*Exit Captain Belville.*] I don't vastly like this business. At the captain's age, this violent charity is a little dubious. I am his honour's servant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour; O, here he comes.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

Rust. A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make good use of his money; he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

Bel. For Rosina! 'Tis plain he loves her. [*Aside.*] Obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner, that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

Rust. I understand your honour.

Bel. Have you gained any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

Rust. I endeavoured to get all I could from the old woman's grand-daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing-up; but here come the reapers

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, followed by the Reapers.

FINALE.

Bel. *By this fountain's flow'ry side,
Drest in nature's blooming pride,
Where the poplar trembles high,
And the bees in clusters fly,
Whilst the herdsman on the hill
Listens to the falling rill,
Pride and cruel scorn away,
Let us share the festive day.*

Ros. *Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holyday.*

Bel. *Simple Nature ye who prize,
Life's fantastic forms despise.*

Cho. *Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holyday.*

Capt. B. *Blushing Bell, with downcast eyes,
Sighs, and knows not why she sighs.
Tom is near her—we shall know—
How he eyes her—Is't not so?*

Cho. *Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holyday.*

Will. *He is fond, and she is shy;
He would kiss her!—fie!—oh, fie!
Mind thy sickle, let her be;
By and by she'll follow thee.*

Cho. *Busy censors, hence! away!
This is Nature's holyday.*

Rust. *Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,
Then we'll tell the sportive tale;
All is jest, and all is glee,
All is youthful jollity.*

Cho. *Taste our pleasures ye who may,
This is Nature's holyday.*

Phœ. *Lads and lasses, all advance,
Carol blithe, and form the dance;
Trip it lightly while you may,
This is Nature's holyday.*

Cho. *Trip it lightly while you may,
This is Nature's holyday.* (Dance.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.—The same.

Enter RUSTIC.

Rust. This purse is the plague of my life; I hate money when it is not my own. I'll e'en put in the five guineas he gave me for myself; I don't want it, and they do. They certainly must find it there. But I hear the cottage-door open. (*Puts the purse on the bench, and retires.*)

Enter DORCAS and ROSINA, from the Cottage.
Dorcas with a great basket on her arm, filled with skeins of thread.

Dor. I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

Ros. This basket is too heavy for you; pray, let me carry it. (*Sets the basket on the bench.*)

Dor. No, no. (*Peevishly.*)

Ros. If you love me, only take half; this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest. (*Takes part of the skeins out of the basket.*) There, be angry with me if you please.

Dor. No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

Ros. Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

Dor. Indeed I have not, love; and, yet, I am uneasy.

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, unperceived.

Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

Ros. I'll go this moment.

Dor. But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home, before me; so

Ros. I will.

[take the key.

Capt. B. (*Aside.*) Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! How lucky! I'll slip into the house, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight. [*Exit.*]

Dor. Let nobody go into the house.

Ros. I'll take care.

Dor. But first I'll double lock the door. (*Locks*

the door, and going to take up the basket, sees the purse.) Good lack! What is here? A purse, as I

Ros. How!

Dor. Come, and see; 'tis a purse, indeed.

Ros. Heavens! 'tis full of gold.

Dor. We must put up a bill at the church-gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

Ros. Pray excuse me, I always blush so.

Dor. 'Tis nothing but childishness: but his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage.

[*Exit.*]

Ros. I cannot support his presence; my embarrassment—my confusion—a stronger sensation than that of gratitude agitates my heart. Yet, hope, in my situation, were madness.

AIR.—ROSINA.

Sweet transports, gentle wishes, go!

In vain his charms have gain'd my heart:

Since fortune, still to love a foe,

And cruel duty, bid us part.

Ah! why does duty chain the mind,

And part those souls which love has join'd?

Enter WILLIAM.

Pray, William, do you know of anybody that has lost a purse?

Will. I knows nothing about it.

Ros. Dorcas, however, has found one.

Will. So much the better for she.

Ros. You will oblige me very much, if you will carry it to Mr. Belville, and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

Will. Since you desire it, I'll go: it sha'n't be the lighter for my carrying.

Ros. That I am sure of, William.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PHŒBE.

Phœ. There's William; but I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.—PHŒBE.

Henry cull'd the flow'et's bloom,

Marian lov'd the soft perfume,

Had playful kiss'd, but prudence near

Whisper'd timely in her ear,

Simple Marian, ah! beware;

Touch them not, for love is there.

(*Throws away her nosegay. While she is singing, William turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his stick.*)

Will. That's Harry's posy; the slut likes me still. (*Aside.*)

Phœ. That's a copy of his countenance, I'm sartin; he can no more help following me nor he can be hanged. (*Aside. William crosses again, singing.*)

Will. *Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.*

Phœ. I'm ready to choke w' madness; but I'll not speak first, an I die for't. (*William sings, throwing up his stick, and catching it.*)

Will. *Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May.*

Phœ. I can't bear it no longer; you vile, ungrateful, perfidious—but it's no matter. I can't think what I could see in you. Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer. (*Sings, sobbing at every word.*)

*Of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.*

Will. He's yonder a reaping: shall I call him? (*Offers to go.*)

Phœ. My grandmother leads me the life of a dog; and it's all along of you.

Will. Well, then she'll be better temper'd now.

Phœ. I did not value her scolding of a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

Will. Wasn't I true to you! Look in my face, and say that.

AIR.—WILLIAM,

When bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd, last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The riband gay, or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy;
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my riband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move:
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love. (Going.)

Will. (Returns.) Let's part friendly howsomever.
Bye, Phœbe: I shall always wish you well.

Phœ. Bye, William. (Cries.)

Will. My heart begins to melt a little. (Aside.)
I loved you very well once, Phœbe: but you are
grown so cross, and have such vagaries.

Phœ. I'm sure I never had no vagaries with you,
William. But go; mayhap Kate may be angry.

Will. And who cares for she? I never minded
her anger, nor her coaxing neither, till you were
cross to me.

Phœ. O the father! I cross to you, William?

Will. Did you not tell me, this very morning,
as how you had done wi' me?

Phœ. One word's as good as a thousand. Do
you love me, William?

Will. Do I love thee? Do I love dancing on the
green better than threshing in a barn? Do I love a
wake, or a harvest-home?

Phœ. Then I'll never speak to Harry again the
longest day I have to live.

Will. I'll turn my back o'the miller's maid the
first time I meet her.

Phœ. Will you, indeed and indeed?

Will. Marry will I; and more nor that, I'll go
speak to the parson this moment: I'm happier—
Zooks! I'm happier nor a lord or a squire of five
hundred a-year.

DUETT.—PHŒBE AND WILLIAM.

Phœ. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at fortune rail:
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.

Will. See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.

Both. Amid the shades the virgin's sighs
Add fragrance to the gale:
So they that will may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale. [Exeunt.]

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I tremble at the impression this lovely girl
has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left
me, and I am grown insensible even to the delicious
pleasure of making those happy who depend on my
protection.

AIR.—BELVILLE.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.
But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sport can please;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.
The tree, that in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blasted by the lightning's power,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exer-
cise; I feel exhausted, and will try to rest a quarter
of an hour on this bank. (Lies down on a bank.)

Gleaners cross the Stage; Enter ROSINA.

AIR.—ROSINA.

Light as thistle-down moving, which floats on the air,
Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear:
Of autumn's rich store I bring home my part,
The weight on my head, but gay joy on my heart.

What do I see? Mr. Belville asleep? I'll steal
softly—at this moment I may gaze on him without
blushing. (Lays down the corn, and walks softly up
to him.) The sun points full on this spot; let me
fasten these branches together with this riband,
and shade him from its beams; yes, that will do.
But if he should wake—(takes the riband from her
bosom, and ties the branches together)—how my
heart beats! One look more—ah! I have waked
him. (She runs to the door of the cottage.)

Bel. What noise was that? This riband I have
seen before, and on the lovely Rosina's bosom.
(Goes towards the cottage.)

Ros. I will hide myself in the house. (Rosina
opening the door, sees Capt. Belville, and starts back.)
Heavens! a man in the house!

Capt. B. Now, love assist me! (Comes out and
seizes Rosina; she breaks from him, and runs af-
frighted across the stage; Belville follows; Captain
Belville, who comes out to pursue her, sees his brother
and steals off at the other side. Belville leads Ro-
sina back.)

Bel. Why do you fly thus, Rosina?

Ros. Where is he? A gentleman pursued me.

Bel. Don't be alarmed, 'twas my brother; he
could not mean to offend you.

Ros. Your brother! Why then does he not imi-
tate your virtues? Why was he here?

Bel. Forget this; you are safe. But tell me,
Rosina, for the question is to me of importance,
have I not seen you wear this riband?

Ros. Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to distur-
b you. I only meant to shade you from the too great
heat of the sun. [tention?

Bel. To what motive do I owe this tender at-
tention?

Ros. Ah, sir; do not the whole village love you?

Bel. You tremble; why are you alarmed?

DUETT.—BELVILLE AND ROSINA.

Bel. For you, my sweet maid, nay, be not afraid,
I feel an affection which yet wants a name.

Ros. When first—but in vain—I seek to explain,
What heart but must love you? I blush, fear,
and shame—

Bel. Why thus timid, Rosina? still safe by my side,
Let me be your guardian, protector, and guide.

Ros. My timid heart pants—still safe by your side,
Be you my protector, my guardian, my guide.

Bel. Why thus timid, &c.

Ros. My timid heart pants, &c.

Bel. Unveil your mind to me, Rosina. The
graces of your form, the native dignity of your
mind which breaks through the lovely simplicity
of your deportment, a thousand circumstances
concur to convince me you were not born a villager.

Ros. To you, sir, I can have no reserve. A
pride, I hope an honest one, made me wish to
sigh in secret over my misfortunes.

Bel. They are at an end.

Ros. Dorcas approaches, sir; she can best re-
late my melancholy story.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. His honour here? Good luck!

Bel. Will you let me speak with you a moment
alone, Dorcas?

Dor. Rosina, take this basket.

[Exit Rosina with the basket.]

Bel. Rosina has referred me to you, Dorcas, for

an account of her birth, which I have long suspected to be above her present situation.

Dor. To be sure, your honour, since the dear child gives me leave to speak, she's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's daughter, 'Squire Welford, of Lincolshire. His estate was seiz'd for a mortgage of not half its value, just after young madam was married, and she ne'er got a penny of her portion.

Bel. And her father?

Dor. Was a brave gentleman too, a colonel. His honour went to the Eastern Indies, to better his fortune, and madam would go with him. The ship was lost, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her, so the dear child has shared

Bel. But her father's name? [my poor morsel.

Dor. Martin; Colonel Martin.

Bel. I am too happy; he was the friend of my father's heart; a thousand times have I heard him lament his fate. Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

Dor. Yes, I know'd it would be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

Bel. I have another question to ask you, Dorcas, and answer me sincerely; is her heart free?

Dor. To be sure, she never would let any of our young men come a-near her; and yet—

Bel. Speak; I am on the rack.

Dor. I'm afraid, she mopes and she pines. But your honour would be angry; I'm afraid the Captain—

Bel. Then my foreboding heart was right. (*Aside.*)

Enter RUSTIC.

Rust. Help, for heaven's sake, sir! Rosina's lost; she is carried away.

Bel. Rosina!

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE.

Capt. B. Don't be alarm'd; let me go; I'll fly to save her.

Bel. With me, sir; I will not lose sight of you. Rustic hasten instantly with our reapers. Dorcas, you will be our guide.

Rust. Must be frightened, sir; the Irishmen have rescued her; she is just here. [*Exit.*]

Enter Two Irishmen.

I Irish. Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them. [*Life.*]

Dor. Have you sav'd her? I owe you more than *I Irish.* Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow, going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I look'd up, and saw them putting her into a skiff against her will. Says I, Paddy, is not that the clever little crater that was glancing in the field with us this morning?" " 'Tis so, sure enough," says he. "By St. Patrick," says I, "there's enough of us to rescue her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillelachs, knock'd them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe; and here she comes, my jewel.

Re-enter RUSTIC, leading ROSINA, who throws herself into Dorcas's arms.

Dor. I canno' speak; art thou safe?

Bel. I dread to find the criminal.

Rust. Your honour need not go far a-field, I believe; it must have been some friend of the Captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

Capt. B. I confess the crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

Bel. You have dishonoured me, dishonoured the glorious profession you have embraced. But

begone; I renounce you as my brother, and renounce my ill-plac'd friendship.

Capt. B. Your indignation is just; I have offended almost past forgiveness. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

Bel. If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

Ros. (To Belville.) Will you, sir, suffer—This, sir, is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love, is unworthy of obtaining her.

Bel. This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves you with as strong, though purer ardour;—but if allowed to hope—

Ros. Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

Bel. Do you refuse me too, then, Rosina?

Dor. You, sir? You?

Ros. My confusion, my blushes,—

Bel. Then I am happy! My life! my Rosina!

Phœ. Do you speak to his honour, William.

Will. No; do you speak, Phœbe.

Phœ. I am ashamed; William and I, your honour—William prayed me to let him keep me company; so he gained my good will to have him, if so be my grandmother consents.

Will. If your honour would be so good to speak to Dorcas.

Bel. Dorcas, you must not refuse me anything to-day. I'll give William a farm.

Dor. Your honour is too kind; take her, William, and make her a good husband.

Will. That I will, dame. (*Belville joins their hands; they bow and curtsy.*)

Will and Phœ. Thank your honour.

Will. What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

Bel. I believe my brother has the best right.

Capt. B. 'Tis your's, William; dispose of it as you please.

Will. Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for Rosina. [*Exit Irishmen.*]

Bel. You have made good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

Capt. B. Allow me to retire, brother. When I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

Bel. You must not leave us, brother. Resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother; be my friend.

FINALE.

Bel. To bless, and to be blest, be ours,
Whate'er our rank, whate'er our powers;
On some her gifts kind fortune showers,
Who reap, like us, in this rich scene.

Capt. B. Yet those who taste her bounty less,
The sigh malevolent repress,
And loud the feeling bosom bless,
Which something leaves for want to glean.

Ros. How blest am I, supremely blest!
Since Belville all his soul express,
And fondly clasp'd me to his breast:
I now may reap—how chang'd the scene!
But ne'er can I forget the day,
When all to want and woe a prey,
Soft pity taught his soul to say,
"Unfeeling Rustic, let her glean!"

Rust. The hearts you glad your own display,
The heav'n's such goodness must repay;
Will. And blest through many a summer's day,
Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene;
Phœ. And O! when summer's joys are o'er,
And autumn yields its fruits no more,
New blessings be there yet in store,
For winter's sober hours to glean.

Cho. And O! when summer's joys are o'er, &c.
[*Exit*]

THE WEDDING DAY;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LORD RAKELAND
SIR ADAM CONTEST
MR. CONTEST

MR. MILLDEN
WILLIAM
JOHN

LADY CONTEST
MRS. HAMFORD
HANNAH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Rakeland's.

Enter WILLIAM, followed by LORD RAKELAND.

Lord R. At home? To be sure I am; how could you make any doubts about it! [*Exit William.*] Deny me to my old acquaintance and favourite friend, Tom Contest!

Enter MR. CONTEST.

My dear Contest, I congratulate us both that your travels are completed, and that you are come to taste, for the remainder of your life, the joys of your own country.

Con. Whether to taste joy or sorrow I am yet in doubt; for I am uncertain in what manner I shall be received by my father.

Lord R. Have not you seen him yet?

Con. No: nor dare I, till I know in what humour he is.

Lord R. In a good one, you may depend upon it; for he is very lately married.

Con. To my utter concern! I heard some time ago, indeed, that it was his design to marry again. Pray can you tell me who my new mother is?

Lord R. I am told she is very young, extremely lively, and prodigiously beautiful. I am told too that she has been confined in the country, dressed and treated like a child, till her present age of eighteen, in order to preserve the appearance of youth in her mother.

Con. But who is her mother? Of what family is she?

Lord R. That I don't know; and I suppose your

father did not consider of what family she was, but merely what family she was likely to bring him.

Con. Yes, I have no doubt but he married on purpose to disinherit me, for having written to him, that I had fixed my affections upon a widow of small fortune, but one who was so perfectly to my wishes, that even his commands could not force me to forsake her.

Lord R. And were you in earnest?

Con. I thought I was then; but at present I am more humble. I have implored his pardon for those hasty expressions, and now only presume by supplication to obtain his approbation of my choice.

Lord R. Is she a foreigner?

Con. No; an Englishwoman. We met at Florence; parted at Venice; and she arrived in London just four days before me.

Lord R. And when will you introduce me to her?

Con. Are you as much a man of gallantry as ever? if you are, you shall first promise me not to make love to her.

Lord R. As to that, my dear friend, you know I never make a promise, when I think there is the least probability of my breaking it.

Con. Then positively you shall not see my choice till I am secure of her. But I can tell you what I'll do: I'll introduce you to my young mother-in-law, if you like.

Lord R. My dear friend, that will do quite as well; nay, I don't know if it won't do better. Come, let us go directly.

Con. Hold! not till I have obtained my father's leave: for, after offending him so highly as not to hear from him these six months, I thought it neces-

sary to send a letter to him as soon as I arrived this morning; to beg his permission to wait upon him. And here, I suppose, is his answer.

Enter WILLIAM, who gives a letter to Mr. Contest.

Wil. Your servant inquired for you, sir, and left this. [Exit.]

Con. (Reads.) An invitation to go to his house immediately. Why my father tells me he was only married this very morning! I heard he was married a week ago.

Lord R. And so did I; and so did half the town. His marriage has even been in the newspapers these three days. I long to have a kiss of the bride.

Con. Psha, my lord! as it is the wedding day, I cannot think of taking you now: it may be improper.

Lord R. Not at all, not at all. A wedding day is a public day; and Sir Adam knows upon what familiar terms you and I are. Indeed, my dear friend, my going will be considered but as neighbourly. I can take no denial. I must go.

Con. Well if it must be so, come then. *(Going, stops.)* Notwithstanding the cause I have for rejoicing at this kind invitation from my father, still I feel embarrassed at the thoughts of appearing before him, in the presence of his young wife; for I have no doubt but she'll take a dislike to me.

Lord R. And if she should, I have no doubt but she'll take a liking to me. So come away, and be in spirits. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Sir Adam Contest's.*

Enter SIR ADAM, dressed in white clothes like a bridegroom.

Sir A. Nothing is so provoking as to be in a situation where one is expected to be merry; it is like being asked in company to tell a good story and to be entertaining; and then you are sure to be duller than ever you were in your life. Now, notwithstanding this is my wedding day, I am in such a blessed humour that I should like to make every person's life in this house a burthen to them. But I won't. No, I won't. Here comes my Lady Contest.

Enter LADY CONTEST, slowly and pensively, dressed like a bride.

(Aside.) Now I will be in a good humour, in spite of all my doubts and fears.

Lady C. Did you send for me, Sir Adam?

Sir Adam. Yes, my dear; your guardian is just step home to bring his wife to dine with us; and I wished to have a few minutes' conversation with you. Sit down. *(They sit.)* I observed, Lady Contest, (and it gave me uneasiness) that at church this morning, while the ceremony was performing, you looked very pale. You have not yet wholly regained your colour: and instead of your usual cheerful countenance and air, I perceive a pensive, dejected—Come, look cheerful. Why don't you look cheerful? Consider, every one should be happy upon their wedding day, for it is a day that seldom comes above once in a person's life.

Lady C. But with you, Sir Adam, it has come twice.

Sir A. Very true, it has; and my first was a day indeed! I shall never forget it! My wife was as young as you are now—

Lady C. And you were younger than you are now—

Sir A. (Aside.) No, I won't be angry. She was beautiful too, nay more, she was good; she possessed every quality. But this is not a proper topic on the present occasion; and so, my dear, let us change the subject.

Lady C. Pray, Sir Adam, is it true that your son is come to town?

Sir A. It is; and I expect him every moment.

Lady C. And have you invited no other company all day?

Sir A. Your guardian and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ploughman, you know, will be here; and what other company would you have?

Lady C. In the country, we had always fiddles and dancing at every wedding; and I declare I have been merrier at other people's weddings, than I think I am likely to be at my own.

Sir A. If you loved me, Lady Contest, you would be merry in my company alone. Do you love me? My first wife loved me dearly.

Lady C. And so do I love you dearly; just the same as I would love my father, if he were alive.

Sir A. (Aside.) Now could I lay her at my feet for that sentence. But I won't, I won't. Answer me this, would you change husbands with any of your acquaintance?

Lady C. What signifies my answering such a question as that, when I am sure not one of my acquaintance would change with me?

Sir A. What makes you think so? Your equipage will be by far the most splendid of any lady's you will visit. I have made good my promise in respect to your jewels too; and I hope you like them.

Lady C. Like them! to be sure! Oh, my dear Sir Adam, they even make me like you.

Sir A. A very poor proof of your love, if you can give me no other.

Lady C. But I'll give you fifty others.

Sir A. Name them.

Lady C. First; I will always be obedient to you.

Sir A. That's well.

Lady C. Second; I will never be angry with you, if you should go out and stay for a month; nay, for a year: or for as long as ever you like.

Sir A. Sure I was not born to commit murder! I had better go out of the room. Oh, my first wife, my first wife, what a treasure was she! But my treasure is gone!

Lady C. (They rise.) Not all your money I hope, Sir Adam; for my guardian told me you had a great deal.

Sir A. And did you marry me for that? What makes you blush? Come, confess to me: for there was always a sincerity in your nature which charmed me beyond your beauty. It was that sincerity, and that alone, which captivated me.

Lady C. Then I am surprised you did not marry your chaplain's widow, good old Mrs. Brown.

Sir A. Why so?

Lady C. Because I have heard you say, there was not so sincere a woman on the face of the earth.

Sir A. (Aside.) And, egad! I almost wish I had married her. By what I have now said, Lady Contest, I meant to let you know, that in comparison with virtue, I have no esteem for a youthful or a beautiful face.

Lady C. Oh dear! how you and I differ; for I here declare, I do love a beautiful, youthful face better than I love anything in the whole world.

Sir A. Leave the room; leave the room instantly. No; come back, come back, my dear. *(Aside.)* I'll be in a good humour presently, but not just yet. Yes, I will get the better of it. I won't use her ill: I have sworn at the altar not to use her ill; and I will keep my vow. Pray, Lady Contest pray have not you heard from your mother yet?

Lady C. Not a line, nor a word.

Sir A. It is wonderful that she should not send us a proper address! There is no doubt but that every letter we have sent to her since she has been abroad, has miscarried. However, it will be

great joy and pride to her, when she hears of your marriage.

Lady C. Yes; for she always said I was not born to make my fortune.

Sir A. Which prediction I have annulled. And after all,—come hither, come hither,—and, after all, I do not repent that I have; for although I cannot say that you possess all those qualifications which my first wife did, yet you behave very well, considering your age.

Lady C. And I am sure so do you, considering yours.

Sir A. All my resolution is gone, and I can keep my temper no longer. (*Aside.*) Go into your own chamber immediately. (*Exit Lady C.*) I'll,—I'll I'll,—No, I'll go another way.

Enter JOHN.

John. My young master and another gentleman. (*Exit.*)

Enter MR. CONTEST and LORD RAKELAND.

Con. (To Sir Adam.) I kneel, sir, for your pardon and your blessing.

Sir A. You have behaved very ill; but as you appear sensible of it, I forgive you, and am glad to see you. But I expect that your future conduct shall give proof of your repentance. My Lord Rakeland, I beg pardon for introducing this subject before you; but you are not wholly unacquainted with it, I suppose?

Lord R. Mr. Contest has partly informed me. (*Aside to Mr. Contest.*) Ask for your mother.

Con. I sincerely congratulate you on your nuptials, sir, and I hope Lady Contest is well.

Sir A. (Calling off.) Desire Lady Contest to walk this way.

Lord R. I sincerely congratulate you, too, Sir Adam.

Sir A. Thank you, my lord, thank you.

Enter LADY CONTEST. Sir Adam takes her by the hand, and presents Mr. Contest to her.

My dear, this is my son; and this, Tom, is your mother-in-law.

Lady C. Dear Sir Adam! I was never so surprised in my life! Always when you spoke of your son, you called him Tom, and Tommy, and I expected to see a little boy.

Sir A. And have you any objection to his being a man.

Lady C. Oh no, I think I like him the better. *To Mr. Contest.* Sir, I am very glad to see you.

Con. I give your ladyship joy.

Lady C. I shall be very fond of him, Sir Adam; shall like him as well as if he was my own.

Sir A. (Aside.) Now am I in a rage, lest, seeing my son a man, she should be more powerfully reminded that I am old. But I won't; no, I'll be kinder to him for this very suspicion.

Lord R. Sir Adam, you have not introduced me to Lady Contest.

Lady C. Is this another son?

Sir A. What, could you be fond of him too?

Lady C. Yes, I could. *[Own?]*

Sir A. And like him as well as if he were your

Lady C. Yes, I could.

Sir A. But he is not my son.

Lady C. But I can't help thinking he is.

Sir A. I tell you he is not.

Lady C. Nay, nay, you are joking; I am sure he is.

Sir A. I tell you no.

Lady C. Why he is very like you. No, he is not so like you, when you are close. I beg ten thousand pardons, sir, you are not at all like Sir Adam.

Sir A. (Aside.) Zounds, now I am jealous; and

I am afraid my propensity will get the better of me. But no, it sha'n't; no, it shall not. My lord, I beg your pardon, but I want half an hour's private conversation with my son; will you excuse us?

Lord R. Certainly, Sir Adam, I beg you will make no stranger of me.

Sir A. (Taking Mr. Contest by the hand.) Come, Tom. (*Aside.*) There, now, I have left them alone; and I think this is triumphing over my jealousy pretty well. Well done, Sir Adam, well done, well done. [*Exit with Mr. Contest.*]

Lord R. My dear Lady Contest, though I acknowledge I have not the happiness to be your son, yet permit me to beg a blessing on my knees. 'Tis this; tell me when and where I shall have the happiness of seeing you again?

Lady C. Dear sir, without any compliment, the happiness will be done to me.

Lord R. Enchanting woman! appoint the time.

Lady C. I'll ask Sir Adam.

Lord R. No; without his being present.

Lady C. I don't know if I sha'n't like that full as well.

Lord R. Appoint a time, then, just to play a game at cribbage.

Lady C. Or what do you thing of Beggar my Neighbour? would not that do as well?

Lord R. Perfectly as well; the very thing.

Lady C. But you must take care how you play; for it is a game you may lose a great deal of money by.

Lord R. But Sir Adam must not know of it. (*They retire.*)

Enter SIR ADAM.

Sir A. Resolutions come and go; I wish I could have kept mine, and staid away a little longer. What, my lord here still! holding conversation with this giddy woman?

Lord R. I assure you, Sir Adam, I am very well pleased with Lady Contest's conversation.

Lady C. And I am sure, my lord, I am very much pleased with your's.

Lord R. We have been talking about a game at cards.

Lady C. But you said Sir Adam was not to be of the party.

Lord R. Yes, Sir Adam; but not Mr. Contest.

Lady C. No, indeed, you said Sir Adam.

Lord R. Oh no!

Lady C. (Eagerly.) Yes, because, don't you remember I said, and you made answer—

Lord R. I don't remember anything.

Lady C. What don't you remember kneeling for my blessing?

Sir A. How! What!

Lord R. Sir Adam, it would be a breach of good manners were I to contradict Lady Contest a second time; therefore I acknowledge that she is right; and that I have been in the wrong.

[*Exit, bowing with great respect.*]

Lady C. (To Sir Adam apart.) Won't you ask him to dinner?

Sir A. Ask him to dinner! What a difference between you and my first wife! Would she have wished me to ask him to dinner! would she have suffered a man to kneel—

Lady C. I did not suffer him to kneel a moment.

Sir A. But my first wife was a model of perfection, and it is unjust to reproach you with the comparison. Yet I cannot help saying, would she had lived!

Lady C. And I am sure I wish so, with all my heart.

Sir A. But she was suddenly snatched from me.

Lady C. How was it, Sir Adam? Were you not at sea together? And so a storm arose, and so you took to the long-boat, and she would stay in the ship, and so she called to you, and you would not

go? and you called to her, and she would not come. And so your boat sailed, and her ship sunk.

Sir A. Don't, don't; I can't bear to hear it repeated. I loved her too sincerely. But the only proof I can now give of my affection, is to be kind to her son; and, as by what he acknowledged to me, his heart I perceived was bent upon marriage, I have given him leave to introduce to me the lady on whom he has fixed his choice; and if I like her—

Lady C. Has he fixed his choice? Who is the young lady? What is her name?

Sir A. I did not ask her name.

Lady C. But I hope you will give your consent, whoever she is.

Sir A. And if I do, in a little time they may both wish I had not. Young people are so capricious, they don't know their own minds half an hour. For instance, I dare say you think very highly of that young lord who was here just now; but if you were to see him two or three times a week, you would cease to admire him.

Lady C. I should like to try. Do invite him here two or three times a week, on purpose to try.

Sir A. My lady, that's an experiment I don't wish to try.

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. and Mrs. Ploughman are come, sir, and dinner is almost ready. *[Exit.]*

Lady C. *(Looking at her hand, gives a violent scream.)* Oh! oh!—Oh dear! Sir Adam! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

Sir A. What's the matter? What in the name of heaven, is the matter?

Lady C. I wish I may die if I have not lost my wedding ring! Oh! 'tis a sure sign of some ill luck.

Sir A. Here, John!

Enter JOHN.

Go and look for your mistress' wedding ring; she has dropped it somewhere about the house.

Lady C. I am afraid it was in the street, as I stepped out of my coach. Oh! indeed, Sir Adam, it did not stick close. I remember I pulled my glove off just at that time; go and look there, John. *[Exit JOHN.]* Oh! Sir Adam, some ill luck will certainly happen to one or both of us; you may depend upon it.

Sir A. Childish nonsense! What ill luck can happen to us, while we are good?

Lady C. But suppose we should not be good?

Sir A. We always may, if we please.

Lady C. I know we may; but then sometimes 'tis a great deal of trouble.

Sir A. Come, don't frighten yourself about omens; you'll find your ring again.

Lady C. Do you think that young lord mayn't have found it? Suppose we send to ask him?

Sir A. Did you miss it while he was here?

Lady C. No, nor should not have missed any thing, if he had staid till midnight.

Sir A. Come, come to dinner. *(Going, stops.)* But I must say this has been a very careless thing of you. My first wife would not have lost her wedding ring.

Lady C. But, indeed, Sir Adam, mine did not fit. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Sir Adam Contest's.*

Enter LADY CONTEST, followed by HANNAH.

Lady C. Has anybody called on me, since I have been out?

Han. Yes, madam, an elderly gentlewoman: but she refused to leave her name: she said she

had particular business, and wanted to speak to you in private.

Lady C. Then pray let me see her when she comes again.

Enter JOHN.

John. Lord Rakeland, if your ladyship is not engaged.

Lady C. *(Aside to Hannah.)* Oh, Hannah! Hannah! is this the elderly gentlewoman? Oh! for shame, Hannah! However, poor Hannah, don't be uneasy. I won't be very angry with you. *(To John.)* You may desire his lordship to walk up. *[Exit JOHN]*

Han. Upon my word, my lady—

Lady C. Oh, hold your tongue, Hannah; you know this is the elderly gentlewoman, you meant but, no matter; I am almost every bit as well pleased. *[Exit Hannah]*

Enter LORD RAKELAND.

Lord R. My adorable Lady Contest!

Lady C. I hope you are very well; but I need not ask, for you look charmingly.

Lord R. And you look like a divinity! I met Sir Adam this moment in his carriage going out, and that emboldened me.

Lady C. Yes, sir, he is gone out for a little while with my guardian; but he'll soon be back. I suppose, sir, you called to play a hand of cards.

Lord R. No; my errand was to tell you, I love you; I adore you; and to plead for your love in return.

Lady C. But that is not in my power to give.

Lord R. You cannot possibly have given it to Sir Adam!

Lady C. I sha'n't tell you what I have done with it.

Lord R. You could love me; I know you could.

Lady C. If you were my husband I would try and then, perhaps, take all the pains I would, could not.

Lord R. Oh! that I were your husband! *(Kneeling.)*

Lady C. You would not kneel so if you were not even on the wedding day.

Lord R. No; but I would clasp you thus.

Lady C. Oh dear! Oh dear; I am afraid Sir Adam's first wife would not have suffered this!

Lord R. Why talk of Sir Adam? Oh that you were mine, instead of his!

Lady C. And would you really marry me, if we were single?

Lord R. Would I? yes, this instant, were you unmarried, this instant, with rapture, I would become your happy bridegroom.

Lady C. I wonder what Sir Adam would say were he to hear you talk thus! He suspected you were in love with me at the very first. I can't tell I did; I suspected nothing; but I have found a great deal.

Lord R. Nothing to my disadvantage I hope.

Lady C. No; nor anything that shall be of disadvantage to Sir Adam.

Lord R. Why are you perpetually talking of your husband?

Lady C. Because, when I am in your company, I am always thinking of him.

Lord R. Do I make you think of your husband?

Lady C. Yes; and you make me tremble for him.

Lord R. Never be unhappy about Sir Adam.

Lady C. I won't, and be shall never have cause to be unhappy about me; for I'll go lock myself up till he comes home. *(Going.)*

Lord R. *(Holding her.)* What are you alarmed at? Is there anything to terrify you, either in my

countenance or address? In your presence, I feel myself an object of pity, not of terror.

Enter JOHN.

John. A lady, a stranger, who, as Mrs. Hannah says, your ladyship gave orders should be admitted.

Lady C. Very true, desire her to walk in; shew her up.

Lord R. Who is it?
Lady C. I don't know, I can't tell; I thought you had been her: but I was mistaken.

Lord R. Will she stay long?
Lady C. I don't know anything about her.

Lord R. Dear Lady Contest, do not let me meet her on the stairs; conceal me somewhere till she is gone. Here, I'll go into this dressing-room.

Lady C. Then you will hear our discourse.

Lord R. No matter: I will keep it a secret.

Lady C. No, no: you must go away, out of the house.

Lord R. I can't; I won't: don't expose yourself before the lady.

Enter MRS. HAMFORD and JOHN.—Lord Rake-land retires and listens.

Mrs. H. I beg pardon, madam,—

Lady C. No apologies, madam.

Mrs. H. I am afraid I am not right.

Lady C. Yes, madam. Pray, are not you the lady who called this afternoon, and said you had particular business?

Mrs. H. And are you Lady Contest?

Lady C. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Sir Adam's wife!

Lady C. Yes, ma'am, Sir Adam's wife; won't you please to sit down? (*They sit.*)

Mrs. H. There is then, Lady Contest, a very material circumstance in my life, that I wish to reveal to you, and to receive from you advice how to act, rather than by confiding in the judgment of any of my own family; be flattered, by their partiality, into a blameable system of conduct. Such is the nature of my present errand to you: but, to my great surprise, I find you so very, very young.

Lady C. Yes, ma'am, thank heaven!

Mrs. H. And you are very happy, I presume!

Lady C. Y-e-s, ma'am, yes, very happy, all things considered.

Mrs. H. I am sorry then to be the messenger of news that will, most probably, destroy that happiness for ever.

Lady C. Dear me! what news? You frighten me out of my wits! (*Rising.*)

Mrs. H. You are now, Lady Contest, newly married; in the height of youth, health, prosperity; and I am the fatal object, who, in one moment, may crush all those joys.

Lady C. Oh! then, pray don't; you'll break my heart if you do. What have I done, or what has happened to take away from me all my joys? Where's my pocket-handkerchief?

Mrs. H. Here, take mine, and compose yourself.

Lady C. Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs. H. And now, my dear, I will inform you; and, at the same time, flatter myself that you will feel frankly with me, and not restrain any of those sensations which my story may cause.

Lady C. Dear madam, I never conceal any of my sensations; I can't if I would.

Mrs. H. Then what will they be when I tell you, am Sir Adam Contest's wife; his wife, whom he thinks drowned; but who was preserved and restored to life, though not till now restored to my own country.

Lady C. Dear madam, I don't know anybody on earth I should be happier to see.

Mrs. H. But, consider, my dear, you are no longer wife to Sir Adam.

Lady C. And is that all? Here take your handkerchief again. And come you out of your hiding place. (*She goes to the chamber where Lord Rake-land has concealed himself. He enters confused, and bowing to Mrs. Hamford.*) Come, come, for you need no longer conceal yourself now, or be miserable; for I have no longer a husband to prevent my being your wife, or to prevent me from loving you; for, oh, oh! I do—though I durst not say so before.

Mrs. H. May I inquire who this gentleman is?

Lady C. A poor man that has been dying for love of me, even though he thought it a sin.

Lord R. I beg pardon, and promise never to be guilty for the future. I wish you good evening. (*Going.*)

Lady C. You are not going away?

Lord R. I have an engagement it is impossible to postpone. Good evening.

Lady C. But you will soon come back, I hope; for I suppose you hold your mind to be my husband?

Lord R. Alas! that is a happiness above my hopes.

Lady C. Above your hopes?

Lord R. It is.

Lady C. Then it shall be beneath mine.

[*Lord R. bows and exit.*]

Mrs. H. And is it possible that you can think of parting with Sir Adam without the least reluctance?

Lady C. Pray, madam, when did you see Sir Adam last?

Mrs. H. Above fifteen years ago.

Lady C. He is greatly altered since that time.

Mrs. H. Still will my affection be the same.

Lady C. And so it ought; for he loves you still: he is for ever talking of you; and declares he never knew what happiness was since he lost you. Oh! he will be so pleased to change me for you.

Mrs. H. I hope you do not flatter me.

Lady C. I am sure I don't; I expect him at home every minute, and then you'll see.

Mrs. H. Excuse me: at present I could not support an interview. I will take my leave till I hear from you; and will confide in your artless and ingenuous friendship to inform Sir Adam of my escape. [*test.*]

Lady C. You may depend upon me, Lady Con-
Mrs. H. Adieu! (*Going.*)

Lady C. Dear madam, I would insist on waiting upon you down stairs; but I won't stand upon any ceremony with you in your own house.

[*Exit Mrs. H.*]
Sir A. (*Without.*) Nobody so plagued as I am with servants.

Enter SIR ADAM.

Lady C. Bless me, Sir Adam, I did not know you were come home.

Sir A. I have been at home this quarter of an hour. The coachman has made himself tipsy on the joyful occasion of our marriage, and was very near dashing out my brains in turning a corner.

Lady C. And is that worth being in such an ill temper about? Ah! you would not be so cross, if you knew something.

Sir A. Knew what? I have a piece of news to tell you.

Lady C. And I have a piece of news to tell you.

Sir A. Your mother is arrived in town: your guardian heard so this morning, but he did not mention it to me till this moment, because he thinks it is proper for him to wait upon, and acquaint her with our marriage in form, before I throw myself at her feet, to ask her blessing.

Lady C. Very well; with all my heart. And now, Sir Adam, what do you think?

Sir A. What do I think?

Lady C. What will you give, me to tell you

something that will make you go almost out of your wits with joy?

Sir A. What do you mean? Have I got another estate left me?

Lady C. No: something better.

Sir A. Better than that?

Lady C. A great deal better, you will think.

Sir A. Has the county meeting agreed to elect me their representative?

Lady C. No.

Sir A. What, anything better than that?

Lady C. A great deal better than that; and something the most surprising! Guess again.

Sir A. Psha! I'll guess no more; I hate such teasing; it is unmannerly: would my first wife have served me so?

Lady C. Now you have hit upon it.

Sir A. Upon what?

Lady C. Your first wife.

Sir A. Ay, I shall never see her like again!

Lady C. No, but you may see her; for she is alive, and you may have her home as soon as you please.

Sir A. What the deuce does the woman mean?

Lady C. Your first wife—escaped in the long boat—as surprising a story as Robinson Crusoe! I have seen her, and she longs to see you,

Sir A. Why, what do you mean? Alive?

Lady C. As much alive as I am.

Sir A. And what does she intend to do? Poor woman! poor creature! Where does she intend to go?

Lady C. Go! Come home, to be sure.

Sir A. Home! What does she call her home?

Lady C. You are her home.

Sir A. I her home! Come to me! What can I do with her? and what is to become of you?

Lady C. Oh! never mind me.

Sir A. Yes, but I can't think to part with you. I can't think to turn a poor young creature like you upon the wide world. Her age will secure her; she won't be in half the danger. [suffered.]

Lady C. Poor soul! if you knew what she has

Sir A. And have not I suffered too? I am sure I have lamented her loss every hour of my life; you have heard me.

Lady C. And yet you don't seem half so much pleased at her return as I am.

Sir A. I cannot help being concerned to think, what a melancholy twelve or fourteen years the poor woman has experienced—most likely, upon some desert island, instead of being in heaven!

Lady C. But if you are concerned upon her account, you ought to be pleased upon your own, my—I beg pardon, I mean, Sir Adam.

Sir A. No, no, call me "my dear;" do not shew reserve to me already; for if you do, you will break my heart. And if our parting should give you any uneasiness—

Lady C. It won't a bit.

Sir A. No?

Lady C. No: not when I know you are with that good, prudent woman, your first wife. Will you give me leave to write to her a kind letter for you, and invite her to come hither directly.

Sir A. You may do as you like.

Lady C. Ay, I sha'n't be with you long, and so you may as well let me have my own way while I stay. (*She writes: he walks about, starts, and shews various signs of uneasiness.*)

Lady C. Here they are; only a few words, but very kind; telling her to "fly to your impatient wishes." Here, John,

Enter JOHN.

Take this letter to Mr. Millden's immediately. [*Exit John.*] Come, look pleased; consider how charming it is for old friends to meet.

Sir A. Yes, if they are not too old.

Enter MR. MILLDEN.

Mr. M. Sir Adam Contest, I come to inform you, that there is a lady in the next room who has been near fainting at the sound of your voice.

Sir A. And I believe I shall faint at the sound of her's.

Mrs. M. Her son is supporting her to you.

Enter MRS. HAMFORD, leaning on MR. CONTEST

Lady C. Dear Sir Adam, fly and embrace your first wife. Dear Lady Contest, notwithstanding his seeming insensibility, he loves you to distraction: a thousand times has he declared to me, he did not think there was such a woman in the world.

Sir A. And I did flatter myself there was not.

Mrs. H. Oh! Sir Adam!

Sir A. Oh, my dear! If you knew what I have suffered, and what I still suffer on your account you would pity me.

Lady C. (*Sobbing.*) Good b'ye, Sir Adam; goo b'ye; I did love you a little upon my word; and I was not sure you were going to be so much happier with your first wife, I should never know moment's peace.

Sir A. I thank you. And at parting, all I have to request of you is, that you will not marry again till I die.

Lady C. Indeed, Sir Adam, I will not; but the you won't make it long?

Sir A. I believe I sha'n't.

Lady C. And my next husband shall be of my own age, but he shall possess, Sir Adam, your principles of honour. And then, if my wedding ring should unhappily sit loose, I will guard it with unwearied discretion: and I will hold it sacred even though it should pinch my finger. [*Exeun*

THE CHILD OF NATURE;

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DUKE MURCIA
MARQUIS ALMANZA
COUNT VALANTIA

SEVILLE
GRANADA
ALBERTO

PEASANT
MARCHIONESS MERIDA
AMANTHIS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Saloon.

Enter SEVILLE, followed by COUNT VALANTIA and GRANADA.

Sev. My lord, it was very fortunate the accident happened so near this house. Please to rest yourself in this apartment, while I give the necessary orders about mending your carriage. But I am afraid it cannot be refitted before to-morrow.

Count. No matter; besides, I shall be extremely happy in seeing your lord, the Marquis Almanza. Did not you say, you expected him home some time to-day?

Sev. Yes, we expect him every hour. Has your lordship any further commands?

Count. No; only be so kind as to see to the repairing my chaise.

Sev. I shall.

[*Bows, and exit.*]

Count. Well, here I am in the castle of Almanza, and so far success has crowned my adventure.

Gran. And what the design of that adventure can be, I am at a loss to guess. All this stratagem and mystery looks very much like some scheme contrived by love; and, if not directed by love, is something like madness.

Count. I have for many years tried thy fidelity, and will now confide in it. Love is the source of all my schemes.

Gran. Do you then not love your intended bride, the beautiful Marchioness?

Count. The Marchioness Merida is a charming creature, and I loved her passionately!—to distraction! till I found she loved me, and that satiated my desires at once.

Gran. Indeed!

Count. I do not say, I shall not marry the Marchioness; perhaps I may—yes, I may take her fortune; for you know, Granada, I have none of my own.

Gran. I have known it for these six years, my lord, ever since I have been in your service.

Count. Yes, I once loved, I doated upon Merida; but the first time she kindly condescended to declare her passion for me, I fell asleep. (*Yawns.*)

Gran. But who can be this new object?

Count. Have not you heard of the young orphan Amantis, of whom so many wonderful conjectures have been formed?

Gran. The young lady, whom the Marquis Almanza has brought up from her infancy, and keeps confined in a part of this castle, and has never suffered any living creature to behold?

Count. The same. But I have beheld her—I have written to her—I have spoken to her.

Gran. And would you, my lord, for a poor orphan, of whose birth and fortune all the world are ignorant, resign the noble and beautiful Marchioness?

Count. Yes; for I tell you she loves me, and it is very troublesome to be beloved. And although curiosity and envy were my sole motives for seeking to behold Amantis, yet after such a sight, in which perfect beauty and enchanting grace, timid innocence with matchless sensibility, were all united, never can I forego the pleasing contemplation, or the hope, which has allured me to this enterprise.

Gran. But it is by some supposed, that the Marquis, notwithstanding his rank and fortune, means to marry Amantis. Now, as he is your friend—

Count. You mistake, Granada; the Marquis is no friend of mine. He is, to be sure, very obliging and civil when we meet; but no friendship, that should deter a man of gallantry from making him miserable, subsists between us.

Gran. But, my lord, pray satisfy my curiosity, how you found means to see her.

Count. By mounting that wall, the prodigious height of which attracted your attention as we passed by at a distance. That wall surrounds the garden appropriated to Amanthis.

Gran. But how was it possible for you to ascend it?

Count. Every thing is to be effected by perseverance, and by money; and prove your skill, as I have proved mine. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE MURCIA and SEVILLE.

Duke. Seville, you know, everybody knows, how fond I am of my nephew. Have not I, from his childhood, acted as a father to him? Then why are the secret motives of this wonderful behaviour, which has surprised all the court, all his friends, and all his acquaintance, why not (though concealed from them,) revealed to me?

Sev. I can, my lord, give you but little light upon the subject; everything relative to this young lady has ever been held by the Marquis a most profound secret from every part of his family. I have only intrusted to me the key of a chamber adjoining to her apartments, where I go daily to receive her orders, and take to her all those things she commands, except one, and that the Marquis has positively prohibited.

Duke. And what can that one be? I am all impatience to know.

Sev. Books of every kind.

Duke. Poor thing! Poor thing! Why how, in such solitude, can she pass her time without reading?

Sev. She reads a great deal, sir. The Marquis, while he is in town, sends her books frequently; but they are all of his own hand-writing.

Duke. A man write books to a young woman? Why, you simpleton, they are love-letters.

Sev. No, indeed, my lord; some are on morality, some on divinity, and some history.

Duke. Write history! My nephew write books! And pray, when you wait upon her, what kind of conversation does she hold on the other side of the wainscot?

Sev. I never heard her speak.

Duke. Did not you say, you received her commands?

Sev. In writing. Every morning I find a paper, on which she or the duenna has written her orders. Would you like to see what she has ordered for to-day?

Duke. Very much—certainly— I am much obliged to you.

Sev. (*Takes out a paper.*) This is written by Amanthis herself.

Duke. And pray, how do you know her hand from the duenna's?

Sev. By the number of letters she writes to my lord, and of which I have the charge. (*He gives the paper to the Duke.*)

Duke. And what can they be but love letters? Seville, your account is a very suspicious one. (*Reads.*) "*Bring me some pens, some paper, and some pencils, for drawing;*" and who has taught her to write and to draw?

Sev. Your nephew, I have no doubt, sir; and many other accomplishments besides.

Duke. I am out of all patience! (*Reads again.*) "*Dinner and supper at the usual hours; and coffee at six o'clock.*" (*Returning the paper.*) Why, sir, your whole time is employed in fetching and carrying.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord is arrived, and now entering the avenue.

Duke. He is alone? He has brought no company with him, I suppose?

Serv. Yes, sir; there are two ladies in the carriage. [*Exit.*]

Sev. Ladies! It is a long time since I have seen a lady in this house.

Duke. He has brought them to shunt up, I suppose; more employment for you, Mr. Seville. (*Looks out.*) Oh, no! I see who it is, a relation, a distant relation; the Marchioness Merida.

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA, MARCHIONESS MERIDA, and a female Attendant.

Duke. So, nephew, you see I have made free in your absence. Did you expect to find me here?

Marq. No, sir; but it gives me great pleasure, and I regret I did not come sooner on that account.

Duke. My dear Marchioness, by what strange good fortune do I meet you at the castle?

March. By my complying with the request of the Marquis. (*To the Marquis.*) But, my lord, did not one of your servants acquaint you Count Valantia was here?

Duke. You see what your ladyship's attractions are; he heard you were coming, and so he contrived to be here before you. Came, too, with the pretence of having broken down his carriage! Ha, ha, ha! Very well, Marchioness.

March. Well, this is an instance of romantic gallantry, for which I will forgive him a thousand slights. Ha, ha, ha! it diverts me beyond measure; and he really broke the wheel of his carriage for the purpose?

Sev. So I am told, madam.

Marq. Seville, go immediately to the Count Valantia, and conduct him hither. [*Exit Seville.*] In the mean time, madam, permit me to shew you to your apartments.

March. No, my lord, that's a ceremony I must decline. I will merely adjust my dress, and be with you in less than an hour.

[*Exit, Attendant following.*]

Duke. (*Aside.*) Now we are by ourselves, I will—yes, I will open my mind to him. Marquis, nephew, I suppose you know who I am?

Marq. Certainly, sir. Did I ever seem to forget?

Duke. You know, at your father's death, I adopted you.

Marq. I know it, sir.

Duke. And, in your youth, did I suffer you to squander your money? No. Did I ever suffer you to have any? No.

Marq. No.

Duke. Or did I ever comply with any of your foolish wishes? Is there a single indulgence you can lay to my charge?

Marq. No.

Duke. Then, do you not feel for me that respect that reverence, that fear, and that love, which is due for all my kindness to you?

Marq. Yes, indeed, sir, I do.

Duke. I take your word. I believe you do. Who is that young woman you keep in a separate part of this house? Is she your mistress, or your daughter, or one whom you mean to marry, and by so doing bring disgrace upon your family? Or do you intend—

Marq. Dear sir, I have no objection to reveal to you what I mean shortly to declare to all the world.

Duke. Why, then, I am under a vast obligation to you for your confidence!

Marq. For these few months past, I have resolved to change my conduct, in regard to the pe-

son of whom you speak ; and for that purpose did I bring hither the Marchioness Merida, as the most proper person of my family to whom I could introduce Amanthis.

Duke. But not as your wife ! Not as your wife, I hope.

Marq. No ; as an unfortunate orphan, whom friendship and pity caused me to adopt. For thirteen years, I have been possessed of this precious charge.

Duke. But why precious ? Speak coolly ; don't put yourself in a passion ; speak of her in the same language as when you speak of other women.

Marq. I should, did not I see her unlike all others. [she is.

Duke. No more raptures. I want to hear who

Marq. Among the various friendships of my youth, do you not remember the name of Alberto ?

Duke. Certainly ; was he not obliged to fly his country, on account of some unfortunate duel, and has died in exile ?

Marq. So it is believed. From an affluent fortune, I saw him, by unthought-of casualties, reduced to ruin. I saw him follow to the grave a much-loved wife ; beheld him returning from that fatal duel, by which his life was forfeited to his country. In this scene of sorrow, I softened, in some sort, his agonizing woes, by taking from his boudoir, all his poor distracted mind had left to solace in, an infant daughter ; swearing to become to her that careful guardian, that tender parent, and that faithful friend, which I have proved.

Duke. Very careful, indeed ! But did you promise him to lock her up ?

Marq. The mode of her education has been an after-thought entirely. As Amanthis grew up, I saw, with dread, the charge I had undertaken ; and the reported death of my friend, increased my apprehensions for my trust. I had vowed to protect, to guard her. To whom could I transfer the oath ? and my rank at court would often take me from her.

Duke. And do you think, if she had been an ugly woman, you would have been so thoughtful about your oath ?

Marq. Her danger had been then less. Yet I'll not disguise my sentiments ; I love Amanthis, doat to distraction ; but the difference of our ages, and of our states, (*proudly*) places an insuperable bar between us.

Duke. This is the wisest sentence I have heard you speak for a long time.

Marq. To day, I restore Amanthis to that liberty she has never remembered, of course, not once regretted. Come, sir, I have had one short interview with her, let me introduce you to her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Gardens belonging to the Marquis.*

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA, leading AMANTHIS.

Marq. Come this way, my dear Amanthis, and do not be thus agitated. Wherefore do you weep ? what thus affects you ?

Aman. Why will you take me from my retreat ? did not you say I should stay here as long as I was pleased with it ? and as long as I loved you ? Ah ! I expected to stay here for ever.

Marq. Hear me, Amanthis : I have hitherto secluded you from the tumult and dissipation of the world, in order to form your heart and mind ; I must now shew you to the world ; we were born for society, and you will be the ornament and delight of that, which you shall make your choice.

Aman. I know not whether I shall give delight, but I am sure I shall not be delighted myself.

Marq. Why not ?

Aman. Because I shall not see you so often as I have hitherto done.

Marq. Nay, Amanthis, I shall always be your

friend, your father ; you are among those objects I love.

Aman. And you are the only object I love, the only one I ever can love.

Marq. Do not promise that ; when you have seen the world, some other, more deserving—

Aman. Oh ! do not go on ! I cannot bear you should have such unjust suspicions ; do not you see the world ? and yet I am sure you prefer me to all the universe besides—when I am there ; why cannot you then confide in me, as I have done in you ?

Marq. The circumstance is different ; I had seen all, before I beheld you ; you have seen none but me.

Aman. Why, then, will you shew me others ? I had rather like none but you. Let me still stay here. I will do anything with cheerfulness that you command. But when I am in the world, you will not leave me wholly ? I shall sometimes see you ? I hope so.

Marq. Leave you, Amanthis ? Ah ! you little think how hard it would be to leave you.

Aman. Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me dearly ; does not all I possess come from you ? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy. Yet, of all your gifts, that, the most dear to my heart, is a sentiment I feel for you, and cannot tell what it is ; I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force, 'tis impossible I should make you comprehend it, for you never felt anything like it.

Marq. 'Tis gratitude she means. (*Aside.*) Among the rest to whom you will be soon introduced, is my uncle, and I regard him as my father.

Aman. Oh ! that's a tender name ! you have so often told me of mine, his love for me, and his distresses, that I revere the name of father even in a stranger.

Marq. I have sometimes mentioned to you, the Marchioness Merida ; she is now in this house, and as soon as I have introduced you to her, I desire you will consider her as your friend.

Aman. My friend ? that is the name you bid me call you by ; no, I cannot promise to call her friend ; one friend is enough for me. (*Taking his hand.*)

Marq. You will see here, also, a young man called Count Valantia.

Aman. A young man ! Oh ! I had forgot to tell you—

Marq. What ?

Aman. Of a young man I have seen. (*Delighted.*)

Marq. How ! Tell me immediately ; when did he see you ? what has he said to you ?

Aman. Not much ; he said very little ; but he sighed heavily, and sent a letter.

Marq. Explain yourself.

Aman. It was only about a week ago, as I was sitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, suddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name, it seemed to come from the air. I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall. The moment I recovered from the fright, I asked him what he wanted ? he said, he came "to look at me ;" but that appeared so strange, I could not think it true ; and then he gazed on me so wildly, I ran away and hid myself ; on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me. I would not take it up till he was gone ; then I caught it, and flew to my apartments, pleased beyond expression.

Marq. Wherefore ?

Aman. That I had escaped him.

Marq. (*Aside.*) Who could it be ! Ah ! I have a suspicion. Where is the letter ?

Aman. Here ; I do not understand it, perhaps you may. (*Gives the letter.*)

Marq. (*Reading.*) " Know, beautiful Amanthis,

there is no retreat, however hidden, into which love cannot penetrate. The hope of beholding you has made me brave all dangers. If you will but kindly pity a passion, pure as it is ardent, it shall soon inspire me with the means to release you from the tyranny of that barbarian, who keeps you secluded from every joy that's waiting to attend you in a gay world. Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant, and reflect, that the most tender lover waits impatiently for the happy moment to prove himself your deliverer." (Returning the letter.) And what do you think of this letter?

Aman. That the poor man is mad; and yet it is a kind of madness I never heard of before. (Reading part of the letter.) "There is no retreat into which love cannot penetrate." What does he mean by love? he has left out a word; there is love of virtue; love of duty; but love all alone by itself, means nothing at all. Then again, (Reading.) "Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant." Who does he mean by tyrant?

Marq. He means me.

Aman. You! I never should have supposed it; perhaps you know, also, what he means by a "lover." He says, "the most tender lover;" read and tell me what he means by a tender lover. Ah! you laugh, you are puzzled; you don't know yourself what a "lover" is.

Marq. Indeed I cannot undertake to be his interpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance you should see this young man again, do you think you should know him?

Aman. Yes, I am sure I should.

Marq. His person then made an impression on your mind? I suppose it was agreeable?

Aman. Very agreeable indeed; and yet there appeared a—a—kind of (describing passionate ardour) a wildness in his looks that frightened me.

Marq. But suppose that wildness was removed, how would you like him then?

Aman. Oh, very much! extremely! What makes you thoughtful, my lord?

Marq. Come, Amanthis, we have been together a long time. Retire into your apartment for a moment; I'll follow you presently. (Going.) My agitation is so extreme, nothing can equal it, except my weakness. (Aside. He looks after her; she turns back.)

Aman. You look as if you had something still to say to me.

Marq. Ah! could I trust my heart! Away; the Marchioness is coming hither by appointment. I hear her, and cannot present you to her yet; I am too much embarrassed.

Aman. I hear no one; but if it is your desire, I will leave you. [Exit.]

Marq. With what difficulty have I restrained myself from falling at her feet, and unfolding (in a language of which she is ignorant) the secret transports which I hope ever to conceal.

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA.

Marq. I have seen her; I have just had a peep at her; but I see nothing extraordinary. She wants powder, rouge, and a thousand adornments.

Marq. To change one atom, would be to lose a charm.

Marq. That sentence proves the lover.

Marq. Take care what you say; reflect on the difference of our ages; that title would make me both ridiculous and guilty.

Marq. By no means; I think a girl of seventeen, may very well have an affection for a man of forty.

Marq. I am not forty, madam.

Marq. The lover again; one moment lamenting his age, and, when reproached with it, proclaim-

ing himself a youth. The whole matter is, my lord, you are not too old to be in love, nor she too young to understand it.

Marq. You wrong her, she is ignorant.

March. So am I too—I am in love.

Marq. She knows not what it is; never heard of love, as you would explain it, but calls by that name gratitude.

March. Indeed, my dear Marquis, you have no penetration.

Marq. I see Count Valantia coming this way; you will allow, at least, I have discretion, and that I know when it is politeness to retire.

March. If you should like to be witness to a quarrel, stay where you are.

Marq. A quarrel! a'n't you on the point of marriage? and did he not break the wheels of his carriage.

March. Yes; but I begin to suspect, that breaking the wheels of his carriage was not upon my account.

Marq. No? on whose account then? who has hinted that it was not upon yours? (Alarmed.)

March. Nay, I protest I have not had five minutes' conversation with any creature since I came into this house, but, I believe my woman has, with the Count's attendant; and though she could not prevail on him to divulge his master's secret, yet, from his silence, she could perceive I was not the object of his present journey.

Marq. Who then?

March. I am at a loss to guess; that is what I want to have explained.

Marq. The Count is here. Adieu! She has confirmed my apprehensions. [Aside. Exit.]

Enter COUNT VALANTIA.

Count. The Marchioness! Psha! (Aside.) At length, I find the lucky moment you are alone, but I positively began to despair of it, for you seem to shun me.

March. Do you imagine I came to this house on purpose to meet you?

Count. Why not as likely, as that I should come on purpose to meet you?

March. Just the same likelihood, I believe. (Aside.)

Count. And not accident, but design, brought me here.

March. The story of the broken chaise was then an artifice?

Count. Only an artifice, to behold the object whom I adore. Can you reproach me for that?

March. How came you to know I was coming? the Marquis only invited me about three hours before we set off.

Count. My Lord—I forget his name, told me of it; the Marquis had informed him.

March. My Lord who?

Count. My Lord—(hesitating)—you don't know him.

March. Do you?

Count. My Lord Castile.

March. He is in France, I protest.

Count. I know that; I did not mean him; I meant his brother.

March. He has no brothers.

Count. Then it was his sister, or his aunt. No matter; what signifies who told me, as long as I am here—I am here, a'n't I? A'n't I here? and what could bring me here, but you?

March. I am wholly ignorant of your designs but I can perceive from your reserve, embarrassment, your very air and voice, that you are practising deceit with me.

Count. But, my dear Marchioness, will you be so kind as to acquaint me, what this deceit is?

March. You know I can't tell; and it is that which tortures me. If I did but know in what

you used me ill! Now, do tell me, that I may have the pleasure to forgive you?

Count. I wish to heaven I had done something wrong; but I cannot recollect—(considering.)—or I would confess it, on purpose to oblige you.

March. Be gone, sir; leave the room; your impertinence is no longer supportable; leave me instantly. (Violently.)

Count. I obey. (Bows, and is going.)

March. If you go, if you dare to leave me in this uncertainty, all ties between us are for ever broken; nor shall you ever come into my presence again.—(He returns.) How could you think of leaving me?

Count. It was you thought of it.

March. I am all confusion at the weakness I have discovered, and wish to be alone—leave me. (Gently.)

Count. Do you mean, leave you; or not leave you?

March. Do as you please; I shall go myself. (Going.)

Count. And I'll attend you.

March. Ah! Valantia! if you loved me as you once professed! to see me thus, would give you the utmost affliction.

Count. You do not know what passes in my heart. (Affecting concern.)

March. Don't I?

Count. No. (Aside.) I should be very sorry if you did. [Exit, handing her off.]

SCENE III.—Apartments in the Castle.

Enter DUKE MURCIA and MARQUIS ALMANZA.

Duke. I own she is handsome, but then she has no fortune.

Marq. My lord, I own to you, it is only from the idea that I am not beloved by Amanthis, I can ever resolve to yield her up; for could I suppose she loved me, all other happiness, all pride, all ambition, all enjoyment, but in her, I would forego with transport; but all the affection she expresses, although the most tender and endearing, I can see, but not inspired by gratitude; of love she knows nothing.

Duke. Whose fault is that? were not you her tutor?

Marq. Certainly.

Duke. And taught her everything but what you wanted her to learn. Here she comes; I'll go away. She is very pretty, to be sure; but she has caused me so much uneasiness, I don't like to see her. She agitates me as much as she does you, but from a very different sentiment. [Exit.]

Enter AMANTHIS.

Aman. Oh! I have been so frightened!

Marq. What's the matter?

Aman. The young man, he that I told you of, is in this house. I am sure it is him; or crossing one of the garden walks, I perceived him very near to me, yet he drew nearer still; till he saw somebody coming, and then he ran away. But he has frightened me so much, and made my heart feel so strange, as it never felt before.

Marq. Your heart! Why your heart?

Aman. (Laying her hand on it.) The fright has made it beat quick.

Marq. Ah! it is not fright. (Aside.)

Aman. And yet he did not look frightful either. His face is very handsome; his shape, and all his mien, engaging.

Marq. I no longer doubt but it is the Count. (Aside.) My dear Amanthis, you will see this young nobleman very soon again; he is here on a visit; have I never mentioned to you the Count Valantia?

Aman. Yes.

Marq. He is the man who has thus surprised you.

Aman. Is it possible? and with that strange kind of wild behaviour is he admitted into company?

Marq. If you should at any time be alone with him, you may tell him your sentiments on his behaviour; your sentiments exactly such as they are, and such as his behaviour inspires.

Aman. And if he should chance to behave well, I'll tell him I like him.

Marq. (Starting.) I lay no restrictions on you; I only warn you that he is a light, inconsiderate, and vain young man; his company dangerous, for his principles are not good.

Aman. What a pity! I'll tell him to grow better.

Marq. She is charmed, I find. (Aside.)

Aman. What did you say?

Marq. It is necessary, Amanthis, that, whatever are your thoughts of this young man, you do not reveal them to any of your acquaintance; and when you meet with him, restrain all fear, all emotion of what kind soever; before company, do not seem even to know him.

Aman. Here is somebody coming; how cruel! I can never now be alone with you an instant.

Marq. It is the Marchioness. I must leave you.

Aman. Nay, that is still worse. Stay, though we are not alone.

Marq. I cannot.

Aman. But if you cannot stay, I can go with you.

Marq. Impossible; remain where you are. (Aside.) I see my fate. [Exit.]

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA.

March. My dear creature, what is the matter with you? You look unhappy! Speak to me with confidence; trust me with your secret uneasiness.

Aman. No, I must not; I must not discover the afflictions I feel, and the secrets of my heart; my lord has commanded me not. But this moment he flew away abruptly, and frowned when I asked to follow him, although he knows how much I was frightened some time ago by a young man who is now in this house.

March. Who is that? My dear, tell me who? (Eagerly.)

Aman. Count—I forget his name.

March. (Aside.) Have I at last detected him?

Aman. Did you never see him?

March. Yes, I believe I have.

Aman. And a'n't you afraid of him? Does he not look wild and madly? Lays his hand upon his heart, and sighs? (Sighing.)

March. No, my dear; he does not do so with me; he once did, but that time is over.

Aman. But when that time was, were you not afraid?

March. No; I wish I had been.

Aman. But you are not to mention what I have been telling you, for fear it should grieve the Count. I promised I would not speak of it to any one. But to you it surely cannot signify; my lord could not mean I was not to tell you.

March. No; I was the properest person on earth to tell it to.

Aman. Yes; you would not hurt him, I am sure; for he is agreeable, notwithstanding all his wildness; and if he would but keep at a distance, I should like to look at him, and hear him talk.

March. And did you tell the Marquis so?

Aman. Yes.

March. What did he say?

Aman. He bade me tell the Count all I thought of him.

March. And will you?

Aman. No.

March. Why not?

Aman. For fear, poor man, it should make him uneasy.

March. Oh, it won't, my dear; never fear that; it will not make him uneasy; tell him you hate him.

Aman. But I don't.

March. He is coming this way.

Aman. Ah, let me fly! (*Going.*)

March. Stay; did not the Marquis command—

Aman. True; and I'll stay and tell him what I think of him.

March. And what is that?

Aman. That he makes me tremble.

March. You must not tell him so.

Aman. But he'll see it.

Enter COUNT VALANTIA.

Count. The Marchioness here! unfortunate! (*Aside; then bowing to her.*) I this moment parted from my lord the Marquis at the top of the lawn, and he charged me with a commission, which was, when I saw your ladyship, to tell you he wished to speak with you.

Aman. Let me go with you.

Count. It is some private conversation, which the Marquis, I believe, requires.

March. I have private conversation too for him. Amanthis, wait till I return.

Aman. (*Aside to the Marchioness.*) He does not look so wildly as he did. I am not much afraid.

March. Indeed! then I shall soon be back.

[*Exit March.*]

Count. (*Looking after her, then falling on his knees to Amanthis.*) Behold me—

Aman. I durst not look at you. (*Frightened.*)

Count. Is it terror you express? how is it possible that my tender passion can awake in that soft bosom an alarm? Do you fear me?

Aman. Yes; but go and behave thus to the Marchioness; she does not fear you.

Count. Oh! do not torture me with a rebuke like that. 'Tis you alone can make me happy; and if you refuse, you drive me to despair.

Aman. No; I wish to give you hope.

Count. Do you bid me hope?

Aman. Yes.

Count. And you'll be kind?

Aman. To be sure I will.

Count. What will you do to prove it?

Aman. Send for a priest to comfort you.

Count. A priest! Will you then make me blest?

Aman. If I can; for I assure you I like you very well; and, did you not behave so strangely, I should like you better; for you are very handsome; therefore, be not uneasy, and think you are not admired, for I can see that would afflict you more than anything.

Count. You admire me then? transporting happiness!

Aman. Oh! now you are going to fright me again. (*Aside.*) I must steal away.

Count. You tremble, and look pale; may I interpret these sweet emotions in my favour?

Aman. Yes, if you please.

Count. You then will make me happy?

Aman. I will do all I can.

Count. Then know, angelic creature! you shall find in me, all that truth, that constancy, that everlasting flame—

Aman. Oh, terrible! don't be in such a passion, pray.

Count. These moments are precious! Vow never again to shun me; never more to look unkindly; and I swear the most perfect love.

Aman. Here, smell of this bottle; it will do you good; it will relieve your head. (*Holding out a smelling bottle.*)

Count. What the devil does she mean? (*Aside.*)

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA.

Aman. I am glad you are returned. (*Running to*

the Marchioness, then turning to the Count.) Bless me, how calm he is grown all at once; you would not suppose he was the same person.

Count. Madam—(*Confused.*)

Aman. He does not look on you, as he does on me; nor kneel, nor plead.

Count. Oh, the deuce take you! (*Aside.*)

March. What, in confusion, Count?

Aman. But I'll leave you alone with him, and then perhaps he will. (*Going.*)

Count. No; for mercy sake, don't leave us alone. (*Aside to Amanthis.*)

Aman. Poor man, he is afraid of you; but pray be kind to him; and I dare say you will. [*Exit.*]

March. You find, at last, your falsehood is detected.

Count. I purposely exposed it, that you might have the pleasure of forgiving me.

March. Which I will never do.

Count. Then I have been at a great deal of trouble for nothing.

March. So you will find; for the person you love, loves another.

Count. And so does the person you love; and yet I don't reproach you with that.

March. Vain man! you do not know who I love.

Count. Nor do you know who I love; but I believe you guess.

March. Leave me.

Count. You'll call me back; but now, positively, if you do, I won't return. (*Going.*)

March. To my heart you never shall.

Count. (*Turning back.*) Did you call? 'tis all in vain; I won't come back. [*Exeunt separately.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Gardens belonging to the Castle.*

Enter DUKE MURCIA, and MARQUIS ALMANZA, meeting.

Duke. Nephew, I was going in search of you, for I have something of importance to communicate; and yet I am half afraid to tell it you.

Marq. Dear sir, wherefore?

Duke. Because I know your weakness. Have you heard that Count Valantia is in love with Amanthis?

Marq. I have; she herself told me so.

Duke. But did she tell you that she was in love with him?

Marq. No.

Duke. I thought she would not tell you that.

Marq. But I had every reason, from her behaviour, to imagine he was not indifferent to her.

Duke. And I am certain he is not.

Marq. But who has told you so?

Duke. Himself.

Marq. The weakest authority you can have.

Duke. But she confirmed it.

Marq. Did she? Alas! then my hopes are indeed at an end.

Duke. You know, I suppose, of the first meeting which the Count and she had this morning?

Marq. Have they had another since?

Duke. Two more; I was present at the last, and am only this moment come from it.

Marq. Do not then conceal from me one single circumstance; but depend upon my firmness, and my courage.

Duke. As I was looking out of my window into the garden, I never listen, but I sometimes hear what people say, when they don't suspect I am near;—out of my window I saw and heard a quarrel, and an eternal separation take place between the Count and our relation, the Marchioness.

Marq. She then has become acquainted with his attachment to Amanthis? All is confirmed indeed!

Duke. And, as soon as he had dismissed her in disgrace, I took a walk in the garden, and from close harbour I beheld your ward steal past, and th

Count close at her elbow; there I overheard, for I detest a listener, I overheard the Count beg for compassion, and remind Amanthis of a promise she had given to make him happy; on which she started and wept, and he fell upon his knees, and would have wept too, if he could; but as he found he could not, he did something equally worthy of a lover; and, drawing his sword, pointed it at his heart. On this, she screamed more violently than if the weapon had been aimed at her own; and, seizing hold of it, fell motionless into his arms.

Marq. Oh, heavens!

Duke. As soon as we had recovered her from her swoon, the Count informed me of his love, and that she had given him every hope she would become his wife, but had merely refused to name the time; which had enraged and driven him to such extremes.

Marq. And what said Amanthis?

Duke. She looked at him tenderly, sighed heavily, and shed a shower of tears. Then I, supposing all things happily settled, wished them joy, and came away.

Marq. Thus at once do I see snatched from me, the care, the project, the desire, the hope, and the felicity of near my whole past life. As her father, as her friend, I disapprove her choice, and will tell her so; but if she persists, I yield; nor shall she ever know I have a less tender regard for her than heretofore. [*Exit.*]

Duke. I do think, for their family's sake, (as nobody else will have either of them), the two consins ought to marry one another.

Enter AMANTHIS.

Aman. They told me the Marquis Almanza was here.

Duke. He is, I believe, with his cousin the Marchioness. (*Amanthis going.*) But stop, Amanthis, and tell me, what have you done with Count Valantia?

Aman. Alas, poor man, do not name him to me; I think I never shall recover the fright he gave me in your presence. Is it not wrong that his friends are not informed of this strange disorder in his mind, and desired to keep a guard to watch him?

Duke. A guard! It is the Marquis, I believe, who wants a guard; and now you have put me in mind of it, I don't know but I may procure him one.

Aman. What do you mean! Is the Marquis ill? (*Alarmed.*)

Duke. Yes; in the same way the Count is.

Aman. Oh, let me fly to him. (*Going.*)

Duke. What, you are not afraid of him?

Aman. No; I will be his guard.

Duke. And do you pretend not to know what is the matter with your two lovers? do you pretend not to know—that love, love is their disorder?

Aman. "Love, love," ay, that's the word the Count continually repeats; and is that the name of his disorder?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And of the Marquis's too?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And from whence does it proceed?

Duke. From you.

Aman. From me! Impossible! I am very well.

Duke. Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

Aman. I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

Duke. Then I'll instruct you. Shame of the Marquis, to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love!

Aman. Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

Duke. And 'tis so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you. Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the

rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them: It sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes you with cold; it creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person; and when you are with them, you generally look like a fool. You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly; you think them well shaped, though they are crooked; wise, though they are simpletons; and you hope they love you, though you are sure they do not.

Aman. You need not say any more, sir, I think I have had the disorder. (*Looking confused.*)

Duke. You have it now.

Aman. Yes, 'tis catching; and, I suppose, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis, and so we all three have it.

Duke. And it is you only who can cure them.

Aman. How?

Duke. By marrying one of them.

Aman. Is that the way?

Duke. And, now, which of them will you heal?

Aman. Oh! the Marquis. (*With warmth.*)

Duke. Hear me, madam: I have listened to you some time, with patience, but now I can bear no more; the sentiments you entertain for the Marquis are criminal, unless he were your husband.

Aman. And cannot he be so? what prevents it?

Duke. His noble birth, and your mean one.

Aman. My poor father was a gentleman, and the Marquis loved him.

Duke. He now, if living, is an exile, and would disgrace our family.

Aman. I thought not; he was unfortunate; but the Marquis ever taught me to respect and reverence misfortune.

Duke. Do not flatter yourself with any hope, you were not born for each other; and therefore conceal from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

Aman. No; in the face of heaven and you, I here make a vow. (*Kneeling.*) I never will, never can conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart; that heart, which he, and only he, has taught to beat with truth, with sensibility, with honesty, with love.

Duke. And now, as I have been obliged to hear your resolution, hear mine: If he makes you his wife, he forces me to be no longer his father; no, nor will I be even his uncle, nor even his most distant relation. I undertook to render you happy in another marriage—to teach you how to make the man you pretend to love, respectable, and yourself content. I undertook to instruct you how to conceal your thoughts; to laugh when you wished to cry, and cry when you wished to laugh. I would have taught you every scheme, every finesse, every deception; in short, I would have taught you the "art of love." [*Exit.*]

Aman. Rather let me die in ignorance.

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA.

Oh! my dear lord!

Marq. Before I listen to you, Amanthis, I beg you will attend to what I have first to say; nor let me receive from you the smallest interruption.

Aman. You astonish me! the alteration of your voice, the severity of your looks alarm me. I was coming joyfully to open my heart to you; and, for the first time, you are not desirous to be acquainted with it.

Marq. That suspicion, Amanthis, is unjust; 'tis injurious. (*Sternly.*) You shall know me better.

Aman. Oh! pardon me, my lord; but indeed the manner in which you speak and look, gives me apprehensions.—But proceed, I have done.

Marq. You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you at an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares. You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the

human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more softness than any other. It is called love; and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you, was from the apprehension, that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions. I have just now been informed of all that has passed this day since you left your confinement, and of which I imagine you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me; but to spare you the declaration, I give you my reply without it. For these four years I have concealed a passion for you of the tenderest, truest kind; but your heart decides for another, and I relinquish my pretensions. Yet do not imagine I approve your choice; Count Valantia is unworthy of you, but you are your own mistress; and however you determine, you shall possess my fortune, and he my daughter still.

Aman. The excess of my astonishment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times. You accuse me in every sentence; every word you have uttered upbraids; and your generosity, above all, degrades me. Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind? Did you suppose I could prefer to you a stranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deserving? And yet this is what you have expected from me. Learn, my lord, to be less suspicious; affect less generosity and moderation, and be less ungrateful and unjust.

Marq. Severe as your words are, they inspire a hope my heart had banished. Explain yourself—deign.

Aman. Explain! even now he doubts me.

Marq. No; say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

Aman. Ah! can I behold you at my feet? you to whom I ought to kneel as my father; but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace as a lover.

Marq. And does my Amanthis know what is love; yet feel it but for me? Happiness unlooked for! O Alberto! my absent friend, how does my heart, in this blest moment, regret all your sufferings with a double force; your joy, at a moment like the present, had equalled mine, and even heightened this unexpected transport.

Aman. That tender thought endears you more than ever to my heart.

Marq. The recollection of my friends reminds me of the Marchioness. Amanthis, to her this discovery will give a pleasure you little think of. I'll instantly go to her, and make her happy with the news. Adieu, my love; so far from expressing to you all that I feel at present, I scarcely can comprehend it. *[Exit.]*

Aman. Sure I am now at the height of happiness; and yet my lord's mention of my poor father, cast for a while a gloom over all my joys. Oh, my dear father, why are not you still living to partake our bliss! how should I delight to tell you all that your friend has done for me! Ah! who is coming this way? a stranger!—another follows; let me avoid them, and fly to my lord. *[Exit.]*

Enter ALBERTO and a Stranger, dressed like Peasants.

Peasant. A young lady fled from the place this instant.

Alb. Follow her, and prevail on her to return. *[Exit Peasant.]* My trembling frame prevents the office. Gracious heaven! who through various calamities had brought me to this spot, even for that benevolence I will bend in thanks, whatever be the event.

Enter Peasant, leading AMANTHIS.

Peasant. She is alarmed, and wishes to retire to the castle.

Alb. Young lady, do not fear me because I am poor; I mean no harm to any; I only wish to ask which are the apartments of Amanthis, and how I could speak with her?

Aman. I am Amanthis.

Alb. Indeed! I thought so by my trembling heart! *(To Aman.)* You are Amanthis?

Aman. Yes, what would you have with me?

Alb. (To the Peasant.) Wait at a little distance, and let me know if any one is coming, that I may steal away unseen. *[Exit Peasant.]*

Aman. Why these precautions? why send that man away who accompanied you?

Alb. Because I wished to speak in secret to you.

Aman. Say what I can do for you. *(Aside.)* He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. *(She takes from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.)* Here, this is all I possess of value, take them, and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them. Why do you weep?

Alb. Because my joy compels me: these tears, young lady, express my joy, not my sorrow. I find you have a heart open to compassion; take back your generous gifts, for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be useless to me.

Aman. Who are you? what is your name, your occupation, your country? You are all emotion. Why are you afraid to trust me? Do you fear I will betray you? No; open then your heart.

Alb. To do so, will recall to your memory some scenes that may affect you.

Aman. What are they?

Alb. Have you preserved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

Aman. My father! Oh, heavens! did you know him?

Alb. You have heard of him then?

Aman. Yes; and a thousand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treasure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died?

Alb. Suppose he were not dead?

Aman. Not! Oh, heavens! You turn pale; your eyes are filled with tears; ah! how could I be so long mistaken? I know you; I remember you. *(He opens his arms, and she runs into them.)*

Alb. My daughter! my poor Amanthis!

Aman. This joy is too much! my father! my suffering father! *(Falls at his feet.)* This is the happiest moment of my life.

Alb. (Raising her.) Alas, my child, repress this ecstasy, and learn in what a state of misery you see me; without fortune, without friends, without support.

Aman. Are you less dear to me for that? besides, your state will soon be changed, my Lord Almanza can do much. Within a few days we shall be united; and you were only wanting to complete our happiness.

Alb. Are you then ignorant of the horrors that surround me? A large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence. I have travelled sandy deserts; braved the perils of the most dangerous seas; forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risk the snares laid by my enemies here; but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her. I knew not your sentiments for Almanza. Pity my error. I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father, might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that, in following him, and partaking his fate—

Aman. Oh, whither do you lead my imagination? Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before me.

Alb. Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I do not command, nor even intreat. In following

me you had surely been a comfort; without fortune, without friends, nay, without society, you had atoned for them all. (*Going to embrace her.*)

Aman. (*Falling at his feet.*) In this wide world of sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you; and at your feet I vow, though dying with despair, I'll follow you to the furthestmost part of the universe. What did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften your pains, to be a blessing to you.

Alb. Do not give me a false hope.

Aman. I do not. No, thus met, we will never part. But how tell the news to—

Alb. Almanza must not know it. I depart this very night. But now consult your heart; if you repent, you have made no promise; I restore it to you—speak—pronounce.

Aman. I have spoken—have pronounced—have promised, and will keep my vow.

Alb. Then have I found my child, and found her (*embracing her*) all my fondest wishes hoped! Adieu, my Amanthis, till a few minutes hence, when I shall be at the door which opens to the park. Here are two keys, take one of them. (*She takes it.*) My guide, I see, is coming. Adieu. Was ever parent blest as I am! [*Exit.*]

Aman. "A few minutes hence." Terrible!—What have I done? what promised? Oh, heaven! I am sinking under a weight of misery; a chillness seizes me; my strength is nearly gone. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA.

March. In every part of the house I seek in vain Amanthis; where can she be?

Enter AMANTHIS, pale and trembling.

Amanthis, I came here to find you; the Marquis has told me—Oh, heavens! what do I see? you are pale as death.

Aman. 'Tis nothing, madam;—a sudden weakness. What did the Marquis say?

March. His joy is beyond all words; intoxicated with his bliss, he is this instant making preparations for your bridal day; already the gates of the castle are thrown open, and nothing heard but rejoicings.

Aman. Alas! I am not able to bear what I feel on the occasion. Let me retire, and in reflection—

March. Go, and indulge the pleasure of reflection without constraint.

Aman. Farewell, dear Marchioness; when you see my lord, tell him—paint to him—Adieu. (*Going.*)

March. Hark! is not that Almanza?

Aman. Gracious heaven forbid. [*Exit.*]

March. No; why thus alarmed? But I will go to her, and—(*Going.*)

Enter COUNT VALANTIA, meeting the Marchioness.

Count. I am running from place to place, inquiring of every soul I meet, what all this rejoicing is about? and not a creature has time to tell me; perhaps your ladyship will do me that honour.

March. Is it possible you should not know?

Count. I positively do not.

March. Nor can you guess?

Count. No; unless it is because I am going away; for I never could be in favour with the master of a house, if he had a pretty woman in it.

March. Vain, disappointed man! The rejoicings are, because the Marquis is shortly to be married to Amanthis.

Count. Poor young lady! poor young lady! tell me honestly, now lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if she does not appear confused, sorrowful, uneasy, and disturbed? does she, or does she not?

March. Why, if I must speak, she does.

Count. Poor girl, poor girl; I protest I feel for her.

Enter DUKE MURCIA and MARQUIS ALMANZA.

Marq. Amanthis is lost, gone, stolen from me!

Count. I hope your lordship does not suspect me?

Marq. I do suspect you—Draw. (*The Duke interposes.*)

March. (*To the Duke.*) Dear my lord, don't prevent the Marquis; is he not in his own house? and surely he may treat his guest as he pleases.

Duke. Nephew, you must not resent without better proofs; though Amanthis is fled, it must be by her own consent; for was not a key found on the inside the door by which she escaped; and, no doubt, she unlocked it herself.

Marq. I have lost her; what is it to me, whether by force or fraud?

A Voice within. Amanthis is returned!

Enter several Servants of the house. The Marquis drops his sword, and runs impatiently to the door at which they entered.

Marq. Gracious heaven!

Enter ALBERTO, superbly dressed, leading in AMANTHIS.

Alb. 'Tis I who am the ravisher; and thus resign my prize to one, whose right, by every tie of gratitude, is superior.

Marq. My Amanthis! tell me, do I dream, or do I know that voice? Yes, 'tis my friend Alberto! (*They embrace.*) And do I receive Amanthis from thy hand? and can I see you here, without apprehensions for your safety?

Alb. Yes; for my unjust sentence is revoked, and my misfortunes at an end. In the Indies, where my distresses carried me, I did some service for my native country, for which I have been repaid with honours, and with riches.

March. My dear Amanthis, how sincerely do I rejoice to see you happy as you merit!

Count. Madam, I sincerely hope you are happy; and that no remembrance of me may ever disturb your tranquillity.

Duke. I'll answer for that.

Marq. Count, I have to beg your pardon for a suspicion—

Count. I assure you, my lord, you did me honour by it; where a lady is the subject, I like to be suspected.

Alb. And now, Amanthis, say you pardon me the momentary pang I gave you, while I made trial of my daughter's filial love.

Aman. Oh, my father! I forget all my sorrows past, in my present joy.

Duke. I think we seem all extremely happy; every one, except the poor Count.

Count. The poor Count, sir!

Duke. Yes; you like to be suspected; and I must own, I suspect at this time—

Count. What, sir?

Duke. A lady is in the case, so don't be angry.

March. If I am the object, I here protest—

Count. Come; if you will swear that you have no regard for me, and that you will never, by any part of your conduct prove you have, marry me; and I will be the most constant, faithful husband—

March. You are so indifferent to me at present, I think I may venture.

Count. But remember, the first time you are in love, I am so no longer.

Duke. Take him; and at least respect him that he is no hypocrite.

March. I will take him; for, with all my care, I might do worse. To love with sincerity and judgment, is only reserved for superior minds; few beings, such as Almanza and his Child of Nature.

[*Exeunt.*]

POLLY HONEYCOMBE;

A DRAMATIC NOVEL, IN ONE ACT.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

HONEYCOMBE
LEDGER

SCRIBBLE
MRS. HONEYCOMBE

POLLY
NURSE

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Honeycombe's House.

Enter POLLY, with a book in her hand.

Polly. Well said, Sir George! O the dear man! But so—"With these words the enraptur'd baronet (*Reading.*) concluded his declaration of love."—So!—"But what heart can imagine, (*Reading.*) what tongue describe, or what pen delineate, the amiable confusion of Emilia?"—Well, now for it.—"Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast seen, at polite tables, ice cream crimsoned with raspberries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-finger'd morning dawning in the golden east;"—"Dawning in the golden east; very pretty—"Thou hast seen, perhaps, (*Reading.*) the artificial vermillion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the vermillion of nature on those of Sylvia; thou hast seen—in a word, the lovely face of Emilia was overspread with blushes."—This is a most beautiful passage, I protest; well, a novel for my money; lord, lord, my stupid papa has no taste. He has no notion of humour, and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling. (*Affectedly.*) And then mamma—but where was I?—Oh, here—"overspread with blushes. (*Reading.*) Sir George, touched at her confusion, gently seized her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom, (*Acting it as she reads.*) where the pulses of his heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out, Will you not answer me, Emilia?"—tender creature!—"She, half raising (*Reading and acting.*) her downcast eyes, and half inclining her averted head, said, in faltering accents—Yes, sir!" Well, now!—"Then gradually recovering, with ineffable sweetness she prepared to address him; when Mrs. Jenkinson bounced into the room, threw

down a set of China in her hurry, and strewed the floor with porcelain fragments; then turning Emilia round and round, whirled her out of the apartment in an instant, and struck Sir George dumb with astonishment at her appearance. She raved; but the baronet resuming his accustomed effrontery"—

Enter Nurse.

Oh, nurse, I am glad to see you. Well, and how—

Nur. Well, chicken.

Polly. Tell me, tell me all this instant. Did you see him? Did you give him my letter? Did he write? Will he come? Shall I see him? Have you got the answer in your pocket? Have you—

Nur. Blessings on her, how her tongue runs!

Polly. Nay, but come, dear nurse, tell me, what did he say?

Nur. Say? why he took the letter.

Polly. Well.

Nur. And kiss'd it a thousand times, and read it a thousand times, and—

Polly. Oh, charming!

Nur. And ran about the room, and blest himself, and, heaven preserve us, curst himself, and—

Polly. Very fine! very fine!

Nur. And vowed he was the most miserable creature upon earth, and the happiest man in the world, and—

Polly. Prodigiously fine! excellent! My dear, dear nurse. (*Kissing her.*) Come, give me the letter. Letter, chicken! what letter? [letter.

Polly. The answer to mine. Come then!

Nur. I have no letter. He had such a peramble to write, by my troth I could not stay for it.

Polly. Psha!

Nur. How soon you're affronted now; he said he'd send it some time to-day.

Polly. Send it some time to-day! I wonder, now, (*As if musing.*) how he will convey it. Will he squeeze it, as he did the last, into the chicken-house in the garden? Or will he write it in lemon-juice, and send it in a book, like blank paper? Or will he throw it into the house enclosed in an orange? Or will he— [has.]

Nur. Heavens bless her, what a sharp wit she

Polly. I have not read so many books for nothing. Novels, nurse, novels! A novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.

Nur. Yes, yes, you are always reading your simple story-books. The Ventures of Jack this, and the History of Betsy t'other, and Sir Humphrys, and women with hard Christian names. You had better read your prayer-book, chicken.

Polly. Why so I do; but I am reading this now; (*Looking into the book.*) "She raved, but the baronet"—I really think I love Mr. Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George. Do you think, nurse, I should have had such a good notion of love so early, if I had not read novels? Did not I make a conquest of Mr. Scribble in a single night at dancing? But my cross papa will hardly ever let me go out; and then, I know life as well as if I had been in the *beau monde* all my days. I can tell the nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr. Scribble in the two shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a postchaise; and then, I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances. Oh, nurse, a novel is the only thing.

Nur. Contrivances! Ay, marry, you have need of contrivances. Here are your papa and mamma fully resolved to marry you to young Mr. Ledger, Mr. Simeon the rich Jew's wife's nephew, and all the while your head runs upon nothing but Mr. Scribble.

Polly. A fiddle-stick's end for Mr. Ledger! I tell you what, nurse, I'll marry Mr. Scribble, and not marry Mr. Ledger, whether papa and mamma choose it or no. And how do you think I'll contrive it?

Nur. How, chicken?

Polly. Why, don't you know?

Nur. No, indeed.

Polly. And can't you guess?

Nur. No, by my troth, not I.

Polly. O lord, 'tis the commonest thing in the world. I intend to elope.

Nur. Elope, chicken? what's that?

Polly. Why, in the vulgar phrase, run away, that's all.

Nur. Mercy on us!—Run away.

Polly. Yes, run away, to be sure. Why there's nothing in that, you know. Every girl elopes when her parents are obstinate and ill-natur'd about marrying her. It was just so with Betsy Thompson, and Sally Wilkins, and Clarinda, and Leonora in the History of Dick Careless, and Julia in the Adventures of Tom Rumble, and fifty others; did not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had; for I have as much love, and as much spirit, as the best of them.

Nur. Why, Mr. Scribble's a fine man to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him.

Polly. So he is, a dear, charming man! Will you elope too, nurse?

Nur. Not for the varsal world. Suppose, now, chicken, your papa and mamma—

Polly. What care I for papa and mamma? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coaxing, and fondling, and kissing each other all the day long? Where's my dear love, (*Mimicking.*) my beauty? says papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane, and

his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr. Honeycombe, d'y'love your own dear wife? says mamma; and then their old eyes twinkle, and they're as loving as Darby and Joan—Eh! nurse.

Nur. Oh fie, chicken.

Polly. And then, perhaps, in comes my utter aversion, Mr. Ledger, with his news from the 'Change, and his 'Change Alley wit, and his thirty per cent. (*Mimicking.*) and stocks have risen one and a half and three-eighths. I'll tell you what, nurse, they would make fine characters for a novel, all three of them.

Nur. Ah, you're a graceless bird; but I must go down stairs, and watch if the coast's clear, in case of a letter.

Polly. Could not you go to Mr. Scribble's again after it?

Nur. Again! indeed, Mrs. Hot-upon't.

Polly. Do now, my dear nurse, pray do; and call at the circulating library as you go along, for the rest of this novel, "The History of Sir George Trueman and Emilia;" and tell the bookseller to be sure to send me "The British Amazon," and "Tom Faddle," and the rest of the new novels this winter, as soon as ever they come out.

Nur. Ah, pise on your naughty novels, I say. [Exit.]

Polly. Ay, go now, my dear nurse, go, there's a good woman. What an old fool it is; with her pise on it—and fie, chicken—and no, by my troth. (*Mimicking.*) Lord! what a strange house I live in; not a soul in it, except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite droll creatures. There's papa and mamma, and the old foolish nurse.

Re-enter Nurse, with a band-box.

Oh, nurse, what brings you back so soon? What have you got there?

Nur. Mrs. Commodore's 'prentice is below, and has brought home your new cap, chicken.

Polly. Let me see, let me see. (*Opening the box.*) Well, I swear this is a mighty pretty cap, isn't it, nurse? Ha! what's this? (*Looking into the box.*) Oh, charming! a letter! did not I tell you so? Let's see, let's see. (*Opening the letter hastily, it contains three or four sheets.*) Joy of my soul—only hope—eternal bliss. (*Dipping into different places.*) The cruel blasts of coyness and disdain blow out the flame of love, but then the virgin breath of kindness and compassion blows it in again. Prodigious pretty! isn't it, nurse? (*Turning over the leaves.*)

Nur. Yes, that is pretty, but what a deal there is on't. It's an old saying and a true one, the more there's said, the less there's done. Ah, they wrote otherguess sort of letters, when I was a girl. (*While she talks, Polly reads.*)

Polly. Lord, nurse, if it was not for novels and love-letters, a girl would have no use for her writing and reading. But what's here? (*Reading.*) Poetry! "Well may I cry out with Alonzo in the Revenge—

'Where didst thou steal those eyes? From heaven?

Thou didst, and 'tis religion to adore them!'" Excellent! oh! he's a dear man.

Nur. Ay, to be sure; but you forget your letter-carrier below; she'll never bring you another, if you don't speak to her kindly.

Polly. Speak to her! why, I'll give her a crown, woman. Tell her I am coming. I will but just read my letter over five or six times, and go to her. Oh, he's a charming man! (*Reading.*) Very fine, very pretty; he writes as well as Bob Love-lace. (*Kissing the letter.*) Oh, dear, sweet Mr. Scribble! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment.

MR. and MRS. HONEYCOMBE at Breakfast;
Honeycombe reading the Newspaper.

Mrs. H. My dear! (*Peevishly.*)

Honey. What d'y'e say, my love? (*Still reading.*)

Mrs. H. You take no notice of me. Lay by that silly paper—put it down—come then—drink your tea. You don't love me now.

Honey. Ah! my beauty! (*Looking very fondly.*)

Mrs. H. Do you love your own dear wife? (*Tenderly.*)

Honey. Dearly. She knows I do. Don't you, my beauty?

Mrs. H. Ah, you're a dear, dear man. (*Rising and kissing him.*) He does loves her; and he's her own husband; and she loves him most dearly and tenderly, that she does. (*Kissing him.*)

Honey. My beauty! I have a piece of news for *Mrs. H.* What is it, my sweeting? [*you.*]

Honey. The paper here says, that young Tom Seaton, of Aldersgate-street, was married yesterday at Bow Church, to Miss Fairly of Cornhill.

Mrs. H. A flaunting, flaring hussy; she a husband!

Honey. But what does my beauty think of her own daughter?

Mrs. H. Of our Polly, sweeting?

Honey. Ay, Polly; what sort of a wife d'y'e think she'll make, my love? I concluded everything with Mr. Simeon yesterday, and expect Mr. Ledger every minute.

Mrs. H. Think, my sweeting! why I think, if she loves him half so well as I do my own dear man, that she'll never suffer him out of her sight; that—(*They both ogle fondly.*) Oh, my dear, it's impossible to say how dearly I love you. (*Kissing and fondling him.*)

Enter LEDGER.

Ledg. Hey-day! what now, good folks, what now? Are you so much in arrear? or are you paying off principal and interest both at once?

Honey. My dear! Consider—Mr. Ledger is—

Mrs. H. What signifies Mr. Ledger? He is one of the family, you know, my sweeting.

Ledg. Ay, so I am, never mind me, never mind me. Though, by-the-by, I should be glad of somebody to make much of me, too. Where's Miss Polly?

Honey. That's right, that's right. Here, John!

Enter JOHN.

Where's Polly?

John. In her own room, sir.

Honey. Tell her to come here; and hark ye, John, while Mr. Ledger stays, I am not at home to anybody else. [*Exit John.*]

Ledg. Not at home! are those your ways? If I was to give such a message to my servant, I should expect a commission of bankruptcy out against me the next day.

Honey. Ay, you men of large dealings; it was so with me, when I was in business. But where's this girl? what can she be about? My beauty, do step yourself, and send her here immediately.

Mrs. H. I will, my sweeting! Mr. Ledger, your servant. B'ye, dearest! [*Exit.*]

Honey. Ha, ha! you see, Mr. Ledger, you see what you are to come to; but I beg pardon, I quite forgot; have you breakfasted?

Ledg. Breakfasted! ay, four hours ago, and done an hundred tickets since, over a dish of coffee, at Jonathan's. Let me see, (*Pulling out his watch.*) bless my soul, it's eleven o'clock! I wish Miss would come. It's transfer-day. I must be at the Bank, before twelve, without fail.

Honey. Oh, here she comes.

Enter POLLY.

Come, child! here have you been all this time? Well, sir, I'll leave you together. Polly, you'll—Ha, ha, ha! Your servant, Mr. Ledger, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Polly. (*Aside.*) What a monster of a man! What will the frightful creature say to me? I am now, for all the world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa, and the wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

Ledg. Well, Miss.

Polly. (*Aside.*) He speaks! what shall I say to him? Suppose I have a little sport with him. I will, I'll indulge myself with a few airs of distant flirtation at first, and then treat him like a dog. I'll use him worse than Nancy Howe ever did Mr. Hickman. Pray, sir, (*To Ledger.*) did you ever read the History of Emilia?

Ledg. Not I, Miss, not I. I have no time to think of such things, not I. I hardly ever read anything, except the Daily Advertiser, or the List at Lloyd's; nor write neither, except it's my name, now and then. I keep a dozen clerks for nothing in the world else but to write.

Polly. A dozen clerks! Prodigious!

Ledg. Ay, a dozen clerks. Business must be done, Miss! We have large returns, and the balance must be kept on the right side you know. In regard to last year now—Our returns from the first of January to the last of December, fifty-nine, were to the amount of sixty thousand pounds sterling. We clear, upon an average, at the rate of twelve per cent. Cast up the twelves in sixty thousand, and you may make a pretty good guess at our net profits.

Polly. Net profits!

Ledg. Ay, Miss, net profits; Simeon and Ledger are names as well known as any in the Alley, and good for as much at the bottom of a piece of paper. But no matter for that, you must know that I have an account to settle with you, Miss. You're on the debtor side in my books, I can tell you, Miss.

Polly. In your debt, Mr. Ledger!

Ledg. Over head and ears in my debt, Miss.

Polly. I hate to be in debt of all things; pray let me discharge you at once, for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

Ledg. Not so fast, Miss, not so fast. Right reckoning makes long friends; suppose, now, we should compound this matter, and strike a balance in favour of both parties.

Polly. How d'y'e mean? Mr. Ledger.

Ledg. Why then, in plain English, Miss, I love you—I'll marry you; my uncle Simeon and Mr. Honeycombe have settled the matter between them; I am fond of the match, and hope you are the same. There's the sum total.

Polly. Is it possible that I can have any charms for Mr. Ledger?

Ledg. Charms, Miss? You are all over charms I like you, I like your person, your family, your fortune; I like you altogether. The Omniums be, Miss! I like the Omniums, and don't care how large a premium I give for them.

Polly. Lord, sir.

Ledg. Come, Miss, let's both set our hands to it, and sign and seal the agreement, without loss of time or hindrance of business.

Polly. Not so fast, sir, not so fast; right reckoning makes long friends, you know, Mr. Ledger.

Ledg. Miss!

Polly. After so explicit and polite a declaration on your part, you will expect, no doubt, some suitable returns on mine.

Ledg. To be sure, Miss, to be sure; ay, ay, let's examine the per contra.

Polly. What you have said, Mr. Ledger, has, take it for granted, been very sincere.

Ledg. Very sincere, upon my credit, Miss.

Polly. For my part, then, I must declare, however unwillingly—

Ledg. Out with it, Miss!

Polly. That the passion I entertain for you is equally strong—

Ledg. Oh brave!

Polly. And that I do, with equal, or more sincerity—

Ledg. Thank you, Miss; thank you!

Polly. Hate and detest—

Ledg. How! how!

Polly. Loathe and abhor you.

Ledg. What, what!

Polly. Your sight is shocking to me, your conversation odious, and your passion contemptible.

Ledg. Mighty well, Miss; mighty well.

Polly. You are a vile book of arithmetic, a able of pounds, shillings, and pence. You are uglier than a figure of eight, and more tiresome than the multiplication-table. There's the sum total.

Ledg. Very fine, very fine, Miss! Mr. Honeycombe shall know this. He'll bring you below par again, I warrant you. *[Exit.]*

Polly. Ha, ha, ha! There he goes! Ha, ha, ha! I have out-topped them all; Miss Howe, Narcissa, Clarinda, Polly Barnes, Sophy Willis, and all of them. None of them ever treated an odious fellow with half so much spirit. This would make an excellent chapter in a new novel. But here comes papa, in a violent passion, no doubt. No matter, it will only furnish materials for the next chapter.

Enter HONEYCOMBE.

Honey. What is the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour! How dare you treat Mr. Ledger so ill, and behave so undutifully to your papa, and mamma? You are a spoilt child; your mamma and I have been too fond of you.

Polly. Lord! papa, how can you be so angry with me? I am as dutiful as any girl in the world. But there's always an uproar in the family about marrying the daughter; and now poor I must suffer in my turn.

Honey. Hark ye, Miss! Why did not you receive Mr. Ledger as your lover?

Polly. Lover! Oh, dear papa! he has no more of a lover about him! He never so much as cast one languishing look towards me, never once prest my hand, or struck his breast, or threw himself at my feet, or—Lord! I read such a delightful declaration of love in the new novel this morning. First, papa, Sir George Trueman—

Honey. Devil take Sir George Trueman! these cursed novels have turned the girl's head; isn't Mr. Ledger a husband of your papa and mamma's providing? and ar'n't they the properest persons to dispose of you?

Polly. Dispose of me! See there now; why you have no notion of these things, papa! Your head's so full of trade and commerce, that you would dispose of your daughter like a piece of merchandise; but my heart is my own property, and at nobody's disposal but my own. Sure, you would not consign me, like a bale of silk, to Ledger and Co. eh! papa!

Honey. Her impudence amazes me. You're an undutiful—

Polly. Not at all undutiful, papa; but I hate Mr. Ledger; I can't endure the sight of him; nay, more, to tell you the whole truth, my heart is devoted to another. I have an insuperable passion for him; and nothing shall shake my affection for my dear Mr. Scribble.

Honey. Mr. Scribble! Who's Mr. Scribble? I'll turn you out of doors; I'll have you confin'd to your chamber; get out of my sight; I'll have you lock'd up this instant.

Polly. Lock'd up! I thought so. Whenever a poor girl refuses to marry any horrid creature her parents provide for her, then she's to be lock'd up immediately. Poor Clarissa! Poor Sophy Wes-

tern! I am now going to be treated just as you have been before me.

Honey. Those abominable books! But you shall have no more novels—Get along I say. No pen and ink to scrawl letters—Why don't you go? Nor no trusty companion—Get along. I'll have you lock'd up this instant, and the key of your chamber shall be in your mamma's custody.

Polly. Indeed, papa, you need not give my mamma so much trouble. I have—

Honey. Get along, I say.

Polly. I have read of such things as ladders of ropes—

Honey. Out of my sight!

Polly. Or of escaping out of the window, by tying the sheets together; or of throwing one's-self into the street upon a feather-bed—

Honey. I'll turn you out of doors.

Polly. Or of being catch'd in a gentleman's arms—

Honey. Zounds! I'll—

Polly. Or of—

Honey. Will you be gone?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Polly's Apartment.

Enter SCRIBBLE, disguised in a Livery.

Scrib. So! In this disguise Mistress Nurse has brought me hither safe, and undiscovered. Now for Miss Polly! here's her letter: a true picture of her nonsensical self:—"To my dearest Mr. Scribble" *(Reading the direction.)* And the seal two doves billing, with this motto:

We two,

When we woo,

Bill and coo.

Pretty! and a plain proof I shan't have much trouble with her. I'll make short work on't: I'll carry her off to-day, if possible, clap up a marriage at once, and then down upon our marrow-bones, and ask pardon and blessing of papa and mamma. *(Noise without.)* Here she comes.

Honey. *(Without.)* Get along, I say! Up to your own chamber, hussy!

Polly. *(Without.)* Well, papa, I am—

Scrib. O the devil! Her father coming up with her! What shall I do? *(Running about.)* Where shall I hide myself? I shall certainly be discovered. I'll get up the chimney. Zounds! they are just here! Ten to one the old cuff may not stay with her. I'll pop into this closet. *[Exit.]*

Enter HONEYCOMBE and POLLY.

Honey. Here, Mistress Malapert, stay here, if you please, and chew the cud of disobedience and mischief in private.

Polly. Very well, papa.

Honey. Very well! 'Tis not very well: I have a good mind to keep you upon bread and water this month. I'll—I'll—But I'll say no more. I'll lock you up, and carry the key to your mamma: she'll take care of you. You will have Mr. Scribble: let's see how he can get to you now. *(Shewing the key.)* *[Exit, locking the door.]*

Polly. And so I will have Mr. Scribble, too, do what you can, old Squaretoes. I am provided with pen, ink, and paper, in spite of their teeth. I remember that Clarissa had cunning drawers made on purpose to secure those things, in case of an accident: I am very glad I have had caution enough to provide myself with the same implements of intrigue, though with a little more ingenuity. Indeed, now they make standishes, and tea-chests, and dressing-boxes, in all sorts of shapes and figures; but mine are of my own invention. Here I've got an excellent ink-horn in my pin-cushion, and a case of pens, and some paper, in my fan: *(Produces them.)* I will write to Mr. Scribble im-

mediately: I shall certainly see him eaves-dropping about our door the first opportunity, and then I'll toss it to him out of the window. (*Sits down to write.*)

Scrib. (*Putting his head out of the door of the closet.*) A clear coast, I find. The old codger's gone, and has locked me up with his daughter: so much the better. Pretty soul! what is she about?—writing? A letter to me, I'll bet ten to one: I'll go and answer it in *propria persona*. (*Comes forward, and stands behind Polly, looking over her writing.*)

Polly. (*Writing.*) *Me—in—your—arms.* Let me see: what have I written? (*Reading.*) *My dearest dear, Mr. Scribble.*

Scrib. I thought so.

Polly. (*Reading.*) *I am now writing in the most cruel confinement. Fly then, oh fly to me on the wings of love, release me from this horrid gaol, and imprison me in your arms.*

Scrib. That I will, with all my heart. (*Embracing her.*)

Polly. Oh! (*Screaming.*)

Scrib. O, the devil! why do you scream so? I shall be discovered, in spite of fortune. (*Running about.*)

Polly. Bless me! is it you? Hush! (*Running to the door.*) Here's my father coming up stairs I protest!

Scrib. What the deuce shall I do? I'll run into the closet again.

Polly. O no! he'll search the closet: jump out of the window.

Scrib. I beg to be excused.

Polly. Lord! here's no time to—he's here: get under the table. (*Scribble hides.*) Lie still: what shall I say? (*Sits down by the table.*)

Enter HONEYCOMBE.

Honey. How now, hussy? What's all this noise?

Polly. Sir! (*Affecting surprise.*)

Honey. What made you scream so violently?

Polly. Scream, papa!

Honey. Scream, papa! Ay, scream, hussy!—What made you scream, I say?

Polly. Lord, papa! I have never opened my lips; but have been in a philosophical reverie ever since you left me.

Honey. I am sure I thought I heard—But, how now, hussy? what's here? pens, ink, and paper! How came you by these? So, so! fine contrivances! (*Examining them.*) And a letter began, too! *Cruel confinement—wings of love—your arms.* (*Reading.*) Ah! you forward slut! But I am glad I have discovered this. I'll seize these moveables. So, so! now write, if you can: nobody shall come near you: send to him, if you can. Now see how Mr. Scribble will get at you! Now I have you safe, mistress! and now, ha, ha! now you may make love to the table. Heyday! what's here? a man! (*Seeing Scribble.*) There was a noise, then! Have I caught you, madam? Come, sir; come out of your hole. (*Scribble comes from under the table.*) A footman! Who the devil are you, sir? Where did you come from? What d'ye want? How came you here? Eh? sirrah!

Scrib. Sir—I—I—What the deuce shall I say to him?

Honey. Speak, rascal!

Scrib. Sir—I—I—I came about a little business to Miss Honeycombe.

Honey. Business! Ay, you look like a man of business, indeed! What! you were to carry this scrawl of a love-letter, I suppose? Eh? sirrah!

Scrib. A lucky mistake! I'll humour it. (*Aside.*)

Honey. What's that you mutter? Whose livery is this? Who do you belong to, fellow?

Scrib. My master.

Honey. And who is your master, sir?

Scrib. A gentleman.

Polly. Papa don't suspect who he is. I must speak for him. (*Aside.*) This honest young man belongs to the gentleman I told you I was devoted to, Mr. Scribble, papa.

Honey. To Mr. Scribble, does he? Very fine!

Scrib. Yes, sir, to Mr. Scribble; a person of fortune and character; a man of fashion, sir! Miss Polly need not blush to own her passion for him: I don't know a finer gentleman about town than Mr. Scribble.

Polly. Lord, how well he behaves! We shall certainly ban the old gentleman. (*Aside.*)

Honey. Get out of my house this instant! I've a good mind to have you tossed in a blanket, or dragged through a horse-pond, or tied neck and heels, and—I've a good mind to carry you before the sitting alderman, you dog, you!

Scrib. I won't give you that trouble, sir. Miss Honeycombe, I kiss your hands: you have no further commands for my master, at present, ma'am? your compliments, I suppose?

Polly. Compliments! My best love to my dear Mr. Scribble.

Scrib. Pretty soul!

Honey. This is beyond all patience! Out of my house, sirrah! Where are all my fellows? I'll have you thrown out of the window. You shall be trundled down stairs headlong, you shall!

Scrib. Patience, old gentleman; I shall go out of the house the same way I came into it: and let me tell you, sir, by way of a kind way at parting that, scold Miss Polly ever so much, watch her ever so narrowly, or confine her ever so closely, Mr. Scribble will have her, whether you will or no. [*Exit*]

Honey. An impudent dog! I'll have his livery stript over his ears, for his insolence. As for you my young mistress, I'll bring down your high spirit I warrant you! There, ma'am! sit there, if you please. (*Forcing her into a chair.*) We'll send you the "Whole Duty of Man," or the "Practice of Piety," to read; or a chair, a screen, or a carpet, to work with your needle. We'll find you employment: some other books than novels, and some better company than Mr. Scribble's footman. Have done with your nonsense, and learn to make a pudding, you baggage! [*Exit*]

Polly. Well, this is a curious adventure, truly! If I could but make my escape now, after all, I would be admirable: I am sure Mr. Scribble would not go far from the house. Let me see: how can I manage it? Suppose I force the lock, or take of the screws of it, or get the door off the hinges: I'll try. (*Going, stops.*) Or, hold; I have a brighter thought than any of them: I'll set fire to the house and so be carried off, like stolen goods, in the confusion. A most excellent contrivance: I must put it in practice. (*Noise without.*) O dear! here! somebody coming.

After unlocking the door, enter Nurse.

Oh! nurse, is it you? I am heartily glad to see you! I thought it had been papa, or mamma.

Nur. Ah, chicken, I have taken care of you, mamma. Mr. Honeycombe brought her the key to a parlous fury, with orders to let nobody go near you, except himself. But, madam, I can't choose but laugh, madam had taken a glass extraordinary of her cordial, and I have left her fast asleep in her own chamber.

Polly. The luckiest thing in the world. Now my dear nurse, you may let your poor bird out of her cage. Away! away, this instant!

Nur. Softly, chicken, softly; you ruined all with Mr. Scribble, just now, by making a noise, you know.

Polly. Lord, nurse, I had no power of reflection.

was quite frightened. I was as much surprised as Soply Western, when she saw Tom Jones in the looking-glass.

Nur. Hush; you shall steal off immediately. Your papa is very busy with Mr. Ledger. Mr. Ledger is waiting with a hackney-chair but in the next street; you may slip slyly into it, and be conveyed to his lodgings in a trice, chicken.

Polly. And he strut before the chair all the way in his livery, and cry,—“By your leave, sir; by your leave, ma’am.” Eh! admirable! Come, nurse, I long to be in his hands.

[*Exit, following the Nurse.*]

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Honeycombe’s Apartment.*

MRS. HONEYCOMBE alone. Several phials on the table, with labels.

Mrs. H. I am not at all well to-day. (*Yawns, as if just waking.*) Such a quantity of tea in a morning makes one quite nervous; and Mr. Honeycombe does not choose it qualified. I have such a dizziness in my head, it absolutely turns round with me. I don’t think, neither, that the hyseric water is warm enough for my stomach. I must speak to Mr. Julep, to order me something rather more comfortable.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Did you call, ma’am?

Mrs. H. Oh! nurse, is it you? No; I did not call. Where’s Mr. Honeycombe?

Nur. Below stairs, in the parlour, madam. I did not think she’d have wak’d so soon: If she should miss the key, now, before I’ve an opportunity to lay it down again! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. H. What d’ye say, nurse?

Nur. Say, madam? Say? I say, I hope you’re a little better, ma’am.

Mrs. H. Oh, nurse! I am perfectly giddy with my nerves, and so low spirited!

Nur. Poor gentlewoman! Suppose I give you a sup out of the case of Italian cordials, ma’am, that was sent as a present from Mr. What-d’ye-call-him, in Crutched-Fryars; the Italian merchant, with the long name.

Mrs. H. Filthy poison! don’t mention it: faugh! I hate the very names of them. You know, nurse, I never touch any cordials, but what come from the apothecary’s. What o’clock is it? Isn’t it time to take my draught?

Nur. By my troth, I believe it is! Let me see, I believe this is it. (*Takes up a phial, and slips the key upon the table.*) “The stomachic draught, to be taken an hour before dinner. For Mrs. Honeycombe.” (*Reading the label.*) Ay, this is it. By my troth, I am glad I’ve got rid of the key again! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. H. Come, then; give it me: I’m afraid I can’t take it: it goes sadly against me. (*Drinking.*)

Honey. (*Without.*) Run, John, run! after them immediately! Harry, do you run, too! Stick close to Mr. Ledger. Don’t return without them, for your life!

Nur. Good luck! good luck! they’re discovered, as sure as the day! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. H. Lord, nurse! what’s the matter?

Nur. I don’t know, by my troth!

Enter HONEYCOMBE.

Mrs. H. O, my sweeting! I am glad you are come: I was so frightened about you! (*Rises, and seems disordered.*)

Honey. Zounds! my dear—

Mrs. H. O! don’t swear, my dearest.

Honey. Zounds! it’s enough to make a parson swear! You have let Polly escape: she’s run away with a fellow.

Mrs. H. You perfectly astonish me, my dear:—

I can’t possibly conceive—My poor head aches too, to such a degree—Where’s the key of her chamber? (*Seems disordered.*)

Nur. Here, madam; here it is.

Honey. Zounds! I tell you—

Mrs. H. Why, here’s the key, my sweeting! It’s absolutely impossible! it has lain here ever since you brought it me; not a soul has touched it, have they, Nurse? (*Disordered.*)

Nur. Not a creature; I’ll take my bible oath on’t.

Honey. I tell you, she’s gone; I’m sure on’t. Mr. Ledger saw a strange footman put her into a chair, at the corner of the street; and he and John, and a whole posse, are gone in pursuit of them.

Mrs. H. This is the most extraordinary circumstance! it’s quite beyond my comprehension. But my sweeting must not be angry with his own dear wife; it was not her fault. (*Fondling.*)

Honey. Nay, my love, don’t trifle now.

Ledy. (*Without.*) This way, this way; bring them along.

Honey. Hark! they’re coming: Mr. Ledger has overtaken them; they’re here.

Ledy. (*Without.*) Here! Mr. Honeycombe is in this room: come along.

Enter LEDGER, POLLY, and SCRIBBLE, with Servants.

Ledy. Here they are, Mr. Honeycombe: we’ve brought them back again: here they are, madam.

Honey. Hussy! I have a good mind to turn you out of doors again immediately: you are a disgrace to your family.

Mrs. H. Stay, my dear; don’t put yourself into such a passion. Polly, let me know the whole circumstances of this affair.

Honey. Where were you going? Tell me, for certain, who this fellow belongs to. Where does he live? Who is he?

Polly. That gentleman, papa; that gentleman is no other than Mr. Scribble.

Honey. This! is this Mr. Scribble?

Scrib. The very man, sir, at your service; an humble admirer of Miss Honeycombe’s.

Polly. Yes, papa; that’s Mr. Scribble, the sovereign of my heart—the sole object of my affections.

Honey. Why, this is even worse than I expected. What! what would you run away with a fellow in livery!—a footman?

Polly. A footman! ha, ha, ha! very good: and so, papa, you really believe he is a footman. A footman!

Scrib. A footman! eh, my dear? An errand boy! A scoundrel fellow in livery! Yes; I am very like a footman, to be sure! (*Laughing with Polly.*)

Polly. Why, papa, don’t you know that every gentleman disguises himself in the course of an amour? Don’t you remember that Bob Lovelace disguised himself like an old man? and Tom Ramble like an old woman?

Honey. She’s certainly mad—stark mad. Hark ye, sir! who are you? I’ll have you sent to the compter. You shall give an account of yourself before my lord mayor.

Scrib. What care I for my lord mayor?

Honey. There! There’s a fellow for you! Don’t care for my lord mayor!

Scrib. No, nor the whole court of aldermen.—Hark ye, sir! I am a gentleman; a gentleman as well known as any in the city.

Mrs. H. Upon my word, I believe so. He seems a very proper gentleman-like—sort of a—kind of a person.

Ledy. As well known as any in the city! I don’t believe it. He’s no good man: I am sure he’s not known upon ’Change.

Scrib. D—e, sir! what d’ye mean?

Ledy. Oho! Mr. Gentleman, is it you? I thought

I knew your voice; ay, and your face, too. Pray, sir, don't you live with Mr. Traverse, the attorney, of Gracechurch-street? Did not you come to me last week about a policy of insurance!

Scrib. O, the devil! (*Aside.*) I come to you, sir! I never saw your face before. (*To Ledger.*)

Honey. An attorney's clerk! Hark ye, woman! (*To Nurse.*) I begin to suspect. Have not I heard you speak of a kinsman, clerk to Mr. Traverse?—Stop him!

Scrib. Hands off, gentlemen! Well, then; I do go through a little business for Mr. Traverse. What then? What have you to say to me now, sir?

Polly. Do, pray, mamma, take Mr. Scribble's part, pray do.

Nur. Do, ma'am; speak a good word for him.

Mrs. H. I understand nothing at all of the matter.

Honey. Hark ye, woman! He's your nephew: I'm sure on't. I'll turn you out of doors immediately. You shall be—

Nur. I beg upon my knees that your honour would forgive me. I meant no harm, heaven above knows. (*Kneeling.*)

Honey. No harm! What! to marry my daughter to—I'll have you sent to Newgate. And you, (*To Polly.*) you sorry baggage! d'ye see what you were about? You were running away with a beggar—with your nurse's nephew, hussy!

Polly. Lord, papa! what signifies whose nephew he is? He may be ne'er the worse for that. Who knows but he may be a foundling, and a gentleman's son, as well as Tom Jones? My mind is resolved, and nothing shall ever alter it. [*faith!*]

Scrib. Bravo, Miss Polly! A fine generous spirit!

Honey. You're an impudent slut! You're undone.

Mrs. H. Nay, but look ye, Polly: mind me, child: You know that I—

Polly. As for my poor mamma here, you see, sir, she is a little in the nervous way this morning. When she comes to herself, and Mr. Julep's draughts have taken a proper effect, she'll be convinced I am in the right.

Honey. Hold your impertinence!

Polly. And you, my angelic Mr. Scribble!

Scrib. *Ma chère adorable!*

Polly. You may depend on my constancy and affection. I never read of any lady's giving up her lover, to submit to the absurd election of her parents. I'll have you, let what will be the consequence. I'll have you, though we go through as many distresses as Booth and Amelia. As for you, you odious wretch, (*to Ledger*) how could they ever imagine that I should dream of such a creature? A great he-monster! I would as soon be married to the Staffordshire giant. I hate you! You are as deceitful as Blifil, as rude as the Harlowes, and as ugly as Dr. Slop. [*Exit.*]

Honey. She's downright raving—mad as a March hare! I'll put her into Bedlam! I'll send her into the country! I'll have her shut up in a nunnery!—I'll—

Mrs. H. Come, my sweeting, don't make your dear self so uneasy. Don't—

Honey. As for you, sir—(*To Scribble.*)

Scrib. Sir, I know that I've done nothing contrary to the twenty-sixth of the king. Above a

month ago, sir, I took lodgings in Miss Polly's name and mine, in the parish of St. George's in the Fields. The bans have been asked three times, and I could have married Miss Polly to-day: so much for that. And so, sir, your servant. If you offer to detain me, I shall bring my action on the case for false imprisonment, sue out a bill of Middlesex, and upon a *non est inventus*, if you abscond, a *latitat*, then an *alias*, a *pluries*, a *non omittas*, and so on. Or, perhaps I may indict you at the sessions, bring the affair by *certiorari* into *banum regis*, et *cætera*, et *cætera*. And now, stop me at your peril! [*Exit.*]

Honey. I am stunned with his jargon, and confounded at his impudence. Hark you, woman! (*To the Nurse.*) I'll have you committed to Newgate. I'll—

Nur. Mighty well, your honour! Fine treatment for an old servant, indeed! I, to be huffed and dinged about at this rate! But, 'tis an old saying, and a true one,—Give a dog an ill name, and hang him. Live and learn, as they say. We grow older and older every day. Service is no inheritance in these ages. There are more places than parish churches. So you may do as you please, your honour. But I shall look up my things, give up a month's wages, for want of a month's warning, and go my ways out of your house immediately. [*Exit.*]

Honey. Why, your old beldam, you shall be burnt for a witch: but I'll put an end to this matter at once. Mr. Ledger, you shall marry my daughter to-morrow-morning.

Ledg. Not I, indeed, my friend. I give up my interest in her: she'd make a terrible wife for a sober citizen. Who can answer for her behaviour? I would not underwrite her for ninety per cent. [*Exit.*]

Honey. See there! see there! My girl is undone her character is ruined with all the world. These d—d story-books! What shall we do, Mrs. Honeycombe? what shall we do?

Mrs. H. Look ye, my dear, you've been wrong in every particular.

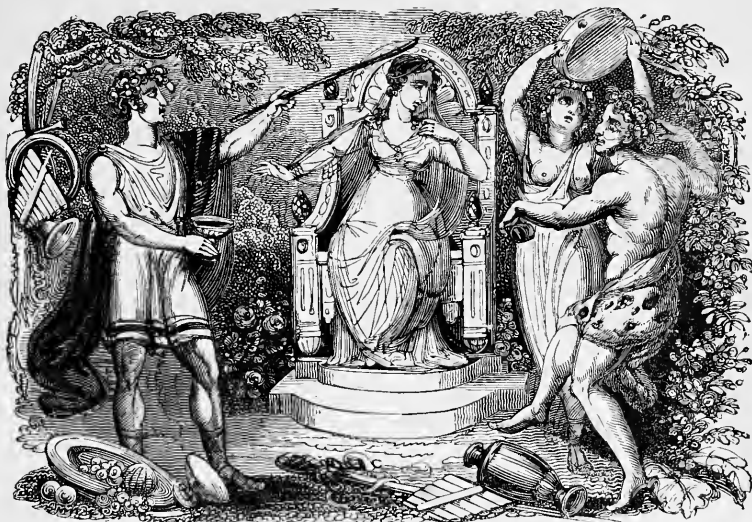
Honey. Wrong? I wrong!

Mrs. H. Quite wrong, my dear; I would not expose you before company; my tenderness, you know, is so great. But leave the whole affair to me: you are too violent. Go, my dear; go, and compose yourself, and I'll set all matters to rights (*Going, turns back.*) Don't you do any thing of your own head, now: trust it all to me, my dear and I'll settle it in such a manner, that you, and I and all the world, shall be astonished and delighted with it. [*Exit, muttering.*]

Honey. Zounds! I shall run mad with vexation! Was ever man so heartily provoked? You see, now gentlemen, (*Coming forward to the audience.*) what a situation I am in. Instead of happiness and joy, my friends and family about me, a wedding and a dance, and every thing as it should be, here am I, left by myself;—deserted by my intended son-in-law, bullied by an attorney's clerk, affronted by my own servant, my daughter mad, my wife in the vapours, and all in confusion. This comes of cordials and novels. Zounds! your stomachs are the devil! And a man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent Garden, as trust the cultivation of her mind to a circulating library. [*Exit.*]

COMUS;

A MASQUE, IN TWO ACTS.—ALTERED FROM MILTON.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COMUS
SPIRIT
ELDER BROTHER

YOUNGER BROTHER
CHIEF BACCHANALS
LADY

EUPHROSYNÉ
SABRINA
PASTORAL NYMPH

BACCHANTES
BACCHANALS
SPIRITS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter Spirit.

Spi. Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions wild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd to this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst th' enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
But, to my task.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
On Circe's island fell: this nymph had by him a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd;
Who, in thick shelter of these shades embower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to ev'ry traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass.
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance
Is chang'd into some brutish form, and they
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy.
But first, I take the likeness of a swain,
And hark! I hear the tread of hateful steps. [*Exit.*]

*Enter COMUS, with a rout of Men and Women,
dressed as Bacchanals.*

Com. The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east;
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast!

AIR.—By a Bacchanal.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine!

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrup'lous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws to slumber lie.

Com. We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir;
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morris move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves.

AIR.—By a Bacchante.

By dimpl'd brook, and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

Com. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport!
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend
 Us, thy vow'd priests!
 Till the nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

DUETT.—*By a Man and Woman.*
From tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules control
Transports of the jovial soul?
No dull stinting hour we own;
Pleasure counts our time alone.

Com. Come; knit hands and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round. (*A Dance.*)
 Break off, break off: I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground,
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright. [*Exeunt all but Comus.*]

Some virgin's sure
 (*For so I can distinguish by my art,*)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trams! Thus I hurl
 My spells into the air. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager.
 But see, she stops, and seems
 As she'd address herself in song.

AIR.—*By a Lady behind.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,
By slow meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well!
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of party, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies!
Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe the such divine enchanting ravishment?
 But see, she approaches; I step aside
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

Enter Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd mirth. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet O! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Com. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.
 (*Aside.*)

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out,
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thickest side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I could make to be heard furthest
 I have ventur'd; for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me: and they perhaps are not far off.

Com. Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness, till it smil'd; I have oft heard
 My mother Circe, with the syrens three,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself.
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. (*Aside.*) Hail, foreign
 wonder,

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwelt st here with Pan or Silvan, by bless'd song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak, unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
 That is address'd to unattending ears:
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you
 thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near ush'ring
 guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf,
 To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
 bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrows came,
 And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human; as they stood,
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i'th' plaited clouds. I was awe struck,
 And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd: if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager, what readiest way wouldest
 Me to that place?

Com. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
 From her thatch'd pillow rouse; or graat it other
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low,
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe till further
 quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy offer'd service. In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on
 [*Exeunt*]

Enter Comus's Crew from behind the trees.

AIR.—*By a Man.*

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give,

*The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love!
Without love and wine, wit, and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what you
gave.*

Cho. *Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter the Two Brothers.

E. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That won't st to love the trav'ler's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.

Y. Bro. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but know
The sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
But O, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm,
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears;
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat.

E. Bro. Peace, brother; be not over exquisite,
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestal his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk: and wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

E. Bro. My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength?

E. Bro. 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds.
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. (A halloo heard.)

List, list; I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. Either some one like us night-founder'd
here,

Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister! (Halloo.)

Again! again! and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll halloo;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

Enter the Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

Y. Bro. That halloo I should know—What are
you? speak. [again.]

Spi. What voice is that? My young lord? Speak

Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure.

Spi. O, my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
Where is my virgin lady? where is she?

How chance she is not in your company? [blame,

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spi. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? pr'ythee,
briefly shew.

Spi. Within the bosom of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades, a sore'ner dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born; great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father. This I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by; whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl;
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense.

(A loud laugh.)

But hark! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound,
And wild tumultuous mirth, proclaim their presence

Onward they move; and this way guide their steps.
Let us withdraw awhile! (They retire.)

*Enter Comus's Crew, revelling; the Elder Brother
advances and speaks.*

E. Bro. What are you? speak! that thus in
wanton riot
And midnight revelry, like drunken bacchanals,
Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

I Wom. Ye godlike youths,
Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
We are the happiest of the race of mortals;
Of freedom, mirth, and joy the only heirs;
But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

ATR.—By a Man.

*By the gayly circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.*

(A female offers the cup, which they both put by.)

E. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets.

I Wom. Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming
youth

Such grey severity! But come with us;
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps.

ATR.

*Would you taste the noontide air?
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmur'ing, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Saltry Phœbus scorching round.
Round the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,*

*While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.
All alone—and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till, bless'd and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.*

I. Bro. How low sinks beauty when by vice
debas'd!

Fair were that form, if virtue dwelt within;
But from the wanton advocate of shame
To me the warbled song harsh discord sounds.

2 Wom. No more; these formal maxims misbecome you,
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

TRIO.—*By a Man and two Women.*

*Live and love; enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say!
Age has had his share of play;
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scarecrow virtue fright!
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.*

E. Bro. How can your impious tongues profane
the name

Of sacred virtue, and yet promise pleasure
In lying songs of vanity and vice?

1 Wom. Turn not away, but listen to our strain,
That shall in pleasing slumber lull the sense,
And sweet in madness rob it of itself.

DUETT.—*First Man and Woman.*

Wom. O, thou wert born to please me,
Man. My life, my only love!
Wom. Through all the woods I'll praise thee,
Man. My rural queen of love.

Wom. Thus happy, never
Man. Jealous,

Wom. Can any harm
Man. Assail us?

Wom. Can any harm assail us, my shepherd of the
grove? [*love?*]

Man. Can any harm assail us, my rural queen of
Wom. Feel how my heart is beating, my shepherd
of the grove. [*of love.*]

Man. The pulse of life retreating, my rural queen
The pulse of life retreating,

Wom. My shepherd of the grove.

Man. Thus love's sweet poison drinking,

Wom. Dear idol of my love.

E. Bro. From virtue sever'd, pleasure frenzy
And always flies at reason's cool return. [*grows,*
But we forget; who hears the voice of truth,
In noisy riot and intem'rance drown'd?
Thyrsis, be thou our guide! We'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*]

1 Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of
my joys,

Leave to yon pedant youths their bookish dreams;
A beardless Cynic is the shame of nature,
Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup;
Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A gay Pavilion.*

COMUS and Attendants on each side of the Lady, who
is seated in an enchanted chair.

Com. Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore!
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter, holding both his sides!
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty.

AIR.—*By a Man.*

*Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter, holding both his sides!*

Chlo. Haste thee, nymph, &c.

Enter EUPHROSYNÉ.

AIR.—*EUPHROSYNÉ.*

*Come, come, bid adieu to fear!
Love and harmony reign here.
No domestic, jealous jars,
Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
In our presence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here.*

*Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning;
Bosoms with warm wishes paining,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.*

Lady. How long must I, by magic fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly which my soul abhors?

Com. Now softly slow sweet Lydian airs attune,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

(*A Pastoral Nymph advances slowly, with a melancholy and desponding air, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the Ballad. She is observed by Euphrosyne, who, by her gestures, expresses her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several Songs.*

RECITATIVE.—*Pastoral Nymph.*

*How gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales,
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine.*

AIR.

*On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of formal love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.*

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more;
Each flower in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVE.—EUPHROSyne.

*Love, the greatest bliss below,
How to taste few women know;
Fewer still the way have hit
How a fickle swain to quit.
Simple nymph, then learn of me
How to treat inconstancy.*

AIR.

*The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts:
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.*

*Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.*

*They have charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my ease;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.*

*Why should they ever give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I ask of mortal man,
Is love to me, whilst he can.*

[*Exeunt Euphrosyne and Pastoral Nymph.*]

Com. Cast thine eyes around, and see
How from every element

Nature's sweets are cull'd from thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.

Hither summer, autumn, spring,
Hither all your tributes bring;
All on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen!

(*The Lady attempts to rise.*)

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wove this wand,
Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
And you a statue.

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corp'ral rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts:
And first behold this cordial julap here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds!

Lady. Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.
Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

(*Points to his crew.*)

Com. Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted? But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode [ments]
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchant-
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets
I would not taste thy treas'rous offer. None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

Com. Enough to shew
That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
From scorning pleasures which they cannot reach.

AIR.—*By a Bacchante.*

*Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that would in idle cell!
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.*

*If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live who life enjoy.*

Com. List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
Love darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet;
This will inform you soon. One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

*Enter the Brothers, with their swords drawn, who
wrest the glass out of Comus's hand, and break it
against the ground; he and his rout are all driven
out: after which the Spirit enters.*

Spi. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook! you should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.

Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
That sways the Severn stream: she can unlock
The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbling song.

Sabrina, goddess dear!
We implore thy powerful aid
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Through the force and through the will
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABRINA rises.

RECITATIVE.—SABRINA.

*Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensur'd chastity;
Brightest lady, look on me.*

*Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost its hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.*

(*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her
seat; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*)

E. Bro. Inform us, Thyriss, if for this thine aid
We aught can pay, that equals thy desert.

Spi. (*Discovering himself.*) Pay it to heaven!
There my mansion is.

RECITATIVE.—Spirit.

*Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon,
To the corners of the moon.*

AIR.

*Mortals, that would happy be,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

Enter Spirits.

CHORUS.

*Taught by virtue, you may climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.* [*Exeunt.*]

THE DOCTOR AND THE APOTHECARY;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act I.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

THOMASO
STURMWALD

CARLOS
JUAN

GUZMAN
DR. BILIOSO

PEREZ
ANNA

ISABELLA
THERESA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Thomaso's house.*

Enter STURMWALD, GUZMAN, ANNA, ISABELLA, and THERESA.

TRIO.—ANNA, ISABELLA, and GUZMAN.

Now the sun so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Evening shadows, quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

DUETT.—ANNA and ISABELLA.

Timorous love, at day affrighted,
Blushing, courts the silver moon;

Sturm. Bacchus' sons are now delighted,
Night's the jolly fellow's noon.

TRIO.

Evening thus our joys uniting,
To her power due homage pay;
Mirth to dance and song inviting,
Bids us hail the close of day.

Enter THOMASO.

Tho. What, moping yet, my friend Guzman?
For shame, you a sailor, and carry sorrow aboard?
Zounds! if I had lost a mistress, nay, had it been
The. Well, sir? [my wife—]

Tho. I think I could have comforted myself.
Ah, Captain, how far preferable are the charms of
peace and a country life, to all the bustle and danger
of a campaign.

Stur. It may be so to you, Signor Thomaso,
who slumber in the inglorious lap of peace; but
war is my element; glory is my mistress; and I
have courted her amid the cannon's thunder.

Tho. Many men of many minds, Captain; for
my part, I always preferred a more quiet kind of
courtship; but you are a man of true gallantry, to
remain so partial to your mistress, after having
lost the use of a leg and an eye in her service.

Stur. A leg and an eye! Psha, trifles! while my
honour, a soldier's vital spark, has escaped unhurt.
You may be a very good apothecary, Signor Tho-
maso, and may understand lotions and potions; but
as to a soldier's honour—

The. Ah, very true, Captain. He is a most pro-
voking man, though he is my husband. For
shame, after our good friend, Captain Sturmwald,
has come all the way from Germany to marry our
daughter Anna.

Tho. Nay, I'm sure, the Captain knows I mean
no harm. Anna, come hither, child. (*Aside to
Anna.*) Why don't you smile upon your husband
that is to be? [cruel solicitation.]

Anna. Do not, my dear father, persist in this

Tho. (*Aside to Anna.*) Psha! how can you be
so obstinate! though the Captain is not very hand-
some, he is very rich. 'Tis true, he is rather old;
but then you know you have the better chance of
being a widow soon; and as to his having but one
eye, it ought to be his recommendation, for you'll
have no trouble in discovering his blind side.

The. Lookye, Anna, you know my way of ar-
guing, and so does your father. It is my pleasure
that you marry Captain Sturmwald; and have him
you shall. [madam.]

Guz. Have a little patience with her, my dear
Anna. Then you are resolved to render me mis-
erable!

AIR.—ANNA.

On Love's blest altar burns the flame
Whence Hymen's torch should kindle bright
To bliss, which boasts fair virtue's name;
It casts its pure and radiant light.
But, ah! should avarice interpose,
With sordid and unhallow'd fires,
The prospect which their light bestows,
Repentance and despair inspires.

[Exit Anna, Isabella, and Guzman.]

The. Anna's reluctance is certainly owing to that
impertinent slut, her cousin. I'm sure she does
not inherit her obstinacy from me. When my mother
proposed a husband to me, I gave my consent
without a moment's hesitation. Didn't I, my dear?

Tho. True, my love; but then I had not lost
any of my limbs in pursuit of glory, like the Cap-
tain. (*Aside to her.*)

Stur. I was thinking whether I had not better
talk to the young lady myself.

The. To be sure; how the deuce else are you to gain her consent?

Stur. I'faith, I will. She'll find me very entertaining. I'll breakfast with her to-morrow, and give her the history of my last campaign. I'll come early in the morning, that I may finish the story before dinner.

The. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Tho. Well, Captain, now my wife is gone, I want to have a little talk with you about my new-invented miraculous drops, as I call them, that cure all disorders.

Stur. Do they cure gun-shot wounds?

Tho. Everything.

Stur. I wish then I had had a bottle in that engagement where I was wounded by a French dragoon in the shoulder. I'll tell you how it happened.

Tho. Unfortunate man that I am! He'll talk like my wife. (Aside.)

Stur. We were fording a river, and I was about the middle of the stream— [half horse—

Tho. (Aside.) He won't be out of the water this

Stur. A scoundrel French dragoon upon a black

Tho. A grey horse. [horse—

Stur. Black, black as jet.

Tho. I beg your pardon, Captain, it was a grey horse. I have heard you tell the story twenty times, and you always said the horse was grey. So much for that. Now you must know, my drops—

Stur. You have heard me tell the story, then?

Tho. Often. So my drops—

Stur. And what d'y'e think of it?

Tho. One of the best stories I ever heard in my life. So— [another.

Stur. I'm very glad you like it. I'll tell you

Tho. Curse his stories. (Aside.) To-morrow,

Captain, I shall be happy to hear it.

Stur. Well; if you are tired of my company, I'll go and get a bottle of good wine, to make me sleep soundly; and so adieu, my dear father-in-law.

Tho. Adieu, my dear son-in-law. (Aside.) What a cursed bore he is for talking. [Exit.

Stur. A good kind of a man enough; but can't bear to hear anybody talk, except himself. [Exit.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. When wilt thou cease, thou pleasing pain,
With cruel sway to rend my heart?

Yet, though of torment I complain,
Alas! I fear to cure the smart.

Enter JUAN, with a guitar.

Juan. Sighing never gains a maid!

I'll tell you what is better far;

Call good humour to your aid,

And play the lass a tune upon the sweet guitar.

If a heart has nature dealt her,

Music's charms will surely melt her;

But should the gipsy answer, "No,"

Sing *tol de rol*, and let her go.

Car. (Aside.) Zounds! I see some one at the door. A rival, perhaps! (Perceives it to be Juan.) Juan!

Juan. Carlos! my dear boy, how d'y'e do?

Car. I'm heartily glad to see you—no, i'faith, now I think again, I am not glad to see you, till I know what brought you hither.

Juan. I was going to tell you, I have an appointment with a very pretty girl in this house—

Car. Ah! my fears. (Aside.)

Juan. So I am sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good night.

Car. Faith, I am sorry to deny you. But I happen to have an assignation here myself. You perceive a light in that window?

Juan. That light is my signal.

Car. Egad, 'tis my signal too! So I'm sure you will be complaisant enough to wish me a good

Juan. Sir, this insult— [night.

Car. Insult, sir! (Laying their hands on their

swords.)

Juan. Though now I recollect myself, perhaps we are going to cut throats without any cause. There are two fair damsels in that house. What is the name of your mistress?

Car. Anna, the daughter of old Thomaso, the apothecary; and your mistress is—

Juan. Isabella! her laughing little cousin.

Car. Then I am glad to see you, after all; and yet I am an unlucky dog, Juan. They are going to marry my dear Anna to old Sturmwald, the German Captain. I dare not acquaint my father of my passion for her; you know he and Thomaso are the bitterest enemies. The only resource left, is to carry her off; and I have, for this week past, in vain sought an opportunity of seeing her.

Juan. Oh, the devil! Old Thomaso's man, to shut the shop up. Stand aside—(Thomaso's man shuts up the shop, while they talk aside.) Give me your hand, Carlos; you shall see Anna, speak to her, and carry her off this night. [plished?

Car. My dear Juan, how is this to be accom-

Juan. The first thing is to get the old fellow out of the house.

Car. And how is that to be managed?

Juan. Very easily—as thus: I'll act an old woman, and bring him down, I'll warrant you. (Knocks.) Say nothing, and stand aside. (Thomaso opens the window and looks out.)

Tho. What the devil is all that noise for?

Juan. (In a feigned voice.) Pray, is this Signor Thomaso's? [maso, good woman?

Tho. Why, what do you want with Signor Thomaso? The sick gentleman, signor, at the next inn, is much worse.

Tho. I'm sorry for it; I wish the gentleman had been much worse an hour ago; because then I could have attended him; but at present I'm going to bed.

Juan. Dear signor, you won't leave the poor man to the mercy of an ignorant physician?

Tho. Why, who attends him?

Juan. Dr. Bilioso.

Tho. Then I give him over. Good night to you, good woman. (Shuts the window.)

Car. Our plot is ruined.

Juan. Not yet Carlos. (Knocks again, loud.)

Tho. (Again opens the window.) Zounds! what's the matter with the woman? Go about your business.

Juan. The sick man has heard wondrous related of your famous drops, Signor.

Tho. Eh! what!—Oh ho! he has heard of my drops. Well, madam?

Juan. And he wishes you would come to him directly, and bring a bottle in your pocket.

Tho. Ay, that I will—poor soul! poor soul! I'll cure him in spite of his physician. (Calls within.) Hallo! Pedro! (To Juan.) I'll go with you, good woman, and as we walk, I'll tell you some of the cures I have performed. I'll wait on you instantly. (Shuts the window.)

Car. This is a prosperous beginning, Juan.

Juan. Hush! not a word; we must retire. (They retire.)

Enter THOMASO, from the house.

Tho. And so, good woman, you say—Heyday, she is gone! The poor gentleman's case is urgent, I suppose, so I'll lose no time. What a pleasure it is to attend sensible patients; I dare say, he is a shrewd fellow, by his wishing to try my drops. [Exit.

Juan. Ha, ha! The old fox is fairly unkenneled.

Car. But how are we to get into the house?

Juan. The door is fast. Eh! i'faith this shutter is unbolted. (Opens part of the shutter.) So we will e'en get in at the shop window.

Car. My best friend! (Going to climb in at the window.)

Juan. Hold! let me reconnoitre first. I know every part of the house. Follow me.

Car. Kind Cupid light us on our way!

Juan. Psha! Zounds! a lantern would light us much better. So, rot your heroics, and follow me. *(They get in at the window.)*

Enter STURMWALD, drunk.

Stur. Tol de rol, de rol—halt! Stand to your arms, Captain Sturmwald. Do my eyes deceive me, or have the enemy besieged my father-in-law's house, and made a practicable breach in the shop-window? Who the devil are they? Thieves! No, i' faith, that can't be; who'd think of stealing anything out of an apothecary's shop! Perhaps they are gallants; have at you, my boys, I must enter and defend my father-in-law. *(Going to climb in at the window; he stops.)* But hold! a prudent general should know what force he has to contend with; besides, I forget, old Bolus is not at home. I remember I met him just now; egad, I'll go and fetch him, and we'll surprise the enemy together. How lucky it is that I am sober? If I had taken the other bottle, my senses might have been confused; but now I am cool and collected. Ah! there is nothing like drinking in moderation. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Inside of Thomaso's shop.*

Enter JUAN and CARLOS.

Car. Hush! tread softly for your life.

Juan. Why, what are you afraid of? *[Haps—]*

Car. If Thomaso should return! and then, per-
Juan. Perhaps what? Why your whole conversation is composed of ifs, buts, perhaps, and supposes; a mere vocabulary of doubts.

Car. Hark! I hear Anna's voice, the sound transports me. Oh, Juan, I scarcely know where I am!

Juan. Why, then, I'll tell you. This is an apothecary's shop; it is dark, and you are surrounded with phials; therefore, take care you break none. Those are stairs before us, and lead to the room where our dear girls are. I shall go up first, and you may follow, unless you prefer staying here. I have now given you full information, and so come along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Thomaso's house.*

DUETT.—ANNA and ISABELLA.

*Two maidens sat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapless lot,
The pangs of absence paining,
Each by her love forgot.*

*On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows so sweet, yet broken,
They, deeply sighing, sung.*

*At ev'ry sound they hear,
With fond alarm they start;
Alternate hope and fear,
Now joy, now pain, impart.*

*But by each sound misguided,
Alas! they only find
Their tears, their sighs, derided,
By mocking rain and wind.*

Anna. Isabella, 'tis a whole week since I saw my Carlos. How can he say he loves me, and yet suffer them to marry me to this hateful German officer. *[chamber, child?]*

The. *(Within.)* Anna, why don't you go to your
Isa. Heavens! your mother is not gone to bed yet.
Anna. And do you think my Carlos has really forsaken me? My Carlos! did I say? yes, I will repeat it. My heart yields to the fond delusion of my tongue; and I think I love him better every time I call him mine. *[Exit.]*

Isa. Poor Anna! I love her sincerely, and yet I am not sorry she is gone. I think Juan must be here soon, and—and, perhaps, our conversation would be very uninteresting to her.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. Oh! Isabella, I'm frightened out of my wits. Two men have got into the house; and I think it is your lover and mine. *[ling in all that?]*

Isa. Well, my dear, and what is there so alarm-

Enter CARLOS and JUAN.

Car. My dear Anna!

Anna. Ah! *(Screams.)*

Juan. My dear Isabella!

Isa. Hush! you'll wake your mother. *(Carlos shews Anna a marriage contract.)*

The. *(Within.)* Anna! what's the matter, child?

Isa. My cousin was frightened at something; but I am sure there was no reason to be afraid.

Anna. Do you know, Isabella, this unreasonable creature has brought me a marriage-contract, and would have me seize this moment to elope with him!

Car. *(To Isabella.)* And do you know, madam, this unreasonable creature hesitates, though she promised me long ago to elope, whenever I could find an opportunity.

Juan. Psha! Marry first, and dispute afterwards; that would be much more in the common order of things. Come, my dear Isabella, let us set them a good example; leave dissimulation to knaves and coquettes, and lead up the dance of Hymen as first couple. *[to change partners—]*

Isa. Why, if I were sure you would never wish

Car. Consider, my dear Anna, the moments fly.

Isa. *(Peeping through the key-hole.)* I vow, your mother is not in bed yet. *(To Anna.)* Away, away, instantly, and leave me to keep her quiet; I'll follow you directly. *[Exeunt Anna, Carlos, and Juan.]* I'll sing, that she may suspect nothing.

AIR.—ISABELLA.

*Ye hours that part my love and me,
And slow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscured by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep:
Still I through Sorrow's tedious night,
Hope's friendly star discern;
On that I fix my anxious eye
Until my love return.*

*By Jealousy's pernicious power,
Untainted are my sighs;
Confiding in my Juan's truth,
My fondest wishes rise.*

Still I through Sorrow's, &c.

Tho. *(Without.)* Hey, Guzman! Pedro! where the devil are you?

Re-enter CARLOS, JUAN, and ANNA.

Anna. Oh, Isabella, my father is come home! all the doors are locked.

Car. And our retreat cut off.

Isa. Then we are lost.

Juan. No, faith, I'm afraid we are all found. Where can we hide ourselves?

Isa. Go into our chamber.

Anna. My father is now at the chamber-door.

Car. In here, then. *(Going into Theresa's chamber.)*

Anna. That's my mother's room.

Isa. We are in luck. My uncle, in his hurry to visit his patient, has left the door of his study open in, in, directly. *[Exunt Carlos and Juan into the closet.]* Here comes your father.

Enter THOMASO and STURMWALD.

Tho. Anna! Theresa! Isabella! there are thieves in the house.

Anna. Thieves! bless me, sir, what shall we do

Stur. Take 'em, to be sure; take 'em, dead or alive. *Enter THERESA.*

The. What's that you say? Thieves in our house

Tho. The Captain saw them get in: he'll tell you the whole story.

Stur. That I will, with a great deal of pleasure. As I was coming from the tavern, where I had been drinking a glass in moderation, as sober as I am now, I saw two men getting into my father-in-law's house. What's to be done, thought I; for this was enough to stagger me, you may suppose.

Tho. Oh! certainly. *(Aside.)* That you have enough to stagger you, I believe.

The. *(Taking the contract from Anna's pocket)* Yes, and here is enough to stagger us all. Th-

paper explains to me, that these thieves are of Cupid's gang; gentlemen who commit sentimental robberies on the hearts of young ladies. There, Thomaso, read that! (*Gives the contract.*)

Tho. What do I see! a contract of marriage between my daughter and Carlos?

Stur. Carlos! What the devil! the enemy surprises us in our own camp! Egad, we'll hold a council of war immediately; I have something in my head. [to have.]

Tho. (*Aside.*) Yes, rather more than you ought *The.* I am sure young Carlos is in the house.

Stur. Is he? Why, then, we'll break up the council. Bella! horrida bella! is our resolve; and so let us search for the enemy. (*Going to open Theresa's chamber-door.*)

The. Bless me, Captain Sturmwald, do you know that is my chamber?

Stur. Well, my dear mother-in-law, and is not a lady's chamber the most likely place to find a man of gallantry? However, I'll wheel to the right about, if you please. (*Goes to Thomaso's door.*)

Tho. Stop, Captain; no person ever enters that closet but myself; 'tis there where I compose my miraculous drops. [pocus shop.]

Stur. Ay, ay, I understand you; 'tis your hocus *Tho.* No, sir, 'tis my miracle shop.

Stur. Your magazine for the destructive ammunition of physic.

Tho. My laboratory for the arcana of the *materia medica.* 'Tis the Temple of Health; and the rosy goddess herself presides over my pestle and mortar.

Stur. A small room for the Temple of Health, I think, and rather dark. Suppose, instead of confining the poor goddess of Health to her room, you were to let her visit some of your patients?

Tho. You may sneer as you please, Captain Sturmwald; I have the key of that closet in my pocket, and there it shall remain; so let us finish a foolish adventure, by wishing each other a good night.

Tho. I shall take you with me, young ladies, to prevent further accidents. Captain Sturmwald, where will you sleep?

Stur. No where, madam; I suspect the enemy is in ambuscade. I will be the centinel of the night; rest securely, while I guard you. Here I take my post, and shall be on the watch, in case the enemy should make a sally.

Tho. Well, Captain, I have no objection. Here is the key of the house, in case you choose to refresh yourself with a walk in the morning.

QUINTET.—ANNA, ISABELLA, THERESA, STURMWALD, and GUZMAN.

*But see the moon, ascending high,
Reigns the empress of the sky;
And in the zenith of her power,
Presides o'er midnight's solemn hour.*

The. You must bid adieu— (*To Anna.*)
Yes, miss, so must you— (*To Isabella.*)

ANNA & ISA. Must we bid adieu?
Wherefore should we part?

Spare my aching heart.
Tho. Come, let's go to bed;

Spare my aching head.
Stur. Let him go to bed;

Spare his aching head.
ALL. Bid adieu! [*Exeunt all but Sturm-*

wald, who places himself on a couch before Thomaso's closet-door.]

AIR.—STURMWALD.

*Come on, my boys, now I'm commander,
Though you're as brave as Alexander,
Heigho!* (*Yawning.*)

*You lie,
On my guard here am I.*

*I fear no ambush, no entrapping;
No one shall catch old Sturmwald napping.*
(*Falls asleep.*)

- JUAN and CARLOS come out of the closet.

Car. Softly, softly! First let us secure the key of the shop-door, to let ourselves out. (*Takes the key.*)

Juan. That this old remnant of mortality should think of rivaling a young fellow, with his five senses in perfection!

Car. But to our plot, good Juan; our plot. We have no time to lose.

Juan. 'Faith! that's very true. So in you must go, my old commander. (*They wheel the couch into Thomaso's closet.*)

AIR.—CARLOS.

*Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdae
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.*

*Bacchus should, on Venus waiting,
Hold the cup with bended knee;
None but fools, his worth o'er-riding,
With the servant make too free.*

(*Juan comes out of the closet, and brings with him Sturmwald's cloak, hat, and patch.*)

DUETT.—CARLOS and JUAN.

*Bacchus now his nap is taking;
But his power can ne'er subdue
Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
Bids the sleeping sot adieu.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Outside of Dr. Bilioso's house.

Enter GUZMAN and PEREZ.

Guz. But pray, Perez, is Doctor Bilioso informed of his son's attachment to my cousin Anna?

Per. Oh, dear, no! My old master hates Signor Thomaso to that degree, that he would rather see his son hanged than married into the family.

Guz. Though unacquainted with poor Carlos, I sympathise with him. Had my Leonora lived—

Per. Ah! but she is gone: and your honour has been doleful and dumpish, as one may say, ever since you came home from sea. Oh! I love to hear you talk of old stories: you make me so melancholy and so happy, that I cry by the hour together.

Guz. Poor fellow!

Per. And pray, good Signor Guzman, when you was voyaging about on the stormy main, and fighting the Algerines, was not you now and then frightened too much to think of your love?

Guz. No, Perez! true love purifies the soul from every base alloy.

AIR.—GUZMAN.

*Let angry Ocean to the sky,
In proud despite, his billows roll;
Let thunders to his threats reply,
Fear is a stranger to my soul.
Within the heart which Love illumines,
And blesses with his sacred rays,
If meaner passion e'er presumes,
It fades before the hallowed blaze.*

*Though War with sullen aspect lower,
And crimson o'er the troubled wave,
And emulate the lightning's power,
The dangers of the fight I brave.*

Within the heart, &c. [Exit.]

Per. Here comes my master, and as cross as usual.

Enter DOCTOR BILIOSO.

Dr. Bil. What a cursed neighbourhood is this for a physician to live in! No such thing as an asthma, or a fit of the gout to be met with from year's end to year's end. All the villagers are such a set of d—d, vulgar, healthy dogs; never have the pleasure of seeing a meagre, bilious, gentleman-like man within ten miles of the place. How com-

fortable it would be to live at Constantinople, where the plague rages all the year! And thou people laugh more here than in all Spain besides. Ah! I don't like laughing. Well, Perez, anybody ill this morning?

Per. (*Sighing*.) No, sir; all well.

Dr. Bil. Ay! and will remain so as long as this plagu' fine weather lasts: no chance of another influenza. I, who am the physician, am the only sick man in the parish.

Per. Yes, your worship seems stuck up here by way of a medical scarecrow, to frighten away sickness.

Dr. Bil. Or, rather, like an electrical conductor, I save the neighbourhood from danger, by attracting it to myself. Ah! I lost the only good patient I had, in my friend Alvarez; as fine a corpulent, inactive subject as a physician would wish for. What with repletion, and want of exercise, the good soul was always ailing. I had great expectations from him; but he grew stingy as he grew rich; avarice produced abstinence, and he starved away the only hopes I had left.

Per. There's the traveller who was taken ill at the next inn.

Dr. Bil. Ay! the only person I have at present under my care, and he is a foreigner; no native would have behaved so civilly as to be taken ill. Not got well, I hope?

Per. Yes, so they say; the apothecary, Thomaso, was sent for to him last night.

Dr. Bil. What! send for my enemy, my antagonist, Thomaso, the apothecary? A man of honour would have sooner died under his physician's hands, than have played him such a trick. [dicine.]

Per. And he took some of Thomaso's quack medicine.

Dr. Bil. Oh, curse his quack medicine! I hate all violent remedies; they make an end of a business so soon. They either kill or cure; and then, either way, one loses the patient.

Per. And so, Thomaso—

Dr. Bil. Oh, rot him! I'll go to the rascally quack directly; my patients are my property; and shall I tamely suffer my property to be taken from me? I'll trounce the dog. No, no; if a doctor's patients are permitted to slip through his fingers, and get well by stealth, there's an end to all law and justice. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Thomaso's house.

Enter THOMASO.

Tho. Ah, ah! the Captain off already. I didn't expect he had shaken off the effects of last night's dose quite so soon. I can hardly reconcile it to myself to sacrifice poor Anna to such a sot. My conscience revolts against it, and whispers—ay! but then my wife talks so much louder than my conscience; and so there's an end of the matter.

Enter JUAN (behind) disguised as Sturmwald, and CARLOS, disguised as a notary, who listens.

Juan. (*In a hoarse voice.*) Father-in-law, good morning to you.

Tho. Eh! what! bless my soul! son-in-law, how do ye do? There seems to be a wonderful change in your voice.

Juan. All the effects of last night.

Tho. I suppose so: a violent cold, no doubt; my drops are remarkably good for the voice.

Juan. No, no; never mind. I'll tell you a story—

Tho. I'd rather you'd let it alone. Come, now; one spoonfull will be enough. 'Tis a most wonderful remedy. I have it here in this closet.

Juan. Curse your drops! I am sure the lovers of your daughter and niece are now in the house.

Tho. Well, Captain, perhaps you know best; but, upon my soul, I don't believe a word of the matter. Now, let me fetch a bottle of drops.

Juan. My jealousy is alarm'd, sir; and I must

be your son-in-law this morning, or not at all. No reply! I have brought this gentleman with me; he is my notary, and has drawn up a marriage-contract. So call your wife and the bride; let us sign and seal, and then to church immediately.

Tho. Well, but Captain—

Juan. I'm commanding officer to-day; so no more words, father-in-law. [*Exit Thomaso.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, Carlos, how have I imitated the old German captain? [half as well.]

Car. To a miracle. I wish I may play my part *Juan.* Psha! what difficulty is there in it? The old folks will take you for the notary who has prepared the contract of marriage between Anna and Sturmwald; instead of that, you will substitute the other contract, in which your own name is inserted. But here they come.

Enter THOMASO, THERESA, and ANNA.

Anne. No, nothing shall shake my constancy; every obstacle you raise, serves but to increase my affection.

AIR.—ANNA.

*The summer heats, bestowing
Their influence on the rose,
Perfect its charms when blowing,
And every sweet disclose.*

*Yet summer suns denying
The zephyr and the shower;
Their fervid glow applying,
Destroy their fairer flower.*

*The love-sick heart requiring
The sunshine of success;
Continual bliss desiring,
Yet sickens with excess.*

*The fond, the secret tear,
Soft passion keeps alive;
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs, bids it thrive.*

Juan. Well, Signor Thomaso, have you looked over the contract?

Tho. I have; and find it perfectly right.

Juan. Very well; but where's Isabella?

The. Oh! I'll call her. Isabella—but I assure you I would not trust her with anybody else.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. My dear Juan, what means—

Juan. (*Aside to her.*) Hush, my love! ask no questions; persuade Anna to sign that paper, it is a contract of marriage between her and Carlos, who, you see, personates the notary. (*Carlos offers the contract to Anna, who puts it aside.*)

Anna. No, nothing shall induce me to sign this hated paper. Oh! Carlos, why are you not here to snatch me from impending ruin?

Tho. Daughter, do not oblige me to exert my authority. [much greater.]

The. Let her beware of my authority, which is

Juan. Psha! persuasion is better than authority. Let her cousin talk to her. (*Isabella whispers Anna.*) These girls know the way to each other's hearts; there, mother-in-law, you see, she hangs out a smile of truce already.

The. My dear daughter, you transport me!

Juan. Come, sign your consent to the marriage.

The. Sign it! ay, that I will! Come, husband. (*Anna and Theresa sign the contract.*)

Tho. Egad! Captain, I don't understand that notary's whispering my daughter; I—

Juan. 'Tis his way: come, sign your name.

Tho. No, sir! (*To Carlos.*) I insist upon knowing what you mean?

Car. What I mean!

Juan. If you put him in a passion, take care of yourself; he is the most choleric fellow—you had better sign at once.

AIR.—CARLOS.

*This marriage article, (To Thomaso.)
In every particle,
Is free from flaw, sir;
I know what's law, sir.*

Zounds! sir, my character none shall accuse.

Behold this artifice, true love's devising, (To Anna.)

Your Carlos thus to all but you disguising;

Witness—Thomaso my skill dares abuse. (To Juan.)

My only chance, I see, is pique pretending; (To Anna.)

On that alone success is now depending.

Throughout this nation, (To Thomaso.)

High my reputation,

For law precision is,

And expedition is,

In bonds, conveyances, d'ye mind?

And instruments of any kind.

Kind fortune, see, at length, our prayers heeding,

Relenting, gives us promise of succeeding. (To Anna.)

In this transaction (To Thomaso.)

The law is my friend;

I'll bring my action,

Which you must defend.

(Thomaso, frightened, signs the contract.)

*Juan. Come, come, now all's finished, let us away
o church.*

The. Well, I'll be with you in a moment. [Exit.]

*Car. (Aside to Juan.) For heaven's sake! Juan,
et us be gone. If Sturmwald should wake, we are
ruined.*

*Juan. (Aloud.) I beg your pardon for detaining
you, Mr. Notary, conduct these ladies to my house,
and I'll follow you immediately.*

[Exeunt Anna, Isabella, and Carlos.]

*Tho. Stop; stay. What! without my wife's
leave? [where am I?*

Stur. (In the closet.) Halloo! death and fury!

Tho. Eh! what's that?

Stur. Thieves! thieves!

Tho. I'm lost in amazement.

*Juan. Did not I tell you one of the rogues was hid
here? I'll run and fetch an alguazil.*

Tho. You run! why, you forget you are lame.

*Juan. (In his natural voice.) Egad, so I do! but
I am so interested in this business.*

Tho. And you have recovered your voice too!

*Juan. (Resuming his hoarse voice.) No, faith, I
think I'm as hoarse as ever.*

Stur. Thomaso! Signor Thomaso!

*Tho. 'Tis the Captain's voice. Egad, I'll fetch
an alguazil myself, and make sure of one of ye. [Exit.]*

Stur. Signor Thomaso!

*Juan. Have a little patience. (Aside.) What's
to be done? If I attempt the door, I meet the al-
guazil. I must e'en try this chamber window.
Pulls off his disguise, throws it down at the closet-
door, and then goes into Theresa's chamber.)*

Re-enter THOMASO.

*Tho. An alguazil will be here presently, and then,
Mr. Scoundrel—(Sees the cloak and patch.) Hey-
lay! what's all this?*

Stur. (In the closet.) Will nobody hear me?

*Tho. It is Sturmwald! Oh! my mind misgives
me. (He hears a noise in the closet, and rushes in.)*

Re-enter THOMASO AND STURMWALD.

*Tho. All my phials of drops broken! Let me tell
you, Captain Sturmwald—*

*Stur. Zounds! sir, you shall tell me nothing but
what I desire to know. I say, sir, how did I come
in that closet?*

*Tho. That's the very question I want to ask you:
and, if we both ask the same question, how the de-
vil are we to get an answer?*

*Stur. Why, you dirty scrap of an apothecary,
now dare you laugh at me thus?*

*Tho. I laugh? Look at the bottles you've broken!
I believe I shall never laugh again.*

*Stur. You are all in the plot; 'tis a trick to abuse
me; but I'll be revenged. 'Shlood and thunder! to
make a jest of me, who have fought in sixteen dif-
ferent battles! Did you know that?*

*Tho. Yes, you have often told me the names of
them all. But, do you hear me, Captain?—*

*Stur. I'll bear nothing but revenge. To cram
me up in a dark closet, among pickled snakes and
stuffed alligators! me, who have lived amidst fire
and smoke; who have fought for every prince in
Europe by turns, and always had the honour to be
wounded! Who, to this hour, bear the trophies of
war in every limb, and rejoice in the aches, the
cramps, and the twinges of glory!*

*THERESA enters, and Thomaso explains to her, in
dumb shew, what has passed.*

*The. I am sure, Captain, I don't wonder at your
being angry at my husband; he's a poor blundering
creature, as I often tell him.*

*Tho. Nay, the Captain knows I never mean to
offend him. I have done all I can.*

*The. Psha! so you always say. Go, get an al-
guazil, and seek for the rogues that have stolen our
two girls, do. [Exit Thomaso.] Come, Captain, sup-
pose you and I follow him? For my sake, be patient.
The brave never refuse the requests of the fair.*

*Stur. Never; and to prove it, I'll tell you a story
of what happened when I was in Germany. [Exeunt.]*

Enter JUAN, in woman's clothes.

*Juan. This confounded window is too closely bar-
red even for a mouse to creep through. However,
in this disguise, I shrink I shall get off undiscover-
ed; or, if I should be questioned, I'll pass for a pa-
tient come to ask Thomaso's advice.*

*Dr. Bil. (Speaking to a Servant as he comes on.)
Don't tell me; I say he is at home, and I will see
him.*

Juan. Who comes here? Dr. Bilioso himself!

Enter DR. BILIOSO. (Seeing Juan.)

*Dr. Bil. But I beg pardon; you want advice, I
presume; let me feel your pulse. (Attempting to
take Juan's hand.)*

*Juan. (Struggling.) Zounds! I shall be disco-
vered. (Aside.) Dear sir, pray let me alone; my
nerves are so weak, and you agitate me so.*

*Dr. Bil. Why, really, madam, you have rather
agitated me. I think I never yet met with a lady
so strong in the arm. Pray, what is your complaint
ma'am?*

*Juan. My complaint is against Thomaso, who
has killed a poor friend of mine.*

*Dr. Bil. Oh, he has done worse than that; he has
taken a patient away from me, after I had given him
over. So, if he recovers the man, he ruins my repu-
tation. There's an unfeeling scoundrel for you!*

*Juan. Ah! you and I mean the same person; the
poor gentleman at the next inn: but Thomaso's drops
have done for him; my poor friend is no more.*

*Dr. Bil. I'm heartily glad of it; very sorry for
it, I mean. I thank you for the news, however.
Now I have that rogue Thomaso in my gripe.*

*Juan. Lose no time, sir, but get an officer im-
mediately, and secure Thomaso.*

Dr. Bil. That I will. Ay, ay. (Going.)

*Juan. Surely, sir, you will have the gallantry to
conduct me safe out of this house, if I should be
insulted.*

*Dr. Bil. Insulted! Lord, ma'am, there's no dan-
ger of that. Nature has furnished you with such
powers of defence; united the charms of your sex
to the strength of our's. You are a glass of nature's
choicest cordial, madam; sweet and strong at the
same time. [Exit, leading Juan off.]*

SCENE III.—A Wood.

Enter ANNA AND CARLOS.

*Car. Consider, my dear Anna, we have your fa-
ther's signature to our contract of marriage.*

Anna. But will he give his voluntary consent to what has been procured by artifice?

Car. Fear nothing, my dear; trust to me.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Am I beloved? Can you refuse?

Alas! my heart for pity sues.

That heart whose constancy you've known;

That heart you've fondly call'd your own.

Every moment, as it flies,

Warns us where our danger lies.

Ah! there's ruin in delay;

Lovely Anna, let's away.

Enter ISABELLA.

Car. Well, Isabella, any news of Juan?

Isa. Alas! none. Every human being that passed at a distance, did my pliant fancy conjure up into a likeness of Juan.

Car. The rising ground, on the left hand, commands a prospect of the road. Let me try whether friendship cannot see more clearly than love.

Anna. Are not we a couple of wild girls, Isabella?

Isa. Not incorrigible, my dear cousin, however; we have pursued a very effectual mode of taming ourselves, by getting married.

Anna. To be sure, we have uttered the fatal yes.

Isa. The fatal yes! Why, my dear, do you think our lovers are such fools, as to think the better or the worse of our affection for them, because we have said yes?

AIR.—ISABELLA.

How mistaken is the lover,

Who on words builds hopes of bliss!

And fondly thinks we love discover,

If, perchance, we answer "Yes."

Prompted often by discretion

Is the seeming kind expression,

When the tongue, the heart belying,

Dares not venture on denying;

But, in spite of discontent,

Gives the semblance of consent.

How mistaken, &c.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,

Though the faulting tongue comply!

What avails the cold confession,

If the averted eyes deny?

Happier far, the experienced swain

Knows he triumph must attain,

When in vain successful trial,

Language gives the faint denial;

While the eyes betray the fiction

In delightful contradiction;

And the cheeks with blushes glow,

And the tongue still falters "No."

How mistaken, &c.

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Here is Juan. So all we have to do, is to mount our horses, and gallop off.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Hold; you're mistaken. You've something else to do, I assure you. We have certainly been traced from the village. Dr. Bilioso and Signor Thomaso are both coming up the hill different ways, and will most likely meet at this spot. But they are here. (*Anna, Isabella, Carlos, and Juan, retire.*)

Enter DR. BILIOSO and THOMASO, meeting, each with an Alguazil.

Dr. Bil. Oh! you vile quack! Where's my patient?

Tho. Where is my daughter, you old rogue! You have assisted your son to run away with her. Lay hold on him, Alguazil.

Dr. Bil. What! why, I brought an officer to seize you. Here, do your duty. (*To the Alguazil.*)

Juan. (*Coming forward.*) Dear gentlemen, what's the matter?

Dr. Bil. Why, sir, that fellow is a quack, and has killed one of my patients.

Tho. That's impossible; for, though he calls himself a physician, he has no patients to kill.

Dr. Bil. What! do you forget the poor gentleman at the inn?

Tho. Well, he was fair game. You had given him

Dr. Bil. Zounds, sir! what does that signify? I have given over fifty people in my time, who have recovered afterwards.

Juan. (*Aside.*) My plot has taken, I perceive; they believe him dead yet. (*To Thomaso.*) I faith, this is a serious affair. You had better compound this business.

Tho. He won't agree to it; he hates me so.

Juan. (*Aside to Thomaso.*) Let me talk to him. (*Aside to Bilioso.*) Sir, when I see so valuable a life as your's in danger—

Dr. Bil. My life in danger!

Juan. From that bloody-minded apothecary. I find your son has eloped with his daughter, and he is resolved to be revenged, by assassinating you and your whole family. See, how he looks at you!

Dr. Bil. Ratsbane and arsenic in his countenance!

Juan. (*Aside to Thomaso.*) Did you ever see such a determined dog? He is resolved to hang you.

Tho. I dare say he has the rope in his pocket. Pray, mollify him.

Dr. Bil. (*Aside to Juan.*) I faith, I don't half like him. Tell him, I'll forgive him.

Juan. Dismiss your alguazils. [*Exeunt Alguazils.* You bind yourselves to stand by my determination?]

Dr. Bil. & Tho. We do.

Juan. Then, I believe all parties are satisfied. Appear, appear. (*Anna, Carlos, and Isabella, come forward.*)

Anna. My dear father!

Tho. Zounds, what is all this?

Enter THERESA, STURMWALD, and GUZMAN.

Stur. A general muster of the whole corps, egad! deserters, and all. You are my prisoner, madam. (*To Anna.*)

Car. No, sir; not while I can defend her.

Anna. (*To Stur.*) Oh, sir, hear me! the brave are ever generous: do not attempt a life so dear to me.

Stur. Bullets and gunpowder! why, don't you love me, then? I thought you told me, mother-in-law, it was all maiden coyness in her.

The. Stuff and nonsense! Take her, Captain Sturmwald; she is your's. Defend your honour.

Stur. And that my honour may be worth defending, I'll take care it shall not be tarnished by an unjust action. Anna, your mother says you are mine. If so, I dispose of what is mine, thus. (*Giving her hand to Carlos.*) Come, come, we have by mistake opposed the union of hearts on their march to form a junction, and we are defeated. So much the better: who would wish to conquer in a bad cause? You must consent to unite these turtles. (*To Thomaso.*)

Tho. Has my wife any objection?

The. I'll have nothing to do with it; so, act a you please.

Tho. Why, then, give me your hand, Doctor (*to Dr. Bilioso.*) and here's an end of old quarrels. Take my daughter, young man, (*to Carlos.*) and you take my niece, (*to Juan.*) and you (*to Sturmwald.*) take my wife, if you will. Egad, I am in such a good humour, I could give away anything

FINALE.

'Tis joy inspires the vocal lay,

And animates the choral song:

Oft love we sing the gentle sway,

May constancy the theme prolong!

Old Time, with joys unceasing,

Shall add to Hymen's store;

Our friendship still increasing,

When youth shall be no more.

[Exeunt]

LODOISKA;

A MELO-DRAMATIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY J. P. KEMBLE.



Act II.

CHARACTERS.

PRINCE LUPAUSKI
COUNT FLORESKI
BARON LOVINSKI
VARBEL
ADOLPHUS
GUSTAVUS
SEBASTIAN

MICHAEL
CASIMIR
STANISLAUS
KERA KHAN
ITHORAK
KHOR
JAPHIS

KAJAH
TAMURI
CAMAZIN
PAGES
CAPTIVES
ATTENDANTS, &c.
PRINCESS LODOISKA

ACT I.

The Act begins towards sun-set; the scene lies upon the borders of Poland, and represents a Moated Castle in the Forest of Ostropol.

Enter Tartars.

CHORUS OF TARTARS.

ITHORAK. KHOR.

*Let's advance, we see no danger;
All around is hush as night.*

JAPHIS, and other Tartars.

*To each heart pale fear's a stranger,
Honour bids us to the fight.*

*Enter KERA KHAN, KAJAH, TAMURI, CAMAZIN,
and the rest of the Tartars.*

CHORUS.—HORDE.

*Kera Khan, when'er you head us,
Dauntless to the charge we go;
Gallant chief, then instant lead us,
On to conquest, and our foe.*

Kera Khan. Here, my friends, here stands the

castle of Lovinski. This cruel Poland is the scourge of his own little territory, and a devouring plague to our Tartar tribes; but the hour of retribution is at hand. We are too few to storm it now; to-morrow's dawn—I lose time. Attend: line all the outlets of the forest, and seize on every passenger you meet with; but, I command you, spare the lives of those who fall into your hands. Remember, my brave comrades, the innocent should never suffer for the guilty, nor must we purchase our revenge at the price of justice and humanity. To your posts; begone! [*Exeunt all the Tartars, except Kera Khan and Ithorak.*] The day declines apace; much is to be done before morning. No stragglers to give information! no watch upon the towers! the ramparts naked! Is this fear or design? No matter which. Come, let us examine farther the situation of this devoted fortress.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COUNT FLORESKI.

AIR.—FLORESKI.

*Lodoiska, wide over the world
I'll roam, till I find thee, my fair;
Thy charms shall banish
Cold despair:
Love's torch shall illumine
The desert's thick gloom,*

*And guide with cheering ray
Thy pilgrim's doubtful way.
But, alas!
Should cruel destiny ordain,
That our true love
Must hapless prove,
And we are ne'er to meet again;
It's malice I'll defy,
And for my Lodoiska die.*

Enter VARBEL, with a portmanteau.

Varb. Vastly well, sir, vastly well; you seem in tip-top spirits; sing away, sing away. I told you I saw the portmanteau fall; but the Tartars have galloped clear off with the poor beasts. A house! then all my fears are over. I had made up my mind to the comfortable prospect of passing the night in the arms of one of the bears that were howling about us. Won't you go in, sir? though I see nobody there to open the door to us.

Count. I shall gain no intelligence in this sequestered corner. I don't know what to do.

Varb. I know what you should not have done; you should not have given your vote to a candidate, who was opposed by your mistress's proud father.

Count. Not given it! Called to the election of a king, honour exacted the performance of my promise; my friend obtained the crown of Poland; I discharged my duty to my country; and we should hold every sacrifice cheap, to maintain a good man on a throne.

Varb. Very true, sir; but, all of a sudden, you seem to forget, that, for that very reason, Prince Lupauski has discharged himself of his promise to give you his daughter Lodoiska.

Count. Cruel father! Why so mysteriously conceal the place of her retreat?

Varb. But, dear sir, consider she can't be concealed for ever. Now would'nt it be more natural to get back to Warsaw as fast as we can, and wait there till her father sends for the princess home again? It must happen sooner or later. That's certainly the best way; and, for my part, I won't budge a step farther for all the Lodoiskas in Christendom.

Count. Is this your regard, your fidelity? Come on this moment, or—

Varb. Sir, recollect we have fasted all day: I can't live upon love, if you can; I'm almost starved, and I must eat. I did not fetch the portmanteau for nothing. I can't stir.

Count. Wretch! you are for ever embittering my griefs with your upbraiding. Why would you follow me?

Varb. Why—why would I follow you? Why, because my heart got the better of my head, and made me resolve, in spite of common sense, to accompany your search, that I might carry half the load of your griefs for you.

Count. Forgive me, my true fellow.

Varb. Come, don't be melancholy; I won't eat, if you don't like it. I must try to divert him. It is I that have most cause to be out of spirits; everything going on so smooth with the old prince, the happy morning fixed with the young princess; there was I practising how to behave myself as master of the ceremonies, among the musicians, singers, dancers, lords and ladies, on your wedding day.

SONG.—VARBEL.

*Hark, hark! the music!
Oh! charming dining!
The guests are seated,
They're all beginning!
With the dancing fiddle,
Shrill squeaking hautboy,*

*The tinkling harp too,
Soft am'rous flute, sir,
The lively trumpet,
The drum so angry,
The bells so merry,
The buzzing cymbal,
The grumbling basso;
And these delights I've lost,
By your wedding's being crost.*

*Look, look around, sir,
The grave ones bridle,
The youths all noddle,
The maidens sidle*

*To the dancing fiddle,
Shrill squeaking hautboy,
The tinkling harp too,
Soft am'rous flute, sir,
And lively trumpet,
The drum so angry,
The bells so merry,
The buzzing cymbal,
And grumbling basso;*

*Oh! wouldn't it vex one to miss
Such a ravishing concert as this?*

Count. My dear Varbel, we have lately picked up some information; search with me but one day longer—

Varb. But where will you search for her?

Count. Here, everywhere, in every corner of the earth. Oh, Lodoiska, Lodoiska!

Enter KERA KHAN and ITHORAK.

Varb. As I hope to be saved, sir, there are a couple of Tartars.

Count. With all my heart.

Varb. With all your heart! Egad! that's very pretty talking. Now, I suppose, if you don't cut their throats they'll cut ours.

Count. Dare you fight, Varbel?

Varb. I can't tell, I never tried. But you are a good master, and I'll stand by you to the last gasp.

Ithorak. From the castle, doubtless.

Kera Khan. And shall give us information. (*Ithorak draws a pistol, which Kera Khan strikes out of his hand.*)

QUARTETTO.—KERA KHAN and ITHORAK.

*Yield your arms on noble quarter;
Yield; resistance is in vain.*

FLORESKI and VARBEL.

*No, first win them, haughty Tartar;
Base surrender we disdain.*

KERA KHAN and ITHORAK.

Yield your arms on noble quarter, &c.

FLORESKI and VARBEL.

No, first win them, haughty Tartar; &c.

(*They engage: Varbel drives Ithorak before him. Kera Khan is disarmed; Varbel returns with Ithorak's sword.*)

Kera Khan. Thou art brave, and shouldst be generous; I ask my life; I should have spared thine.

Varb. Don't believe him; there are millions of them about; he is only laying a trap to catch you at disadvantage.

Kera Khan. Liar!

Count. Hold! I trust to your faith. (*Gives him his sword.*)

Kera Khan. Young man, my obligations to thee shall live in my heart. (*A tumultuous noise of Tartars is heard.*)

Verb. There, there, I told you so; I knew you'd throw us into the hands of these Tartars again, and can't go on fighting all night.

Kera Khan. These Tartars are at my command.

Enter all the Tartars, headed by ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, KAJAH, TAMURI, KAMAZIN, banners, soldiers, &c.

Halt! halt! respect these strangers; they are under my protection.

Ithorak. Protection! Kill the slaves.

Kera Khan. Ha! do you growl, cur? (*Throws thorak to the ground.*)

Ithorak. Mercy! mercy!

Kera Khan. Arise; and let the mercy I extend reach thee to feel for others. Put up. (*The Tartars all sheathe their swords.*) You spared my life, have preserved yours. Give me your esteem, and let this embrace confirm us friends.

Count. For ever.

Kera Khan. Tell me do you belong to the castle? came you from it when we attacked you?

Count. No; we are utter strangers here.

Kera Khan. What is your name?

Count. I am the Count Floreski.

Kera Khan. What is thy name?

Verb. I can't say, that I have acquired any very great name yet, sir. I am the lowly, but faithful squire of this unhappy young gentleman.

Kera Khan. Unhappy, say'st thou? What can do for thee?

Count. Nothing can relieve my woes, till I find her, for whom alone I live.

Kera Khan. O, love is thy complaint; that's a pain that never disturbs us Tartars, though we love pretty women heartily too, and have plenty of them.

Count. You never saw my Lodoiska.

Kera Khan. Shall we conduct you on your way, her?

Count. Alas! I know not where to find her.

Kera Khan. What! wandering through these deserts after her, without knowing where she is to be found? Are there no other women in the world?

Verb. Egad, that's a very sensible question.

Count. No, none for me.

Kera Khan. Why, then, we Tartars love women better than you do; for we are fond of all we meet with. Can I in any way alleviate thy grief?

Count. Impossible!

Kera Khan. We'll talk no more on't, then; if I cannot comfort, my curiosity shall not afflict thee: must be gone. Once more remember, these rangers are our friends.

QUARTETTO AND CHORUS.

KERA KHAN, ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS.

We swear, and all our hordes around us,

By the swift arrow and the bow,

Tho' countless perils should surround us,

Who injures them becomes our foe.

FLORESKI.

Accept our thanks, illustrious chief.

Thy faith and courage well we know:

And, if it could admit relief,

Such friends might soothe Floreski's woe.

CHORUS.—HORDE.

We swear, and all our hordes around us,

By the swift arrow and the bow,

Tho' countless perils should surround us,

Who injures them becomes our foe.

Kera Khan. Before we part, Floreski, I would yet farther deserve your regard; think not the thirst of plunder drew Kera Khan into these cantons; the Baron Lovinski, whose castle you behold—

Count. Lovinski!

Kera Khan. Soon shall he feel my vengeance. I was examining the place; and to prevent surprise, had charged my followers to disarm, and secure, all passengers. Knock at his gates; he will not surely refuse a shelter to his countrymen; tell him you have been attacked by the Tartars, by Kera Khan—he knows my name. As I cannot answer for all our parties that are abroad to-night, I advise you to beg a lodging under his roof; but remember to fly far from it early in the morning; early in the morning; remember that. Give me your hand: Adieu, my gallant friend! Think sometimes of Kera Khan, and if ever you want his help, you shall see how he will serve you. March!— [*Exeunt Kera Khan and Tartars.*]

Verb. Egad, these Tartars are fine fellows!

Count. And, for that reason, you were going to chop off the head of their leader.

Verb. The heat of the battle ran away with me; a man has not his courage always at command.

Count. Lovinski! I think he is a dependant of Lodoiska's father.

Verb. Is he? he'll be no friend of your's then: don't think of lodging here. Do, sir, let us take a mouthful, and then pack up and return,

Count. Again return! but do you as you will.

Verb. (*Taking victuals out of the portmanteau.*) Come, my dear master; look, under this old grated window, there's a snug hospitable porch for us. (*Sits down in the niche.*) They can't see us here. (*Eating.*) Are you hungry?

Count. No, not I.

Verb. I am, very—that little tilting bout with the Tartar has so sharpened my stomach, that I could eat—Egad, I believe I could eat the Tartar himself.

Count. An adventure of a strange nature!

Verb. Don't let it surprise you too much; I dare say, it is not the last we shall light upon; we are in a fine train for adventures. Sir, your good health! (*A large stone falls from the tower.*) Holla! here's an adventure already, of a nature to crack a man's crown. Are they throwing the stones of the tower at me? I may as well leave the table. Much obliged to you, but I am not used to deserts at my dinner, and always thought wall-fruit particularly unwholesome.

Count. Silence! don't I see a hand moving there? Stand still, Varbel.

Verb. Not I, indeed; if you wish to have an old house about your ears, I don't. (*Another stone falls from the tower, with a paper fastened to it.*)

Count. A second! what can this mean?

Verb. I'll tell you; it means, that the good people here aren't fond of company who are not invited; and this is civilly to give us notice, that, if we don't decamp in a moment, we shall have the rest of the castle to carry away on our shoulders.

Count. (*Taking up the first stone.*) What do I see? writing! Varbel, read, read, what is scratched here.

Verb. (*Reading.*) "Oh, Floreski!" It is Floreski. Are you sure there are no witches in this wood?

Count. Who can know me in this solitude? Ha! give me the other.

Verb. (*Giving the second stone.*) Ha! here's a paper.

Count. (*Snatches the paper, and reads.*) "Inform my father, that Lovinski has abused his confidence, and confines his Lodoiska in this"—(*Drops the note.*) Oh, Varbel! she is immured in that horrible tower.

Varb. Poor lady! What a d——'d rogue that fellow must be.

Count. My Lodoiska! my life! my soul! I will release, or die for thee. *Varbel!*

Varb. My lord.

Count. Where is my friend? Where is my Kera Khan? call him; now, now, I demand his help. I rave, I rave! Alas! he's far away.

Varb. Ay, so most friends are when you want them.

TRIO.—LODOISKA, COUNT, and VARBEL.

Lodo. *Floreski!*

Count. 'Tis her voice; O, blessed day!

Varb. Hush! where we are, consider, pray,

Lodo. Fly, fly, this instant, ere my guards appear: No power can save thee, if they find thee here.

Count. Oh, I've a thousand things to say!

Varb. Another time, sir;—let's away.

Lodo. Ah, yet a little moment stay.—
Dearest friend,—

Count. I attend,—

Varb. Make an end,—or I'll be gone.

Lodo. At midnight,—

Count. At midnight,—

Varb. At midnight,—well, well, go on.

Lodo. You may send,—

Count. I may send,—

Varb. He may send,—so, listen now.

Lodo. What you write,—

Count. What I write,—

Varb. What you write,—but tell us how.

Lodo. Tie it to,—

Count. Tie it to,—

Varb. Tie it to,—to what, I pray?

Lodo. This ribband,—

Count. What ribband?

Varb. A ribband?—Ay, that's the way.

Lodo. Given by you,—

Count. Given to you,—

Varb. Given by you,—see, see it there.

Lodo. Which my hand,—

Count. Which thy hand,—

Varb. Which her hand,—'tis good, I swear.

Lodo. Shall let drop,—

Count. Will let drop,—

Varb. Will let drop,—why sure we dream.

Lodo. At that hour,—

Count. At that hour,—

Varb. At that hour,—a charming scheme.

Lodo. From the top,—

Count. From the top,—

Varb. From the top,—now I can tell.

Lodo. Of the tow'r,—

Count. Oh, *Varbel!*—

Varb. Yes;—I see it very well.

Lodo. Ere we part, let me remind you,
Caution now must guide your love;
Should the tyrant's ruffians find you,
'Twould your certain ruin prove.

Count. Can I go? and have I found thee,
Added torments but to prove?
Let the tyrant's slaves surround me,
What is death to hopeless love!

Varb. Come away; let her advise you,
Hear the voice of anxious love;
If the tyrant's guard espies you,
'Twill our certain ruin prove.

Count. She's gone; she's gone! Treacherous Lovinski, dearly shalt thou atone this horrid sacrifice! Come, let us instantly confront the monster.

Varb. Mercy on us! Sir, if you appear before him in this emotion, he'll discover you in a moment, and hang us both up for scare-crows on the beams of his draw-bridge.

Count. You are in the right; I have thought better; I'll be calm. Lovinski knows me not. Go, take the bugle, and sound boldly.

Varb. Sound the bugle?

Count. Sound, I say.

Varb. I'll do it with all the breath I have in my body. (*Sounds the bugle horn, a trumpet answers, and a Page appears upon the rampart.*)

Page. Speak your degree, and what your errand, that ask admittance here?

Count. Gentle our breeding, and to the Baron Lovinski is our greeting. (*Trumpet sounds and exit Page.*) At length, perhaps, I shall behold her; yet may not this attempt hazard her precious safety! (*The draw-bridge is lowered.*) Hark!—The secret is known only to her father, and this traitor; let me be wary. Now observe; your part is only to confirm my story—Be bold.

Varb. Depend on me.

Count. They come. (*Varbel picks up Lodoiska's note.*)

Enter Baron LOVINSKI, ADOLPHUS, Pages, Guards, &c. pass over the draw-bridge from the Castle.—The Baron signs to Attendants, who take their swords from the Count and Varbel.

Count. Ah, coward guilt! (*Aside.*)

Varb. There's an end of our fighting, however. (*Aside.*)

Baron. Approach. Who are you?

Count. Speak I before the Baron Lovinski?

Baron. Thou dost. What are you! and whence came you at this late hour?

Count. We come from Prince Lupauski; some Tartars, whom we escaped by miracle, plundered us of our horses on the way, and made us much fear we should not have reached your castle this night. Kera Khan—

Baron. That robber, who coops us within our walls! But to your business.

Count. We have strict orders from our prince not to communicate, but with yourself in private.

Baron. Retire! (*Guards retire.*) Adolphus (*Count seems unwilling to speak before Adolphus.*) I conceal nothing from him. Now, where are your master's letters to me?

Count. Letters, my lord?

Baron. He seems confounded.

Varb. You forget; we told you, sir, the Tartars plundered us of our horses; and, I assure you, they did not leave our baggage behind them.

Baron. Know'st thou aught of their contents?

Count. O, yes, my lord; the prince, apprehensive, perhaps, of our falling among the robbers in these woods, told us, that they contained enquiries after his daughter Lodoiska.

Baron. Lodoiska! Has he then divulged the place of her retreat? Tell me, where is Lupauski now?

Count. Being on his progress to assemble the confederates, I cannot tell precisely where he is; but I know, his letters likewise said, that you might soon expect him here.

Baron. Here? see him here, say'st thou? (*Whispers Adolphus.*)

Count. Do you observe his looks?

Varb. Yes, and they frighten me out of my wits.

Baron. It shall be so. I am sorry to send your master such unwelcome news; but you will tell him, that Lodoiska is not here.

Count. Not here?

Baron. Not here. Do you mark his emotion?

To Adol. To oblige the prince, I undertook, against my will, to guard her in this castle from the Count Floreski: but it is now four days since she made her escape from me.

Varb. Four days! Lying dog! (*Aside.*)

Baron. She is by this time, I suppose, in the arms of her beloved Floreski; if, which I fear was impossible, she escaped the Tartars that beset the forest. Go, bear my answer to your master. Begone. (*Talks with Adolphus.*)

Count. Ah, good my lord, will you dismiss us at this late hour? We are exhausted with fatigue and linger; vouchsafe us the shelter of your roof this night, and to-morrow by day-break we will depart.

Adol. And yet, refusing to admit his messengers may raise suspicion in Lupauski. (*Aside to Baron.*)

Baron. True, true. (*Aside to Adol.*)

Count. Will you, my lord!—can you bar your gates to us?

Varb. Yes, we are likely to have the sky for our ester to-night.

Baron. It is too late to dismiss you this evening; promise not to exchange a syllable with any of my people, and you shall stay here to-night; in the morning I will prepare a letter to the prince, which you must deliver with the utmost speed; for it is of moment.

Count. You shall be obeyed. We have succeeded; perhaps I may yet rescue her, Varbel; perhaps— (*Aside.*)

Baron. How now! what's that he says?

Varb. He says that we are lucky fellows to be rescued from the danger of passing the night among he wolves and Tartars in the forest; and so I think we are. We shall be found out if you don't take better care. (*Aside to Count.*)

Baron. Where shall we lodge these men? (*Aside to Adol.*)

Adol. In the low room by the north postern.

Baron. It is remote; see to the bars and bolts. Remember your promise, and keep it faithfully. Follow. (*Exeunt into the Castle.*)

ACT. II.

The Act begins on the point of day-break; and the scene represents Lodoiska's Tower, upon a high Terrace, within the Castle.

Enter LODOISKA, from the Tower, with the ribband in her hand.

Lodo. The night is almost passed, and day stands ready to dawn upon the mountains. Oh, Floreski! in vain I have watched for thy expected letter! My heart sinks in me with the fear of having betrayed thee into the hands of Lovinski. I knew by faithful love, I knew thy impetuous valour. Why did I reveal myself?—Yet will I hope,—kind

hope, thou only friend that visitest the unhappy, dwell with me still, and calm the crowding terrors that oppress me!

AIR.—LODOISKA.

Ye streams that round my prison creep,

If on your mossy banks you see

My gallant lover stand and weep,

Oh, murmur this command from me;

Thy mistress bids thee haste away,

And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,

If in your breezy flight you see

My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,

Oh, whisper this command from me;—

Thy mistress bids thee haste away,

And shun the broad-ey'd, watchful day.

Hark! yes, I hear a noise. Let me retire to my sad prison, till I again can breathe the freshness of the air in solitude; for every object here is odious to me. [*Exit into the Tower, leaving the ribband on the rails of the Terrace.*]

Enter COUNT, from an inner Court.

Count. No, no where, no where, to be found, through all these courts! My love, my life! and must I lose thee? Day breaks apace,—I must go back, or be discovered. Ha! another quarter! I will explore thee, be the consequences what they may. [*Exit through a vaulted passage in centre.*]

Enter VARBEL, from a distant casement.

Varb. Sir, sir! hist, hist. Have you found her? Why don't you speak to me now? He's not here. I thought I heard him this moment too. So, I have lost my master in the dark, and now, if any of the gentlemen of this humane family happen to stumble upon me, my poor dear life's not worth a minute's purchase. He's poring about after his Lodoiska; the deuce a bit does he think of me.—Though our window was double and treble barr'd, and barricaded, he burst away the bolts with a snap of his finger; and I believe, like Mr. What-d'ye-call him, he'd have burst the gates of hell to come at his mistress. I can't conceive what's the matter with me to-night? I see spectres and phantoms before me at every turn. If a man could administer courage to himself when he wanted it, I'd take a good dose of it now; and yet I dare say, some people would be much more frightened than I am, Mercy on us! what's that!

Re-enter the COUNT.

Count. My search is all in vain.

Varb. Oh! is it nothing but you, sir?

Count. Varbel! Why did you not wait in the room, as I ordered you.

Varb. I don't know how it is; but to tell you the truth, sir, I am lately grown a little afraid of keeping my own company.

Count. His fears will ruin me at last. Afraid? You, who fought so bravely against the Tartars?

Varb. I'll tell you what; I'll fight the devil himself by daylight; but a ghost in the dark is quite another thing.

Count. Must all my hazards then prove fruitless?

Varb. Yes, we have passed the night here to very little purpose; and without any supper too; they forgot that part of the ceremony. And, now I think on it, I believe, that's what makes me so nervous. Hunger will tame the courage of a lion.

Count. To know that she is here, and not to see her!

Varb. Do let's go back, and try if we can hinder

their seeing that we have broke out of the dog-hole they locked us in. Consider, he'll be coming to you with his letter presently.

Count. Am I deceived? That ribband!—This, this is perhaps, the very tower. Now be propitious, Heaven!—My love! my Lodoiska! (*A drum beats the reveillé.*)

Varb. Here they are, as I hope to be saved. It's all over with us.

Count. No no! run back to our room a moment. (*Drum.*)

Varb. They're coming at that side. Oh! a plague of this caterwauling!

Count. Here, here; till they are gone. (*Gustavus passes along the Terrace into Lodoiska's Tower. The Count and Varbel retire into a recess under the terrace.*)

Enter the BARON, ADOLPHUS, and Guards.

Baron. (*To Sebastian and guards.*) Stay there; and, on your lives, be silent. Is the letter to Lupauski ready?

Adol. I have it. (*Gives the letter to the Baron, who reads it.*)

Count. The Baron himself.

Varb. Now we are in a hopeful condition!

Baron. Is Gustavus gone upon my stratagem to persuade the princess of Floreski's death?

Adol. I saw him enter the tower this moment. And now, let me again entreat you to retire to rest; they have just beat the reveillé: 'tis nigh morning, and for these two nights you have not tasted sleep.

Baron. I tell thee, my anxiety, my doubts, my fears have drawn me hither: nor will I stir till the result of this last effort pronounce me blest, or cursed for ever.

Adol. But, sir—

Baron. Oh! my friend, you know my fatal passion.—The scorn she treats me with, my barbarity to her, my ingratitude to her father, my hope, and my despair, drive me to madness. There is no rest for me.

Adol. But good my lord, instead of treating her with so much rigour, why not demand her frankly of her father? His regard for you,—

Baron. Is nothing but the insolence of obligation; name it not. His family has given sovereigns to Poland; he would reject with scorn the offers of an humble baron. You know the pride, the unrelenting obstinacy, of this old man; he would indignantly withdraw her from my castle; and I, insupportable! should never, never see her more!

Adol. Yet soon you must expect him to recall her.

Baron. Recall her! No; I have set loose my love and my ambition; they have hurried me beyond the power of retreat, and now she shall be mine, if force, or fraud, or any means can win her. Soft; she appears.

Count. Then she is here!

Varb. Hush!

Enter LODOISKA, following GUSTAVUS.

Lodo. Dead! Killed by the Tartars! No, no, Lovinski is the assassin. Oh! my love, 'twas I, 'twas I betrayed thee into his power.

AIR.—LODOISKA.

Adieu, my Floreski, for ever,
And welcome the sorrows I prove!
Why, fate, still delight'st thou to sever
The bosoms united by love?

Clos'd is that eye,
Mute is the tongue,
On which my soul
Enraptur'd hung!

*He's gone, he's dead,—and I remain
To sigh, and weep,—alas! in vain.*

Count. She thinks me murdered.

Varb. And so we shall be in a minute, if you don't hold your tongue.

Baron. (*To Gustavus.*) Thou hast discharged it well.

Lodo. Yet this may be some new device of Lovinski's.

(*The Baron hearing voices in the recess, sends Sebastian to take Lodoiska away, then leads his guard round through the vaulted passage, and, while Sebastian hurries the Princess into the Tower, surprises the Count and Varbel.*)

Baron. One word, and you are dead.

Count. Villains! Cowards!

Varb. One word, and you are dead.

Baron. The messengers! Then 'tis impossible to blind Lupauski. How have you dared, vile spies, to burst the doors that held you? Who told you the princess was in that tower? But you shall die before her face.

Varb. There, I thought it would come to this all along.

Count. Before her face! Then I am blest indeed; I shall once more behold her. Come, why dost thou pause! Summon thy executioners, prepare the rack, and thou shalt see me spring to my glorious death, proud as impatient martyrs on their road to heaven.

Varb. Sir, you forgot me; I've travelled with you very contentedly so far; but I'm not prepared to take the journey you talk of at present.

Baron. (*To Gustavus and Adolphus.*) Such fortitude suits ill with his condition; something whispers me they are not what they say;—I'll prove them to the quick. One way, you yet may save yourselves and Lodoiska.

Varb. Pray, sir, what's that?

Baron. Say, truly, whence did you learn that she was still in my castle? Speak, I say, or Lodoiska's life—

Varb. (*Offering him her note.*) Give him her letter; give him her letter.

Count. (*Snatching it.*) Slave!

Varb. It's the way to save us all.

Count. You are right.

Baron. Seek not to deceive, but answer instantly, or—

Count. I learnt it from herself.

Baron. Herself!—Have you then seen her?

Varb. No, no, upon my honour.

Count. (*Giving the note.*) She dropt it from her tower last night.

Baron. (*Reads.*) "Let my father know that Lovinski has abused his confidence, and confines his Lodoiska in this tower, till she consent to give him her hand. My guard will return in a moment—fly." Curse on my imprudence! But they have not yet seen her.

Varb. You find, my lord, we scorn to deceive you. (*To Baron.*)

Baron. 'Tis well you do: your companion's sudden warmth gave me ill thoughts of you.

Varb. Ah, poor fellow! he can't help it; she was a very kind lady to him. I am always telling you of your flying into such passions, you foolish—(*strikes him*)—I beg your pardon, sir; kick me whenever you like. (*Aside to Count.*)

Baron. I see, notwithstanding his firmness, they are but servants, inflamed by zeal and affection for their mistress; they shall serve my design. I have promised you life—

Varb. Yes, sir; and I hope you'll keep to your promise.

Baron. I add only one condition; see you discharge it to the point; your fate and mine depends on it. I have assured the princess that Floreski is dead; my intelligence appears to be suspected; but she can doubt no longer, if once she hears it confirmed by you in person: this you must instantly perform in my presence, or by my—

Varb. Don't look so frightful, sir, and we'll do whatever you please.

Count. Sir, I obey.

Baron. Enough. Bring Lodoiska hither. [*Exit Sebastian into the Tower.*] In serving me, you save yourselves; retire; I shall call for you at your time to appear before her. Gustavus, instruct them in their lesson. [*Exeunt Gustavus, the Count, and Varbel.*] I triumph! (*Lodoiska and Sebastian come down from the Tower.*) The princess, when once convinced my hated rival is no more, may be persuaded—Oh, transporting thought! The obedient priest is ready. Once mine, let Prince Lupauski come; let him be told how I have won his daughter, and all his wide possessions; let him resent, she will forgive, and plead for me. How beautiful she is! What, still in tears? 'Tis in your power, madam, to bid your own afflictions cease, only by pitying mine. Ah! why that scornful frown! What, will you never, never break this cruel and disdainful silence?

Lodo. Is my fate, too, resolved upon?

Baron. On thee depends my every hope of happiness.

Lodo. Happiness! To what happiness can that unfeeling heart pretend? By what authority do you confine me here? My fond father committed me to your duty, not to your custody; he delivered me to a friend, not to a gaoler. You have taken from me the poor women that served me; if I converse, you must be my companion; and if I wish to live—as still I do, for thee, Floreski;—'tis from that barbarous hand I must accept my sustenance. Have you a parent's power with me? or a husband's right? That you shall never have! No, never; and 'tis only once more to assure you of my fixed abhorrence, that I now break my disdainful silence for the last time.

Baron. 'Tis plain, she disbelieves. (*Aside.*) The doubts you have of Count Floreski's death, madam, cause this insensibility to all I suffer; 'tis time they were at once removed. Know, then, two of your father's servants, who last night passed the forest, are at hand to— [*Exit Adolphus.*]

Lodo. Last night! the forest! It is true, then. Oh, my Floreski!

Baron. Advance. No, be assured, proud fair one, those eyes shall never see Floreski more. Advance, I say. Behold!

Enter the COUNT, VARBEL, GUSTAVUS, and ADOLPHUS.

Lodo. Hold, heart, a little while! Floreski—

Var. Is no more, madam; we last night found him in the wood, killed by the Tartars, as we guess.

Count. I shall discover all. (*Aside.*)

Baron. Madam, you know these men.

Lodo. I do, I do; and every doubt of my Floreski's death at last is ended.

Baron. She bears the shock more firmly than I expected. (*Aside.*) If my—

Lodo. Spare me, my lord. The surprise, the emotion, the—

Count. Floreski, madam,—

Baron. Pronounce his hated name no more. Oh, Lodoiska! when I reflect on what my jealous apprehensions have made you suffer, have I not cause to hate him? Pardon, pardon those severities my heart always disavowed, and which, believe me, have been inflicted more upon myself than you.

Lodo. Vain man! Think you your meaning is hid

to me? Come, dare for once to speak a truth; it is not love, 'tis your ambition seeks the heiress of the Prince Lupauski. For shame! for shame!

Baron. Insulted! I'll hear no more. Hence, idle scruples! Go, call the priest—haste, fly. [*Exit Adolphus.*] This moment makes you mine. And you, tell her this instant, 'tis her father's will; or I revoke the promised life I gave you.

Varb. Tell her, tell her anything.

Lodo. Oh, my father! where are you now?

Count. I will protect, or die for you. (*Aside to Lodoiska.*)

Baron. Relent, proud fair; the priest is here. Hark, hark! he comes, he comes.

Enter ADOLPHUS.

Adol. My lord, the Prince Lupauski is arrived.

Baron. Arrived?

Lodo. Good heaven!

Count. I am discovered, then, and all is lost.

Varb. Here's another adventure.

Baron. Speak, tell me, has he a numerous train?

Adol. But two attendants.

Baron. Then let him come. I live again.

Prince. (*Without.*) Where, where is she?

Enter PRINCE LUPAUSKI.

Lodo. Oh, sir! (*Kneeling.*)

Prince. (*Raising and embracing her.*) My child! my Lodoiska! Blessings, blessings on thee! My friend, I could not hope at parting to meet you again so soon; but the confederates are already—What do I see? Am I deceived? The Count Floreski here?

Varb. There, now the murder's out.

Baron. Floreski! This slave? is he the Count Floreski?

Count. Yes,—himself.

Prince. How has he gained admittance to—

Baron. By a cowardly, mean artifice; he pretended himself one of your servants, sent with—

Count. What could I do, disarmed, against thee and thy banditti? The artifice thou would'st reproach me with was bold and honourable; to oppose stratagem to perfidy and cruelty, like thine, is acting according to the laws of justice, and vindicating those of humanity.

Prince. What's that he says? To perfidy and cruelty like thine, my friend?

Varb. Now comes his turn, I hope.

Lodo. Oh, my father! you would not think what I have suffered since you saw me. That friend has forced my faithful servants from about me; that friend has insulted my unprotected situation with his detested offers; that friend has barbarously imprisoned me.

Prince. My daughter!

Lodo. To extort from me my consent to a union I would gladly die ten thousand deaths to avoid.

Prince. Could you thus violate the laws of hospitality? Could you so far forget the bounties I have showered upon you? My heart reposed itself on your's; seeking a tender refuge for my child, I gave her to your care, as into a holy sanctuary; you received from me the strongest proof of love a friend could give; be a father for one instant, and judge whether I could have confided to you a trust more dear, more sacred.

Varb. Upon my soul, he's a fine spoken old gentleman!

Baron. Must I then lose her? (*Gives directions to his officers.*)

Prince. What, thou? my vassal! thou? Let's begone. I'll take such vengeance on his treachery that—follow me, my daughter; let's quit for ever this mansion of ingratitude.

Varb. The sooner the better. What a lucky escape!

Baron. Guards! Not so fast. (*They seize the Prince, Lodoiska, Floreski, and Varbel.*)

Varb. What the devil's the matter now?

Baron. This castle is your prison: away, confine them, as I ordered you.

Varb. Gentlemen! friends! only hear me! (*Guards bear off Varbel.*)

Prince. What dost thou mean?

Baron. Never to part with her. Away, away.

Prince. Oh, my poor daughter! [*Exit, guarded.*]

Lodo. My father! my Floreski!

[*The Baron bears off Lodoiska.*]

Count. My love, my love!

AIR.—COUNT.

Descend some warring angel,

In lightning to my aid,

To blast the savage tyrant,

And right an injur'd maid!

Subdued by fate, to you I kneel;

You look like men, like men should feel.

Fool! not to know,

They laugh at woe.

Descend, some warring angel,

In lightning to my aid,

To blast the savage tyrant,

And right an injur'd maid!

Let my Lodoiska's charms

In your hearts compassion move;

Soldiers, consecrate your arms

At the shrine of faithful love.

Descend, some warring angel,

In lightning to my aid,

To blast the savage tyrant,

And right an injur'd maid.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Hall and Gallery in the Castle.

BARON LOVINSKI, ADOLPHUS, CASIMIR, SEBASTIAN, STANISLAUS, MICHAEL, and Pages discovered.

Baron. 'Tis all in vain: I cannot shake them. Curse on their obstinacy! Love fires Floreski's breast, and rage the father's; careless alike of menaces and soothing, each braves me to my worst. Death and perdition! let the worst fall on them. Is all prepared for instant execution?

Adol. It is, my lord.

Baron. Still would I have thee mine, Oh, Lodoiska! consenting, unconstrained; but, whilst my rival lives, that hope's impossible. Ha! tell me, where is the forward fool that waited on Floreski?

Adol. Confined, as you commanded.

Baron. Haste, bring him to me. [*Exeunt Adolphus and Gustavus through the gallery.*] I may, perhaps, persuade this wretch to think his own life more precious than his lord's. If I fail here,—I shudder at the thought of my own purposes. Love, hatred, jealousy, ambition, scorn, and fury, rack my distracted brain, and rend my heart in pieces. Would I were dead myself. (*Throws himself into a chair.*) Pr'ythee, good boy, sing me that gentle strain, yon lady loved; your pretty melody may calm the ragings of the fiend within me.

1st Page. I am sorry, sir, to see you so unhappy.

Baron. Sing, sing.

BALLAD.—PAGE.

I give thee all—I can no more;

Tho' poor the offering be;

My heart and lute are all the store

That I can bring to thee.

A lute, whose gentle song reveals

The soul of love full well,

And better far,—a heart that feels

Much more than lute could tell.

I give thee all—I can no more,

Though poor the offering be;

My heart and lute are all the store

That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas!

To keep life's clouds away,

At least 'twill make them lighter pass,

Or gild them if they stay.

If ever care his discord stings

O'er life's enchanted strain,

Let love but gently touch the strings,

'Twill all be sweet again!

I give thee all—I can no more, &c.

Baron. Well sung, my boy; I thank your pains, though fruitless.

Enter ADOLPHUS, VARBEL, and GUSTAVUS, from the Gallery.

He's coming. Leave me awhile. [*Exeunt Pages, Sebastian, Casimir, Stanislaus, and Michael.*] Threats will do much, gold more, with base-born poverty; both shall be tried.

Varb. Ay, this is something like now; now I'll talk to you; this it is to fall amongst men, as it were, something like men. Gentlemen, you have bound me for ever by letting me loose, and my legs ache to prove their sense of your kindness by scraping their leave, and giving you no farther trouble about 'em. (*Seeing the Baron.*) The man tiger, to swallow me up for a breakfast!

Baron. You serve Floreski. Why do you tremble? You have nothing to fear.

Varb. No, I know, sir; but I've had a damp lodging, and I think its rather chilly this morning.

Baron. In one word, your master is to die, now, instantly.

Varb. I'm very sorry for it.

Baron. I have observed your fidelity, your affection to him. I'll take you into my service; I love your virtue, and would reward it.

Varb. I am afraid I should make but a bad servant to you; you had better turn me out of doors at once, I think—I had rather—Do, sir; and let my virtue be its own reward.

Baron. No fooling. Your romantic lord seems ambitious of dying in this cause, that he may live lamented in the history of faithful and unfortunate lovers; you, perhaps, aspire to imitate him.

Varb. I can't say that I do. Ambition's a great thing with great folks, I believe; but for my own part, I solemnly assure you, I had rather live three days in this world, bad as it is, than a thousand years in the best history that will ever be written.

Baron. I take you at your word: there's a poor earnest of my future bounty.

Varb. A purse! What's this for?

Baron. Follow, and as we go, I will instruct you in a short tale, that at once rids me of Floreski, and gives you life and fortune.

Varb. My lord, I am in peril, and poor; and I value life and fortune as much as another man; but, I hope, I shall never think them worth buying at the price of false witness against my master. (*Throws down the purse.*)

Baron. Ha! do you trifle, slave? Nay, then I must—(*Gives orders to Adolphus.*)

Varb. What's he going to do now? I wish I was fighting the Tartars again, with all my heart!

Baron. Him,—her,—the prince, all, all, here, now, before my eyes. [*Exit Adolphus.*] The father

and the daughter shall behold him, as the blow falls, and from his doom be taught to dread their own. For thee, vile reptile—(*Flourish of drums and trumpets, with clashing of swords and shouts of "Victory, victory!" "Kera Khan!"*)

Varb. They're come, they're come; here is an adventure.

Enter SEBASTIAN, MICHAEL, CASIMIR, STANISLAUS, ADOLPHUS, *Soldiers, &c.*

Baron. The matter?

Casi. The Tartars are within the walls; the eastern towers are blazing, flames and the sword rage round; the soldiers fly; haste, or we perish all.

Baron. Sound, sound to arms. [*Exeunt Stanislaus and Soldiers.*] Rally them in the north court, and man the ramparts; there we will stand it out; fly, haste, I follow. [*Exeunt Adolphus and Soldiers.*] Bring me my arms. [*Exeunt Gustavus and Casimir.*] Bear off that slave, till I have time to torture him.

Varb. A respite, a respite! I shall love a Tartar as long as I live.

[*Exeunt Varbel, Sebastian, and Soldiers.*]

Baron. Away, away with him! Whither am I going?

Enter GUSTAVUS and CASIMIR, *with the Baron's helmet, shield, and battle-axe.*

What is Lodoiska now? Lost, lost to me for ever! The helpless prize of some fierce lawless savage. Horrible thought! Where is her father?—My friend, my benefactor!—All bleeding, mangled, murdered.—Frightful image! Hark! my soul's beat down, down to the very ground. The tempest swells—Floreski too, perhaps, directs the storm, thundering and fierce in arms. That burning thought has roused me.—Out, out, and on them. No word, but fight, till death or conquest end our plagues for ever. (*Shouts.*)

[*Exeunt Baron and Guards.*]

The Doors of the hall are burst open, when ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, CAMAZIN, KAJAH, TAMURI, *and a crowd of Tartars rush in, some loaded with booty, and others rushing off the women they have met with in the castle.*

Kajah. At last we are masters of the castle. It has cost us some trouble too. The fellows fought like madmen. Have you disarmed, and clapt them into the dungeons where we found so many of our countrymen?

Japhis. Our comrades are at it now, breaking open and locking up. But can anybody tell why Kera Khan so strictly charged us to take Lovinski alive.

Khor. I hope the other party have him fast by this time. Do you think he'll ever forget the death of his father.

All. Never, never.

Itho. Come, my boys, now away to our plunder, and divide faithfully. You know what share must be reserved for Kera Khan.

Kajah. Yes, yes, we know the booty he loves best.

Japhis. Ay, ay, give him the women, he'll give us the gold.

Khor. And the wine too.

SONG AND CHORUS.

KHOR, JAPHIS, ITHORAK, and Horde.

Khor. When the darken'd midnight sky
Howls with wild tempestuous cry,

Then we quit the Tartar plain;
Death and terror in our train—
Where the sweeping vengeance drives,
Hopeless man in horror flies;
Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy Tartar's prize.

CHORUS.—Horde.

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy Tartars prize.

Japhis. As the meteors course the sky,
Gleaming swords flash round the throng,
And, as thro' the gloom they fly,
Light th' embattled host along;
Firm and close we lead our band,
Where the fertile region lies,
Then dispersing, sweep the land
Destin'd for the Tartar's prize.

CHORUS.—Horde.

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy Tartars prize.

Itho. Tho' we deem the world our prey,
Loyal honour, martial truth,
When our swords have won their way,
Bind the hardy Tartar youth;
Choice of spoil, as first in fight,
With our gallant chieftain lies.
Then till honour have her right,
Sacred be the Tartars prize.

CHORUS.—Horde.

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy Tartars prize.

Japhis. Well said, well said! he's a noble captain, and shall have all the booty, if he pleases.—(*Flourish and shouts.*)

Enter KERA KHAN, and Tartars.

Kera Khan. Holla! Lovinski is secured Why stand you idle here?

Japhis. Because you stationed us in this wing till farther orders. We should be glad enough to be busy.

Kera Khan. Away, then! finish your work; spike all the cannon, toss the brands round, blow up the foundation of this ruffian's den, and tell my father's spirit he's reveng'd.—To work; I'll take this quarter. [*Exeunt some Tartars.*]

Enter LODOISKA, and PRINCE LUPAUSKI.

Kera Khan. Ha!

Lodo. O save us, save us, snatch me from the power of Lovinski.

Prince. Tartars! Great heaven, to what are we reserved!

Kera Khan. Compose yourself, my lovely girl; dismiss your terrors. This is a prize! Here's my share of the booty.

Japhis. I thought so.

Prince. Since we have fallen into these hands, my child, we must submit to death or slavery.

Lodo. Slavery, death, anything, is heaven to Lovinski. Oh, if you are men, spare my dear father, spare a Polish youth.

Kera Khan. Bright beauty of the world, only pronounce your wishes, and command us.

Lodo. Generous conquerors! Vouchsafe then to give this young man freedom, to set my father and myself upon our road to Warsaw and—

Kera Khan. For your father, and the youth you

speak of, they have free leave to choose their path;—

Lodo. Oh, sir!

Kera Khan. But you, victorious captive, you must go with me.

Lodo. Heavens and earth!

Prince. Thee! follow thee, Tartar!

Kera Khan. Old man, I am providing for her happiness. Fine women never complain of us Tartars; when once she knows us, she'll never wish to leave us; I have no time to lose. Come, be quick, bear her away.

Enter COUNT FLORESKI, breaking from two Polish Officers.

Count. Off, slaves, or I will dash you piece-meal.

Lodo. Floreski!

Count. Oh! valiant Tartar, do we meet again?

Kera Khan. My friend! Why do I find you here, spite of the caution I last night gave you? Your life might have paid the forfeit of your rashness.

Count. That villain Lovinski seized, and detained us; but could I have left my Lodoiska?

Kera Khan. What, she you where wildly wandering after?

Count. Here, this, this is my love, my dearest Lodoiska.

Kera Khan. (*Drawing his scymitar.*) Hold—What's to be done? Your love! your Lodoiska! She's mine, mine by a conqueror's right?

Count. A conqueror's right!

Kera Khan. By a conqueror's right; and I exert it thus,—take her, she's yours. You gave me life once, I have saved yours a second time.

Count. Complete thy work; obtain for me the consent of her father.

Kera Khan. Father! Haven't I resigned my right to you?

Lodo. (*To Lupauski.*) O, sir, make not fidelity to his prince a crime in him? think what he has

suffered for me; think what we owe him here; remember the promise you once gave him. (*Alarm.*)

Enter KAJAH, TAMURI, CAMAZIN, and Tartars.

Kajah. To arms, to arms! Lovinski's rescued, the castle's blazing, they've seized the ramparts, he's at their head.

Kera Khan. Well, we must conquer him again, then, that's all. Follow me.

Count. Now for revenge and Lodoiska! Give me a sword, a sword.

Enter VARBEL.

Varb. Holla! and me another. My dungeon's as hot as a furnace. Give me a sword; I'd as lief be killed in a battle, as stay there to be roasted alive.

Kera Khan. During the combat, we'll place this lovely creature in safety with her father in yonder tower.

Varb. I wish you'd place me along with 'em.

Prince. I scorn to owe thee anything.

Kera Khan. Obstinate man! We'll save you then against your will.

Count. Will you expose her life?

Prince. My child! My child!

Lodo. Come, come, my father.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Shouts, drums, trumpets, and cannon. An engagement commences between the Poles and the Tartars, horse and foot; the Tartars having stormed the castle, which they fire in various places, the battlements and towers fall in the midst of loud explosions. Lupauski and Lodoiska are discovered in a blazing tower; Floreski rushes through the flames, and rescues them. During this action Lovinski and Kera Khan meet hand to hand, and after a desperate conflict, the Baron is killed. The Tartars are victorious; Lupauski unites the hands of Floreski and Lodoiska. Loud shouts of victory, and the curtain falls.*)

THE MOCK DOCTOR;

OR, THE DUMB LADY CURED:
A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY HENRY FIELDING.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR JASPER
LEANDER
GREGORY

HELLEBORE
ROBERT
JAMES

HARRY
DORCAS
CHARLOTTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter DORCAS and GREGORY.

Greg. I tell you no, I won't comply; and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dor. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "that a wife is worse than a devil."

[*totle.*]

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman, with his Aristotle. And a learned man I am too. Find me out a maker of faggots, that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learn'd to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learn'd—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a merry Andrew, where I learn'd physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst followed him still! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answered the parson "I will."

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that asked me the question!

Dor. You have reason to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment, returning thanks to heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me?

Greg. No, really I don't think I do. Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky, indeed! a fellow who eats everything I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake; for I drink some part on't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel; the squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little children, that are continually crying for bread!

Greg. Give 'em a rod; best cure in the world for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot—

Greg. Harkye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally—

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. (*Beats her.*)

Dor. O murder! murder!

Enter SQUIRE ROBERT.

Squire R. What's the matter here? Fie upon you! fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dor. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat; and what then?

Squire R. O dear, madam! I give my consent, with all heart and soul.

Dor. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Squire R. No, certainly, madam.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

Squire R. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily. Here, take and thrash your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her.

Squire R. O, sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Squire R. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Squire R. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself. [Exit.]

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pssha! you know you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once I pardon you. But you shall pay for it. (Aside.)

Greg. Pssha! pssha! child, these are only little affairs necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred faggots before I come home again. [Exit.]

Dor. If I am not reveng'd for those blows of yours!—Oh, that I could but think of some method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

Enter HARRY and JAMES.

Harry. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory, that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world, rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Harry. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter? I should not even know his name, if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd?—Heyday! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'y-e-call-him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

James. Doctor—doctor—What's his name?

Dor. Hey! what has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Harry. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Harry. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay! we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha! heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hang-dog. (Aside.) I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but, if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Harry. A physician cut wood?

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean?

Dor. No; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world; he goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about them.

Dor. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician; and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

James. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dor. Skilful! why, he does miracles. About half-a-year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he poured a little drop of something down her throat; he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of the house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Harry. Hey, 'gad! James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a-going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Harry. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he yonder?

Dor. The very same. He has spied us, and taken up his bill.

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

GREGORY discovered at work.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Enter JAMES and HARRY.

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very

great favour. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered; the sun will hurt your complexion.

Harry. For heaven's sake, sir, be covered.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but should be courtiers by their ceremony. (*Aside.*)

James. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

James. O, dear sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy faggots cheaper elsewhere; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell them a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear sir, we know you very well; don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest that I can't bate one farthing.

James. Oh! pray, sir, leave this idle discourse. Can a person like you, amuse yourself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool. (*Aside.*)

James. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! What do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

James. The fit is on him. (*Aside.*) Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, sir. But I know this, that I am no physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. (*Aside.*) And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. (*They beat him.*)

Greg. Oh, oh! gentlemen, gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

James. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Harry. You are no physician!

Greg. May I be hanged if I am. (*They beat him.*) Oh, oh! dear gentlemen! oh, for heaven's sake!—I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be anything than be knocked o'the head.

James. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I am a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Harry. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Harry. Lookye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician without doubt; I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it; but come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee.

ACT II.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE I.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

Enter SIR JASPER and JAMES.

Sir J. Where is he? Where is he?

James. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir, for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir J. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.

James. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

Enter GREGORY and HARRY.

Harry. Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir J. Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be covered.

Sir J. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats. [him.]

Sir J. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

Sir J. Doctor! Pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Sir J. Ha, ha! I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it, but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir J. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir J. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. (*Beats him.*)

Sir J. Done; in the devil's name, what's done?

Greg. Why, now you are made a doctor of physician; I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir J. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir J. Whims, quotha! 'Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir J. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir J. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir J. Let's talk no more of 'em, sir. My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it; and I wish with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to shew the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir J. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir J. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir J. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlotte?

Sir J. No sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sir J. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance; and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir J. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Char. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Char. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Char. Han, hi, hon—

Greg. Han, hon, honin, ha! I don't understand a word she says. Han, hi, hon! What the devil of a language is this?

Sir J. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause; and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir J. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb! Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her. Does this distemper, this han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir J. Yes, sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir J. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir J. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the boree, or the coupee, or the sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb. So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her. If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir J. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir J. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir J. But if you please, dear sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir J. I believe it, doctor,

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed a very great man. A man, who, upon that subject, was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours—Ah! you understand Latin?

Sir J. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir J. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. So much the better. (*Aside.*) Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc, musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estoe oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Sir J. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in latin, whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in greek, jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in hebrew, periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the omotaplasmus, and because the said humours have—You comprehend me well, sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir J. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—Be attentive if you please.

Sir J. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, propria quæ maribus tribununtur mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum. This, sir, is the cause of your daughter being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir J. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing.—I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir J. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. Oh, sir! there's no harm; you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir J. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir J. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir! Ay, sir; and what's better than punch to make people talk? Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other; which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time. I love to do business all at once.

Sir J. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed. (*Gives him money.*)

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic; I shall prepare something for you.

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor; I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek them elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goudi foras.

Sir J. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter LEANDER.

Lean. Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own. Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning; and since—

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of my assistance indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed? (*Feels his pulse.*)

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, sir! not sick? Do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now came; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, sir? a physician for a pimp?

Lean. Dear sir, make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good sir!

Greg. I shall shew you, sir, that I am not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—(*Leander gives a purse.*)—I'm not speaking to you, sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not; which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that—

Lean. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear sir! no offence in the least. Pray, sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure is feigned, and is an invention of Charlotte's to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here. Ha! methinks I see a patient. [Exit Leander.]

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. Oh, physic and matrimony! my wife! What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose. Come hider, shild, leta me feela your pulse.

Dor. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am the French Physician, my dear; and I am to feela de pulse of the pation.

Dor. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physician, good Dr. Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be put-a to hed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de little peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempe den evere bared off.

Dor. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka the peel.

Dor. Begar, I shall not taka the peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. (*Aside.*) Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee? (*Holds out a purse.*)

Dor. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills; and what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh, begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you sal do; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

Dor. (*Kisses him.*) As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. (*Aside.*) Well, doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. (*Aside.*) Dis is not a prope place, dis is too public; for sud any one pass by while I taka dis physic, it vill preventa de operation.

Dor. What physic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear, dat. (*Whispers.*)

Dor. And in your ear, dat, sirrah. (*Boxing his ear.*)

Greg. What, my dear wife! Oh, I'll be even with her for this. (*Aside.*)

Enter HELEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor, just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor; I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty, what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care, a patient whom I cau by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, sir.

Hel. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired, and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possessed with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

Hel. Most willingly, sir.

Greg. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, sir; after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging. (*To Dorcas.*) Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady. (*To Helebores.*)

Hel. You may depend on't, sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Helebores.

Dor. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with.

[Exit Helebores and Dorcas.]

Re-enter LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear. So, sir—

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physician; and if you please, I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words—

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir? Come along, come along.—Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

Enter SIR JASPER, CHARLOTTE, and Maid.

Sir J. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of a noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir J. (*Looks at his watch.*) 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return.

Enter GREGORY and LEANDER.

Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, sir, how does my patient?

Sir J. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir J. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply what I prescribed. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, sir, if you please.—Some say, no; others say, yes; and for my part, I say both yes and no; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible; one sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir J. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. (*Traverses the stage in a great heat, Leander following.*)

Char. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. (*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the stage.*)

Sir J. But—

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir J. What?

Char. Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir J. I—

Char. I am determined; and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir J. I have—

Char. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir J. You shall have Mr. Dapper.

Greg. There, sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir J. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue. Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir J. And do you think—

Char. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir J. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Char. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir J. Is it possible, sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixed with two drachms of pills matrimoniac. Perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success. Go, make her walk in the garden: be sure lose no time; to the remedy quick, to the remedy specific.

[*Exeunt Leander and Charlotte.*]

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir J. Hey-day! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh, sirrah! sirrah! would you have destroyed your wife, you villain? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

Greg. Hoity-toity! What mad woman is this?

Sir J. Poor wretch! For pity's sake cure her, doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll see you, you villain.—Cure me?

Enter JAMES.

James. Oh, sir! undone! undone! your daughter has run away with her lover, Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary; and this is the rogue of a physician who has contrived all the affair.

Sir J. How! am I abused in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finished the faggots, it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death, nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hanged.

Re-enter LEANDER and CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters, by which I learned the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir J. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not, or what the devil you are? (*To Gregory.*)

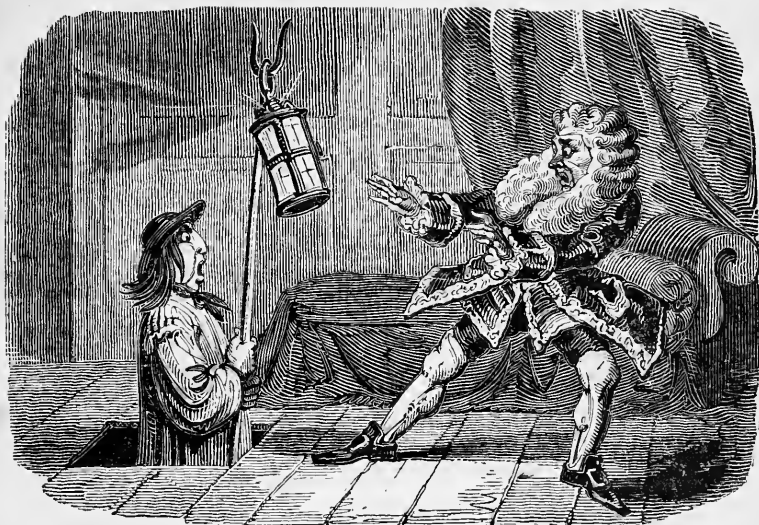
Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dor. Why, thou puffed-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

TOM THUMB;

A BURLESQUE OPERA.

ALTERED FROM FIELDING, BY KANE O'HARA.



Act I.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

KING ARTHUR
LORD GRIZZLE
TOM THUMB
MERLIN

NOODLE
DOODLE
GHOST
QUEEN DOLLALOLLA

PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA
GLUMDALCA
FRIZALETTA
PLUMANTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Palace Yard.

Enter DOODLE on one side, and NOODLE on the other;
after a long obeisance, they embrace.

DUETT.

Do. Sure, such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious!
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uproarious!
Nature seems to wear a universal grin.

Do. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tittle, talking
tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day em-
broidery.

Do. Oh! 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before;
A day of fun and drollery.

Do. That you may say,
Their majesties may boast of it;
And since it never can come more,
'Tis fit they make the most of it.

Dood. Oh! 'tis a day, &c.
Nood. That you may say, &c.
Dood. Sure, such a day, &c.
Nood. Courtiers so gay, &c.

Dood. Yes, Noodle, yes; to-day the mighty
Thumb

Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm
Like bees behind his car. (*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Nood. These trumpets speak the king at levee;
I go.

Dood. And I also, to offer my petition.

Nood. Doodle, do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Inside of the Palace.

KING ARTHUR and QUEEN DOLLALOLLA seated
on a throne; LORD GRIZZLE, Courtiers, and
Attendants. DOODLE and NOODLE apart.

King. Let no face but a face of joy be seen.
The man who this day frowns, shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile, Dollalolla. (*Kisses her.*)

Dood. (*Kneeling.*) Dread liege,
This petition—

King. (*Kicks it away.*) Petition me no peti-
tions, sir, to day;

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. Is't so? why, then, perdition catch the
failers!

Let's have a row, and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR.—QUEEN.

*What though I now am half seas o'er,
I scorn to baulk this bout,
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
Fore George, I'll see them out.*

What though, &c.

*But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
T' indulge in vulgar sips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should pass these royal lips.*

But, sir, &c.

Chorus. *Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.*

King. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

Nood. These martial sounds, my liege, announce the general.

King. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive him.

(Rises from the throne. Martial music.)

Enter TOM THUMB, Attendants, and GLUMDALCA in chains.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
Thou tiny hero! pigmy giant-queller!
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Thy valour puts upon us?

(Takes him up and embraces him.)

Queen. Oh, ye gods!

(Aside.)

Tom. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;

I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

(Bows.)

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?

King. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess do we owe?

Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Tom. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;

I ask not money, money I've enough:

If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full,

I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. *(Aside.)* Prodigious bold request!

Queen. Be still, my soul!

King. *(After a pause.)* It is resolv'd:

The princess is thy own. *(To Thumb.)*

Tom. O happy Tommy! super-bappy Thumb!

Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!

The bloody bus'ness of grim war is o'er,

And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR.—TOM THUMB.

*As when the chimney-sweeper
Has, all the live-long day,
Through darksome paths a creeper,
Pursu'd his sooty way:*

*At night, to wash with water
His hands and face, he flies;
And, in his t'other tatter,
With his Brickdusta lies.*

[Exit. Flourish of trumpets.]

King. *(Looking fondly at Glumdalca.)* I feel a sudden pain across my breast;

Nor know I whether it proceed from love

Or the wind-cholic; but time will shew. *(Aside.)*

Hugeous queen of hearts!

Sure, thou wert form'd by all the gods in council;

Who, having made a lucky hit, beyond their journey-work,

Cry'd out, "This is a woman!"

Glum. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken.

We are a giantess. I tell thee, Arthur, We, yesterday, were both a queen and wife: One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway; Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

Queen. Oh, blest prerogative of giantism!

(Aside.)

King. Oh, vast queen! Think our court thine own;

Call for what'er thou likest, there's nought to pay;

Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

(Takes off her chain.)

Queen. *(Aside.)* Ha! Arthur faithless!

This gag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb!

Revenge! but I'll dissemble.

Madam, believe, that with a woman's eye

I view your loss: take comfort; for, to-morrow

Our grenadiers shall be call'd out, then choose

As many husbands as you think you'll want.

Glum. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Queen. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,

He shall not have my daughter, that is poz.

(Advancing to the king.)

King. Ha! say'st thou?

Queen. Yes, I say he sha'n't.

King. How! sha'n't!

Now by our royal self we swear, I'll be d—d but he shall.

AIR.—QUEEN.

*Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade;
For, like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.*

(The King throws his hat at the Queen.)

[Exit Queen and ladies.]

Dood. Her majesty the Queen, is in a passion.

King. She may be d—d! Who cares? We were indeed,

A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR.—KING.

*We kings, who are in our senses,
Mock our consort's violences;
Pishing at their moods and fenses,
Our own will we follow.*

*If the husband once gives way
To his wife's capricious sway,
For his breeches he, next day,
May go whoop and holloa.*

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—The Outside of the Palace.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. Arthur wrongs me:
Cheats me of my Huncamunca.
Rouse thee, Grizzle! Sblood! I'll be a rebel.
Alas! what art thou, honour?
A Monmouth-street lac'd coat, gracing to-day
My back; to-morrow, glittering on another's.
To arms! to arms!

Enter QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, in a rage.

Queen. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!

Griz. Scold, would my queen? Say, ah! where fore?

Queen. Wherefore!

Faggots and fire! My daughter to Tom Thumb!

Griz. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt not him—

Him! Thou! thou kill the man
Who kill'd the giants?

Griz. Giants! Why, madam, 'tis all flummery:
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.

Queen. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are there not

Now in our yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. Madam, shall I tell you what I'm going to say? I do not positively know, but, as near as I can guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Out from my sight, base Pickthank! hie, begone!

By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb!

Griz. Yes, yes, I go; but, madam, know,
(Since your majesty's so pert;)

That a flood of Tommy's blood,
To allay this storm shall spurt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—An Anti-Chamber.

KING ARTHUR on a couch.

King. Methought
heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!"
Glumdalca exiles sleep; and therefore, Arthur
an sleep no more.

The Ghost of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a blue lantern on a long staff.

Ghost. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
oon shalt thou—sleep enough.

King. Ah! what art thou?

Ghost. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

King. A ghost! stand off!

Il have thee laid in the Red Sea.

Ghost. Oh, Arthur! take heed.

ly thread is spun; list, list, oh, list!

AIR.—GHOST.

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens scowling,
Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife and daughter.
Furies are growling,
With horrid groans:

Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on?

Or by a red cow,

Tom Thumb devoured?

Hark! the cock crowing. (*Cock crows.*)

I must be going,

I can no more. (*Vanishes.*)

King. No more! and why no more, or why so much?

etter quite ignorant, than half instructed.

y Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us,
herefore, fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR.—KING ARTHUR.

uch a fine king as I, don't fear your threats of a
rush,

o shew your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call
up a blush,

For I am up, up, up,

But you are down, down, down,

Do pop up your nob again,

And egad I'll crack your crown.

ho cares for you, Mr. Ghost? or all that you can
do?

laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a
doodle-do; (*Cock crows.*)

For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down,
Draw your sword like a man,
Or, I'll box you for a crown.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

SCENE V.—Princess Huncamunca's Dressing-room.

PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA at her toilette, FRIZALETTA waiting.

Hunc. Give me some music, see that it be sad.
(*Music.*)

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?

Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?

Friz. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. (*Knelling.*) Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. This to my rank, hold man!

Griz. Ah, beauteous princess!

Love levels rank, lords down to cellar bears,

And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.

Nought is for love too high, nor aught too low—

Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. My lord, in vain, a-suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

Griz. Play not the fool; that less than baby
shun,

Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

Hunc. Am I thus fobb'd? then I my words recall.

Griz. Shall I to Doctors' Commons?

Hunc. Do so pray;

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

AIR.—LORD GRIZZLE.

In hurry post for a license,

In hurry ding dong I come back;

For that you shan't need bid me twice hence,

I'll be there, and here in a crack.

Hey ting,

My heart's on the wing,

I now could leap over the moon;

Let the chaplain

Set us grapp'ling,

And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Hunc. Oh!

Griz. Ah!

[*Exit.*]

Enter TOM THUMB.

Tom. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my princess?

Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,

That light up all with love my waxen soul?

Hunc. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

Tom. Put out the light? impossible!

As well Sir Solomon might put out his rushlight.

Hunc. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.

Tom. Promis'd!

Hunc. Too sure, 'tis enter'd in fate's journal.

Tom. Enter'd!

Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page—
I'll burn the book.

I tell thee, princess, had I been thy help-mate,
We soon had peopled this whole realm with
Thumbs.

Hunc. O lie! I shudder at the gross idea!

Tom. Then go we to the king, let him decide,
Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.

(*Going out hand-in-hand, are met by
GLUMDALCA.*)

Glum. Stop, brandy-nose! hopest thou the
wight,

Who once bath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?

Hunc. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.

Tom. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage, I've seen one wench two prentices engage : This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold, That just lets peep a little bit of gold. Miss the half-guinea wisely does purloin, And scorns the bigger, and the baser coin.

TRIO.

Glum. Oh! the vixen pigmy brat,
Of inches scarce half six;
To slight me for a chit like that,
Ah! Mr. Tom, are these your tricks?

Hunc. Oh! the coarse salacious trull,
Who giant paramours twice ten
To bed can pull,
With lugs can lull,
Yet still would gull
Young gentlemen.

Tom. Little though I be,
I scorn the sturdy strum;
Nor ever she,
My dear, from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

Glum. Oh the vixen, &c.

Hunc. Oh the course, &c.

Tom. Little though I be, &c.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Court of the Palace.

Enter NOODLE.

Noodle. Sure nature means t'unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again; all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.—NOODLE.

*King Arthur in love ankle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a;
The Queen Dollallolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.*

Enter LORD GRIZZLE, hastily.

Griz. If this be true, all woman kind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.

[Exit.]

Griz. Then, get out patience! oh, I'm whirlwind all;

Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA.

Queen. Ah! wherefore from his Dollallolla's arms

Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows, are harrow'd up with fears of spirits?

Enter KING ARTHUR.

King. We hop'd the fumes, sweet queen, of last night's punch
Had glued thy lovely eyes; but, ah! we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Long life to both your majesties, if life
Be worth a fig. Lord Grizzle, at the head
Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace;

He swears—unless the princess straight
Be yielded up with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.
King. The devil he will! but see, the princess!

Enter PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and buckler?

Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,

Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

Hunc. About an hour and a half ago
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon who's who, he'll make them know.

King. Oh! oh!
Come, Dollallolla: Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Plain.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE, NOODLE, and rebels.

(A march.)

Griz. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, tho' we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal. (Drums and trumpets.)

Enter TOM THUMB, DOODLE, and Soldiers.

Tom. Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle call?

Griz. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb the small?

Tom. The same.

Griz. The same.

Tom. His prowess now each prove.

Griz. For liberty I stand.

Tom. And I for love.

(A battle between the two armies. They fight off.)

Enter GLUMDALCA, who meets LORD GRIZZLE while fighting with TOM THUMB.

Glum. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly!

Griz. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

Glum. Am I?

Have at thy heart then!

(Thrusts at, but misses him.)

Griz. Rampant queen of sluts!

Now have at thine.

Glum. (Falling.) You've run me through the guts.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

(Going, is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through.)

Tom. An end of two;

Thou bast if.

Griz. Oh, Tom Thumb! (falls.) thy soul be shrew!

I die. Ambition! the fates have made their tour
And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.—GRIZZLE.

My body is a bankrupt's shop,

My cruel creditor, grim death;

Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,

And will be paid with my last breath.

Oh! oh! oh!

[Dies.]

Enter TOM THUMB and Attendants.

Tom. Bear off the carcasses; lop off his knob,
'Twill witness to the king, Tom Thumb's good job;

Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.
[Exit.—Attendants lay hold of Grizzle]

Griz. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful grave?

Atten. Sir, we came to hear your body off.

Griz. Then I'll bear it off myself. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence Chamber.*

Enter KING ARTHUR, QUEEN DOLLALLOLA, PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, and Attendants.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free! And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas To pay their debts. Let our arch necromancer, Sage Merlin, straight attend us: we the while Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

Hunc. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding-day,
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh, oh!

King. What means the blockhead?

Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror; Tom Thumb's no more!

A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now i' th' open street,

Before my eyes devour'd the great Tom Thumb!

(*A general groan.*)

King. Shut, shut again the prisons:
Let our treasurer

Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits, And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

Nood. Her majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still Strength to reward the messenger of ill.

(*Queen kills Noodle.*)

Friz. My lover kill'd!

His death I thus revenge. (*Kills the Queen.*)

Hunc. Kill my mamma!

O, base assassin! there! (*Kills Frizaletta.*)

Dood. For that, take this! (*Kills Hunc.*)

Plum. And thou take that! (*Kills Doodle.*)

King. Die, murderess vile! (*Kills Plum.*)

Ah! death makes a feast to-day,
And but reserves ourselves for his *bon bouche*.

So, when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards!

Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,

Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.

Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,

And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.

(*Stabs himself. They all lay on the stage dead.*)

MERLIN rises.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Merlin. Blood! what a scene of slaughter's here! But I'll soon shift it, never fear.

Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic,
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.

(*Waves his wand.*)

SCENE V.—*The Cow discovered.*

First, at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return again our England's Hannibal. (*Thunder.*)

THUMB is thrown out of the cow's mouth, and starts fiercely.

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise, ye groups of drunken sots!

Who deal out deaths, you know not why;

No more of porter pots, or plots,

Your senseless jealousy lay by.

Your souls cannot as yet be far

Upon their way to dreary night,

My power remands them.

(*The dead all start up as Merlin touches them.*)

Enter GLUMDALCA and LORD GRIZZLE.

Here ends jar,

Live, love, and all this will be right.

King. (To the Queen.) One kind buss, my Dolly Queen;

When we two last parted,

We scarce hoped to buss again;

My heart! lord, how it smarted!

Queen. (To the King.) Dear King Atty, pitty patty,

Mine too went a fleeting;

Now we in a nipperkin

May toast this merry meeting.

Tom. (To Hunc.) Come, my Hunky, come, my pet;

Love's in haste, don't stay him;

Deep we are in Hymen's debt,

And 'tis high time we pay him.

Hunc. (To Tom.) Have, dear Tommy, pity on me;

I'm by shame restricted;

Yet I obey, so take your way,

I must not contradict it.

Griz. (To Glum.) Grandest Glum, in my behoof,

To love's law be pliant;

Me you'll find a man of proof,

Although not quite a giant.

Glum. (To Griz.) Indeed, Lord Griz, though for that phiz

Few amorous queens would choose you;

Yet, thus bereft, not one chum left,

I think I can't refuse you.

Merlin. Now love and live, and live and love.

All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't;

Merlin. Each couple prove like hand in glove:

All. Agreed.

Queen. 'Fore George! we'll make a night on't.

All.

Let discord cease;

Let all in peace

Go home and kiss their spouses;

Join hat and cap

In one loud clap,

And wish us crowded houses.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TOBACCONIST;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON, BY FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR EPICUR MAMMON
ABEL DRUGGER
SUBTLE

FACE
KNOWLIFE
HEADLONG

MISS RANTIFOLE
DOLL TRICKSY
OFFICERS

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter SUBTLE, followed by FACE.

Sub. Nay, nay, though thy name be Face, and thou hadst a face of brass, thou shalt not out-face me.

Face. Then must I be unable to handle a most excellent subject; though shame and thee have long since parted, I will so anatomize that calf's head of thine—

Sub. Calf's head! Blood of my life, I have a mind to mark my resentment in such legible characters upon that Tyburn visage of thine, as will put thy features in mourning.

Face. Come on then, see whose stomach will bear ribbing best; I'll tickle those pampered sides.

Sub. A poor, ignorant, impertinent, ungrateful wretch; whose life, to my disgrace be it spoken, I have saved; vile emblem of an empty cask, much sound, no contents; canst thou forget the mouldy crusts, Suffolk cheese, and dead small beer, on which thou wert starving, in common with bare-ribbed rats and limping mice.

Face. Mighty well, mighty well, Master Subtle.

Sub. Have I not made thee an occasional captain? and am I not filling thy pockets as well as thy belly? have I not taught thee, dull as thou art, to converse with and impose on various degrees of mankind? have I not, from the stupidest slave that ever marred common sense, sharpened thy wit, smoothed thy tongue, polished thy manners,

regulated thy features, to make thee capable of thriving in life, and this treatment my hopeful recompense?

Face. Not so fast, not so fast, master glib-tongue; give echo fair play, or I can bring a powerful balance on my side, to silence your modest worship.

Sub. With contempt I defy thee.

Face. My tongue shall so buffet thee, that thou shalt think half Billingsgate, the seat of thy education, let loose about thy ears, and shrink back that knave's face of thine like a snail into its shell.

Sub. Mighty fine!

Face. Remember St. Giles's, scape-grace, where I found thee a complete emblem of poverty, resembling the fruit of a gibbet seven years exposed to wind and weather, not a coat to thy back, a stocking to thy legs, nor a shoe to thy feet.

Sub. Very well; go on, sir.

Face. Did I not find thee, tatterdemalion, with a beard two inches long, not having wherewithal to pay a penny barber: furrowed brows, sunk eyes, and chattering teeth, crawling by the doors of cook-shops, to feed upon the steam of baked ox-heads and shios of beef?

Sub. Tremble, audacious villain, at thy insolence; fear my rage.

Face. Did I not put thee into some liking, snatch thee from Jane Shore's fate, and when thou hadst not as much linen about thee as would furnish a tinder box, did I not, like a guardian genius, bring thee to this house?

Sub. Yes, thy master's house; which, like a hungry mastiff, thou wast left to guard, and for a single bone would have let in any thief.

Face. Did I not enable thee to carry on the deceptions of alchemy, fortune-telling, and algebra; your minerals, your vegetals, and animals, to fleece the credulous vulgar? have I not provided you with conjurer's robes, stills, glasses, furnaces, coals, and all other materials, to carry on thy profitable farce? Answer me, knave, have I not done all this?

Sub. And answer me, miscreant, hast thou not thy share of the plunder? Sirrah, thou art as craving and unthankful as a bumbailiff.

Face. And thou, poltroon, as tricking as a Jewish stock-broker, or an Old Bailey solicitor.

Enter TRICKSY.

Trick. How now, my masters? What tantrums are these, I trow? Why, ye look as black at each other as a dark Christmas.

Sub. The dog is more hateful to me than cheese.

Face. And thou to me more detestable than the fulsome steam of a tallow-chandler's workshop.

Trick. For shame, talk not so loud, you will discover yourselves.

Face. I care not; welcome pillory or cart, so that varlet has his share.

Sub. Content, so thou art cropped or hanged first.

Trick. Hey-day, hey-day! if you are for that sport, have among ye; I must raise my voice too, then look to it; why, you couple of paltry, petulant knaves, can't we comfortably share gains, and be quiet?

Face. Why it is all his fault, Doll.

Sub. I deny it.

Trick. 'Tis both your faults, you tinder-temper'd knaves; you sputter at one another, and yet have as little courage as honesty; I know your high words and big looks; you spend your lungs to bawl, and strain your limbs to stride, without any meaning.

Sub. Take breath, Doll; take breath.

Trick. Take breath! Ads my life, shake hands, live peaceably, and cheat industriously, or tremble at my vengeance; I'll expose ye—get a genteel reward for apprehending such notorious rogues.

Sub. Nay but, dear Doll; Doll, the soft; Doll, the gentle.

Trick. No wheedling, Mr. Morose, but swear.

Sub. What wouldst thou have me swear?

Trick. To leave idle disputation and high words, or industry in promoting our common cause; this will best become you.

Sub. By my hopes, I meant no other; what I said was only to spur him up a little.

Trick. Come, come, no more; we want no whipping nor spurring; take hands, no frowns, but cordiality; I proclaim a peace.

Sub. Which for thy sake, fair mediatrix, I will keep religiously.

Face. And I.

Trick. I'll have no Frenchified professions, fair aces, with designing hearts, for my sake; keep the compact for your own.

Face. Wench of spirit, we will; and, as a reward for thy pains, thou shalt be Lady Face, or Lady Subtle.

Trick. Marry, come up, I trow, a wonderful atch; suppose I should be neither:—but of that hereafter; is it not near the hour when that prince of simplicity, my sweet swain, the tobacconist, is to be here?

Sub. It is. Face, be thou in the way, to meet and conduct him to an audience.

Face. Fear not; I'll play the gudgeon with an angler's skill. [*Exit.*]

Sub. Why, Doll, thou hast almost as many admirers as Helen.

Trick. Admirers! if the frames were not gilded, the pictures would be intolerable; as for instance, Abel Drugger, whose formality of phiz, and shallowness of skull, might for a few visits make even melancholy smile; then that cumbersome repository of ill thoughts, sir Epicure, who batters my ears with such pomposity of phrase, that I should always have a dictionary at hand to understand him; he is, for mouthing, the puff'd-up crier of Cupid's court.

Sub. He is indeed a rich subject for imposition. Good weuch, thou art to us as a conjurer's shew-cloth, to draw in the gaping crowd; most of the sheep are penned by thee, and we fleece them.

Trick. Yes, that you do pretty handsomely; but of all my numerous gallants, I am most troubled with Headlong, the betting, boxing blade; and often fancy I stand in danger of feeling personally, by way of joke, the dexterity of his fists.

Sub. Hush! I hear somebody coming; retire till occasion demands thy presence; and above all, remember the feigned madness I have taught thee for thy next interview with Sir Epicure; much depends on that.

Trick. Fear not; he shall think me fresh slipped from the region of Moorfields. [*Exit.*]

Sub. Now for suitable importance of look, and essential obscurity of phrase; by which the prudent are sometimes, and the foolish are always taken in.

Re-enter FACE, with ABEL DRUGGER.

Face. There he is, the wonder of the world; past, present, and to come, are as familiar to him as thou art with thy own face; there's not a fixed planet, nor even a wandering star, beyond his knowledge. (*Apert to Drugger.*)

Drug. Mayhap so; then he must have a power of acquaintances; I should not remember half of them. (*Apert.*)

Face. You! comparisons are—but mum—he turns upon us. (*Apert.*)

Sub. So, friend, thy name is Abel Drugger.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And thou art a vender of tobacco.

Drug. True, sir.

Sub. Free of the grocers?

Drug. Ay, an it please you.

Sub. Thou art lucky; a good star reigned at thy birth.

Face. Mind that, little Nab. (*Apert.*)

Drug. I hope it was a north star; they say that's luckiest now.

Sub. Thou hast an illustrious set of features.

Drug. Yes, very lustrous; mother used to call me her bright baby Abel.

Sub. Well, now for business; what wouldst thou have with me?

Drug. This, an please your wise worship; I am a young beginner, and am building a new shop, if it likes your reverence; it is just at the corner of a street, here's the plot on't; and I would know, by art, sir, of your venerableness, which way I should make my door by necromancy, and where to place my boxes, where my shelves, and where my pots. I should be glad to thrive. I was wished to you by Captain Face here, my very good friend, who says that you know men's planets, and their good angels and their bad.

Sub. He tells you a most solemn truth: I do know them.

Drug. I pray you, captain, speak for me to master doctor; his wisdom hath taken both my courage and breath away. (*Apert.*)

Face. Well, well, I'll be thy spokesman. (*Apert.*) Doctor, this is my friend; his name is Abel, a very honest fellow.

Drug. Yes, very honest.

Face. And no goldsmith.

Drug. No, no goldsmith.

Sub. And, as I have already hinted, very fortunate; at which allow me to rejoice: soft—metapostrophy informs me that your chesnut, or olive-coloured hair, does never fail; besides, your long ears promise extremely well; you were born on a Wednesday.

Drug. Good now; by my truly, and so I was.

Face. Is not this astonishing? (*Apert.*)

Sub. The thumb in chiromancy we give to Venus, the fore finger to Jove, the midst to Saturn, the ring to Sol, the least to Mercury. (*While Subtle is examining Druggers's fingers, he steals off a ring.*)

Drug. Nay, and you give them all away, I shall have none for myself.

Face. Is not this strange? (*Apert.*)

Drug. Yes, truly, very strange. (*Missing his ring.*)

Sub. Now for attention; this is thy house.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And these are your two sides.

Drug. So they are indeed, sir.

Sub. Mark me then; make your door here in the south, your broad-side west, and to the east side of your shop write in fair golden letters these words, mathlai, tarmael, boreabrat—what may that be in English, an like your wise worship?

Face. Mum there; plain English would ruin all. (*Aside.*)

Sub. Upon the north side inscribe thael, velil, thiel.

Drug. Rael, velil, thiel.

Sub. Those are the names of such mecnrial spirits as fright flies from boxes, cobwebs from shelves, and vermin from cupboards.

Drug. I pray you, sir, write down these charms, for I have but a sieve-like memory; all runs through.

Sub. Fear not; I'll strengthen thy recollection, and give thee, for I like thy countenance, such other assistance as will make thee stand a fair chance to possess that source of boundless riches, the philosopher's stone.

Face. Hearest thou that, little Nab? (*Apert.*)

Drug. Ay, I do, captain; what must I give the doctor? (*Apert.*)

Face. Give him—consider thou art a made man; thou canst not possibly give him less than—but hold, that you may try his wisdom a little closer, ask him about any particular circumstance that happened some time since; see if he can tell. (*Apert.*)

Drug. I'll do't. (*Apert.*) With your worship's good favour, I would ask what happened to me last Martinmass-day was twelvemonth, at night?

Sub. I see thou doubt'st my skill; but I'll indulge thee. Aries, Taurus, Virgo, Sagittarius, Capricornus, whisper in my ear the event I am questioned upon.

Drug. Are all these brother conjurers he's talking to? (*Apert.*)

Sub. Thou never wast at a tavern in thy life but on the evening thou hast mentioned.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was wot.

Sub. There you was so sick—

Drug. What, can you tell that too? Ay, we had gotten about shooting water-wagtails, and I had gotten a rare stomach; so eating a piece of fat ram mutton for supper, it lay heavy on my stomach, and my head did so ache—

Face. And Nab having no head—

Drug. No, no head.

Sub. You were obliged to be carried home, where a good old woman—

Drug. Yes, faith, she cured me with sodden ale and pellitory o'the wall; it cost me but twopence.

Face. Wonderful cheap.

Drug. But I had another sickness, worse than the ram mutton.

Sub. That too I know; it was grief at being cessed eighteen-pence for the water-works.

Drug. As I am a true man, and so it was; ay, it had like to have cost me my life; 'twas done in perfect spite.

Sub. Nay, thy very hair fell off.

Drug. Ay, and it has never curled since. Every syllable true, as I stand here, Captain Face. I'll give him a crown. (*Apert.*)

Face. What? (*Apert.*)

Drug. Yes, I'll give him a crown. (*Apert.*)

Face. A crown! I blush to think of it; what, after consulting so many stars, and obtaining such marks of good fortune, put the doctor off with a less fee than you must give for a pettifogging lawyer's letter? Oh! shame, shame! what gold hast thou about thee? (*Apert.*)

Drug. A two-guinea-piece, which was left me by my grandmother; and I would fain leave it to my grandchild. (*Apert.*)

Face. Psha, psha! give it to the doctor; nay, pause not, man, and the next visit make it ten. Is it not a cheap purchase of ten times ten millions? Mind that, Nab. (*Apert.*)

Drug. Well, friend Captain, since you desire it—but shan't I ask him for any change? (*Apert.*)

Face. Not for the world. (*Apert.*)

Drug. There then, so I thank your worship; I am your conjurership's humble servant. (*Going.*) I had almost forgot, I would desire another favour of his worship.

Sub. What is that, my knight of the steady phiz?

Drug. That your doctorship will be so kind, as to be so civil, to look over my almanack, and cross out my ill days; that I may neither buy, nor sell, nor trust, upon them.

Face. I promise this shall be done against the afternoon.

Sub. It shall; moreover, I will mark out a disposition of thy shelves, devise a sign, with other matters that may serve thee.

Face. Rejoice, Nab, thou art in high favour with the doctor.

Drug. I humbly thank your grace, and if your reverence comes near Pye-corner, you shall be welcome to some of my best Oronoko, Virginia, long-cut, short-cut, saffron, shag, or—your conjurership's most humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Face. Ha, ha, ha! thus grist flows into our mill. What think you of this tame pigeon?

Sub. An excellent subject for imposition, and quite ripe for plucking; the stock is indebted to thee for bringing him to hand; at his next visit Doll shall ply him on another side, in the character of a rich widow; I must in and prepare myself for Sir Epicure Mammon; do thou slip on the laboratory disguise, and watch his coming to the door. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON and FACE.

Sir E. Well, my Zephyrus, do we succeed? Is our day come? Blushes the bolt's head?

Face. Even with a virgin glow.

Sir E. Excellent; now then, Lungs, all my care must be where to get stuff enough for transmutation.

Face. Your worship must buy the metal covering from the roofs of churches.

Sir E. Thou say'st well; and instead thereof place thatch; thatch will sit lighter on their rafters. Well, after this day, all that art can frame, or luxury can desire, is mine; I'll have a seraglio, to put the grand signior's out of countenance; for where's that beauty can withstand a knight of gold? My very slaves shall live on such viands as monarchs now call rarities; thy cares too, my Lungs, are near an end; this night I'll manumit thee from the furnace, and repair thy brain, hurt with fume o' th' metals.

Face. I thank you, sir; I have indeed blown hard for your worship.

Sir E. And thou shalt have reward; a ton of gold shall pay thee; the largest bell our island can afford I'll change into that glorious metal, so may'st thou ring thy noble fortune. Where's thy master?

Face. Within, sir, at his prayers for the success of our great projection.

Sir E. Good soul, to pray so much, and toil so hard for my emolument. Thou, Lungs, when I have got thee into flesh a little, shalt be my kisser aga, the keeper of my wanton nymphs, more fair than those who tripped the Cyprian grove.

Face. Hold, sir, not a profane word, for see the pious doctor comes. [Exit.]

Enter SUBTLE.

Sir E. Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow; but wherefore here so soon? I fear me you are covetous, and wish possession of the stone for carnal appetite; take heed you do not throw the near hand blessing from you with ungoverned haste; I should be sorry to see my labours, now on the point of perfection, not prosper where my honest love has placed them; as they have been meant for public good, for pious uses, and mere charity; shouldst thou pursue aught else, a curse will follow thy deceitful ways.

Sir E. I know it, venerable sir; you shall not need to fear me, I will be charity itself; there shall not be an empty stomach, or a thread-bare coat in the nation; I will build churches, endow hospitals, and make lean curates plump as fat metropolitans; I will give such premiums for virtue, that vice shall be ashamed to shew its face; all arts, all sciences, shall thrive beneath my smile, and every comfort of life lie open to every hand; while temperance and doing good, to me, shall be the highest luxury.

Sub. Fairly spoken, if sincerity gives value to thy words. Ulen, look well to the register, and let your heat lessen by degrees to the aludels. (To *Face*, within.)

Face. (Within.) I shall, sir.

Sub. Look on, and bring word of what complexion is glass B. (To *Face*.) Son of my care, thy happiness approaches. (To *Sir Epicure*.) How now, what colour says it? (To *Face*.)

Re-enter FACE.

Face. The ground black, sir.

Sir E. That's your crow's head.

Sub. Be not too forward, son; the process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, sir; the retort broke, and what was saved was put into the pellicane, and sealed with Hermes' seal.

Sub. I think 'twas so; we should now have fresh amalgama; but I care not, let him e'en die.

Face. Our knight must have the other squeeze. (Aside.) I would not you should let any die now, if I might counsel, sir, for luck's sake to the rest.

Sir E. Lungs, thou art right; now our harvest is at hand, why should it wait the ripening?

Face. Nay, I know it, sir; I have seen the ill fortune; what are some six ounces of fresh materials.

Sir E. What, no more? a very trifle—good sir, what shall I give him? (Apart to *Subtle*.)

Sub. Some twenty pounds, or you may make it five-and-twenty.

Sir E. There is my purse with thirty; I shall have as many tons ere night.

Sub. Well snapped, gudgeon. (Aside.) This needed not, but you will have it so; now must I set the oil of luna, and the philosopher's vinegar in kemia. Ulen, go thou for the amalgama. Son, your leave awhile. [Exit.]

Sir E. Lungs, where's my lovely dame, my Cyprian queen; might I not, by thy good help, bask for a moment in the sunshine of her eye? Here's money for the pains thou tak'st to serve me. (Gives *Face* money.)

Face. I am your slave; I'll send her to your wish. [Exit.]

Sir F. Sure every smiling planet reigned at thy birth, Sir Epicure, to mark thee out the eldest favourite of fortune; but she comes.

Enter TRICKSY.

Allow me, madam, to offer up my vows with rapture at the shrine of your charms.

Trick. The vows of men, Sir Epicure, are false.

Sir E. Mine, fair dame, as true as alchymy, and rich as the philosopher's stone, which I am shortly to possess; suffer this ring to sparkle with added lustre upon that finger, whose delicate proportion, not Phidias nor Praxiteles, were they alive again, with art sculptorian could describe.

Trick. Your praise and favour, sir, speak warmly to my heart.

Sir E. Soon shall they glow upon thee with the fervour of an Æthiopian sun; to-morrow will purchase the monarchy of this nether globe, and make thee my second Venus, queen on't. Now let a touch of those soft lips confirm our contract.

Trick. Avaunt! ambassador of sin, and touch me not, emblem of vice, I've found thee.

Sir E. Found me? I didn't know that I was lost.

Trick. Thy eyes are blind, thy tongue licentious, thy limbs disordered.

Sir E. How she stares! (Aside.)

Trick. Thou walking volcano, thou embodied fever, go lay thee in the winter's frozen lap, and let him weep snow on thee, to allay thy raging heat.

Sir E. Mad as a March hare! would I were out of the house. (Aside.)

Trick. Thy cousins, Ætna and Vesuvius, vomit not combustibles more destructive than are winged on thy infectious breath; come, if thou hast courage, I'll lead the way from off this sky-crown'd rock, and headlong plunge into you roaring deep;—thou tremblest—guilt makes a coward of thee, and thou must remain a prey to self-consuming flames; while white-winged doves wait to bear me to the fields of bliss, where such as thou can never never, never come.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What's the matter? How did you work her to this?

Sir E. Nay, I know not, Lungs, unless by asking a civil salute.

Face. Ah, there it is; knew you not her tender brain? once hurt by love and matchless modesty, dear good lady.

Sir E. Right, Lungs; coax her, Lungs.

Trick. Nay, shepherds, cease your melting strains, they are all in vain, I have no heart to

give, 'twas stolen long since; what, do you alter notes and looks so soon? worse than the raven's discord, black as the brow of night; oh, you can quickly change, but I defy you all, for at my beck ten thousand spirits wait, to whom this nether globe, with all its load of sins, would be but a sportive toy, to bandy through unbounded regions of the trackless air.

Face. It is all over, we shall never lay her now; and, if the old man should hear her, we should be all undone. Hark! was not that his footstep? Move off, Doll. (*Aside.*)

Trick. The shade of Yarico has sent a card, and would attend my rout this night; will ye join this insubstantial meeting of visitants from the other world? Man of flesh, thou art too gross; throw off mortality, and take a frisk amongst us. [*Exit.*]

Sub. (Within.) What profane noise is here?

Face. He comes. (*They go off.*)

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How! what sight doth wound my eyes? clouds and darkness, else why shun the light? Who's here, my son? (*Brings on Sir Epicure.*) I have lived too long.

Sir E. Nay, good dear father, there was no dishonest purpose.

Sub. Nay, tell not me, I knew it ere I saw; our great work bath stood still these ten minutes, and all our lesser works gone back; this will retard our happy views a month at least, if not—(*A loud crack and noise.*)

Sir E. Mercy on us! What dreadful noise is that?

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Oh, sir, we are all defeated, all the works are flown in fumo. [*Exit Subtle.*]

Sir E. Oh, Lungs! what, nothing saved?

Face. I fear nothing worth mention; yet the doctor, good soul, is gone to see; charity, charity, he says, may work a wonderful effect.

Sir E. I will do anything—I will do all.

Face. Well, sir, for the present, suppose you bring one hundred to Bethlem, for those who have lost their wits; one hundred for the Magdalen, as sin of that kind has been your fault, and leave the sums to the disposal of the doctor: such marks of your contrition, and his prayers, may give a fresh process desirable effect.

Sir E. Thanks, Lungs, for thy advice; I doubt not it will speed, therefore the cash I will prepare, and henceforth be cautious of crack-brain'd beauty. [*Exit.*]

Sub. (Peeps in.) What, is the lump of knightly flesh departed, Face?

Face. Yes, and with a heavy heart, but not quite hopeless.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Right, thou play'st him to a hair; hark! I hear approaching steps. [*Exit Face.*] How often do the worldly wise, happy in their imagined policy, fool away substantial possessions, pursuing shadows?

Re-enter FACE, with MISS RANTIPOLE.

Face. There, madam, is the gentleman I presume you want.

Miss R. Well, Mr. Conjuror, as I am told you are very intimate with the stars, I am inclined for a little conversation with you; and that we may better understand one another, there are a few guineas.

Sub. Give me leave, madam, as I see the charms of your person, though with the dim eyes of age, to inquire into the beauties of your pocket; as thence perhaps we may properly estimate the violent attachment of your numerous admirers.

Miss R. What, fortune you mean? that, sir, I am not ashamed to explain, having had these twelvemonths past, by the will of my good old grandfather, twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal.

Face. Nay, madam, it is not at all wonderful that you should have an admirer for every thousand; besides being at your own disposal, the fatigue and danger of a trip to Scotland are rendered unnecessary.

Miss R. True, sir; at the age of sixteen I was a fond, foolish, credulous creature, and thought of nothing but flames, darts, constancy, and dying; if a young fellow looked but grave, heigho! I pitted him; but now, as Lady Fanny Flirtem says, if an army of lovers were before me, with pistols at their ears, daggers at their breasts, running nooses round their necks, or poison at their mouths, I could look on with the most immoveable composure, the true unfeeling, fashionable indifference.

Face. This is rather philosophical than humane.

Miss R. Humane, ha, ha, ha! and pray what have fine ladies to do with humanity! though there is a young baronet in my train, who could occasion some flutter here, if he was a little more polished; but the teasing creature is so pettish, and so jealous, and so grave, and so wise—pray, Mr. Conjuror, could not you put him under the influence of some fashionable star? I'll send him to see you; a little more taste, and lessen his gravity; after I have had my fling, seen all the world, heard all the pretty things that can be said, fretted a score of lovers to death, and am on the brink of becoming an old maid, perhaps I may sink into a domestic animal. But you must excuse my abrupt departure; I have a dozen friendly pop visits to make in less than an hour, and would not miss one for the universe. [*Exit.*]

Sub. Truly, a volatile sprig of flirtation! but, methinks, I hear Abel's voice. [*Exit Face.*] Now, gravity and absence, wrap me round in thy deceptive robe.

Enter ABEL DRUGGER.

Well, master Tobacconist.

Drug. I have brought your worship a taste of right Oroonoko; or, if that's too mild—

Sub. This, as a mark of thy honest regard, will do.

Drug. I wish his honour, Captain Face, had been here; I have not half the 'dacity to speak as when he is by.

Sub. Why not, my honest friend? A just case may always speak openly; but, excuse me, reflection calls, and I must leave this world awhile.

Drug. Leave this world awhile! and, yet, he stands just where he did; but he's amongst the stars, and taking a thousand miles at a jump; why, these conjurers are—

Re-enter FACE, who slaps Drugger on the shoulder.

Oh! you frightened me.

Face. So, honest Nab, I see thou art alone; for the doctor is with his spirits; but we'll upon him. (*Apart.*)

Sub. How now! what mates, what baiards have we here?

Face. I thought he would be furious: a piece of gold to soften him. (*Apart.*)

Drug. What, another? (*Apart.*)

Face. Ay, ay! what, mar the sheep for a halfpenny worth of tar? Come, I'll give it the doctor. (*Apart.*) Now thy business?

Drug. About a sign, sir.

Face. Ay! a good, lucky, thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I have been thinking for his service; I will have none that's stale or common, A townsman born in Taurus gives the bull, or the bull's head;

in Aries, the ram; both poor devices: no, let me form his name into some mystic character, whose radii, striking the senses of each passer by, shall with a virtual influence breed affections which may result upon the party that owns it.

Face. Mark that, Nab.

Sub. He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

Drug. Abel!

Sub. And by it standing one, whose name is Dee, in a rug gown.

Drug. A rug gown!

Sub. D and rug, you know, make Drug.

Face. Excellent!

Sub. And right against him, a dog snarling err.

Drug. Err! Abel Druggier! he, he, he! why, that's my name.

Sub. These emblems, thus conjoined, form a lucky sign with mystery and hieroglyphic.

Face. Why, Abel, thou art made.

Drug. I do humbly thank his worship.

Face. Six more such legs will not do it; thy word is passed to bring a piece of damask.

Drug. Yes, sir; but I have another thing I would impart.

Sub. Out with it, friend.

Drug. There visits near me a rich young widow.

Face. A bona roba!

Drug. Ay, rona boba, but nineteen at the most.

Sub. She whom thou mentionest is now in my study, casting a figure; I know her to be the same—tall?

Drug. Yes, an like your worship, she makes a parfit mushroom of me.

Sub. Chesnut hair, leering eye.

Drug. Very leering eye: your worship has her to a T.

Sub. I tell thee she is within; I'll work in thy favour, and thou shalt have immediate conference. This tobacco is good thou gavest me; how much is there of it?

Drug. A very honest pound.

Face. Doctor, Nab will present thee with a hogs-head of it.

Drug. Won't half a one do? It costs me—*(Apart.)*

Face. Psha! hang costs, when a rich widow's in the case. *(Apart.)* And he will furnish you also, grave sir, with one of the richest suits of damask he can procure.

Sub. Such men are worthy fortune's smiles. I'll send the widow. *[Exit.]*

Face. I'll follow, and keep the doctor warm in thy interest, little Nab. *[Exit.]*

Drug. Let me see what these conjurations will cost me: a two guinea piece, my ring, a pound of tobacco, then a hogshead; besides a suit of damask, and wedding charges into the bargain: why, altogether, can't come to less than—oh! here she is! what a charming figure to stand behind a counter! I'll warrant she'll sell twice as much as me; my shop will be the meeting-place of gallants.

Re-enter TRICKSY.

Trick. Oh! Mr. Tobacconist, your servant.

Drug. How softly her mouth opens, as if her lips were afraid to part; and then it shuts, as if they were glad to meet. *(Aside.)*

Trick. The charming creature is wrapped up in meditation; what can that wise set of features be engaged upon? *(Aside.)*

Drug. How softly spoken! one to my mind exactly; my head won't bear much noise. *(Aside.)* Oh! who would have thought to see you here? but they say mountains will meet.

Trick. Yes, sir, things little expected will happen. I never thought of losing my dear husband so soon, he was the be—be—best creature—

Drug. D—d—don't cry; for I am so tender-

hearted, I can't see anybody cry but I must cry too.

Trick. I shall esteem you the more.

Drug. Esteem! now you talk that way, have you thought any more about our wedding?

Trick. Good sir, 'tis not for me to think in such a case; I must obey my fate, what the stars say—

Drug. Why, I never knew the stars said anything.

Trick. Oh! but they denote most certainly—if we come together, 'tis they must do it.

Drug. Say you so? then I'll go in and ask the doctor how and about it; he'll tell me anything in the stars, or in the sun, or moon, or anywhere else.

Trick. He is, indeed, a wonderful man, and a most valuable friend.

Drug. Well, I'll go. Now have I a good mind to ask a kiss, but I can't reach, and, mayhap, she may be ashamed to stoop before marriage, so I'll stay a bit. *(Aside.)* *[Exit.]*

Trick. So, there he goes: ha, ha, ha! a few minutes more, and my face would have betrayed me; gravity must soon have given way.

Head. *(Within.)* Holloa, doctor! master alchymist!

Trick. My fighting swain, as I live! a little *mal apropos*, but we must make the best on't.

Enter HEADLONG.

Head. How now! my buxom widow here? that's more than I thought for; tip us thy hand; I came to tell this here doctor what a rare scholar I am; I can almost quarrel with anybody now: when he has made me perfect in the cross-buttock and brain-blow, I shall not fear the best he that stands in shoe of leather.

Trick. Excellent! I love a man of spirit.

Head. Spirit to the back-bone; I never die dung-hill—always game—I had a d—d fine tussle in the Park just now.

Trick. Was it high fun?

Head. Rare rig! It would have made you burst your sides with laughing: you shall hear the whole affair.

Trick. Pray do; I love a bit of mischief vastly.

Head. Why, you must know, my girl of fire! as I was coming at a good spanking rate from St. James's cockpit, what should I meet, in the flagged passage of Spring-garden, but a queer sort of a half gentleman, arm under arm, with a d—d rum, waddling wife, as I afterwards found she was.

Trick. Going, I suppose, to take a matrimonial walk in the Park? Vulgar creatures! antediluvian wretches!

Head. You have hit it: as I brushed by with my arms a-kinbo, this elbow went plump into madam's bread-basket; she staggered; the husband put on a fighting face, and cries, "What's that for?" "What's that to you?" said I. "It is to me," says he. "You lie," says I. "You are an impudent blockhead," says he. "You are a ragamuffin," says I, "and take that"—giving him a tip across the cheek; into the Park we went; a ring was made, and as pretty a set-to we had, for about five minutes, as any one would wish to see; till giving him a plump of the jaw, which broke two of his grinders, he sickened, so gave up: then we shook hands and made friends.

Trick. Droll and pleasant to the last degree; ha, ha, ha!

Head. Oh! but I should have told you a merry affair that happened yesterday. After knocking off six bottles of Madeira hand to fist, Lord Graceless, a d—d honest fellow, and myself, matched our nags from Windsor to London; the peer laying sixty guineas to forty: well, off we set, and maintained a devilish deep rate till we came to Turnham-green, where the sport began; as we were tugging for the lead, whip and spur, I bolted a blind beggar into

the ditch; in less than ten seconds his lordship flew over an old woman, riding upon an ass between two milk-pails; such a scene! ha, ha, ha! would have made Mr. What-d'ye-call'em, the crying philosopher, himself laugh; here lay the peer's horse with his neck broke, there the old woman groaning, yonder the ass kicking, and his lordship sprawling through the milky-way, like a wounded frog in a duck-pond.

Trick. Inimitable, ha, ha, ha! why, this is higher life than your battle: besides you won the wager.

Head. Yes, yes, widow, I touched the spankers, the yellow boys, and intend to lay them out in a present for you. When we are married, if any man does but squint at you, I'll plump and rib him.

Re-enter SUTLE, FACE, and ABEL DRUGGER.

Mr. Doctor, I have been telling my widow here of the prettiest bruising-match—

Face. Mind that, Nab; speak to him; I'll second you. (*Apart to Drugger.*)

Drug. Will you? then I'll do it. (*Apart.*) Your widow? mayhap not.

Head. Mayhap ay; and if I hear any more of your haps, lookye, d'ye see, I'll give you a douse o' the chaps, mind that.

Drug. And if you do, you may get as good as you bring, for all your fighting face.

Trick. Nay, good gentleman, don't fight on my account; I'll please you both, if I can.

Head. You! no, no, little buxom; only a few knocks for love, to see who's the best man, that's all: will you strip?

Drug. As soon as yourself.

Head. Now, then, come on, little tickle-pitcher.

Drug. I am at thee, bully-bluff. (*They fight.*)

Face. Bravely done, my Hector of Troy! thou art victorious as Alexander, and shalt be crowned with tobacco instead of laurel; take thy fair widow, retire and compose thyself.

Drug. Master Captain, I can feeze tightly, when I see occasion. [*Exit, with Trickisy.*]

Enter KNOWLIFE, with Constables.

Know. Come, walk in gentlemen, we'll clear this nest of hornets.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. How! my master returned! cursed chance! then we are all undone: not a loop-hole to escape. (*Aside.*)

Know. Hey-day! what, my faithful Jeremy metamorphosed into an officerical appearance?

Face. Only an innocent frolic. If I had known your honour—

Know. Ay, ay! if you had known I was coming, you would have been better prepared, I doubt it not. Why, hang-dog! what villainous work have you been making of this house during my absence? no pervariation. I have heard of your converting it into an impostor-shop, where gulls have been decoyed to barter real property for empty hopes. What, reverend cheat, art thou the leader of the gang? (*Brings Subtle forward.*)

Sub. What a glorious harvest is here blasted!

Re-enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON.

Sir E. A feather-headed puppy had like to run me over, and was within a hair's breadth of tumbling me neck and heels down the whole flight of stairs: but, here it is, my alchymist, here are the means of

reparation; one hundred pounds for Bethlem, as much for the Magdalen, besides fifty to purchase fresh amalgama.

Know. What puffed-up bladder of folly have we here?

Sir E. I am a knight, and my alchymist there is to make me a knight of gold.

Know. Leave my house.

Sir E. Your house?

Know. Yes, mine, sir: no big looks, or I shall convince you of the property in a very disagreeable manner.

Sir E. Oons! if this be the case, I'll never trust the stars again; and every man that speaks a hard word, in my mind shall be a cheat. Where's Mexico? where's Peru? [*Exit.*]

Know. Now, culprits, what defence can you make?

Face. To be short, sir, having a mind above servitude, and talents to try a push in life, I was resolved to make the most of your absence; the prospect was very fair, but the fabric of my hopes, like a house of cards, is levelled by a single puff: however, having little to risk, I have only lost expectation; and having been guilty of no breach of trust respecting you, imagine myself tolerably safe from prosecution.

Know. Mighty well, evasive sir!

Sub. As for me, sir, at whom you look with an inquisitive eye, being as low as the blind goddess could lay me, I was ready to snatch at any means of amending painful circumstances: you will say, why turn impostor? Look through the various classes of life, and you will see how many who hold high heads, with fair outsides, pursue worse practices; you may style me a knave, but since I have taken care not to be a poor one, I shall draw that respect and safety from well-lined pockets, which pennyless shame-faced honesty could never have obtained.

Re-enter ABEL DRUGGER and TRICKSY.

Drug. Master captain and master doctor, I have settled the whole affair; the widow here loves me like anything.

Know. What unfeathered cuckoo art thou?

Drug. Cuckoo in your teeth; I gave one a trimming just now; and if you jaw much, mayhap you may come in for your share: nay, you need not squint so at this lady; she is a rich widow, and is to be my wife.

Know. A rich widow! ha, ha, ha! thou art too contemptible for serious resentment, therefore, I vouchsafe to tell thee this lady is my chambermaid, that captain my butler, and your grave alchymist there a cheat, picked up I know not where. As to these three, I'll secure them for justice sake, and leave you to find the same way out that you came in.

[*Exeunt all but Drugger.*]

Drug. The widow his chambermaid, the captain his butler, and our wise alchymist a cheat! a pretty kettle of fish I have made of it; but escaping the marriage-noose is some comfort however.

Well, left thus alone, I'll return to my shop, And all future hopes from extrology drop; Henceforth I shall think it a pitiful trade; My head surely for conjuring never was made: But if I could conjure—a very good cause Should work my first spell—it should catch—your applause. [*Exit.*]

FORTUNE'S FROLIC;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY J. T. ALLINGHAM.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD
SNACKS
FRANK

RATTLE
CLOWN
VILLAGERS

NANCY
MARGERY
DOLLY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the castle.

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. A letter for me by express! What can be about? Something of great consequence from y lord, I suppose. Frank here! What the devil can he want?—Come a begging, though, I may say. (*Aside.*)

Frank. Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

Snacks. (*Coldly.*) Good morning.

Frank. I'm come, sir, to—I say, sir, I'm come

Snacks. Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

Frank. The termination of the law-suit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to your entire inability to prosecute it any further, has

thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount without your kind assistance.

Snacks. Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarrelling with me, and now you want me to help you.

Frank. The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Snacks. You wish to rent it, do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

Frank. I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

Snacks. But I have a great doubt about it. No, no, sir; do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it.—Good day, friend; good day. (*Shewing him the door.*)

Frank. My necessities, sir—

Snacks. I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business. Good day. There's the door.

Frank. Unfeeling wretch!

Snacks. What!

Frank. But what could I expect? Think not,

thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—my wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stooped so low! my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possessed your wealth, and load it with the crimes entailed upon it. [Exit.]

Snacks. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine, blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a gaol, and bring down your spirit a little. But come, let me see what my letter says. What a deal of time I've lost with that beggar. (*Reads.*) "*Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughhead—Robin is the legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament.*"

Your's to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Attorney at Law.*"

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughhead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once; it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great reason to like me; I never gave him anything but hard words. (*Rattle sings without.*) Confound it, here's that fellow Rattle coming.

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ah, my old daddy! how are you? What! have you got the mumps? can't you speak?

Snacks. I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. What do you old daddy me for?

Rat. Why, father-in-law! curse me, but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day; what's the matter with you? why you are as melancholy as a lame duck.

Snacks. The matter is—that I am sick.

Rat. What's your disorder?

Snacks. A surfeit: I've had too much of you.

Rat. Oh! you'll soon get the better of that; for when I've married your daughter, curse me if I shall trouble you much with my company.

Snacks. But you hav'n't married her yet.

Rat. Oh! but I shall soon; I have got your promise, you know.

Snacks. Can't remember any such thing.

Rat. No? Your memory's very short, then.

Snacks. A short memory's very convenient, sometimes.

Rat. And so is a short stick; and I've a great mind to try the utility of it now. I tell you what, Snacks, I always thought you was a d—d old rascal, but now I'm sure of it. It's no matter, though: I'll marry your daughter, notwithstanding.

Snacks. You will, will you?

Rat. Yes, Snacks, I will; for I love her. I wonder how the devil such a pretty girl ever came to have such a queer, little, shrivelled, old mop-stick as you for a father. Snacks, your wife must certainly have made a cuckold of you; it could not be else.

Snacks. Impudent rascal!

Rat. But it signifies not who her father is; Miss Nancy is lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see;

five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have been steward a long time; that sum must be a mere flea-bite to you.

Snacks. I rather think I shall never give her a farthing if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

Rat. Why lookye; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will put me out: where others sink, I rise; and this opposition of your's will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

Snacks. No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I sha'n't waste any more time with you: go, and take in the flats in Lombard-street; it won't do here. [Exit.]

Rat. Oh! what, he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you, somehow or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

Enter MISS NANCY.

Ah, my sweet, little, rural angel! How fares it with you? You smile like a May morning.

Nan. The pleasure of seeing you always makes me.

Rat. Indeed! give me a kiss, then. I love you well enough to marry you without a farthing; but I think I may as well have the five thousand pounds, if it's only to tease old Long-purse.

Nan. Oh! you know you have his promise for that.

Rat. Yes, but he says he has forgot all about that, though it was no longer ago than yesterday; and he says I sha'n't have you.

Nan. Does he, indeed?

Rat. Yes; but never mind that.

Nan. I thought you said you loved me?

Rat. And so I do, better than all the gold in Lombard-street.

Nan. Then, why are you not sorry that my father won't give his consent?

Rat. His consent! I have got your's and my own, and I'll soon manage him. Don't you remember how I frightened him one night, when I came to visit you by stealth, dressed like a ghost, which he thinks haunts the castle? Oh! I'll turn that to account. I know he's very superstitious, and easily frightened into anything. Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Corn-field.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD *discovered, binding up a sheaf.*

Rob. Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest; for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the look out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump. (*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holyday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers

in their cows in there, and it should not cost n a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I could have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! re comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine job-an, I suppose.

Enter SNACKS, bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so Iopped to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's grinning (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very amble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come to the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! He, he, he! Ecnd! I never lew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better. I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh! you mean the lord Larry, I suppose. No, no; must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is: you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before. How came it to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog: I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship—Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of them is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks; let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for you are steward here. My name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I sha'n't answer you, that's flat. I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*)

“Sir,—This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwitted this morning, after a very short illness; during which, he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate. The woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through moves of shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead: this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have, therefore, sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

KIT CODICIL, Attorney at Law.

Rob. What, what, all mine? the houses, the

trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the hulls, and the pigs, and the—What! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me it is so! Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is your's.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! (*Catches off Snack's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; make every body drunk; if there's a sober man to be found any where to-day, he shall be put in the stocks. Go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favour to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes,

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord! He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. D—n your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—Zeounds! what a peer of the realm!

[Aside, and exit.]

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! What work I will make in the village. Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work, it shall be all play. Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—No, I'll not go there; I'll go to—D—n it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

Enter Villagers, shouting.

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads? Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Vil. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! Long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You sha'n't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich: I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*Women shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter, that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

Enter SNACKS.

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money. He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. (*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

[*Villagers carry him off, shouting; Snacks follows.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a neat Cottage; table spread for dinner.*

Enter MARGERY and DOLLY.

Dolly. There now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think that I may take up the dumplings, mother?

Mar. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here; he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp-set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing: I suppose he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of?

Dol. Oh! we shall contrive to make both ends meet, and we shall do very well, I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I love Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but all your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

Dol. La, mother, now don't be so cross! Oh dear! the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoiled; I wish Robin would come. (*Robin sings without.*) Oh! here he comes, in one of his merry humours.

Enter ROBIN, he cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.

Why, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you haven't heard, then? Oh, I'm glad of that; for I shall have the fun of telling you.

Dol. Well, sit down then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

Rob. Dumplings! D—n dumplings.

Dol. D—n dumplings. La! mother, he d—ns dumplings. Oh! what a shame. Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. But I'll talk of dumplings though, indeed. I shouldn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food; quite good enough for you, I'm sure. (*Very angry.*)

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? (*Upsets the table, and dances on the plates, &c. and sings.*) Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! (*Picking up the pieces.*)

Dol. (*Crying.*) I did not think you could have used us so; I'm quite ashamed of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doantye cry now, Dolly; doantye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. No, doantye, Dolly, doantye, now. (*Shews a purse.*)

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold? Let me see.—(*Snatches the purse, and sits down to count the money.*)

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; have been about being made a lord of, that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head turned, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turned; it's turned from a clown's head to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top of the hill yonder?

Dol. Oh! I should like it very much, Robin; it is a nice cottage.

Rob. Doant talk to me of cottages, I mean the castle!

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I'm virtuous woman. Where did you get them, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad. I'll go and put these by. (*Exit.*)

Dol. Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Dol. Twenty, an' you please, Robin.

Rob. First, then, you must know that I am the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is; it's because am the richest fellow in all these parts; and if haven't it here, I have it here. (*Pointing to his head and his pocket.*) That castle's mine, and all these fields up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin, that won't do.

Rob. Won't it? I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no; you are running your rigs; know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down earnest?

Rob. Yes, I am: his lordship's dead, and he left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What?

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

Dol. No? Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Ecod, that will be fine fun. My Lady—

Rob. Now, what do you think on't?

Dol. My Lady—Lady Roughhead—

Rob. Why, Dolly!

Dol. Lady Roughhead? How it sounds! Ha ha, ha! (*Laughs immoderately.*)

Rob. Egad, I believe she's going into a big strike. Dolly! Dolly! (*Slapping her hands.*)

Dol. Ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it. (*Shakes her.*) Dolly!

Dol. Oh! my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughhead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself to a aa tainty.

Dol. But now is it true in earnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go? Oh! we go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lor lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. (*Exeunt*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Road to the castle.*

Enter MR. FRANK.

Frank. Well, then, to the house of woe I must turn again. And can I take no comfort with me? Nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

Enter ROBIN, unobserved by Frank.

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am, that's for certain.

Frank. My own distress I could bear well, very ell; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all e woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear, too. *(Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.)*

Frank. To-day, I almost fear, they have not staid food.

Rob. And I ha' been stuffing my d—d guts enough to make 'em burst. *(Drops more money into his hat.)*

Frank. How happy once my state! Where'er I rned my eyes, good fortune smiled upon me; then d the poor ever tell a tale of woe without relief? ere not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be a lord.

Frank. No hand stretched out to my relief.

Rob. Eh! what? Yes it is, Mr. Frank! Lord, e! I am very glad as I met with you.

Frank. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich, and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Frank. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Frank. I can't remember.

Rob. But that's no reason as I should forget it; s a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark re, *(pointing to his head.)* that time won't rub it t. It's now fourteen years since poor mother ed; she was very ill one day when you happened come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubberg at the door: I was then about this high. You ck me by the hand; and I shall never forget the ck you gave me when you axed me what was the atter with me; and when I told you, you called e a good lad, and went in and talked to mother. om that time you came to see her every day, d gave her all the help as you could; and when e died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I rget such kindness, I hope good luck will for er forget me.

Frank. Tell me your name: it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughhead, your honour. To-day be come to be lord of all this estate; and the first od I find of it is, that I am able to make you ppy. *(Stuffing the money into Frank's pockets.)* me up to the castle, and I'll give you as much oney as you can carry away in a sack.

Frank. What sympathy is in that honest bosom! ut how has this good fortune come to you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you buried was fe to his lordship: he has owned it on his death-d, and left word as I'm his son.

Frank. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

Rob. Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body ay say; and if you will be so good as to help me ith your advice, I shall take it very kind of you,

er.

Frank. I thank you for the good opinion you have of me; and, as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thankye, sir, thankye! But, pray, what bad luck made you so devilish poor?

Frank. It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

Rob. Snacks! Oh, d—n 'un! I'll do for him soon. He's rotten here, Master Frank; I do think as how he's a d—d old rogue.

Frank. Judge not too harshly.

Rob. Come, sir, will you go up to the castle?

Frank. Excuse me; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.

Rob. Well, but you'll come back?

Frank. To-morrow.

Rob. No, to-night. Do'e favour me; I want to speak to you.

Frank. I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return; but I will refuse you nothing.

Rob. Thankye, sir; you're very kind: I shall stay till you come, if it's all night.

Frank. Proud wealth, look here for an example! My generous heart, how shall I thank you?

Rob. Lord, lord! doant think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only knowed how I feel all over me—it's a kind of a—I could cry for joy. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Well, everything is prepared for my attack on the castle to-night; and I don't much fear but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, and make him surrender at discretion. Yes, yes, Master Snacks, I shall soon be with you. *(Shouting, music, and ringing of bells.)* What a d—d racket here is in the village to-day! I wonder what it's all about?

Re-enter ROBIN.

Holloa, there! Stop, my fine fellow. Pray, can you tell me what all this uproar is about in the village?

Rob. Why, you be Master Rattle from Lunnun.

Rat. Well, I don't want to be told that.

Rob. Gee us your hand, Rattle, thou be'st a d—d honest fellow, and I like thee; I do indeed.

Rat. Very familiar, upon my word.

Rob. I liked you ever since you let old Toppin have the three pounds to pay his rent with; and now, whilst I think on't, here 'tis again; take it, for I won't let anybody give away money here but myself.

Rat. Why, what in the name of wonder is all this? What are you at? I think I'll open a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

Rob. Here, take the money.

Rat. Put it up, my fine fellow! you'll want it, perhaps.

Rob. Me want money! Shall I lend you an odd thousand, and set you up in a shop?

Rat. Why, who the devil are you?

Rob. Why, doant you know? I be Robin.

Rat. Robin, are you? Egad! I think you sing like a goldfinch.

Rob. Very well, Rattle; that's a good joke.

Rat. Why, curse me! if I am up to you, Master Robin; you are queering me, I believe.

Rob. Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the castle, Rattle. You see, I'm not ashamed of my old acquaintance, as some folks are.

Rat. Not ashamed of his old acquaintance! Why, what do you mean?

Rob. I can't stop to talk to you any longer.

Good h'ye, Rattle; thou be'st an honest fellow, and I shall be glad to see thee at the castle. [Exit.]

Rat. I declare I'm quite dumbfounded. And have I lived all my days in Lombard-street for this—to be hummed by a clown? (*Laughing, music, ringing of bells, &c.*) I believe the people are all mad to-day; I can't think what they are at.

Enter Clown, in a hurry.

Here, here, Hob! I want to speak with you.

Clown. You mun meak heast, then; for I be going to dine wi' my lord, and I shall be too late.

Rat. Wheugh! What, are you drunk?

Clown. Noa, noa; but I soon shall be, I take it, for there's plenty o' yeale to be gotten.

Rat. Plenty o' yeale to be gotten, is there?

Clown. Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.

Rat. Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me what the bells are ringing for?

Clown. Ees, to be sure I con.

Rat. Well, what is it?

Clown. Why, it's bekeas they do pull the ropes, I tell thee. Dinner will all get yeaten up whilst I stond here talking wi' you. (*Runs off; Rattle runs after him and brings him back.*)

Rat. You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed; I have learnt one thing from you, however, that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on; so I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindmost.

[*They run off.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the castle, leading to an inner apartment.*

Enter SNAKS.

Snaaks. Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin! This must be his sweet-heart Dolly, that he talks so much about; they must not come together; if they do it will knock up all my plan. What shall I do with her? if I could but get her into this room, she'd be safe enough—Here she is.

Enter DOLLY and MARGERY.

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship?

Dol. Yes, sir.

Snaaks. And, pray, what might you want with him?

Mar. She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

Dol. Yes, that's all, sir.

Snaaks. I dare say, but I must know what these things are. (*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this scene. Snaaks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*)

Mar. Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

Snaaks. (*Aside.*) Curse that old devil, what a tongue she has! I shall never be able to manage her. (*To Dolly.*) You can't see his lordship, he's engaged.

Dol. Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

Snaaks. Oh! then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

Mar. (*Very angry.*) No, sir; she is the lucky young woman that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

Snaaks. Ah, poor soul! I pity her; I do, indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

Mar. But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that! Pity, indeed!

Snaaks. Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it can't be helped: his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What?

Snaaks. It's true, indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be my lady, after all?

Snaaks. No, poor girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me! (*Crying.*) Oh dear, oh dear! I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord. And has he quite forgot me?

Snaaks. Yes; he told me to tell you that he had done with you.

Mar. (*Very noisy.*) But I have not done with him, though. Pretty work, indeed! But I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses. I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill. He's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond. I'll find him out; I'll—

Snaaks. (*Trying to appease her.*) Hush, hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Snaaks. Be cool, be cool! Robin will certainly hear this old bell-wether, and I shall be blown. (*Aside.*)

Mar. I'll make him down on his knees, I will. I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise: I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such passion, I could tear his eyes out. Oh! if I can but see him—(*Going, Snaaks stops her.*)

Snaaks. Here, here! stop, stop! I'll go and bring him to you. Curse her old throat! (*Aside.*) Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself. I will, indeed; perhaps I shall bring him round my dear.

Dol. Thankye, sir; tell him I'll hang myself; he doesn't marry me. [*Goes in.*]

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her. [*Goes in: Snaaks locks the door.*]

Snaaks. Well, they are safe for the present; I wish they were out of the house, though. If I can but bring this marriage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money. If I can but marry the girl and him I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents. sacked from my old master.

Rat. (*Without, in a hollow voice.*) Villanous robber!

Snaaks. O lord! what's that? (*Pauses.*) It has put me in such a fright: that ghost's abroad again! What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes, for fear he should stare me in the face. I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends; indeed, I will. Upon my soul, I will; upon the word of an honest man, I will. [*Exit.*]

Enter RATTLE.

Rat. Ha, ha, ha! I think I gave his conscience a kick there. Twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents! let me remember that. I'm up to your tricks, Mr. Snaaks; but you sha'n't carry on your scheme much longer, if I have any skill. If I don't quicken your memory a little, I'll give over conjuring and set up a chandler's-shop. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A handsome Apartment in the castle. A table with wines, &c.*

ROBIN AND SNAKS discovered.

Rob. (*Rather tipsy.*) Well, Snaaks, this is very

good stuff; I don't know as ever I drank any before: what do you call this, Snacks?

Snacks. Red-port wine, an't please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, red-port wine pleases his lordship. I wonder where this comes from. Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one; because, you know, now I'm a lord, I must not make a beast of myself; that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. I think his lordship is getting rather forward. I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. (*Aside.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk; and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the waggon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he? Lame, is he?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time? Tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. (*Aside to Serv.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you? [*Exit Servant.*] That's right, Snacks; d—n the fellow, what business has he to be lame?

Snacks. Oh! please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh! they are sad dogs. Not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! If I were behind him, I'd make him walk.

Enter a Servant with a whip, which he gives to Robin.

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What?

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe! I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why you was made for dancing. There's a leg and foot. Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon make some. Lookye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it? Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

Snacks. Indeed, I'm not able.

Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, you, you must dance; it's my will. (*Whips him.*)

Snacks. Must I? Then here goes. (*Hops about.*)

Rob. What, d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Come, quicker, quicker. (*Whips Snacks, who roars out.*) There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the pony, will you?

Snacks. What a cunning dog it is! He's up to me now; but I think I shall be down upon him, by-and-by. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and hallooed. But I'll work him a little more yet.

Re-enter SNACKS.

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No; your lordship has taken care that I sha'n't forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

Snacks. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it! you talk a great deal—and I'll have a peep at her. I wish Dolly would come.

Snacks. Oh! don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her! Why, pray?

Snacks. Oh! she's a—

Rob. A what? Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Snacks. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now? If I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all! I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with a picture hanging over a closet-door.*

Enter RATTLE and MISS NANCY.

Rat. Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

Nan. Yes; but how do you mean to get his consent to—

Rat. Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button; but then five thousand pounds is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

Nan. I expect my father here every minute, with his new-made lordship.

Rat. Indeed! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

Nan. That I will, where nobody can find you. I'm sure: I have a closet behind this picture of the old lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in; but it's quite forgotten now. (*Opens the closet-door.*)

Rat. Oh! it was made on purpose for me: I'll put a jewel into it presently. Here, (*gives a paper*) let this lie carelessly on the table; it's worth five thousand pounds.

Snacks. (*Without.*) This way, this way, my lord.

Rat. Oh, d—n it! here they come; tell him you've been frightened by a ghost; and if he signs the paper, give a loud cough.

[*Puts the paper on the table, and exit into the closet.*]

Enter SNACKS and ROBIN.

Snacks. There she is. Isn't she a beauty? What do you say now?

Rob. Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

Nan. Pretty courtship, indeed. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Ah! my alter your mind soon; I know you will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. (*They sit.*)

Nan. (*To Snacks.*) Oh! my dear sir, I've been so frightened. Do you know, I think I've seen the very ghost that alarmed you so once.

Snacks. A what? a ghost? O Lord! I hope not. I hate the very sight of them. It's very odd; but —(*starting*)—Didn't I hear a noise?

Nan. Oh! sir, that's a very common thing in this part of the castle; I have been most terribly frightened lately.

Rob. Why, what frightened you? We are all good people here; they won't hurt us, will they Snacks?

Snacks. No, no; they—that is—(*Alarmed.*)

Rat. (*From behind.*) Hear!

Rob. What?

Rat. Hear!

Snacks. Lord have mercy upon me! (*Kneels.*)

Rat. Offspring of mine, listen not to the advice of that wretch!

Rob. I doant intend it.

Rat. He'll betray you: your intended bride he has imprisoned in the yellow chamber: go, set her at liberty.

Rob. What! my Dolly? Has he imprisoned her in the yellow chamber? Oh, dang your old head!

[*Knocks Snacks down, and exit.*]

Rat. Wretch! restore your ill-gotten wealth; twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.

Snacks. I'll do anything that you command.

Rat. Sign the paper before you. (*Snacks signs the paper. Nancy coughs.*)

RATTLE jumps out of the closet, and takes the paper.

Rat. How do you do? how are you?

Snacks. Give me that paper.

Rat. Not a word: twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents. Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and five thousand pounds.

Snacks. (*To Nancy.*) You to rebel against me, too, you baggage.

Mar. (*Without.*) Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him; an old, abominable—

Enter MARGERY.

Oh! you are there, are you? You wicked wretch! let me get at him. (*Runs after Snacks, and beats him.*) A pretty pack of lies you have told, you old ragamuffin, you.

Enter ROBIN and DOLLY.

Rob. What! are you there, Rattle?

Rat. Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

Rob. Why, you frightened old Honesty a little.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, the bailiff's gotten Master Frank, and are bringing him here.

Rob. What! the bailiff's got him? Oh, you old rascal! (*To Snacks.*) Let him come here in a moment! [*Exit Servant.*] Oh! Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you can't be happy: a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure.

Enter MR. FRANK.

I be very sorry as they used you so, Mr. Frank, but I couldn't—

Frank. I know your heart too well to think you could.

Rob. I have a greater favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank: you see we've rather found Snacks out; now, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the castle with us, and give me your advice? You know how I mean; teach me a bit, you know.

Frank. You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness: and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then, I am happy; with such a friend as Mr. Frank, Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours; and I'll take care that poor folks shall bless the day as made me a lord. [*Exeunt.*]

CROSS PURPOSES;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY MR. O'BRIEN.



Act II—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

GRUB
CONSOL
FRANCIS BEVIL
HARRY BEVIL

GEORGE BEVIL
CHAFEAU
ROBIN
SERVANTS

MRS. GRUB
EMILY
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in George Bevil's house.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Heyday! Here's a house with a witness! Two o'clock, and not a soul stirring yet. What a harming thing it is to be quality! for, then, one need never do any one thing like the rest of the world: lie a-bed all day, sit up all night, spend an estate without ever having one, run in debt to everybody, pay nobody, laugh at everybody, despise everybody, and cuckold everybody. Oh, what a delightful thing it is to be quality! But I wonder Mr. Chapeau is not up yet, he did not use to be so late. A sweet fellow! has more of the man of fashion about him, than any servant in town. I wish I was like him; I strive all I can, but I cannot get his manner.

JENNY crosses the stage.

Jarkye! my dear, is Captain Bevil at home?

Jenny. Who, sir?

Robin. What! is there nobody up yet?

Jenny. Up yet! no, sir; I believe they are not gone to bed. Why, sure, you must be as great a stranger here as I am, to think of finding any one stirring at this time of the day.

Robin. A stranger! what, then, you are a new comer: I don't remember having had the pleasure of seeing you before, my dear.

Jenny. No, sir; I have been here but a week; and I don't know yet who it is I live with: Mrs. Suds, the washerwoman, recommended me; mayhap, you may know her.

Robin. I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her. (*Takes snuff.*)

Jenny. And here I am, but I have never seen the face of my master since here I've been. I never hears anything of him, but when he raps at the door in the morning; and he is always going to bed just as I begin to think of getting up. What, perhaps, you want to speak to Mr. Chapeau?

Robin. Yes, I wish I could see him. You must know I live with your master's elder brother.

Jenny. Oh! what in the square?

Robin. No, no; that's the eldest, the great 'Squire Bevil: there are three of them. He that lives in St. James's-square, is, as I told you, the eldest, and has a great fortune; my master studies the law in the Temple, and your master, my dear, is the youngest, and studies nothing at all in the army: he's an officer in the foot-guards. I want to know if he's upon duty, can you tell me?

Jenny. Indeed, I can't, sir; but I know that he never comes home all night long. I wonder, for my part, what the quality can find to do up so, always, night after night, night after night.

Chap. (Within.) William! William!

Jenny. Oh, Lord! I vow there is Mr. Chapeau up, I must run and wash the steps: your servant, sir. *[Exit.]*

Robin. Your servant, my dear. A good fine girl that; I must see if she is not to be had. Oh! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter CHAPEAU.

Ah, Monsieur Chapeau! How do you do?

Chap. Ah, Master Robin! are you there? How goes it, my little dapper Robin?

Robin. You have slept it out, with a witness, my dear sir; it is almost two o'clock. *(Looking at his watch.)*

Chap. Is it, indeed! Why, we were up very late at Almack's last night, and lost all our money. Come, sit down. A d—d run against us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worse luck now, the better another time, eh! my little smiling Robin?

Robin. Ay, it is to be hoped so, Mr. Chapeau: I think they say that your master has lost considerably of late, has not he?

Chap. Oh! we have had the cursedest run of ill-luck that ever people had. And how to raise money upon earth we don't know; there's not an usurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a stand-still; not a penny will they lend us. I believe—though it is the devil to think of that too—but I believe we must marry somebody; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

Robin. I should suppose, Mr. Chapeau, that your master had well nigh spent all his fortune by this time.

Chap. Spent his fortune! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had lost all we had.

Robin. Why, you don't tell me so!

Chap. You may stare, but it is very true. We did not begin to have credit, till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah! Robin, London is the place for credit; pluck up but a good resolution, and you may run in debt as much as you please. Why the tradesmen are all playing as deep a game as our masters. William, bring chocolate.

Enter a Servant.

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

Robin. No, thank you, Mr. Chapeau, chocolate if you please; I have left off tea some time.

Chap. Why, then, bring chocolate.

[Exit Servant.]

Robin. As one don't drink so confoundedly hard as one used to do, I think there's less occasion for tea in a morning. But, pray, what might your master have lost last night?

Chap. Faith I can't justly say. Bob told me, (for you must know we had a little party with him last night,) that, at one in the morning, he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for rouseaux till past five, and every one quite worn out; so you may guess. *(Chocolate brought in.)* How much do you think I lost last night?

Robin. Upon my soul, I have no guess. Perhaps a guinea or two.

Chap. Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You must know that young Flinsy, Sir Harry Blackball, and some others, were all ballotted in last night, and we had devilish deep play.

Robin. What a genteel manner he has! *(Aside.)* Fifty guineas, Mr. Chapeau; why, that will make a horrid hole in your strong box, won't it?

Chap. A monstrous one, I can't say but it will. *(Sipping chocolate.)* But you must know (don't take any notice of it, though) I have been in keep-

ing some time. A certain married woman, that shall be nameless, whose husband is monstrous rich, and keeps a shop in a certain street, that shall be nameless. You have seen her, my little Robin; a monstrous fine girl! She dined with me at the last masquerade; we were both monstrously well-dressed; after which, we went to a certain house, that shall be nameless. The husband is d—d jealous, though; and, between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; so that, of late, we are grown more circumspect: for though I should like the *éclat* of a divorce; yet the money at present, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient.

Robin. O yes, d—e! the money to be sure. *(Sipping.)*

Chap. Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days since, with a lady dressed in clintz, eh?

Robin. O lord, ay, very well! She was dressed in a muff too: I remember her. Why, that you told me, the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in—

Chap. Hush! you confounded blab you; not a syllable for your life! *(Clapping his hand to his mouth.)*

Robin. Ha, ha! Have I smoked you. Ha, ha, ha! *(Bell rings.)*

Chap. Ha! my master's bell; he is awake, then, I find. *Tout à l'heure, monsieur; tout à l'heure.* But what brought you here to-day so early, Robin; have you any message?

Robin. Yes, my master was not sure but his brother might be on guard, so bid me call and ask. He is at his brother's in the square: I fancy he intends coming down here presently. Some family business in hand, I have a notion.

Chap. Ay, they want to raise the devil, cash, I suppose. I fancy it is confounded low with both of them. That cursed place, White's, is so full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I suppose they want the eldest to lend.

Robin. Not my master, I warrant you; he's a good manager, sticks close to the law. Why, he's to be called to the bar next term. Devilish clever he is, an't he?

Chap. O devilish clever: a monstrous genius, Robin.

Robin. Very true, Mr. Chapeau, he is very monstrous.

JENNY re-crosses the stage.

Chap. Oh, Jenny! do you know has anybody called upon me or my master to-day?

Jenny. Yes, sir, there have been two ladies and an old cloaths'-man to you, and two thin ugly men asked for my master; I believe they be Jews.

Chap. Jews! Gadso, they must not be neglected. Did they say they would call again?

Jenny. Yes; one, I think, did say he would call again, and another of them left a paper parcel; I put it on the drawing-room table. *[Exit.]*

Chap. It's very well, Jenny. *(Bell rings.)* Well, Robin, you may tell your master that mine is just awake. If he has any business, this is the time to see him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir.*

Robin. Well, my dear Mr. Chapeau, adieu—Adieu, as the French have it. *(Going.)*

Chap. But Robin, d—e, not a word of the little Chandler.

Robin. Oh! upon honour, I'll be close as wax.

Chap. Bravo! my little dapper Robin, you improve.

Robin. Yes, yes, thanks to you, I shall be something at last, with a little of your assistance. A charming, genteel fellow. *[Exit.]*

Chap. A foolish, awkward toad. *(Bell rings.)* I hear you, sir. What a d—d situation, after all, a

servant's is; (*taking snuff*) never at ease, always attending other people's motions: I begin to be monstrous sick of it. As my master is pretty nearly ruined, I take it he will soon either hang or marry himself; I shall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my industry, purchase some genteel sinecure, take a snug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIL *in his night-gown, and*
CHAPEAU.

G. Bev. My brother Harry's man here, do you say?

Chap. Yes, sir, he came from Mr. Bevil's in the square, to know if you were upon duty or not.

G. Bev. My brother, I suppose, then, will call here. I am glad of it. I shall have an opportunity of letting him into my situation. (*Aside.*) Anybody else?

Chap. Jenny says, sir, two Jews were here before I was up; they said they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

G. Bev. Oh! very well; the writings, I suppose: ay, 'tis so. Lay them down. If they come again I must see them; and if anybody is with me, shew them into my dressing-room. There's no living without these Israelites. I am an absolute bankrupt with every Christian creature, and if my luck does not change shortly, they will find me out at Duke's-place too.

Enter HARRY BEVIL.

H. Bev. So, George, you are just up, I see; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever: St. James's dial does not better shew the hour of the day than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

G. Bev. St. James's dial, sir, is not as constant to the sun, as I am to my course of life. But how comes it that you are dressed so soon; are you going to dine with any of your patronising attorneys in Chancery-lane?

H. Bev. No; I dine at this end of the town; but I have business on my hands—business which, perhaps, may occasion business for my patronising attorneys, as you are pleased to call them. In short, George, I am upon the brink of matrimony.

G. Bev. Indeed! Why that's the very business I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying, too. In short, Harry, such is my situation at present, that, formidable as it may be, I must marry; I must find out a wife, whose fortune may set me afloat again; for faith, as matters go, I am sinking very fast.

H. Bev. But the question is, where will you find one that can answer your purpose; I am sure, she must be handsome, or you will never like her; and her fortune must be very handsome, I am sure, or it will be of no use to you.

G. Bev. In both these points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to succeed. During the course of my sauntering duty in the Park, with the nursery-maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a considerable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if she marries with the consent of the old folks: of them I know nothing. The young thing is entirely mine, and I am foolish enough to be in love with her.

H. Bev. Simple indeed! And her name is—

G. Bev. There you must excuse me; I must be surer of carrying my point, before I open myself farther, even to you. But what, pray, is your situation?

H. Bev. Why, faith, odd enough, you will say. You have always laughed at me for sticking so close to the old ladies; but, at last, I am reward-

ed for it. One I have often seen at Lady Matchem's assemblies, has taken, it seems, so violent an inclination to me, that she has made me an offer of her daughter. 'Tis true, I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only seen her at a distance; but she is reckoned handsome; and as I am sure her fortune has numberless charms, I have made up my mind and am resolved.

G. Bev. And her name is—

H. Bev. There you must excuse me. As you said, I must be surer of my point, before I open myself, even to you. Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which stand thus: the girl amiable and handsome, with a considerable fortune in her own power; but, as you said of your's, if papa and mamma consent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the stocks; and though he lives on this side Temple-bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-street: all his time is taken up in listening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and selling out accordingly. The mother's only joy is cards and governing her family, which she does with as much authority, as her husband's obstinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him; and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

G. Bev. Have you opened this business yet to my brother Frank?

H. Bev. Not yet. Does he know your plan of operations?

G. Bev. No; I went to him, the other day, with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and assistance; but, unluckily, the conversation turning first upon my losses at play, put us both so heartily out of humour, that company coming in, I took the first opportunity of retreating, and have not seen him since. It will be time enough to tell him, when I am a little surer of success. The day wears though, and I have a great deal of business upon my hands, besides dressing. I am laying some of my burdens upon the tribe of Issachar.

H. Bev. Who will take care to exonerate themselves, I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now?

G. Bev. Humph! why, faith, I believe about a round dozen; but if I marry, I will discard them all, and play a more Christian kind of game for the future.

H. Bev. Well, success attend you. Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's about eleven.

[*Exit.*]

G. Bev. Chapeau, get my things ready to dress.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Grub's House.*

Enter GRUB.

Grub. What a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks. I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them; any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad; but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah! Jonathan Grub, Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish, and now thou hast them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come? Let's see, (*looking at his watch*) 'tis time he was come back. Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*A knocking at the door.*) There's Mr. Consol, I am sure. Who's there? Does nobody hear? Open the door, somebody! Oh, what infernal servants I have! Open the door for Mr. Consol! I believe

there never was anybody so ill-served as I am. Nobody to—Oh! Mr. Consol, have they let you in?

Enter CONSOL.

Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

Consol. Why, he says—have you heard nothing since?

Grub. No, not a syllable; what does he say?

Consol. Why, he says—Lord how I am fatigued! Ah! 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

Consol. Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all night. Ay, reading the despatches: a war as sure as can be. Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow. I shall lose all I have in the world. Why did I not take Whisper's advice and sell out yesterday: I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Consol. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr. Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out; you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Oh, d—n your wife! Hear you out; what more have you to say, tell me?

Consol. Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

Grub. Well, zounds! man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errantest old fool that I ever saw. But what of his being at home, tell me that.

Consol. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out. Was at home all night—"All night" says I. "Yes, sir," says he—

Grub. Oh! if you are got at your says I's and says he's—

Consol. Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the meantime, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh! this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this. I was sure at the time of the peace that we should have a Spanish war one time or other. But, prythee, man, do cut your story short.

Consol. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Consol. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe. It must be a joke. Why, zounds! man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent. An old fool!

Consol. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub. Have you? Well, what is it? None of your says I's and says he's now, I charge you.

Consol. Why, who should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen, coming hot foot to you from the India-house.

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Consol. Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by 'Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol, (*embracing him*), I thank you: that revives me. Then hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news, indeed.

Egad! the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Consol. Yes, sir; to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. D—n it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so. Why, now of a morning at breakfast—in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets; then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a mullin extraordinary; when I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again, another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach. However, this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, lose no time. This revives me. Thank you, my dear Consol: you are a very sensible man; and if you could but learn to leave out your says I's and says he's, and says they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in. Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I would go into the city with you myself.

Consol. Ah! what you have made up your matters, then, with Lord Thoughtless.

Grub. No, no, Consol; not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promise you. I'll have none of your lords for my son-in-law, that I can tell you.

Consol. Ay, ay; very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol; and be sure let me hear, before bed-time, what you have done. I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Consol. Very well, Mr. Grub: I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going.*) Oh! but Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch-rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room: the bay-window is finished.

Grub. Is it, indeed!

Consol. Yes, and charming pleasant it is. I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Consol. Yes; and not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay! why that is pleasant! Why you have a knack at these things, Consol; you are always improving: you have a knack at these things.

Consol. Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit, as I tell my wife.

Grub. Yes, yes; depend upon't I'll come. But, dear Consol, make haste now, if you love me. [*Exit Consol.*] Well! now this goes as I would have it; this goes as I would have it! If India stock rises six per cent. to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it. But now for this other affair; now for the marriage of my daughter. I am glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman; a fine fortune, in parliament, and an economist; three things very much to my mind. If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with. It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are so agog, now-a-days, that you can't provide too soon for them; and a fine young girl with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object in this town, that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands the better. Ah!—Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife—(*sighs*)—But there is no such thing as real happiness on this side of the grave!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Grub's House.**Enter GRUB.*

Grub. Now for this wife of mine: I suppose I shall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match; nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, she, for that reason only, will set herself against the business. But here she comes. Hum! I must break it to her by degrees; bring it coolly and cunningly about, by degrees—

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Oh! Mrs. Grub, my dear, how d'y'e do? What's the news?

Mrs. G. News! Heavens, Mr. Grub! will you never leave off that filthy, vulgar, city custom of your's, of asking everybody you see for news, news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle, or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany Tar-barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased; but he would never do as I have, leave the city, and all his old friends, and begin the world, as it were, over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-lane.

Mrs. G. Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them? But, no; I must do everything for the honour and credit of our name; and if I did not go about to the watering-places in the summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate. *Mrs. Deputy* this and *Mrs. Deputy* other, and *Alderman Goose*, and *Alderman Gander*; pretty creatures to introduce to a young lady, with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say; you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain: but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'y'e think is dead? poor *Alderman Tarrowfat*!

Mrs. G. Oh, the filthy wretch! I'm mighty glad he's dead; he ought to have died twenty years ago. What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy! Eat as hearty a dinner at *Hirdler's-hall*, as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow church and state; stiff before the second toast could go round! Ah! the new paving of the streets killed him. Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all! But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley, *India* took is mounting every minute.

Mrs. G. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes, I thought you would be glad to hear; I have just sent *Consol* to the Alley, to see how matters go: I should have gone myself; but—I wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you.

Mrs. G. Ay, ay; you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one: I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time we had fixed our daughter; it is high time that *Emily* was married.

Mrs. G. You think so, do you? I have thought so any time these three years, and so has *Emily* too, I fancy. I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

Grub. You did! well I declare that's pat enough. He, he, he! I vow and protest I'm pleased at this: why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs. G. Jump, quotha! no, on my conscience, I should wonder they did. And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual; or, perhaps, advertising, as you used to do; but I expect to hear no more of those tricks now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear; this is no such matter; the gentleman I intend—

Mrs. G. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs. G. You intend! What, do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent? Look you, Mr. Grub, as I have always said, mind your money matters; look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make you waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is; but leave to me the management of my child. What! things are come to a fine pass, indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to some of your city cronies, your factors, supercargoes, packers, and dry-salters; but, thank my stars! I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them. It never shall be said, that after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds! are you mad, Mrs. Grub?

Mrs. G. No; you shall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr. Grub. What, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

Grub. Why, the devil is in you, certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted: have I not always consulted you? was I not inclined, to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord; and has she not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter? Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry, now-a-days, for a winter or so?

Mrs. G. Very well; we did so. And who, pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her? who, but her mother, Mr. Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr. Grub? who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr. Grub? Yes, Mr. Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr. Grub.

Grub. That I believe from my soul, Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. G. Who, then, but me should have the disposal of her? And very well I have disposed of her: I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs. G. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs. Grub; that will never do. What the vengeance! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years, up early, down late, shop-keeper and house-keeper; made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy; and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child is in agitation, shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs. G. Heyday! You are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening? Did I not, to please you, take this house here? Nay, did I not make the dearest fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane? Did I not put on a sword, too, at your desire; and had I not like to have broken my neck down stairs by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical Lady

What-d'ye-call-'em's route? and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?

Mrs. G. And well they might, truly. An obstinate old fool!

Grub. Ay, ay; that may be; but I will have my own way; I'll give my daughter to the man I like. I'll have no sir this, nor lord t'other; I'll have no fellow with a waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket; with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a *queue* thicker than his leg.

Mrs. G. Why, Mr. Grub, you are raving, distracted, surely. No, the man I propose—

Grub. And the man I propose—

Mrs. G. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connexions.

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue—

Mrs. G. And his name is—

Grub. And his name is Bevil.

Mrs. G. Ah!

Grub. And his name is Bevil, I say.

Mrs. G. Bevil?

Grub. Bevil! a very pretty name, too.

Mrs. G. What, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Yes; Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire.

Mrs. G. Oh! my dear Mr. Grub, you delight me; Mr. Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it possible! Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs. G. Oh! at several places; but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

Grub. Indeed! my dear Mrs. Grub, let me have one kiss.

Mrs. G. Take twenty, my dear Mr. Grub. (*They embrace.*)

Grub. Was ever anything so fortunate! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped. He, he, he! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you.

Mrs. G. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you: but I see he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?

Grub. Why, he bought some stock of me, and so we became acquainted. But I am so overjoyed, adod! I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs. Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her. I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it? Let's send for Emily. Poor, dear little soul! she little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

Mrs. G. I'll go fetch her. (*Calling.*) Oh, Betty! bid Miss Grub come down to her papa. Yes, poor soul! she will be overjoyed and surprised; so let us, my dear Mr. Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her. Your only fault always was and will be hastiness: don't be hasty with her.

Grub. I won't, Mrs. Grub; I won't. But I am so overjoyed—

Mrs. G. Oh! pray, now don't be a fool. Here comes the poor child. Compose yourself, my dear: consider the poor child.

Enter EMILY.

Emily, my dear, come hither, child. Your papa and I—

Grub. Yes, my dear, your mother and I—

Mrs. G. Mr. Grub, will you hold your tongue? or I—

Grub. My dear, I say no more, I say no more; but, harkye—

Emily. So, the usual scene, I find. Something interesting is on foot, I am sure; I suppose a new match has been thought of for me. (*Aside.*) I heard you wanted me, papa.

Grub. Yes, my dear; but your mother will—

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way. Yes, my sweet child, I want you; I am going to ask you a few questions—

Emily. Heavens! I hope they have not discovered me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. G. Which I hope you will answer me ingeniously: come, now, don't be disturbed or alarmed. Ah! that enchanting modesty; how she puts me in mind of myself when I was of her age! But, my dear, your papa and I wish to know the state of your affections; how is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender passion?

Grub. Ay, my dear; your mother means to ask you, how you are inclined to matrimony? What do you think of a husband, Emily?

Mrs. G. Mr. Grub, for heaven's sake! don't be so gross to the poor child. Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy; indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

Emily. My dear mamma, I should be the most undutiful of daughters, did I not shew a constant and grateful sense of it.

Mrs. G. Ay, very true. Now, child, we were always resolved to leave you to yourself in the choice of a husband: I remember my own case—Mr. Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the sight of you?

Grub. Yes, my dear, it's very true; I shall never forget it.

Mrs. G. I believe we were married nigh six weeks before you could get a syllable out of my mouth.

Grub. Yes; but you have made it up to me since, with a vengeance! But as to love, that always comes, as the old saying is—

Mrs. G. Oh! pry'thee, none of your filthy old sayings now. Speak, Emily.

Emily. I hope, my dear mamma, I shall ever behave as you would wish me. Your kind declarations to me now, as well as the assurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmest acknowledgments, and I should be the most ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply—

Grub. My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happiest man in the world; the happiest man in the world.

Mrs. G. My dear Mr. Grub, compose yourself, and don't go raving mad. Nay, I knew my sweet soul would be all compliance, and rewarded you shall be for it; we have found you a husband, that—

Emily. Ah!

Grub. Ay, we have got you such a husband, my dear—

Mrs. G. Ha! Why, methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my sweet soul, you won't be alarmed.

Emily. Your pardon, my dearest mother; I must be alarmed, and own to you my reasons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of such importance, gives me spirits and confidence to tell you that I have already disposed of my heart.

Mrs. G. How!

Grub. What!

Mrs. G. Am I awake?

Grub. No, surely; we are in a dream.

Emily. Oh, heavens, sir! dearest mamma, don't terrify me with those looks.

Mrs. G. Disposed of your heart!

Grub. Disposed of your heart, with a vengeance!

Mrs. G. When?

Grub. Where?

Mrs. G. To whom?

Grub. Ay, to whom, I say?

Mrs. G. Where, and when was it? Who is he? Tell me all about it this instant.

Grub. Was there ever such an artful baggage! He! I am the most miserable man in the world! the most miserable man in the world!

Mrs. G. After all my pains! After all the money have spent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to argate and Harrowgate, fresh water and salt water.

Grub. Oh, Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub! this is the blessed effects of your jauntings and journeys! With as snug a box upon Clapham-common, which, think, by far the finest part of England, and every thing handsome about you, you could not be contented; and, because there's not a foolish body quality, now-a-days, lives a summer in their own houses, as they ought to do, you must be driving away to all the watering-places, too; and splash, all on a sudden, when I least think on't, away I am hied the devil knows where. Ha! then, such plungings and pumpings, such divings and sopings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the kingdom!

Emily. My dearest father, hear me! Chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, in certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wish me to have; a man, valuable in the highest degree.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes; very likely, truly.

Grub. Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow, to be sure.

Emily. Yes, I must own, he has insinuated himself into my heart, and made on it the most indelible impression.

Mrs. G. Very fine, truly! I say impression, indeed! After all our indulgence—

Grub. Ay, after all our indulgence! Who was ever better dressed at my lord-mayor's balls? But no, in the devil's name, is he?

Mrs. G. Ay, who is he? Speak, who is he? What's his name, urchin?

Emily. His name is Bevil.

Mrs. G. Ha!

Grub. What!

Emily. I said, his name is Bevil. (*In a fright.*)

Mrs. G. Bevil! What, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Ay, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Emily. Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnshire.

Grub. Tol lol de rol! My dear child, my dear child!

Mrs. G. My dear daughter, my sweet Mr. Grub!

Grub. I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world! Who could have thought it?

Emily. What can all this mean? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. G. Ah! my dear child, you have surely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with the strong likeness of your poor dear brother. Why, my dear, that Mr. Bevil is the very identical person I had in view for you.

Emily. Oh! my dear mamma, is it possible?

Grub. Ay, by the lord is it! so say no more, kiss your own dear papa, your sweet little crabbin!

Mrs. G. But, my dear, it is very odd he should be acquainted with the child, and never once hint to us.

Grub. Oh! not at all. I see through it, I see through it. He is a notable one, I see; he wants to have all our consents separately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

Mrs. G. Nay, it must be so. And did he ever say that he had met with your papa or mother?

Emily. Never; I am very much surprised at it; but I am so happy in your concurrence with my wishes, that it almost overcomes me. This, sure,

is the oddest event that ever happened. (*Aside, and retiring.*)

Mrs. G. Now, my dear, I think we may say, that we are completely happy.

Grub. Yes, my dear, we are, indeed. Such a dear, good child, and such a respectable son-in-law! The baggage knows how to choose herself a husband. He, he, he! He's as handsome a black man, I think, as ever I saw.

Mrs. G. Black, Mr. Grub? why, surely, your eyes begin to fail you! he's as handsome a fair man, indeed, as ever I saw.

Grub. Fair! No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to. He's black, I tell you.

Mrs. G. But he is fair, I tell you.

Grub. And I say, he is black.

Mrs. G. Black!

Grub. As a dot of ink.

Mrs. G. Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you say, is he a black or a fair man?

Emily. (*Coming forward.*) In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

Mrs. G. Well, it does not signify disputing; as he will be here presently, we shall see which of us is right.

Grub. Here! How do you know that?

Mrs. G. I appointed him to call on me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

Grub. Why, I appointed him to be here between six and seven, too! He, he, he! Our inclinations have jumped most marvellously to-day.

Emily. I received a note from him, about two hours since, telling me that he would be here about seven. I must own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here, for the first time.

Grub. And he never said a syllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us. Ha, ha, ha! that's very good! (*Looks at his watch.*) But it's time he was come; though, perhaps, the business of the house may detain him. I don't believe they are up yet.

Mrs. G. The house! what house?

Grub. The House of Commons: you know he is a member of parliament, I suppose, child.

Mrs. G. Not I, indeed; I know no such thing; I know he's not in parliament.

Grub. But I tell you he is.

Mrs. G. That's a very pretty story, indeed. Emily, child, do speak to your father, and don't let him expose his ignorance and obstinacy so unmercifully. Is not he studying the law in the Temple, my dear?

Grub. Don't he live in St. James's-square, my sweet?

Emily. No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall-mall.

Mrs. G. The girl is distracted, sure; and will distract us too, I believe.

Grub. I never heard such confounded nonsense! you are both mad, I believe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below desires to speak to my master.

Grub. Oh! he's come, I suppose. Now we shall see who's a fool, who's obstinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

Serv. I shewed him into the parlour, sir. [*Exit.*]

Grub. Oh! very well; I'll go down and shew him up. Now we shall see, now we shall know who he is, and what he is. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (*To Mrs. G.*) Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dressing-room waiting for you.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes; I know he is come; but he is below stairs, your master is just gone down to him.

Serv. No, madam, that is somebody come in just now; the gentleman you mean, ma'am, has been here this half-hour. As you and my master seemed to be at high words, I did not choose to come in. [Exit.]

Mrs. G. Oh! then it seems your papa has got somebody else upon business with him. I'll go to Mr. Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him so long. [Exit.]

Emily. This is, surely, the strangest affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr. Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention it to me. But I am glad it's come to this crisis; the sooner it's over the better: I am heartily tired of these violent disputes and wrangles every minute.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To Emily) Madam, the gentleman's come; he is in the blue room, and nobody has seen him.

Emily. Good heavens! What can all this mean? I'll go this instant to him, perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [Exit.]

Enter GRUB.

Grub. Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub! Mr. Bevil is come, my dear.

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, I know he is come; he is in my dressing-room here.

Grub. In your dressing-room! Why, does the devil possess you still? why, he is on the stairs, coming up with me; he only stopped to speak to his chairman.

Mrs. G. That's very pleasant, truly; you are obstinate to the last, I see, you strange wretch you! But I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is up here with me. (*Goes to a door.*)

Grub. And I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is down here with me. (*Goes to the room-door.*) Oh! Mr. Bevil; pray, sir, walk in. Take care, the stairs are rather of the darkest.

Mrs. G. Mr. Bevil, sir, pray walk into this room.

Enter FRANK and HARRY BEVIL, meeting.

F. Bev. (Aside.) My brother Harry here! this is very odd!

H. Bev. (Aside.) My brother Frank! this is very strange!

Grub. (To Mrs. G.) Here's Mr. Bevil, my dear.

Mrs. G. No, my dear; this is Mr. Bevil.

Grub. That! who the devil is that?

Mrs. G. Mr. Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

Grub. Why, who should it be but Mr. Bevil?

Mrs. G. Heyday! What can all this mean? Why, where is Emily? where is the child?

Grub. Ay, where is the child? where is Emily?

Enter EMILY.

Mrs. G. Here, Milly, my dear, here is Mr. Bevil come to see you.

Grub. No, no, child; here is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. Where, sir?

Grub. Here; this is he.

Mrs. G. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*)

Grub. No, no, no; this is he. (*Turning her.*)

Emily. No, indeed, papa, that's not the gentleman; I never had the pleasure of seeing him before.

Grub. No! Why, zounds—

Mrs. G. No, no, no; I knew he was mistaken. I saw he did not know what he was doing. But you are an obstinate brute! I knew that my Mr. Bevil here—

Emily. Who, madam? that gentleman.

Mrs. G. Yes, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. No, indeed, mamma, that's not he.

Mrs. G. Ha! what, not he! Who is he, then?

Grub. Ay, speak; who is he, then?

Emily. Indeed I don't know who the gentleman is.

Grub. But who is your Mr. Bevil, then? Where is he, to fill up this concert?

Enter GEORGE BEVIL.

G. Bev. Here I am, at your service, sir.

F. Bev. (Aside.) George here! nay, then, the mystery's out.

H. Bev. (Aside.) This is very ridiculous, faith.

Grub. The most impudent fellow I ever saw. Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

G. Bev. Sir, I have the honour to call myself Bevil.

Mrs. G. Pray, sir, do you know either of these gentlemen?

G. Bev. Oh! impostors, madam, impostors! I am the only Bevil breathing. Ha, ha, ha!

F. Bev. Come, sir, I'll explain this mystery: we are brothers; we have all been so close in this business, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another; and, as George seems to have planned his operations with more propriety than we did, and made sure of the lady's affections, with pleasure I shall quit the field, and bow to his superior merit.

H. Bev. My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the same sentiments.

Grub. My dear, what do you think of this business?

Mrs. G. Why, I think, my dear, that as we can't help ourselves, we may as well make the best on't. What's done can't be undone, and it's well it's no worse, as was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany.

Grub. Egad! I believe he was right; and I may as well make the best on't; for if I don't give her away, she'll throw herself away. But I hope you won't follow the example of the great; there is such work among them!

G. Bev. Dear sir, don't nourish such strange prejudices. The great have their follies, 'tis true; but they have also their virtues, as well as the rest of mankind; and there are among them many shining objects of imitation: we should consider sir, that the greatest couple in the nation is the best and happiest in it. [Exit.]

THE FOLLIES OF A DAY;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT ALMAVIVA
BASIL
PEDRO

FIGARO
ANTONIO
PAGE

COUNTESS
SUSAN
AGNES

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Room in the castle.

FIGARO and SUSAN discovered. *Figaro measuring the chamber.*

Fig. Eighteen feet by twenty-six: good.

Susan. What art thou so busy about?

Fig. Measuring, to try if the bed our noble lord intends to give us will stand well here.

Susan. In this chamber?

Fig. Yes.

Susan. I won't lie in this chamber.

Fig. Why so?

Susan. I don't like it.

Fig. Your reason.

Susan. What if I have no reason? What if I can't choose to give my reason? Thou knowest by our generous Count, when he, by thy help, obtained Rosina's hand, and made her Countess of Alnaviva, during the first transports of love, abandoned a certain Gothic right—

Fig. Of sleeping the first night with every bride.

Susan. Which, as lord of the manor, he could claim.

Fig. Know it? To be sure I do; or I would not be married even my charming Susan in his domain.

Susan. Tired of prowling among the rustic beauties of the neighbourhood, he returned to the castle—

Fig. And his wife.

Susan. And thy wife. Dost thou understand me?

Fig. Perfectly!

Susan. And endeavours, secretly, to re-purchase from her a right, which he now most sincerely regrets he ever parted with.

Fig. Most gracious penitent!

Susan. This is what he hints to me every instant; and this, the faithful Basil, the honest agent of his passions, and our most noble music-master, every day repeats with my lesson.

Fig. Basil!

Susan. Basil.

Fig. Indeed! Well, if tough ashen-plant, or supple-jack twine not round thy lazy sides, rascal—

Susan. Ha, ha, ha! Why, wert thou ever wise enough to imagine that the portion the Count intends to give us, was meant as a reward for thy services?

Fig. I think I had some reason to hope as much.

Susan. Lord, Lord! what great fools are you men

Fig. I believe so. [of wit!]

Susan. I am sure so.

Fig. Oh! that it were possible to deceive this arch deceiver, this lord of mine! A thousand blundering boobies have had art enough to filch a wife from the side of her sleeping, simple, unsuspecting spouse; and, if he complained, to redress his injuries with a cudgel: but, to turn the tables on this poacher, make him pay for a delicious morsel he shall never taste, infect him with fears for his own honour, and—

Susan. (Bell rings.) Hark! my lady rings: I must run; for she has several times strictly charged me to be the first person at her breakfast the morning

Fig. Why the first? [of my marriage.]

Susan. The old saying tells us, that it's lucky to a neglected wife to meet a young bride on the morning of her wedding-day. [Exit.]

Fig. Ah! my sweet girl! She's an angel! Such wit, such grace, and so much prudence and modesty, too! I'm a happy fellow!—So, Mr. Basil, is it me, rascal, you mean to practise the tricks of your trade upon? I'll teach you to put your spoon in my milk. But, hold! a moment's reflection, friend Figaro, on the events of the day: first, thou must promote the sports and feastings already projected, that appearances may not cool, but that thy marriage may proceed with greater certainty; next, thou must—Ha! here again?

Enter SUSAN, with the Countess's gown, cap, and riband, in her hand.

Susan. It wasn't my lady's bell; she has left her

room. Methinks, Figaro, you seem very indifferent about our wedding. Why aren't you gone to summon the bride-men and maids? and what's become of your fine plot to be revenged on my lord?

Fig. I'll away this moment, and prepare everything. Pr'ythee, my Susan, give me one kiss before I go; 'twill quicken my wits, and lend imagination a new impulse.

Susan. Oh! to be sure! But, if I kiss my lover to-day, what will my husband say to me to-morrow? Psha! Figaro, when wilt thou cease to trifle thus from morning till night?

Fig. When I may trifle from night till morning, sweet Susan. *[Exit.]*

Susan. Ah! Figaro, Figaro! if thou provest but as loving a husband as thou art a fond lover, thou'll never need fear the proudest lord of them all. I declare, I forget what I came for. *(Puts the gown on the arm-chair; but keeps the cap and riband in her hand.)* *[I shall find her.]*

Page. *(Without.)* Thank you, thank you, Figaro: Enter the Page, running.

Susan. So, master Hannibal; what do you want here?

Page. Oh! my dear, dear, pretty Susan! I have been looking for you these two hours.

Susan. Well, what have you to say to me, now you have found me?

Page. How does your beauteous lady do, Susan?

Susan. Very well.

Page. Do you know, Susan, my lord is going to send me back to my papa and mamma?

Susan. Poor child!

Page. Child, indeed! umph! And, if my charming god-mother, your dear lady, cannot obtain my pardon, I shall soon be deprived of the pleasure of your company, Susan.

Susan. Upon my word! You are toying all day long with Agnes, and fancy yourself, moreover, in love with my lady, and then come to tell me you shall be deprived of my company. Ha, ha, ha!

Page. Agnes is good-natured enough to listen to me; and that is more than you are, Susan; for all I love you so.

Susan. Love me! Why, you amorous little villain, you are in love with every woman you meet.

Page. So I am, Susan, and I can't help it. If nobody is by, I swear it to the trees, the waters, and the winds; nay, to myself. Oh! how sweet are the words woman, maiden, and love, in my ears!

Susan. Ha, ha, ha! he's bewitched. And what is the Count going to send you from the castle for?

Page. Last night, you must know, he caught me with Agnes, in her room: "Begone," said he,

Susan. Little what? *["thou little—"]*

Page. Lord! he called me such a name, I can't for shame repeat it before a woman. I dare never meet his face again. *[room?]*

Susan. And, pray, what were you doing in Agnes's

Page. Teaching her her part.

Susan. Her part?

Page. Yes; the love-scene, you know, she is to act in the comedy this evening.

Susan. *(Aside.)* Which my lord would choose to teach her himself.

Page. Agnes is very kind, Susan.

Susan. Well, well; I'll tell the Countess what you say. But you are a little more circumspect in her presence.

Page. Ah! Susan, she is a divinity. How noble is her manner! her very smiles are awful!

Susan. That is to say, you can take what liberties you please with such people as me.

Page. Oh! how do I envy thy happiness, Susan! Always near her; dressing her every morning; undressing her every evening; putting her to bed; touching her; looking at her; speaking to—What is it thou hast got there, Susan?

Susan. It is the fortunate riband of the happy

cap, which, at night, enfolds the auburn ringlets of the beauteous Countess. *[It.]*

Page. Give it me: nay, give it me; I will have Susan. But, I say, you sha'n't. *(The Page snatches it.)* Oh! my riband.

Page. Be as angry as thou wilt, but thou shalt never have it again; thou shouldst have one of my eyes rather.

Susan. I can venture to predict, young gentleman, that, three or four years hence, thou wilt be one of the most deceitful, veriest knaves—

Page. If thou dost not hold thy tongue, Susan, I'll kiss thee into the bargain.

Susan. Kiss me! Don't come near me, if thou lovest thy ears. I say, beg my lord to forgive you, indeed. No, I assure you.

Count A. *(Without.)* Jaques!

Page. Ah! I'm undone! 'Tis the Count himself, and there's no way out of this room. Lord, Lord! what will become of me? *(Hides himself.)*

Enter COUNT ALMAVIVA.

Count A. So, my charming Susan, have I found thee at last? But thou seemest frightened, my little beauty. *[and find you here.]*

Susan. Consider, my lord, if anybody should come.

Count A. That would be rather *mal apropos*; but there's no great danger. *(Offers to kiss Susan.)*

Susan. Fie, my lord!

Count A. Thou knowest, my charming Susan, the king has done me the honour to appoint me ambassador to the court of Paris. I shall take Figaro with me, and give him a very excellent post; and, as it is the duty of a wife to follow her husband, I may then be as happy as I could wish.

Susan. I really don't understand you, my lord. I thought your affection for my lady, whom you took so much pains to steal from her old guardian, and for love of whom you generously abolished a certain vile privilege—

Count A. For which all the young girls are very sorry, are they not? *[I say—]*

Susan. No, indeed, my lord. I thought, my lord,

Count A. Pr'ythee, say no more, my sweet Susan, but promise thou wilt meet me to-night in the garden; and be certain, if thou wilt but grant me this small favour, nothing thou canst ask shall ever—

Basil. *(Without.)* He is not in his own apartment.

Count A. Heavens! here's somebody coming; and this infernal room has but one door. Where can I hide? Is there no place here? *(The Count runs behind the arm-chair: Susan keeps between him and the Page, who steals away as the Count advances, leaps into the arm-chair, and is covered over with the Countess's gown by Susan.)*

Enter BASIL.

Basil. Ah! Susan, good morrow. Is my lord the Count here?

Susan. Here? what should he be here for?

Basil. Nay, there would be no miracle in it, if he were; would there, eh, gentle Susan? *[honest.]*

Susan. It would be a greater miracle to see you

Basil. Figaro is in search of him.

Susan. Then he is in search of the man who wishes most to injure him—yourself excepted.

Basil. It is strange that a man should injure the husband by obliging the wife.

Count A. *(Peeping.)* I shall hear now how well he pleads my cause.

Basil. For my part, marriage being of all serious things the greatest farce, I imagined—

Susan. All manner of wickedness.

Basil. That though you are obliged to fast to-day, you might be glad to feed to-morrow; grace being first duly said. *[your vile principles.]*

Susan. Begone, and don't shock my ears with

Basil. Yes, my pretty Susan; but you must not suppose I am the dupe of these fine appearances: I know it isn't Figaro who is the great obstacle to my lord's happiness; but a certain beardless Page,

om I surprised here yesterday looking for you, I entered.

Susan. I wish you'd begone, you wicked devil. *Basil.* Wicked devil! Ah! one is a wicked devil not shutting one's eyes.

Susan. I wish you'd begone, I tell you.

Basil. Wasn't it for you that he wrote the song, rich he goes chanting up and down the house at every instant?

Susan. Oh! yes, for me, to be sure.

Basil. I'm sure it was either for you or your lady.

Susan. What next?

Basil. Why, really, when he sits at table, he does sit certain very significant glances towards a beautiful Countess, who shall be nameless. But let him ware. If my lord catches him at his tricks, he'll make him dance without music.

Susan. Nobody but such a wicked creature as you, could ever invent such scandalous tales to the ruin of a poor youth, who has, unhappily, fallen to his lordship's displeasure.

Basil. I invent? Why, it's in everybody's mouth.

Count A. (*Discovers himself, and comes forward.*) Now! in everybody's mouth?

Basil. Zounds!—

Count A. Run, Basil; let him have fifty pistoles and a horse given him, and be sent back to his lands instantly.

[to speak of—

Basil. I'm very sorry, my lord, that I happened

Susan. Oh, oh! I am quite suffocated.

Count A. Let us seat her in this great chair, still: quick, quick.

Susan. This wicked fellow has ruined the poor lady. No, no; I won't sit down: I always faint best standing.

Basil. I assure you, my lord, what I said was only meant to sound Susan.

Count A. No matter; he shall depart: a little wretched, impudent rascal, that I meet at every turning! no longer ago than yesterday, I surprised him with

Basil. Agnes? [the gardener's daughter.

Count A. In her very bed-chamber.

Susan. Where my lord happened to have business himself.

Count A. Hem! I was going there to seek her father, Antonio, my drunken gardener: I knocked at the door, and waited some time; at last Agnes came, with confusion in her countenance: I entered, and took a look round; and, perceiving a kind of long cake, or curtain, or some such thing, approached; and, without seeming to take the least notice, drew it gently aside, thus. Eh! (*Approaches the arm-chair, and draws aside the gown that hides the Page.*)

Basil. Zounds! Susan—

Count A. Why, this is a better trick than t'other.

Basil. Worth ten of it. No; I won't sit down: I must best stand. Ha, ha, ha!

Count A. And so, it was to receive this pretty youth that you were so desirous of being alone. And you, you little villain, what, you don't intend to mend your manners, then? But, forgetting all respect for your friend Figaro, and for the Countess, your god-mother, likewise, you are endeavouring to seduce her favourite woman! I, however, will not suffer Figaro, a man whom I esteem sincerely, to fall the victim of such deceit. Did this man enter with you, Basil?

Basil. No, my lord.

Susan. There's neither victim nor deceit in the case, my lord: he was here when you entered.

Count A. I hope that's false; his greatest enemy couldn't wish him so much mischief.

Susan. Knowing that you were angry with him, the poor boy came running to me, begging me to assist my lady in his favour, in hopes she might oblige you to forgive him; but was so terrified when he heard you coming, that he hid himself in the great chair. [as I came in.

Count A. A likely story! I sat down in it as soon

Page. Yes, my lord; but I was then trembling behind it. [hinds it when Basil entered.

Count A. That's false again; for I hid myself be-

Page. Pardon me, my lord; but, as you approached, I returned, and crouched down as you now see me.

Count A. It's a little serpent that glides into every cranny. And he has been listening, too, to our discourse. [hear a word.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I did all I could not to *Count A.* (*To Susan.*) There is no Figaro, no husband for you, however.

Basil. (*To Page.*) Somebody's coming: get down.

Enter the COUNTESS, FIGARO, AGNES, PEDRO, and Servants; Figaro carrying the nuptial cap.

Count A. (*Plucks the Page from the arm-chair.*) What, would you continue crouching there before the whole world?

Fig. We are come, my lord, to beg a favour, which, we hope, for your lady's sake, you will grant. (*Aside to Susan.*) Be sure to second what I say.

Susan. (*Aside to Fig.*) It will end in nothing.

Fig. (*Aside to Susan.*) No matter; let's try, at least.

Countess. You see, my lord, I am supposed to have a much greater degree of influence with you than I really possess. [you.

Count A. Oh! no, madam; not an atom, I assure

Fig. (*Presenting the cap to the Count.*) Our petition is, that the bride may have the honour of receiving from our worthy lord's hand this nuptial cap, ornamented with half-blown roses, and white ribands, symbols of the purity of his intentions.

Count A. (*Aside.*) Do they mean to laugh at me?

Countess. Let me beg, my lord, you will not deny their request; in the name of that love you once *Count A.* And have still, madam. [had for me.

Fig. Join with me, my friends.

All. My lord, my lord—

Count A. Well, well; I consent. (*Gives Susan the cap.*) Remember the garden. (*Aside.*)

Fig. Look at her, my lord: never could a more beauteous bride better prove the greatness of the sacrifice you have made. [lordship's virtues.

Susan. Oh! don't speak of my beauty, but his

Count A. (*Aside.*) My virtues! Yes, yes; I see, they understand each other.

Agnes. (*Pointing to the Page.*) Have you forgiven what happened yesterday, my lord?

Count A. Hush!

Fig. (*To the Page.*) What's the matter, young Hannibal the brave? What makes you so silent?

Susan. He's sorrowful, because my lord is going to send him from the castle.

All. Oh! my lord—

Countess. Let me beg you will forgive him.

Count A. He does not deserve to be forgiven.

Countess. Consider, he is so young.

Count A. (*Aside.*) Not so young, perhaps, as you suppose. [right to pardon.

Page. My lord certainly has not ceded away the *Susan.* And, if he had, that would certainly be the first he would secretly endeavour to reclaim.

Count A. No doubt, no doubt.

Page. My conduct, my lord, may have been indiscreet; but I can assure your lordship, that the least word shall never pass my lips—

Count A. Enough, enough: since everybody begs for him, I must grant. I shall, moreover, give him a company in my regiment.

All. Oh! my lord.

Count A. But on condition, that he depart to-day, for Catalonia, to join the corps.

All. Oh! my lord—

Fig. To-morrow, my lord?

Count A. To-day. It shall be so. (*To the Page.*) Take leave of your god-mother, and beg her protection. (*The Page kneels to the Countess.*)

Fig. Go, go, child; go. (*Pushes the Page forward.*)

Countess. (*With great emotion.*) Since it is not possible to obtain leave for you to remain here to-day, depart, young man, and follow the noble career which lies before you. Go, where fortune and glory call. Be obedient, polite, and brave, and be certain we shall take part in your prosperity. (*Raises him.*)

Count A. You seem agitated, madam.

Countess. How can I help it, recollecting the perils to which his youth must be exposed? He has been bred in the same house with me, is of the same kindred, and is, likewise, my god-son.

Count A. (*Aside.*) Basil, I see, was in the right. (*To the Page.*) Go; kiss Susan, for the last time.

Fig. No, there's no occasion for kissing, my lord; he'll return in the winter; and, in the meantime, he may kiss me. The scene must now be changed, my delicate youth: you must not run up stairs and down into the women's chambers, play at hunt-the-slipper, steal cream, suck oranges, and live upon sweetmeats. Instead of that, zounds! you must look bluff; tan your face; handle your musket; turn to the right; wheel to the left; and march to glory—that is, if you're not stopped short by a bullet.

Susan. Fie! Figaro.

Countess. What a prophecy!

Fig. Were I a soldier, I'd make some of them scamper. But, come, come, my friends, let us prepare our feast against the evening.

Count A. Well, much diversion to you all, my friends. (*Going.*)

Countess. You will not leave us, my lord.

Count A. I am undressed, you see.

Countess. We shall see nobody but our own people.

Count A. I must do what you please. Wait for me in the study, Basil. I shall make out his commission immediately. [*Exeunt all but Fig. and Page.*]

Fig. (*Retains the Page.*) Come, come; let us study our parts well for the play in the evening: I dare say, you know no more of your's, than Agnes does of her's.

Page. You forget, Figaro, that I am going.

Fig. And you wish to stay?

Page. Ah! yes.

Fig. Follow my advice, and so thou shalt.

Page. How, how?

Fig. Make no murmuring, but clap on your boots, and seem to depart; gallop as far as the farm, return to the castle on foot; enter by the back way; and hide yourself, till I can come to you, in the lodge at the bottom of the garden; you will find pretty Agnes thereabouts. [*You know.*]

Page. Ay, and then I may teach her her part.

Fig. Yes, you have no objection to that, I suppose. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Countess's Bed-chamber.*

The Countess seated at her toilet, and SUSAN, waiting, discovered.

Countess. Shut the door. And so, the Page was hid behind the great chair?

Susan. Yes, madam.

Countess. But how did he happen to be in your room, Susan?

Susan. The poor boy came to beg I would prevail on you to obtain his pardon of my lord the Count.

Countess. But why did not he come to me himself? I should not have refused him a favour of that kind.

Susan. Bashfulness, madam. "Ah! Susan, (said he,) she is a divinity! How noble is her manner! Her very smiles are awful."

Countess. Is that true, Susan?

Susan. Can you doubt it, madam? [*tection.*]

Countess. I have always afforded him my protection. Had you, madam, but seen him snatch the riband from me!

Countess. (*Rising.*) Psha! enough of this nonsense. And so, my lord the Count endeavours to seduce you, Susan?

Susan. Oh! no, indeed, madam, he does not give

himself the trouble to seduce; he endeavours to purchase me; and, because I refuse him, will certainly prevent my marriage with Figaro.

Countess. Fear nothing. We shall have need, however, of a little artifice, perhaps; in the execution of which, Figaro's assistance may not be amiss. [*is gone a courting.*]

Susan. He'll be here, madam, as soon as my lord

Countess. Your lord is an ungrateful man, Susan! an ungrateful man! Open the window; I am stifled for want of air. Vows, protestations, and tenderness, are all forgotten. My love offends, my caresses disgust: his own infidelities must be overlooked, yet my conduct must be irreproachable.

Susan. (*Looking out of the window.*) Yonder goes my lord, with all his grooms and greyhounds.

Countess. To divert himself with hunting a poor, timid, harmless hare to death. This, however, will give us time to—(*Knocking at the door.*) Somebody is at the door, Susan.

Enter FIGARO.

Countess. Well, Figaro, you've heard of my lord the Count's designs on your fair bride.

Fig. Oh! yes, my lady. There was nothing very surprising in the news. My lord sees a sweet, young, lovely angel, and wishes to have her: can anything be more natural? I wish the very same.

Countess. I don't find it so very pleasant, Figaro.

Fig. He endeavours to overturn the schemes of those who oppose his wishes; and in this he only follows the example of the world: I will endeavour to do the same by him; and first, my scheme requires that you dress up the Page in your clothes, my dear Susan: he is to be your representative in the design I have plotted.

Countess. The Page!

Susan. He is gone.

Fig. Is he? Perhaps so; but a whistle from me will bring him back. [*trivances—*]

Susan. So, now Figaro's happy; plots and con-

Fig. Two, three, four, at a time! Embarrassed, involved, perplexed! Leave me to unravel them. I was born to thrive in courts.

Susan. I've heard the trade of a courtier is not so difficult as some pretend.

Fig. Ask for everything that falls, seize everything in your power, and accept everything that's offered; there's the whole art and mystery in three words. [*guised Page.*]

Countess. But should my lord discover the dis-

Susan. He'll only give him a smart lecture, and that will do his boyish vanity no harm.

Countess. And, in truth, it deserves a little mortification. Well, next for the Count, Figaro.

Fig. Permit me, madam, to manage him. And first, the better to secure my property, I shall begin by making him dread the loss of his own: to which end, an anonymous letter must be sent, informing him, that a gallant (meaning to profit by his neglect and absence) is at present with his beautiful Countess; and, to confess the truth, the thing is already done, madam.

Countess. How? Have you dared to trifle thus with a woman of honour?

Fig. Oh! madam, it is only with a woman of honour I should presume to take a liberty like this; lest my joke should happen to prove a reality.

Countess. You don't want an agreeable excuse for your plot, Figaro. Though I hardly know how to give into it. (*Aside.*)

Fig. If you please, madam, I'll go and send the Page hither to be dressed. We must not lose a moment. [*Exit.*]

Countess. (*Examining her head-dress in the looking-glass.*) What a hideous cap this is, Susan! it's quite awry. This youth who is coming—

Susan. Ah! madam, your beauty needs not the addition of art in his eyes.

Countess. I assure you, Susan, I shall be very

severe with him: I shall tell him of all the complaints I hear against him.

Susan. Oh! yes, madam; I can see you will scold him heartily.

Countess. What do you say, Susan?

Susan. (*Goes to the chamber door.*) Come, come in, Mister Soldier.

Enter the Page.

Page. Um! (*Aside.*)

Countess. Well, young gentleman! (*Aside to Susan.*) How innocent he looks, Susan!

Susan. And how bashful, madam! (*Aside to the Countess.*)

Countess. Have you reflected on the duties of our new profession?

Susan. (*Aside to the Page.*) Ay, ay, young rake, I'll tell all I know. (*Returns to the Countess.*) Observe his downcast eyes, madam, and long eye-ashes. (*Aside to the Page.*) Hypocrite, I'll tell—

Countess. Nay, Hannibal, don't be terrified. I—

come nearer. [*vance, modesty.*]

Susan. (*Pushing him towards the Countess.*) Ad—

Countess. Poor youth, he's quite affected. I'm not angry with you; I was only going to speak to you on the duties of a soldier. Why do you seem so sorrowful?

Page. Alas! madam, I may well be sorrowful; being, as I am, obliged to leave a lady so gentle, and so kind,—

Susan. And so beautiful.

Page. Ah! yes.

Susan. (*Mimicking.*) Ah! yes. Come, let me cry on one of my gowns upon you. Come here, let's measure: I declare the little villain is not so

Page. Um. [*tall as I am.*]

Susan. Turn about; let me untie your cloak.

Countess. But suppose anybody should come?

Susan. Dear, my lady, we are not doing any harm; I'll lock the door, however, for fear. Well! have you nothing to say to my beauteous lady, and our charming god-mother?

Page. Oh! yes; that I am sure I shall love her as long as I live.

Countess. Esteem, you mean, Hannibal.

Page. Ye—ye—yes; esteem, I should have said.

Susan. (*Laughs.*) Yes, yes; esteem! The poor outh overflows with esteem, and affection, and—

Page. Um! (*Aside to Susan.*)

Susan. Now, let us try whether one of my caps—

Countess. There's a close cap of mine lies on my dressing-table. [*Exit Susan.*] Is your commission made out?

Page. Oh! yes, madam, and given me: here it is. (*Presents his commission to the Countess.*)

Countess. Already? They have made haste, I see; they are not willing to lose a moment; their hurry has made them even forget to affix the seal to it.

Re-enter SUSAN, with a cap in her hand.

Susan. The seal? to what, madam?

Countess. His commission.

Susan. So soon!

[*time lost.*]

Countess. I was observing, there has been no

Susan. Come. (*Makes the Page kneel down, and puts the cap on him.*) What a pretty little villain it is!

I declare I am jealous. See, if he is not handsomer than I am! Turn about; there. What's here? the ribband? So so, so! now all's out. I am glad of it. I told my young gentleman I would let you know his thievish tricks, madam.

Countess. Fetch me some black patches, Susan.

Susan. There are none in your room, madam; I'll fetch some out of mine. [*Exit.*]

Countess. And—and so you—you are sorry to

Page. Ye—yes, madam. [*leave us?*]

Countess. 'Tis that good-for-nothing Figaro who has frightened the child with his prognostics.

Page. No, indeed, madam; I am only grieved to part from so dear a lady. (*Weeps.*)

Countess. Nay, but don't weep, don't weep.

Come, come, be comforted. (*A knocking at the chamber-door.*) Who's there?

Count A. (*Without.*) Open the door, my lady.

Countess. Heavens! it is the Count! I am ruined; if he finds the Page here, after receiving Figaro's anonymous letter, I shall be for ever lost. What imprudence! [*door*]

Count A. (*Without.*) Why don't you open the Page. Oh, ma'am!

Countess. Because—I am alone.

Count A. Alone! Who are you talking to, then?

Countess. To you, to be sure. How could I be so thoughtless! This villainous Figaro!—

Page. After the scene of the great chair this morning, he will certainly murder me if he finds me here.

Countess. Run into my dressing-room; and, Hannibal, lock the door on the inside.

[*Exit Page into the dressing-room. The Countess opens the chamber-door.*]

Enter COUNT ALMAVIVA.

Count A. You did not use to lock yourself in, when you were alone, madam. Whom were you speaking to? [*own room.*]

Countess. To—Susan, who is rummaging in her

Count A. You seem agitated, madam.

Countess. That is not impossible.—We were speaking of you.

Count A. Of me?

Countess. Your jealousy, your indifference, my lord. (*Noise of a table overturned by the Page in the dressing-room.*) What will become of me! (*Aside.*)

Count A. What noise is that?

Countess. I heard no noise.

Count A. No? You must be most confoundedly absent, then.

Countess. Oh! to be sure. [*room, madam.*]

Count A. There's somebody in your dressing-

Countess. Who should be there?

Count A. That's what I want to know.

Countess. It's Susan, I suppose, putting the chairs and tables in their places.

Count A. What! your favourite woman turned housemaid. You told me just now she was in her own room. [*same thing.*]

Countess. In her room, or my room, it's the

Count A. Really, my lady, this Susan of your's is a very nimble, convenient kind of person.

Countess. Really, my lord, this Susan of mine disturbs your quiet very much.

Count A. Very true, madam; so much, that I'm determined to see her. (*He goes to the dressing-room door, and calls.*) Susan, Susan! If Susan you are, come forth!

Countess. Very well, my lord, very well. Would you have the girl come out half undressed? She's trying on one of my left-off dresses. To disturb female privacy in this manner, my lord, is not to be endured. (*During this altercation, Susan comes out of her own room, perceives what is passing, and, after listening long enough to know how to act, slips, unseen by both, behind the curtains of the bed.*)

Count A. Well, if she can't come out, she can answer, at least. (*Calls.*) Susan! answer me, Susan!

Countess. I say, do not answer, Susan; I forbid you to speak a word. We shall see whom she'll obey.

Count A. But if it is nobody but Susan, what is the reason, madam, of that emotion and perplexity so very evident in your countenance?

Countess. Emotion and perplexity? Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous!

Count A. Be it as ridiculous as it may, I am determined to be satisfied; and I think present appearances give me a sufficient plea. (*Goes to the chamber door, and calls.*) Hollo! Who waits there?

Countess. Do, do, my lord; expose your jealousy to your very servants! Make yourself and me the jest of the whole world.

Count A. Why do you oblige me to it? However, since you will not suffer that door to be quietly opened, will you be pleased to accompany me while I procure an instrument to force it.

Countess. To be sure, my lord, to be sure; if you please.

Count A. I shall lock the chamber-door after me; and, that you may be fully justified, I'll make this other door fast. (*Goes to Susan's room door; locks it, and takes the key.*) Now, (*showing the key to the Countess*) I am sure nobody can get in or out of this room; and the Susan of the dressing-room must submit to be confined here till my return.

Countess. This behaviour is greatly to your honour, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SUSAN from behind the bed; as they go off, she runs to the dressing-room door, and calls.

Susan. Hannibal! Hannibal! Open the door; quick, quick, it's I, Susan.

Enter Page, frightened.

Page. Oh! Susan.

Susan. Oh! my poor mistress.

Page. What will become of her?

Susan. What will become of my marriage?

Page. What will become of me?

Susan. Don't stand babbling here; but fly.

Page. The doors are all fast, how can I fly?

Susan. Don't ask me.—Fly!

Page. Here's a window open. (*Runs to the window.*) Below is a bed of flowers; I'll leap out.

Susan. (*Screams.*) You'll break your neck.

Page. Better that, than ruin my dear lady. (*Gets upon a table at the window.*) Give me one kiss before I go, Susan.

Susan. Was there ever such a young—(*Page kisses her, and jumps out of the window; Susan shrieks at seeing him jump down.*) Ah! (*Looks out of the window.*) He is safe; yonder he runs, as light and as swift as the winds. If that boy does not make some woman's heart ache, one of these days, I'm mistaken. (*Susan goes in at the dressing-room door, but peeps back as she is going to shut it.*) And now, my good jealous Count, perhaps I may teach you to break open doors another time. (*Locks herself in.*)

Enter COUNT ALMAVIVA with a wrenching-iron in one hand, and leading in the COUNTESS with the other. Examines Susan's room door.

Count A. Yes, everything is as I left it. We now shall come at the truth. Do you still persist in forcing me to break open this door? I am determined to see who's within.

Countess. Let me beg, my lord, you'll have a moment's patience; hear me only, and you shall satisfy your utmost curiosity. Let me intreat you to be assured, that however appearances may condemn me, no injury was intended to your honour.

Count A. Then there is a man?

Countess. No; it is only—only—

Count A. Only—only who?

Countess. A child.

Count A. Let's see this child.—What child?

Countess. Hannibal.

Count A. The Page! This d—nable Page again. The whole's unravelled. Come forth, viper!

Countess. Do not let the disorder in which you will see him—

Count A. The disorder! the disorder!

Countess. We were going to dress him in women's clothes for our evening's diversion.

Count A. I'll rack him! I'll—I'll make him a terrible example of an injured husband's wrath.

Countess. (*Kneels.*) Hold! my lord, hold!—Have pity on his youth, his infancy—

Count A. What? Intercede for him to me? (*Runs to the dressing-room door.*) Come forth, I say, once more. I'll rack him, I'll stab him, I'll—(*While the Count is speaking, Susan unlocks the dressing-room door, and bolts out upon him.*)

Susan. I'll rack him! I'll stab him! I'll—Ha, ha, ha! (*The Countess hearing Susan's voice, recovers sufficiently to look round, is astonished, and turns back into her former position to conceal her surprise.*)

Count A. (*After looking first at Susan, and then at the Countess.*) And can you act astonishment, too, madam? (*To the Countess.*)

Countess. I? My lord—

Count A. But, perhaps, she wasn't alone. [*Enters the dressing-room; the Countess is again alarmed, Susan runs to her.*]

Susan. Fear nothing; he's not there. He has jumped out of the window.

Countess. And broke his neck!

Susan. Hush! (*To the Countess.*) Hem! hem!

Re-enter COUNT ALMAVIVA, greatly agitated.

Count A. No, there's nobody there. I've been confoundedly in the wrong. (*Approaching the Countess.*) Confusion, madam—Madam—Upon my soul, madam, you are a most excellent actress!

Susan. And am not I, too, my lord?

Count A. (*Kneels to the Countess.*) You see my contition. (*Kisses her hand.*) Be generous—

Susan. As you have been.

Count A. Hush! (*Kisses Susan's hand.*) Remember the garden to-night. (*Turns to the Countess.*) My dear Rosina!

Countess. No, no, my lord; I am no longer that Rosina whom you formerly loved with such affection: I am now, nothing but the poor Countess of Almaviva, a neglected wife, not a beloved mistress.

Count A. Nay, do not make my humiliation too severe. But, wherefore have you been thus mysterious on this occasion?

Countess. That I might not betray that headlong thoughtless Figaro. [*then?*]

Count A. What, he wrote the anonymous billet?

Countess. But it was done, my lord, before I knew of it. [*room!*]

Susan. To suspect a man in my lady's dressing-

Count A. And to be thus severely punished for my suspicion—

Susan. Not to believe my lady, when she assured you it was her woman.

Count A. But what's the reason, you malicious little hussy, you did not come out when I called?

Susan. What, undressed, my lord?

Count A. But why didn't you answer, then?

Susan. My lady forbid me. And good reason she had so to do. (*Aside.*) [*to—*]

Count A. How could you, Rosina, be so cruel to—
Enter FIGARO in a hurry; he stops on seeing the Count.

Fig. They told me, my lady was indisposed: I ran to inquire, and am very happy to find there was nothing in it.

Count A. You are very attentive.

Fig. It is my duty to be so, my lord. (*Turns to Susan.*) Come, come, my charmer, prepare for the ceremony; go to your bridesmaids.

Count A. But who is to take care of the Countess in the meantime? [*very well.*]

Fig. Take care of her, my lord! My lady seems

Count A. Who is to guard her from the gallant, who was to profit by my absence? (*Susan and the Countess make signs to Figaro.*) [*all.*]

Countess. Nay, nay, Figaro; the Count knows Susan. Yes, yes; we've told my lord everything. The jest is ended, it's all over.

Fig. The jest is ended! And it's all over!

Count A. Yes, ended, ended, ended! And all over! What have you to say to that?

Fig. Say, my lord?

Count A. Ay, say.

[*marriage.*]

Fig. I—I—I wish I could say as much of my Count A. And who wrote the pretty letter?

Fig. Not I, my lord.

Count A. If I did not know thou liest, I could read it in thy face. [lies, not I.]

Fig. Indeed, my lord? Then it's my face that *Countess*. Psha! *Figaro*, why should you endeavour to conceal anything, when I tell you we have confessed all.

Susan. (*Making signs to Figaro.* We've told my lord of the letter, which made him suspect that Hannibal, the Page, who is far enough off by this, was hid in my lady's dressing-room, where I myself was locked in.

Fig. Well, well; since my lord will have it so, and my lady will have it so, and you all will have it so, why then so let it be.

Count A. Still at his wiles.

Countess. Why, my lord, would you oblige him to speak truth, so much against his inclination? (*Count and Countess retire, talking familiarly.*)

Susan. Hast thou seen the Page?

Fig. Yes, yes; you have shook his young joints for him among you.

Enter ANTONIO, the gardener, half drunk.

Ant. My lord,—my good lord,—if so be as your lordship will not have the goodness to have these windows nailed up, I shall never have a nosegay fit to give to my lady. They break all my pots, and spoil my flowers; for they not only throw other rubbish out of the windows, as they used to do, but they have just now tossed out a man.

Count A. A man! (*The Count's suspicions all revive.*)

Ant. In white stockings. (*Countess and Susan discover their fears, and make signs to Figaro to assist them, if possible.*)

Count A. Where is the man?

Ant. That's what I want to know, my lord. I wish I could find him. I'm your lordship's gardener; and though I say it, a better gardener is not to be found in all Spain; but if chamber-maids are permitted to toss men out of the window, to save their own reputation, what is to become of mine? [ing.]

Fig. Oh, fie! What, setting so soon in a morning. No; this is only the remains of last night.

Count A. On with your story, sir. What of the man? What followed?

Ant. I followed him myself, my lord, as fast as I could; but somehow, I unluckily happened to make a false step, and came with such a confounded whirl against the garden gate, that I—I quite for—forgot my errand.

Count A. And should you know this man again?

Ant. To be sure I should, my lord; if I had seen his face, that is.

Count A. Either speak more clearly, rascal, or I'll send you packing—

Ant. Send me packing, my lord? Oh! no; if your lordship has not enough—enough—(*points to his forehead*)—to know when you have a good gardener; I warrant I know when I have a good place.

Fig. There is no occasion, my lord, for all this mystery.—It was I that jumped out of the window

Count A. You? [into the garden.]

Fig. My own self, my lord.

Count A. Jump out of a one pair of stairs window, and run the risk of breaking your neck?

Fig. The ground was soft, my lord.

Ant. And his neck is in no danger of being broken that way.

Fig. To be sure, I hurt my right leg a little in the fall; just here at the ancle. I feel it still.

Count A. But what reason had you to jump out of the window?

Fig. You had received my letter, my lord, since I must own it, and were come, somewhat sooner than I expected, in a dreadful passion, in search of a man.

Ant. If it was you, you have grown plaguy fast

within this half hour, to my thinking. The man that I saw, did not seem so tall as you, by the head and shoulders.

Fig. Psha! Does not one always double one's self up when one takes a leap?

Ant. It seemed a great deal more like the Page.

Count A. The Page!

Fig. Oh! yes, to be sure, the Page has galloped back from Seville, horse and all, to leap out of the window!

Ant. No, no, my lord; I saw no such thing.—I'll take my oath, I saw no horse leap out of the window.

Count A. Drunkard! Booby! (*The Count seizes Antonio, and flings him on the bed.*)

Fig. Come, come, let us go, and prepare for our sports. (*They are all going.*)

Ant. Well, since it was you, as I am an honest man, I ought to return you this paper which dropped out of your pocket, as you fell.

Count A. (*Snatches the paper; the Countess, Figaro, and Susan are all surprised and embarrassed.*) Now, if it were you, you, doubtless, can tell what this paper contains, (*keeps the paper behind his back as he faces Figaro*) and how it happened to come into your pocket?

Fig. Oh! my lord, I've such quantities of papers. (*Searches his pockets and pulls out a great many.*) No, it is not this.—Hem!—This is a double love-letter from Marcelina, in seven pages.—Hem!—Hem! It would do a man's heart good to read it.—Hem! And this is a petition from the poor poacher in prison. I never presented it to your lordship, because I know you have affairs much more serious on your hands, than the complaints of such half-starved rascals. Ah!—Hem! This—this—no, this is an inventory of your lordship's sword-knots, ruffs, and roses.—Must take care of this. (*Endeavours to gain time, and keeps glancing and hemming to Susan and the Countess to look at the paper and give him a hint.*)

Count A. It is neither this, nor this, nor that, nor t'other, that you have in your hand, but what I hold here in mine, that I want to know the contents of. (*Holds out the paper, in action, as he speaks; the Countess catches a sight of it.*)

Countess. (*Aside to Susan.*) 'Tis the commission.

Susan. (*Aside to Figaro.*) The Page's commission. [matter.]

Count A. Well, sir; so you know nothing of the

Ant. There, my lord says you know nothing of the matter.

Fig. Keep off, and don't come to whisper me. (*He pushes Antonio out at the chamber-door.*) Oh! lord, lord! (*Pretending to recollect himself.*) What a stupid fool I am! I declare it's the commission of that poor youth, Hannibal; which I, like a blockhead, forgot to return him; he'll be quite unhappy about it, poor boy.

Count A. And how came you by it?

Fig. By it, my lord?

Count A. Why did he give it you?

Fig. To—to—to—

Count A. To what?

Fig. To get—

Count A. To get what? It wants nothing.

Countess. (*Aside to Susan.*) It want's the seal.

Susan. (*Aside to Figaro.*) It wants the seal.

Fig. Oh! my lord, what it wants, to be sure, is a

Count A. What trifle? [mere trifle.]

Fig. You know, my lord, when you make out a commission, it's customary to—

Count A. To what?

Fig. To affix your lordship's seal.

Count A. (*Looks at the commission, and finds the seal is wanting.*) The devil and all his imps!

[Exit at the chamber door.]

Fig. Are you going, my lord, without giving orders for our wedding? [Exit, following the Count.]

Susan. What shall we do now, madam? The Page is too much frightened ever to be employed in a second plot.

Countess. No more plots of Figaro's inventing! You see into what danger I've been brought by his fine concerted letter. Still, however, I wish I could convict my false husband of his infidelity to his face. Ha! a happy thought strikes me. I'll meet him in the garden, instead of you; and then nobody will be exposed but himself. But you must not mention one word of this, Susan, to anybody.

Susan. Except Figaro?

Countess. No, not even to Figaro; he'll spoil my design, by mixing some plot of his own with it.

Susan. Your project's a charming one, madam; and I shall yet have my Figaro. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the castle. Two Pavilions, one on each side of the stage.*

Enter AGNES, with a little basket of refreshments in her hand.

Agnes. Now for that good-natured, merry little Hannibal; he hasn't half learnt me my part yet. Poor thing, he has had nothing to eat since he came; and the cross good-for-nothing cook would not give me a morsel for him; so I was obliged to ask the butler for some cakes and oranges. It cost me a good kiss on the cheek; but I know who'll repay it. Hannibal! Hannibal! He's not there, sure. Oh! dear, and here's somebody coming!

[Exit into the pavilion on the left.

Enter FIGARO, disguised in a roquelaure, with BASIL and PEDRO.

Fig. I was mistaken; 'twas Agnes. What o'clock is it?

Ped. Almost near the moon's rising.

Basil. What a gloomy night! We look like so many conspirators.

Fig. You understand, gentlemen, why you come hither; it is to be witnesses of the conduct of the virtuous bride I am soon to espouse, and of the honourable lord who has graciously bestowed her on me. You'll see my suspicions are not without cause.

Basil. Ay; and I shall be up with my lord now, for not employing me in this assignation. (Basil and Pedro retire.)

Fig. No, my worthy lord and master, you have not got her yet. What, because you're a great man, you fancy yourself a great genius! But as little a man as I, may, perhaps, be revenged on you. Oh! Susan, Susan! (Hearing a noise, he wraps himself up in his roquelaure, and retires a little.)

Enter softly, the COUNTESS and SUSAN, both veiled.

Susan. (Aside to the Countess.) So, so, in spite of all our secrecy, Figaro has, somehow or other, discovered our intention, and will be here. But I'll teach him how to suspect me, I warrant. Now let us begin. (Speaks louder.) If you don't want me, madam, I'll walk and enjoy the fresh air.

Fig. (Aside.) Oh! the cockatrice!

Countess. It may give thee cold.

Susan. Oh! no my lady.

Fig. (Aside.) Oh! no; she'll not take cold to-night. (Susan retires a little.)

Enter the Page.

Page. (Seeing the Countess.) Is that Agnes, yonder? (He approaches her.) No. Surely, it's Susan: it must be Susan. (Comes up and takes hold of the Countess's hand.) Ah! my dear Susan.

Countess. Let me go. (In a feigned voice.)

Page. Come, Susan, Susan, don't be so coy.—I know it isn't Figaro you're waiting for, it is my lord the Count. What, didn't I hear this morning when I was behind the great chair?

Susan. (Aside.) The babbling little villain!

Enter COUNT ALMAVIVA.

Count A. Is not that somebody with Susan?

(Advances close up to them, and draws back in a fury.) 'Tis that infernal Page again. (Susan keeps out of the way, silently laughing.)

Page. 'Tis in vain to say no.—Since thou art going to be the representative of the Countess, I am determined to give thee one kiss for thyself, and a hundred for thy beauteous lady. (The Countess draws back to avoid being kissed by the Page; the Count advances into her place; the Page, taking the Count's hand, perceives he is discovered, and suddenly retreats, crying in an under voice.) Oh! the devil! The Count again!

[Exit Page into the pavilion on the left. While this passes, Figaro has advanced to drive the Page from Susan, as he supposes.]

Count A. (Thinking he speaks to the Page.) Since you are so fond of kissing, take that. (Strikes Figaro.)

Fig. I've paid for listening. (Susan laughs.)

Count A. (Hears her laugh.) What, do such salutations make the impudent rascal laugh?

Fig. (Aside.) It would be strange, if he should cry this time. (Count and Countess approach each other.)

Count A. But let us not lose the precious moments, my charming Susan! Let these kisses speak my passion! (Kisses the Countess.)

Fig. (Aside.) Oh, oh, oh!

Count A. Why dost thou tremble?

Countess. (Continuing her feigned voice.) Because I am afraid—

Count A. Thou seemest to have a cold. (Takes the Countess's hand between his own, and kisses it.) What a sweet, delicate, angel's hand! How smooth and soft! How long and small the fingers! What pleasure in the touch! Ah! how different is this from the Countess's hand.

Countess. (Sighing.) And yet you loved her once.

Count A. Yes, yes,—I did so; but three years of better acquaintance, have made the marriage state so respectable—Besides, wives think to ensure our fidelity by being always wives: whereas they should sometimes become—

Countess. What?

Count A. Our mistresses. I hope, thou'lt not forget this lesson.

Countess. Oh! no, indeed; not I.

Susan. (Aloud.) Nor I.

Fig. (Aloud.) Nor I.

Count A. Are there echoes here?

Countess. Oh! yes.

Count A. And now, my sweet Susan, receive the portion I promised thee. (Gives her a purse, and puts a ring upon her finger.) And continue likewise to wear this ring for my sake.

Countess. Susan accepts your favours.

Fig. (Aside.) Was there ever so faithless a hussy!

Susan. (Aside.) These riches are all for us!

Countess. I perceive torches.

Count A. They are preparatory to thy nuptials. (The Countess pretends to be afraid.) Come, come, let us retire for a moment into the pavilion.

Countess. What! in the dark?

Count A. Why not? There are no spirits.

Fig. (Aside.) Yes, but there are; and evil ones too. (Countess follows the Count.) She is going! Hem! (In a great passion.)

Count A. Who goes there?

Fig. A man.

Count A. (Aside to the Countess.) It's Figaro.

[Exit the Countess, and the Count retires.]

Fig. (Desperate.) They're gone in. (Walks.) Let her go, let her go!

Susan. (Aside.) Thou shalt pay presently for these fine suspicions. (Susan advances and mimics the voice of the Countess.) Who is that?

Fig. (Aside.) 'Tis the Countess. What lucky chance conducted you hither, madam! You know not what scenes are this moment transacting.

Susan. Oh! yes, but I do, Figaro.

Fig. What, that the Count and my virtuous ride are this moment in yonder pavilion, madam?

Susan. (Aside.) Very well, my gentleman! I now more than thou dost.

Fig. And will you not be revenged?

Susan. Oh! yes; we always have our revenge in our own power.

Fig. (Aside.) What does she mean? Perhaps, that I suspect. That would be a glorious retaliation. *(To Susan.)* There is no means but one, madam, of revenging such wrongs; and that now resents itself.

Susan. (Aside.) What does the good-for-nothing fellow mean? Does it, Figaro?

Fig. Pardon my presumption, madam; on any other occasion, the respect I bear your ladyship could keep me silent; but on the present, I dare counter all. *(Falls on his knees.)* Oh! excuse, forgive me, madam. Let not the precious moments slip! Grant me your hand.

Susan. (Gives him a slap on the face.) Take it.

Fig. I have it, I think. The devil! This is the way of stripes.

Susan. Susan gives it thee! *(As soon as Figaro avails it is Susan, he laughs very heartily all the while she beats him.)* And that, and that, and that thy insolence; and that for thy jealousy; and that for thy infidelity.

Fig. Oh! happy Figaro. Take thy revenge, my dear, kind, good angel; never did man or martyr suffer with such ecstasy.

Susan. Don't tell me of your ecstasy! How first you, you good-for-nothing, base, false-hearted man, make love to me, supposing me the Countess. But I'll be revenged.

Fig. Talk not of revenge, my love; but tell me, what blest angel sent thee hither; and how—

Susan. Know, to thy confusion, that I and my sister, coming here to catch one fox, have entrapped you.

Fig. But who has entrapped the other poor fox?

Susan. Why, his own wife.

Fig. His wife! Go, hang thyself, Figaro, for entrapping the wit to divine this plot! And has all this intriguing been only about his own wife, after Count A. *(Advances.)* Susan! Susan! [all?]

Fig. (Aside to Susan.) There's my lord. A thought strikes me. Pr'ythee second me, Susan. *(Speaks in a feigned voice, and kisses Susan's hand.)* O, madam, let us not longer converse of love, let us enjoy thy treasures.

Count A. What's here? A man on his knees to the Countess! *(Feels for his sword. Figaro and Susan still laughing.)* And I unarmed!

Fig. Quickly, then, madam, let us repair the wrong which love this morning suffered by the impertinent intrusion of your lord.

Count A. This is not to be borne. *(Darts between them, seizes Figaro by the collar, while Susan exclaims.)* Villain!

Fig. (Pretends amazement.) My lord!

Count A. How, rascal! And, is it you? Holloa! Illou! Who hears me? Where are my people? Lights, lights!

Enter Servants with flambeaux. Pedro and Basil advance.

Count A. (To the Servants.) Guard all the passages, and seize this fellow.

Fig. You command with absolute authority over the present, my lord, except yourself.

Count A. Now, sir, be pleased to declare before the company, who the—the woman is, that just now ran into that pavilion.

Fig. Into that. *(Going towards the pavilion on the right.)*

Count A. (Stopping him.) No, prevaricating fellow! into that? *(Pointing to the other.)*

Fig. Ah! that alters the case.

Count A. Answer, or—

Fig. The lady,—is a young lady, to whom my lord once paid his addresses; but who, happening to love me better than my betters, has this day given me the preference.

Count A. The preference? the preference? 'Tis too true. Yes, gentlemen, what he confesses, I give you my honour, I just now heard from the very mouth of his accomplice.

Basil. His accomplice!

Count A. Come forth, madam! *(Enters the pavilion on the left.)* Come forth, I say, shew yourself. *(Drags out the Page, still speaking, and not looking at him till he brings him to the rest of the company.)*

All. The Page!

Count A. Again, and again, and everlastingly, this d—d diabolical Page! You shall find, however, he was not alone.

Page. Ah! no. My lot would have been hard, indeed, then.

Count A. Enter, Pedro, and drag the guilty wretch before her judge.

Ped. Come, madam, you must come out; I must not let you go, since my lord knows you are here. *(Pedro goes into the pavilion on the left, and brings out AGNES.)*

All. Agnes! Ha, ha, ha!

Count A. I'll find her, I warrant. Where is this daughter of infamy, who thus evades my just fury?

Enter SUSAN, with her fan before her face, from the pavilion on the left.

Here she comes, at last; proving her own shame, and my dishonour. *(Susan kneels to him, still hiding her face.)*

All. Pardon, pardon, gracious lord!

Count A. No, no, no! *(They all kneel.)* No, no! Were the whole world to kneel, I would be deaf.

Enter the COUNTESS, from the pavilion on the right, and kneels to the Count, whose back is turned to her.

Countess. Let me, my lord, make one of the number. *(Susan drops her fan; the Count hears the voice of the Countess, looks round, and suddenly conceives the whole trick they have been playing him.)*

Count A. And—is it you, madam?

Countess. (Inclines herself, in token of affirmation.)

Count A. (Returning her bow with great confusion.) Ah! Yes, yes! A generous pardon, though unmerited.

Countess. Were you in my place, you would exclaim No, no, no! but I grant it, without a single stipulation.

Susan. And I.

Fig. And I. There are echoes here.

Count A. I perceive, I perceive—I have been rightly served.

Countess. Here, Susan, here is the purse and ring, which my lord gave thee. He will remember thy sweet delicate fingers, so long and so small.

Susan. Thank your lordship. Here, Figaro. *(Gives him the purse.)*

Fig. It was devilish hard to get at.

Count A. Pray, how did your valour like the box on the ear I gave you just now?

Page. (With his hand on his sword.) Me, my colonel?

Fig. Which I kindly received.

Count A. Thou?

Fig. I: and thus do the great distribute justice.

Susan. Our errors past, and all our follies done, Oh! that 'twere possible you might be won To pardon faults, and misdemeanours smother, With the same ease we pardon one another. *[Exeunt.]*

MISS IN HER TEENS;

OR, THE MEDLEY OF LOVERS:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN LOVEIT
FRIBBLE

FLASH
PUFF

JASPER
MISS BIDDY

TAG

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT and PUFF.

Capt. L. This is the place we were directed to; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me?

Puff. And me, too, sir. You must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done. But, pray, sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessaries? Half a dozen shirts and your regimentals are my whole cargo.

Capt. L. I was wild to get away; and, as soon as I obtained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age till I returned to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature.

Puff. With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune. Strong motives, I must confess. And now, sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care and abilities in this affair, I think I have a just right to be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. L. You shall have them. When I first left the university, which is now seven months since, my father, who loves his money better than his son, and would not settle a farthing upon me—

Puff. Mine did so by me, sir.

Capt. L. Purchased me a pair of colours, at my own request; but before I joined the regiment, which was going abroad, I took a ramble into the country with a fellow collegian, to see a relation of his who lived in Berkshire.

Puff. A party of pleasure, I suppose.

Capt. L. During a short stay there, I became

acquainted with this young creature; she was just come from the boarding-school, and though she had all the simplicity of her age and the country, yet I was mixed with such sensible vivacity, that I took fire at once.

Puff. I was tinder myself at your age. But pray, sir, did you take fire before you knew of her fortune?

Capt. L. Before, upon my honour.

Puff. Folly and constitution! But, on, sir.

Capt. L. I was introduced to the family by the name of Rhodophil; (for so my companion and I had settled it;) at the end of three weeks, I was obliged to attend the call of honour in Flanders.

Puff. Your parting, to be sure, was heart-breaking.

Capt. L. I feel it at this instant. We vowed eternal constancy, and I promised to take the first opportunity of returning to her: I did so; but we found the house was shut up; and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that miss and her aunt were removed to town, and lived somewhere near this part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the place of action propose your plan of operation.

Capt. L. My father lives but in the next street so I must decamp immediately for fear of discovery; you are not known to be my servant, so make what inquiries you can in the neighbourhood and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff. I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all the pass; but I've forgot the word, sir: Miss Biddy—

Capt. L. Bellair.

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune. But, sir—

Capt. L. What do you say, Puff?

Puff. If your honour pleases to consider that I ad a wife in town, whom I left somewhat abruptly alf a year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent o make some inquiry after her first: to be sure, it ould be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made way with herself, or—

Capt. L. Pr'ythee, don't distract me; a moment's elay is of the utmost consequence; I must insist pon an immediate compliance with my commands.

[*Exit.*]

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows; ey think of nobody's wants but their own. He oes not consider that I am flesh and blood as well s himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; r I sha'n't be surprised if I meet my lady walking e streets. But who have we here! Sure, I should now that face.

Enter JASPER from a house.

Who's that? my old acquaintance, Jasper?

Jas. What, Puff! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! Well, and now, Jasper, ill easy and happy! *Toujours le même!* What triges now? What girls have you ruined, and hat cuckolds made, since you and I beat up to- ether, eh?

Jas. Faith, business hath been very brisk during e war; men are scarce, you know; not that I can y I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times. ut, harkye, Puff—

Puff. Not a word aloud, I am *incognito*.

Jas. Why, faith, I should not have known you, you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little *dishabile*, too, as well as *incognito*. Whom do ou honour with your service now? Are you from e wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke ill tarnish; a man that will go into such service as have been in, will find his clothes the worse for ear, take my word for it: but how is it with you, end Jasper? What, you still serve, I see. You e at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of y time there; I have, within these two months, tered into the service of an old gentleman, who red a reputable servant, and dressed him as you e, because he has taken it into his head to fall in ve.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! But, ythee, what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure u.

Puff. Oh, the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles, and plays with her till his outh waters; and then he chuckles till he cries, d calls it his Bid and his Bidsy, and is so fool- ly fond—

Puff. Bidsy! what's that?

Jas. Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! What, Miss Biddy Bellair?

Jas. The same.

Puff. I have no luck, to be sure. (*Aside.*) Oh! ave heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, d has some fortune, I know. But are things tled? Is the marriage fixed?

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests o; but her aunt, a very good, prudent, old lady, s given her consent, if he can gain her niece's; w it will end I can't tell—but I am hot upon't self.

Puff. The devil! not marriage, I hope.

Jas. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of hor- ur, I assure you: she has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from b, and listed for a soldier; so towards the end of t campaign, she hopes to have a certificate he's

knocked o' the head; if not, I suppose we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well, speed the plough. But, harkye! consummate with the certificate, if you can; keep your neck out of the collar, do: I have wore it these two years, and d—y called I am.

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message which I have just delivered to the young lady; so, dear Mr. Puff, I am your most obedient, humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears. If you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's, or the Tilt-yard. *Au revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper.*] Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters; Jasper and I were always the *beau monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always shake hands. But now to my master, with a head full of news and a heart full of joy. (*Going, starts.*)

"*Angels and ministers of grace defend me!*"

It can't be. By heavens! it is that fretful porcupine, my wife. I can't stand it: what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter TAG.

Tag. It must be he. I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me: if I can keep my temper I'll try him further. Pray, good sir, if I may be so bold—

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman; don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honour pleases to look this way—

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this; but I have no more loose silver about me; so, pr'ythee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold out no longer: oh! you villain, you! Where have you been, scoundrel? Do you know me now, varlet? (*Seizes him.*)

Puff. Here, watch, watch! Zounds! I shall have my pocket picked.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog! and confess everything; or by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise up the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear Tag? Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife. Now my stars have overpaid me for the fatigue and danger of the field; I have wandered about like Achilles in search of faithful Penelope, and the gods have brought me to this happy spot. (*Embraces her.*)

Tag. The fellow's cracked, for certain. Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six months, eh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter's evenings. I shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated by either honour or the devil, (I can't tell which,) I set out for Flanders, to gather laurels, and lay them at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily, I must confess, and often has my conscience stung me for it. I am got into an officer's service, have been in several actions, gained some credit by my behaviour, and am now returned with my master to indulge the genteeler passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk; what have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor, temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide world—

Puff. Well, I have been in the wide world too, ha'n't I? What would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service. (*Cries.*)

Puff. Why, I'm in service, too, your lord and master, a'n't I, you saucy jade, you? Come, where dost live, hereabouts? Hast got good vails? Dost go to market? Come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why, there I live, at that house. (*Pointing to the house Jasper came out of.*)

Puff. What, there? that house?

Tag. Yes, there, that house.

Puff. Huzza! We're made for ever, you slut, you. Huzza! Everything conspires this day to make me happy. Prepare for an inundation of joy. My master is in love with your Miss Biddy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fool, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be relieved, and the governor brought over: in plain English, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil.

Tag. Heyday! What's all this?

Puff. Say no more, the dice are thrown, doublets for us; away to your young mistress, while I run to my master; tell her Rhodophil—Rhodophil will be with her immediately; then, if her blood does not mount to her face like quicksilver in a weather-glass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole to be a lie, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news, indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family; but part of your story is true, and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it straight—But, hold, Tag, I had forgot; pray, how does Mr. Jasper do?

Tag. Mr. Jasper! What do you mean? I—I—I—

Puff. What, out of countenance, child? Oh, fie! Speak plain, my dear; and the certificate, when comes that, eh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turned conjurer, or he would never have known it. (*Aside.*)

Puff. Are not you a jade? Are you not a Jezebel? Ar'n't you a—

Tag. O, ho! temperance, or I walk off.

Puff. I know I am not finished yet, and so I am easy; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, madam.

Tag. Away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? [*Exit.*]

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter BIDDY.

Bid. How unfortunate a poor girl am I! dare not tell my secret to anybody, and if I don't I'm undone. Heigho! (*Sighs.*)

Enter TAG.

Pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me? Heigho!

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Bid. I did not sigh, not I. (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Nay, never gulp them down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that heart of your's, that swells it, and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Bid. What would you have me tell you? (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you; but you had as good speak, I may do you some service you little think of.

Bid. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want. (*Sighs.*)

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as for example, if you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break—

Bid. His neck, Tag.

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Bid. I don't care which, indeed, so I were clear of him. I don't think I'm fit to be married.

Tag. To him, you mean: you have no objection to marriage, but the man; and I applaud you for it. But, come, courage, miss; never keep it in; out with it all.

Bid. If you'll ask me any questions I'll answer them; but I can't tell you anything of myself, I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well, then: in the first place, pray, tell me, Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old Sir Simon Loveit?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. What's heigho! miss?

Bid. When I say heigho! it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this somebody is a young, handsome fellow?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you would be as merry as the best of us!

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, souse over head at once, and the pain will be over.

Bid. There, then. (*A long sigh.*) Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Bid. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Bid. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray, let's hear that, too.

Bid. Why, I thought if I should write to him, and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! (*Aside.*) And have you changed your mind, miss?

Bid. No, indeed, Tag; I love him the best of any of them.

Tag. Of any of them! Why, have you any more?

Bid. Pray, don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, miss, if you only trust me by halves you can't expect—

Bid. I will trust you with everything. When parted with him I grew melancholy; so, in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? Mighty simple, in deed! (*Aside.*)

Bid. One of them is a fine blustering man, and is called Captain Flash; he's always talking of fighting and wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall balk him; we shall see him this afternoon; for he pressed strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt is taking her afternoon nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Bid. Quite another sort of a man; he speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr. Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tell me what ribbands become my complexion, where stick my patches, who is the best milliner, what they sell the best tea, and which is the best war for the face, and the best paste for the hands; he always playing with my fan, and shewing his teeth and whenever I speak, he pats me, so, and cries "The devil take me, Miss Biddy, but you'll be no perdition." Ha, ha, ha!

Tag. Oh, the pretty creature! and what do you call him, pray?

Bid. His name is Fribble, and you shall see him

o; for, by mistake, I appointed them at the same me; but you must help me out with them.

Tag. And suppose your favourite should come o?!

Bid. I should not care what became of the others.

Tag. What's his name?

Bid. It begins with an R—h—o—

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it is not Rhodophil.

Bid. I am frightened at you. You are a witch.

Tag. I am so, and I can tell your fortune, too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most the world will be at our house this afternoon; he is rived from the army this morning, and dies till he es you.

Bid. Is he come, Tag? Don't joke with me.

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspense, you ast know, the servant of your Strephon, by some accountable fate or other, is my lord and master; has just been with me, and told me of his mas-'s arrival and impatience—

Bid. Oh! my dear, dear Tag, you have put me t of my wits; I am all over in a flutter. I shall up out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself. Is he come, Tag? I am ready to faint. I'd ve the world I had put on another dress to-day.

Tag. I assure you, miss, you look charmingly.

Bid. Do I, indeed, though? I'll alter my hair mediately.

Tag. We'll go to dioner first, and then I'll assist u.

Bid. Dinner! I can't eat a morsel. I don't know at's the matter with me; my ears tingle, my art beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every at of me. I must run in and look at myself in the ss this moment. *[Exit.]*

Tag. Yes, she has put, and deeply, too; this is no poocrisy.

*Not art but nature now performs her part,
And every word's the language of the heart. [Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

uter CAPTAIN LOVEIT, BIDDY, TAG, and PUFF.

Capt. L. To find you still constant, and to arrive such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune d happiness.

Bid. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I a secure of your affections—

Puff. I'll be bound for him, madam, and give u any security you can ask.

Tag. Everything goes on to our wish, sir; I just w had a second conference with my old lady, and e was so convinced by my arguments, that she urned instantly to the lawyer to forbid the draw- g out of any writings at all; and she is determined ver to thwart miss's inclinations, and left it to us gve the old gentleman his discharge at the next it.

Capt. L. Shall I undertake the old dragon.

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call e you.

Bid. I expect him him every moment; therefore, I tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man all be locked up in my bed-chamber till we have tled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. L. Do what you please with me.

Bid. You must not be impatient, though.

Capt. L. I can undergo anything with such a re- rd in view; one kiss, and I'll be quite resigned. d now, shew me the way. *[Exit with Biddy.]*

Tag. Come, sirrah, when I have got you under k and key I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding clothes ready, my dove? e certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, sirrah: march. You y thank heaven I had patience to stay so long.

[Exit, with Puff.]

Re-enter BIDDY.

Bid. I was very much alarmed for fear my two

gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had; I find I love Rhodophil vastly, for though my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of them now. I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head; but, egad! my heart's good, and a fig for dangers! Let me see, what shall I do with my two gallants? I must, at least, part with them decently. Suppose I set them together by the ears? The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel, (as I believe they won't,) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss them my service; and if they will fight, and one of them should be killed, the other will certainly be hanged or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both,

Re-enter TAG.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the door's double-locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Bid. That's pure; but have you given them anything to divert them?

Tag. I have given the Captain one of your old gloves to mumble: but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison pasty.

Bid. What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr. Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room; I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweetmeats.

Bid. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other; and as soon as you see him, run into us and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me. Here is one of 'em—

Enter FRIBBLE.

Bid. Mr. Fribble, your servant.

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave. I hope I have not come upon you abruptly; I should have waited upon you sooner, but an accident happened that discomposed me so, that I was obliged to go home again to take drops.

Bid. Indeed you don't look well, sir. Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, madam.

[Exit.]

Bid. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we mayn't be surprised by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Bid. I hate the sight of him. *(Aside.)* I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you; pray let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand. I sha'n't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good creeter, I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair. Hem! But, first, you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve; my servant made it this morning; the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lily of the valley water.

Bid. I thank you, sir, but my lips are generally red, and when they a'n't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own sometimes, to pout 'em a little; but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable moister. Thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine where I have already sacrificed my heart. *(Kneels, and gives the lip-salve.)*

Bid. Upon my word, that's very prettily expressed; you are positively the best company in

the world. I wish he were out of the house. (*Aside.*)

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition, I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied that nothing but mere necessity could have forced me to appear thus muffled before you.

Bid. I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, sir. (*Curtseys.*)

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed. Thus it was—Hem! You must know, miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackney-coach fellows. As I was coming out of my lodgings, says one of 'em to me, "Would your honour have a coach?" "No, man," said I, "not now," with all the civility imaginable. "I'll carry you and your doll, too," said he, "Miss Margery, for the same price." Upon which, the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing; then I turned round in a great passion, "Curse me," says I, "fellow, but I'll trounce thee." And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening poster, thus, he makes a cut at me with his whip, and striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite torter that I fainted away; and while I was in this condition, the mob picked my pocket of my purse, scissors, my Mecca smelling-bottle, and my huswife.

Bid. I shall laugh in his face. (*Aside.*) I am afraid you are in great pain; pray sit down, Mr. Fribble; but I hope your hand is in no danger? (*They sit.*)

Frib. Not in the least, ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive; a milk poultice, and a gentle sudorific to-night, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident will relieve me entirely.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fribble, do you make use of a huswife?

Frib. I can't do without it, ma'am: there is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in world; and we meet three times a-week at each others lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting, and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Bid. And who are your pretty set, pray?

Frib. There's Phil Whiffle, Jacky Wagtail, my Lord Trip, Billy Dimple, Sir Dilberry Diddle, and your humble—

Bid. What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

Frib. Indeed, and so we are miss; but a prodigious fracas disconcerted us some time ago, at Billy Dimple's, three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, curst us all, threw down the china, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop-basin, and scratched poor Phil Whiffle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bid. Indeed, Mr. Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already. He, he, he!

Bid. Pray, Mr. Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who has been honoured with your affections?

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself; so that, though I in a commoner, Mrs. Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for she will have nothing to do, but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Bid. What a happy creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? Then pray let me have a little serious talk with you: though my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

Bid. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go, you wild thing. (*Pats her.*) The devil take me, but there is no talking to you. How can you use me in this barbarous manner? if I had the constitution of an alderman it would sink under my sufferings. Hooman nater can't support it.

Bid. Why, what would you do with me, Mr. Fribble?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so. Don't look at me in that manner—flesh and blood can't bear it. I could—but I won't grow indecent.

Bid. But, pray, sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find, if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turned my senses; here they are, though, and I believe you'll like 'em.

Bid. There can be no doubt of it. (*Curtseys.*)

Frib. I protest, miss, I don't like that curtsy. Look at me, and always rise in this manner. (*Rises.*) But, my dear creeter, who put on your cap to-day? They have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old Lady Crowfoot's neck. When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

Bid. Pray read the verses to me, Mr. Fribble.

Frib. I obey.—Hem! William Fribble, Esq. to Miss Biddy Bellair. Greeting:

No ice so hard, so cold as I,
'Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;
And now my heart dissolves away
In dreams by night, in sighs by day;
No brutal passion fires my breast,
Which loath the object when possess'd;
But one of harmless, gentle kind,
Whose joys are center'd—in the mind;
Then take with me love's better part,
His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

Bid. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty; but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading, as in singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you. La, la! I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however, the tune's nothing; the manner's all. (*Sings.*)

No ice so hard, &c.

Enter TAG, running.

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Bid. Hide, hide Mr. Fribble, Tag, or we are ruined.

Frib. Oh! for heaven's sake, put me anywhere, so I don't dirty my clothes.

Bid. Put him into the store-room, Tag, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs. Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death! Where's my cambric handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hysterics! [*Runs in.*]

Bid. In, in, in. So now let the other come as soon as he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Re-enter TAG.

Was my aunt coming?

Tag. No, 'twas Mr. Flash, I suppose, by the length of his stride, and the cock of his hat. He'll be here this minute. What shall we do with him?

Bid. I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try my courage: be sure you are ready to second me; I shall have pure sport.

Tag. Hush! here he comes.

Enter FLASH, singing.

Flash. Well, my blossom, here am I! What does for a poor dog, eh? How! the maid here! when I've lost the town, d——e! Not a shilling to the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Bid. Don't be ashamed, Mr. Flash; I have told the whole affair, and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain. (*Aside.*) Well, Mrs. Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: this young lady and I have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please stand bridemaid, why we'll fix the wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, sir! Ay, sir, the wedding-day, sir; what have you to say to that, sir?

Bid. My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise; you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, child, what then?

Bid. She'd be frightened out of her wits.

Flash. At me, miss! frightened at me? *Tout au contraire*, I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. (*Affectedly.*)

Tag. Indeed, sir, you flatter yourself; but pray, what are your pretensions?

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms. Any man can produce a better title, let him take his; if not, the devil mince me, if I give up an arm of her.

Bid. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it. (*Aside.*)

Tag. Pray, sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, madam; it is not my method of proceeding; here is my logic. (*Draws his sword.*) See—a—my best argument is cart over arm, madam, ha, ha! (*lunges*) and if he answers that, madam, through my small guts, my brent, blood, and my mistress, are all at his service. Nothing more, madam.

Bid. This'll do, this'll do.

Tag. But, sir, sir, sir!

Flash. But, madam, madam, madam! I profess to you, madam! I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of prince Charles upon the Rhine, and Bathiani upon the Elbe, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of cannon: I'm not to be frightened with squibs, madam, no, no.

Bid. Pray, dear sir, don't mind her; but let me prevail with you to go away this time. Your passion is very fine, to be sure; and when my aunt and Tag are out of the way, I'll let you know when I have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, child? I suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, eh? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what, and will to well to refuse a good match when 'tis offered. Lookye, miss, I am a man of honour; glory is my aim; I have told you the road I am in; and do you see here, child? (*Shewing his sword.*) No tricks on travellers.

Bid. But pray, sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no; I know the world, madam: I am as well known at Covent-garden, as the dial, madam; I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper, with any man in the liberties of Westminster. What do you think of me now, madam?

Bid. Pray, don't be so furious, sir.

Flash. Come, come, come, few words are best; somebody's happier than somebody, and I am a poor, silly fellow, ha, ha! That's all. Lookye, child, to be short, (for I'm a man of reflection,) I have but a bagatelle to say to you: I am in love with you up to hell and desperation; may the sky crush me if I am not. But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! Prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash; but the first time we meet, gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him.

Bid. (*Stopping him.*) You may meet with him now, if you please.

Flash. Now may I?—Where is he? I'll sacrifice the villain! (*Aloud.*)

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next room.

Flash. Is he? Ram me (*low*) into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him. Don't be frightened, miss!

Bid. No, sir, I never was better pleased, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his business.

Bid. As soon as you please; take your own time.

Tag. I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately. (*Going.*)

Flash. (*Stopping her.*) Stay, stay a little; what a passion I am in! Are you sure he is in the next room? I shall certainly tear him to pieces; I would fain murder him like a gentleman, too; besides, this family sha'n't be brought into trouble upon my account. I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel. (*Going.*)

Bid. (*Stopping him.*) No, pray, Mr. Flash, let me see the battle; I shall be glad to see you fight for me; you sha'n't go, indeed. (*Holding him.*)

Tag. (*Holding him.*) Oh! pray let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen fought yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life. I'll fetch him out. [*Exit.*]

Bid. Do; stick him, stick him, Captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. D—n your love; I wish I were out of the house. (*Aside.*)

Bid. Here he is; now speak some of your hard words, and run him through—

Flash. Don't be in fits now. (*Aside to Biddy.*)

Bid. Never fear me.

Re-enter TAG, with FRIBBLE.

Tag. (*To Fribble.*) Take it on my word, sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

Frib. (*Frightened.*) I know you are my good friend; but, perhaps, you don't know his disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a coward.

Frib. Is he? Nay, then, I'm his man.

Flash. I like his looks; but I'll not venture too far at first.

Tag. Speak to him, sir.

Frib. I will. I understand, sir—hem!—that you—by Mrs. Tag, here—sir—who has informed me—hem!—that you would be glad to speak with me—D—e! (*Turns off.*)

Flash. I can speak to you, sir, or to anybody, sir; or I can let it alone, and hold my tongue, if I see occasion, sir, d—e! (*Turns off.*)

Bid. Well said, Mr. Flash, be in a passion.

Tag. (*To Fribble.*) Don't mind his looks; he changes colour already; to him, to him. (*Pushes him.*)

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs. Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do.—Sir, (*to Flash*) if you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, sir, why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue. Oons!

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil. Take that. (*Turns off to Tag.*)

Tag. Well said, sir, the day's your own.

Bid. What's the matter, Mr. Flash? Is all your fury gone? Do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his business. (*Struts about.*)

Flash. Give you up, madam! No, madam, when I am determined in my resolutions I am always calm; 'tis our way, madam; and now I shall proceed to business. Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you. That lady has confessed a passion for me; and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my heart's blood shall purchase it. D—n!

Tag. Bravo! bravo!

Flash. If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. (*Draws.*) Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

Frib. I wish there were a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, sir; pray bear up to him; if you would but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? (*Draws his sword.*) Then I can no longer contain myself.—Hell and the furies! Come on, thou savage brute!

Tag. Go on, sir. (*Here they stand in fighting postures, while Biddy and Tag push them forward.*)

Flash. Come on.

Bid. Go on.

Frib. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, sir.

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT and PUFF.

Capt. L. What's the matter, my dear?

Bid. If you won't fight, here's one that will. Oh! Rhodophil, these two sparks are your rivals, and have pestered me these two months with their addresses; they forced themselves into the house, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the family; if they won't fight, pray kick them out of the house.

Capt. L. What's the matter, gentlemen? (*They both keep their fencing posture.*)

Flash. Don't part us, sir.

Frib. No, pray, sir, don't part us; we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. L. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Bid. and Tag. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, sir?

Puff. Hurt, sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, through the heart; and let me see—hum!—eight through the small guts! Come, sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. L. Come here, Puff. (*Whispers, and looks at Flash.*)

Puff. 'Tis the very same, sir.

Capt. L. (*To Flash.*) Pray, sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have served abroad.

Capt. L. Had not you the misfortune, sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found among the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, sir; the wind of

a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. L. Pray, sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service and I sold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean. We hunted him by scent to the water-side; thence he took shipping for England; and, taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attacked the citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his honour into the ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. L. And now, sir, how have you dared to shew your face in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandalized by your behaviour? I honour the name of a soldier, and as a party concerned, am bound not to see it disgraced. As you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good Captain—

Capt. L. No words, sir. (*Takes his sword.*)

Frib. He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kicked him.

Capt. L. The next thing I command, leave this house, change the colour of your clothes and fierceness of your looks; appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art. If e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if you put on looks that belie the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be thy reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[*Kicks him, he runs off.*]

Bid. Oh! my dear Rhodophil!

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, sir, for this favour; but I must after and cane him. (*Going, he is stopped by the Captain.*)

Capt. L. One word with you, too, sir.

Frib. With me, sir!

Capt. L. You need not tremble; I won't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. L. Thou art a species too despicable for correction; therefore, begone; and if I see you here again, your insignificance sha'n't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindnesses; well, if ever I have anything to do with intrigues again!—

[*Exit.*]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, sir?

Capt. L. Take it, Puff, as a small recompense for thy fidelity; thou canst better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

Capt. L. Well said, Puff.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your hole? I thought you were locked in.

Capt. L. I shot the bolt back when I heard a noise; and, thinking you were in danger, I broke my confinement without any other consideration than your safety. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Bid. I'm afraid the town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour; but I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excused diverting myself with pretenders.

*Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind;*

Each lover's merit by his conduct prove,

Who fails in honour, will be false in love. [*Exeunt.*]

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS;

A BURLESQUE OPERA, IN ONE ACT.—BY H. CAREY.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS
KING OF THE ANTIPODES
BOMBARDINIAN

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNO
RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

FADLADINIDA
TATLANTHE
LADIES

SCENE I.—An Anti-chamber in the palace.

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNO.

Rig. Aldiborontiphosoporno!

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Unself he unfatigued with gentle slumbers;
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:

And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
A kind of doze, a waking slumber,
Which sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
He now nods and snores; anon he starts;
He now nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake.
What says my friend to this?

Rig. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep:
What a plague would you have me say?

Aldi. Oh! impious thought! Oh! curs'd in-
[sinuation!]
If great Chrononhotonthologos,
Animals detestable and vile
Ad aug't the least similitude!

Rig. My dear friend, you entirely misapprehend
me: I did not call the King dog by craft; I was
only going to tell that the soldiers have just now
received their pay, and are all as drunk as so many
rabbers.

Aldi. Give orders instantly that no more money
be issued to the troops: meantime, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the suttlers,
And blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdum-Funni-
d reason seems to father thy advice. [dos,
it, soft!—The King in pensive contemplation

Seems to resolve on some important doubts;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabric,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

(*They retire.*)

Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

Chro. This god of sleep is watchful to torment
And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes: [me,
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs,
I'll tear thine eyeballs from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity. [Exit.

(*Rig. and Aldi. come forward.*)

Rig. The King is in a most cursed passion.
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus he's so an-
gry withal?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! brother of Mars relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good
family, for aught I know; but I would not be in
his place for the world. [bending,

Aldi. But, lo! the King his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogitativity of cogitation:
Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, Nobles, and Attendants.

Chro. It is resolv'd! Now, Somnus, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion:

These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death;
Instead of sleep, let pompous pagantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake:
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration;
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptivisive and sublime.

(The flat scene draws.)

Chrononhotonthologos is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the midst of which enters a Captain of the guard.

Capt. To arms, to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!

Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em.
Armies on armies march in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But tier o'er tier, high pil'd from earth to heaven!
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

Chro. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like golden ingots,

Or 'pent so close as to admit no vacuum,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scarce them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now, ourselves shall there conjoin him:
Meantime, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph. Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A magnificent Apartment.

Enter the QUEEN, TATLANTHE, and two Ladies.

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn' begins to rise,

And waking Nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating flocks
In baas harmonious warble through the rocks:
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziars tattle to the clouds.
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat. Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen. My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.
(They are served with a dram.)

I have a famous fiddler from France:

Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fiddler.

Fid. Thus to your majesty, says the suppliant
Would you a solo or sonata choose; [muse,
Or hold concerto or soft siciliania,
Alla Francese overo in gusto Romano?

When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!—play us the Black Joke.
(Music plays; Queen and Ladies dance.)

So much for dancing; now let's rest awhile.

Bring in the tea-things. Does the kettle boil?

Tat. The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

(Tea brought in.)

Queen. Come, ladies, will you please to choose
Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea? [your tea;

1 Lady. Never, no, never sure on earth was seen
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2 Lady. She is an angel.

1 Lady. She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, altogether.

Queen. Away! you flatter me.

1 Lady. We don't indeed;
Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen. You make me blush; pray help me to a

1 Lady. That blush becomes you— [fan.

Tat. Would I were a man!

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.

(Bell rings.)

The bell rings in; come ladies, let's to pray'rs.

[They dance off.]

SCENE III.—An Anti-chamber.

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNO.

Rig. Egad! we're in the wrong box. Who the devil would have thought that Chrononhotonthologos should be at that mortal fight of Tippodeans? Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be seen; egad! they footed it away as fast as their hands could carry them; but they have left their king behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one comfort.

Aldi. Would be were still at amplest liberty! For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos, I have a riddle to unriddle to thee, Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue: Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rig. The devil she is? Well, I see mischief is going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the conquerer comes, all crown'd with conquest;

A solemn triumph graces his return.

Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,

To greet the victor, in the flow of glory.

A grand triumph. Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS in a wheelbarrow, Guards, Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosophornio.

All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!

Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects:

Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,

Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,

Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,

And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro. Aldiborontiphosophornio,

To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,

Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded,

Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,

Which shall with interest be repaid ere long.

But where's our Queen, where's Fadladinida?

She should be foremost in this gladsome train,

To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.

This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine;

I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig. Now, my dear little Phosophornio, for a swinging lie to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with it to her this minute, that we may all be in a stay: say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

[Whispers, and steals off.]

Aldi. Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,

In accents so injuriously severe

Of Fadladinida, your faithful Queen:

By me she sends an embassy of love,

Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,

But cannot, oh! she cannot, come herself.

Chro. Our rage is turn'd to fear. What ails the Queen?

Aldi. A sudden diarrhoea's rapid force

So stimulates the peristaltic motion,

That she by far outdoes her late outdoing,

And all conclude her royal life in danger.

Chro. Bid the physicians of the world assemble

In consultation, solemn and sedate;

More to corroborate their sage resolves,

Call from their graves the learned men of old,

Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;

Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,

All, all attend! and see they bring their medicine

Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,

Materializ'd in pharmaceutical order.

The man that cures our Queen shall have our empire. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter TATLANTHE and the QUEEN.

Queen. Heav'n! my heart!
 Tat. What ails my gracious Queen?
 Queen. Oh! would to Venus I had never seen—
 Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?
 Queen. Too, too much!
 Tat. Did it all right you?
 Queen. No, 'tis nothing such.
 Tat. What was it, madam?
 Queen. Really I don't know.
 Tat. It must be something!
 Queen. No!
 Tat. Or nothing?
 Queen. No! [neither,
 Tat. Then I conclude, of course, since it was
 something and something jumbled well together.
 Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen—
 Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my
 Queen. The King, I mean. [Queen?
 Tat. Just now return'd from war;
 he rides, like Mars, in his triumphal car,
 conquest precedes, with laurels in his hand;
 behind him, Fame does on her tripos stand;
 her golden trump shrill through the air she sounds,
 which rends the earth, and thence to heaven re-
 pologies and spoils, innumerable, grace [ounds;
 his triumph, which all triumphs does deface.
 Taste, then, great Queen, your hero thus to meet,
 who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.
 Queen. Art mad, Tatlanthe? I mean no such
 our talk's distasteful. [thing.
 Tat. Didn't you name the King?
 Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;
 he charming king I mean, is only mine.
 Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming fair,
 Chrononhotonthologos should share?
 he queen of beauty and the god of arms,
 him and you united, blend their charms.
 Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,
 at one stroke, robb'd thousands of their breath;
 while on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,
 pyramids of conquest to the skies,
 the gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay,
 at your bright chariots have call'd him thence away.
 Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise!
 you are too pertly lavish in his praise.
 I have me for ever!
 Tat. Oh! what shall I say? (Kneeling.)
 O not, great Queen, your anger thus display.
 O! frown me dead! let me not live to hear
 my gracious Queen and mistress so severe!
 I have made some horrible mistake, no doubt;
 O! tell me what it is.
 Queen. No; find it out.
 Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow,
 till you some token of forgiveness shew.
 Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!
 and from her brows dispel that angry frown.
 Queen. Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at last:
 spend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.
 Tat. (Aside and rising.) Why, what a fool was
 I not to perceive her passion for the topsy-turvy
 king! the gentleman that carries his head where
 his heels should be! But I must tack about, I see.
 Excuse me, gracious madam! if my heart
 (To the Queen.)
 bears sympathy with your's in ev'ry part.
 With you alike I sorrow and rejoice;
 approve your passion, and commend your choice.
 The captive King—
 Queen. That's he, that's he, that's he!
 I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free.
 Oh, my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,
 his air, his shape, his mien, his ev'ry grace?
 What a charming attitude he stands!
 How prettily he foots it with his hands!

Well, to his arms—no, to his legs I fly,
 For I must have him if I live, or die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Bedchamber.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS asleep.

Rough music; viz. salt-boxes and rolling-pins, grid-
 irons and tongs, sow-gelders' horns, marrow-bones
 and cleavers, &c. &c.

Chro. (Wakes.) What heavenly sounds are these
 that charm my ears?
 Sure, 'tis the music of the tuneful spheres!

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. A messenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian
 Craves instant audience of your majesty.
 Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!
 Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian
 Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my month,
 To pour his soul out in your royal ears. [ence,
 Chro. Then use thy master's tongue with rever-
 Nor waste it in thine own loquacity,
 But briefly and at large declare thy message.
 Her. Suspend awhile, great Chrononhotontholo-
 The fate of empires, and the toils of war; [gos,
 And in my tent let's quaff Falernian wine,
 Till our souls mount and emulate the gods.
 Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,
 Submissive to your wishes, court your option.
 Haste, then, great King, to bless us with your pre-
 sence.
 Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,
 Which shall be welcom'd by the drum's dread rattle,
 The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blast;
 While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,
 Receive my King in all the pomp of war.
 Chro. Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare;
 Ere thou art half on horseback I'll be there.

SCENE VI.—A Prison.

The KING of the ANTIFOES discovered asleep on a
 couch.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
 This a reception for the man I love?
 See in what sweet tranquillity he sleeps,
 While nature's self at his confinement weeps.
 Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear;
 No Chrononhotonthologos is here.
 Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;
 Then command me. What says my charming King?
 (She puts the ring in his mouth, he bends the
 sea-crab, and makes a roaring noise.)
 What can this mean? He lays his feet at mine.
 Is this of love or hate his country's sign?
 Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy lot,
 To love a man that understands thee not!
 Oh! lovely Venus! goddess all divine!
 And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine,
 Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,
 And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

VENUS descends in her chariot.

AIR.—VENUS.

See Venus does attend thee,
 My dildng, my dildng;
 Love's goddess will befriend thee,
 Lily bright and shinee.
 With pity and compassion,
 My dildng, my dildng;
 She sees thy tender passion,
 Lily bright and shinee.
 To thee I yield my pow'r divine,
 Dance over the Lady Lea;
 Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
 My gay lady.

*Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.
All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c.*

CUPID descends.

DUETT.—CUPID and the QUEEN.

Cupid. *Are you a widow, or are you a wife?
Gillyflow'r, gentle rosemary.
Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright?
As the dew that flies over the mul-
berry tree.*

Queen. *Would I were a widow, as I am a wife!
Gillyflow'r, &c.
But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,
As the dew, &c.*

Cupid. *You shall be a widow before it is night,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden, so fair and so bright,
As the dew, &c.
Two jolly young husbands your person shall
share,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
And twenty five babies all lovely and fair,
As the dew, &c.*

Queen. *Oh! thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
What woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the dew, &c.
[Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes
off, and the King of the Antipodes follows,
walking on his hands.*

SCENE VII.—Bombardinian's Tent.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS and BOMBARDINIAN
discovered at a table, with two Ladies.

Bomb. This honour, royal sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Falernian wine; [pet
And while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trum-
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.

Chro. Hold! Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat:
The King shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starved
before I can run round the world for a dinner; be-
sides, where's the money?

Chro. Ah! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave!
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew
him;

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. Oh! pray, your majesty, spare my life:
there's some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash
it for your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!
(Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.)

Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, General.

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

(Points to the Ladies.)

Chro. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotontholo-
Have made a very hearty meal of worse. [gos

Chro. Ah! traitor! dost thou brave me to my
teeth?

Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.
(Strikes him.)

Bomb. A blow! Shall Bombardinian take a blow?

Blush, blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid
ocean! [ble,

Hills, vales, seas, mountains, all commixing crum-
And into chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinian has received a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. (Draws.)

[The Women run off, crying "Help, murder!"

Chro. What means the traitor?
Bomb. Traitor, in thy teeth;
Thus I defy thee! (They fight, he kills Chro.)

Ah! what have I done?
Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach, coach, coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!
[Exit, raving.

Re-enter BOMBARDINIAN with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct. My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ah! dead! Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body!

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of
His soul has left his body and this world. [physic;

Bomb. Then go to t'other world, and fetch it
back; (Kills him.)

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.
Ah! call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires numerous as the stars.
(Kills himself.)

Enter the QUEEN and others.

Aldi. Oh, horrid! horrible, and horriddest horror
Our king, our general, our cook, our doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!
Oh!— (A tragedy groan.

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods! what is'
you mean,

To make a widow of a virgin Queen?
For, to my great misfortune, lie, poor King!
Has left me so: isn't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why, then, dear madam! make no farther
Were I your majesty I'd try another. [pothier

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice—
Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that he can, and please your majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of sorrow, madam;
One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phosphorion.

(Aside to Aldi.)
Aldi. I scorn your bounty; I'll be king or nothing
Draw, miscreant! draw!

Rig. No, sir, I'll take the law.

(Runs behind the Queen)

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter eas-
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye
And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care:

Where shall I find thee such another pair?
Pity that you, who've serv'd so long so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.

Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round
Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corp
Make preparation for our wedding-day. [awa

Instead of sad solemnity, and black,
Our hearts shall swim in claret and in sack.

[Exit.

THE DEAF LOVER;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY FREDERICK PILON.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

OLD WRONGWARD
YOUNG WRONGWARD
MEADOWS
CANTEEN

STERNHOLD
GENTLEMEN
GROOM
WILLIAM

SOPHIA
BETSY BLOSSOM
LADIES
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room at an inn.

MEADOWS discovered in a riding-dress, with CANTEEN.

Mead. Was there no possibility of bribing one of the servants?

Cant. None in the world, sir; which, indeed, surprised me; for though I must confess they have good places, I have known folks with better, and in a greater man's service, who would not let a bribe slip through their fingers for want of the pleasure of clenching the fist upon it.

Mead. What shall I do, Canteen? you are an old campaigner, and should be ripe with stratagem in desperate cases.

Cant. I have got a scheme to serve you, if you'll undertake it.

Mead. Can you doubt me?

Cant. Then be attentive: Old Wrongward's house, on the approaching wedding, is as thronged as fair with company; dress yourself in the style of an elderly gentleman travelling the country; pretend to misapprehend everybody; in short, assume the character of a deaf man; and, thus disguised, put up at his house, as if you took it for an inn. [giggle.]

Mead. Pho, pho! I shall be taken before a magistrate.

Cant. Not you, indeed, sir: at all these public weddings there are a great number of strangers invited by the chief guests; you'll pass as a friend to some of the company; but grant you are taken for the character you assume, an old, deaf, blundering blockhead, your mistakes will create so much entertainment, that nobody will think of turning you out of doors, till you have full opportunity of recovering yourself to your mistress.

Mead. And do you think she'll listen to me?

Cant. I'm sure of it, sir; I'd stake my life to a cartouch-box, that your letters from camp have been intercepted, and some d—d story trumped up by that old villain, her guardian, to make her marry his own son.

Mead. It must be so, my Sophia otherwise could never have forgotten me.

Cant. It must be so! Lord, sir, if you were not so much in love, it would appear to you as plain as a pikestaff; but when once love gets into a man's head, poor reason is brought before a court-martial of the passions, and cashiered without a hearing.

Mead. But it will be necessary to apprize Sophia of this, if I can by any means convey a letter to her.

Cant. A light breaks in upon me; I met a little flower girl standing at the inn-door, as fresh and as blooming as the sweetest rose in her basket. Don't you imagine a letter may be conveyed by her into the garrison?

Mead. Can we trust her?

Cant. She's as sure as a rifle barrel, sir: you know what a smooth tongue and a smart figure will do with a girl in the country; I have persuaded her that I am over head and ears in love with her; and have sworn, by the god of love, and the god of battles, that I'll make her Mrs. Canteen, if she pleases, before to-morrow morning.

Mead. Where is she?

Cant. Selling nosegays to passengers, as they go in and out of their carriages; but I'll bring her to you, sir, in the drawing of a trigger; in the meantime, write your letter. There's pen, ink, and paper, on the table. [Exit.]

Mead. (Writing.) My all depends on her receiving this letter; otherwise, the surprise of so un-

expectedly meeting me, might occasion a discovery.—(*Seeing Canteen and Betsy Blossom.*) Oh! here come Mars and Venus already.

Enter CANTEEN and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Betsy B. Nosegays, your honour?

Mead. Come hither, my pretty dear, and let me see them. (*Looks in the basket.*)

Betsy B. Oh! sir, don't tumble over my basket. I can't let you pick and choose at a common price.

Cant. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Let him take which he pleases, he's as generous as a prince, hussy!

Betsy B. Is he, by gosh! then he shall have the myrtle and the jessamine, and the two moss roses I was taking up to the 'squire's, where the great wedding is to be.

Mead. What's that you say? Are you going to the house where the great wedding is to be?

Betsy B. Yes; and I shall sell all my nosegays there, and am promised a ribbon for a bride-favour, by John, the butler.

Cant. Oh, ho! John the butler! I find I'm not sole proprietor of my little nosegay merchant. (*Aside.*)

Mead. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Now, my sweet dear, blooming little Flora, if you will grant me one favour, I will give you a guinea.

Betsy B. Who, I, sir? I'd have you to know, sir, that I scorn your guineas; I am no such parson: though I'm poor, I'm honest, that let me tell you; and I'd rather sell nosegays with my virtue, than ride in a coach and six without it.

Cant. Zounds! what an explosion was there, from a carbine like a pocket-pistol; why, who's going to meddle with your virtue? I tell you, you may keep the guinea and your virtue together.

Betsy B. May I?

Cant. Yes; but I find, Betsy, I'm greatly deceived in your temper. I thought you were as meek as a violet, but I find you are as sharp as a sweet-briar.

Mead. I only want you, my dear, to take this letter for me, and deliver it into the young lady's hand who is to be married to-morrow; and to take care that nobody sees you.

Betsy B. As sure as a gun, I know who you are.

Mead. Ay, pr'ythee, who am I?

Betsy B. You are her old sweetheart, and she has turned false-hearted.

Cant. Oons! what a witch it is! I'll go and prepare your dress, sir. [*Exit.*]

Betsy B. It's the talk of the whole village, how Miss Sophia had forsaken a malicious officer that was in love with her.

Mead. Will you take this letter for me?

Betsy B. That I will, with all my heart; and, between ourselves, though I am a poor girl, give her her own into the bargain.

Mead. My dear, you must not say a word to her; only deliver the letter.

Betsy B. What, then you would not have me scold her?

Mead. By no means; that would ruin me for ever in her esteem: but what is your name, my love?

Betsy B. Betsy Blossom, an't please you. (*Curt-sying.*)

Mead. Well, my dear Betsy, go off immediately; and remember that the whole happiness of my life depends on your care and secrecy.

SONG.—BETSY.

*Believe me, sir, you'll find me true,
As any girl you ever knew;*

*I know no art,
To hide my heart;*

*And since with flow'rs first I stood,
To young or old*

I never sold

Two faces under a hood.

*'Tis true I dress in simple gown,
And never saw the flaunting town,
Where ladies shine
In silks so fine;
Still I think myself as good
As toasted belle,
Whilst I ne'er sell
Two faces under a hood.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

OLD WRONGWARD and STERNHOLD discovered.

Sternhold reading the papers to him; *Old Wrongward* in his gouty chair, wrapped up in flannel.

Old W. You are a terrible reader, Sternhold; can't you speak your words shorter? you sound every syllable as if you had a speaking-trumpet at your mouth.

Stern. I can't help it, your honour; it is a way I have got.

Old W. It's like the grind of an ill-toned barrelled organ in my ears; but go on, for you were born a parish-clerk, and will chant everything in psalm tune to the end of the chapter.

Stern. (*Reading.*) "Rome, April 1st.—Yesterday morning, between twelve and one, his holiness the Pope was safely delivered of twins; the mother and children are well, and likely to live."

Old W. Why, is the fellow mad? The Pope delivered of twins! Zounds! you may as well tell me of St. Paul's dancing the hayes, or the Monument turning prize-fighter.

Stern. Shall I go on?

Old W. Read over that last article again, for I'm sure you have made a blunder.

Stern. (*Reading.*) "Rome, April 1st.—Yesterday morning, between twelve and one, his holiness the Pope was safely delivered of twins; the mother and children are well, and likely to live."

Old W. Truly, this is a most extraordinary event, if it be a fact, and must cause strange confusion among the cardinals; but, upon second thoughts, it's not altogether past belief, for there's a well-known story of a female Pope, who was discovered by her pregnancy, Pope Joan I think she was called; but give me the paper, for d—n me if I can believe it yet. (*Takes the paper and reads.*) "Mr. Printer, if you think the following cross-readings"—cross-readings! ha, ha, ha! confound those cross-readings; as if things were not cross enough of themselves.

Enter SOPHIA and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Sophia. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) And he seemed deeply concerned?

Betsy B. Oh! deeply concerned; and his eyes poor soul! as red as blood with crying.

Old W. Is not that Sophy I see? eh! how's this? where's my son George? has the rascal the impudence to stir an inch from your apron-string?

Sophia. Sir, he cannot, with propriety, leave the company; more especially, as infirmities prevent our entertaining them.

Old W. Infirmities! why what infirmities have I got, except a little touch of the gout, now and then? If I could walk, and had the use of my right hand, and could see without spectacles, I'd be as hale a man as any in the county. (*Seeing Betsy B.*) But who is that blooming rogue with you?

Sophia. A flower-girl, sir; she has brought me some jessamine and moss-roses.

Old W. Ay; tell her to come this way, and let me look at her moss-roses.

Sophia. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Go, shew him your nosegays, Betsy; and keep him in chat, whilst I run and write an answer.

Betsy B. But lord, ma'am, he bears such a terrible character, I'm afraid to go nigh him.

Sophia. Pho, pho! never fear him; he has not been out of that chair, except at bed-times, these

three months, but is rolled up and down the house like a great baby; go to him, I say, and I'll return immediately. [Exit.]

Old W. You may go about your business, Stern; I'm tired of your d—d drone; it's worse to have an old clothes'-man in London.

Stern. (Aside.) Lord, lord! What will this world come to? [Exit.]

Betsy B. (Aside.) By goss! as he can't budge, I'll have a little fun with him.

Old W. Come hither, my pretty maid, and let me look at your moss-roses.

Betsy B. (Runs up to him.) Ay, to be sure, sir, here are not so fine ones in all the country.

Old W. (Taking up the flowers.) Upon my word, they are fine ones—but is Sophy gone? Is there nobody sees us?

Betsy B. Not a soul; we are both together, all one by ourselves.

Old W. But are you sure that there's nobody stening?

Betsy B. Oh! very sartin, sir.

Old W. Then give me a kiss, you little smiling gue.

Betsy B. Oh! dear sir, wouldn't you be ashamed kiss such a poor girl as I?

Old W. Ashamed! not I, by the lord Harry; me hither, I say.

Betsy B. (Aside.) Now to plague him. Why, you must know, sir, that I'm afraid some of the mily will see us; but if you'll fetch a walk with e anywhere—

Old W. Fetch a walk with her! I could as soon ch the Tower upon my back.

Betsy B. But now I look at your legs, I suppose a can't walk. Oh, lud! they're like mill-posts.

Old W. No, no; not quite so bad, they're a lit-swelled, to be sure, but there's a great deal of anel about them.

Betsy B. Shall I help you, sir? *(Takes him by hand, and pulls him.)*

Old W. (Cries out.) Zounds! you've broke my an, you jade!

Sophia. (Behind.) Betsy!

Betsy B. I'm coming, ma'am. *(Going.)*

Old W. Then you won't come and kiss me, has-

Betsy B. I think it is you that won't kiss me, Lord, sir! if you want a kiss, why don't you one and take it?

Old W. Oh! you wicked baggage, you know I can't stir; I'd give half my estate for a pair legs to be revenged of you.

Betsy B. Then you won't fetch a walk, sir, nor ge me a kiss; very well! I'll not be denied the nt man I ask. Good b'ye, sir, I must go. Ha, ha!

SONG.—BETSY BLOSSOM.

What! refuse me a kiss?

I shall die, sure with grief,

To be robb'd of such bliss,

What can bring me relief?

One, one kiss, cruel man,

What! deny me again?

Then I'll go where the willow so green grows,

And trembling droops over the brook,

There, to each gentle zephyr that by blows,

My sighs shall tell I am forsook.

But why should I, if man disdain

To heal this hapless bosom's pain,

Complete the tyrant's triumph quite,

And, foolish maiden, die for spite?

No, no,

I'll go,

And since a false one you do prove,

I'll die for anything but love.

[Exit.]

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. What, sir, is not Sophia here?

Old W. She was here this moment.

Young W. What's the matter with you, sir? I hope you're not ill?

Old W. No; but I was bargaining for some moss-roses, and they have pricked my fingers so con-foundedly—

Young W. I have very bad news to tell you, sir; Meadows has been seen about the house.

Old W. The devil he has! Then, boy, we are undone! If she sees him, our intercepting his letters, and the story of his marriage with another, will all be discovered.

Young W. She has seen no stranger to-day?

Old W. Not a soul to my knowledge, except a poor little innocent flower-girl.

Young W. It's no matter; that woman, I'm persuaded, has brought her a letter.

Old W. Ecod! like enough.

Young W. Then, sir, if you will sit with the company, I'll go in pursuit of her; and if in the power of gold, I'll get everything out of her. [Exit.]

Old W. Ay, with all my heart. Here, William!

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Did you call, sir?

Old W. Roll me in to the company. *(William goes behind the chair, and rolls it.)* Softly, you rascal! if legs could be purchased, what wouldn't I give for a new pair!

[Exit William, rolling off Old Wrongward.]

SCENE III.—The Outside of Old Wrongward's house.

Enter JOHN.

John. What a couple of d—d rogues my master and I are, to stop all these here letters! it would go greatly against my conscience, only for what I get by it. Well, my master cheats his ward, and I cheat my master, for he has never seen this picture *(pulls out a miniature)* nor the letter that came with it yet: if these ar'n't mock diamonds round it, it will bring a pretty penny: let me see now.

Enter BETSY BLOSSOM.

Betsy B. Good day, Mr. John.

John. Ah! my pretty Betsy; come hither, my little dear.

Betsy B. What's that you are looking at so close, Mr. John?

John. Only a picture, my love; are you a good judge of painting, Betsy?

Betsy B. Painting! lord, sir, you must ask some fine London lady that question; we poor folks in the country know nothing of the matter.

John. How do you like that, Betsy? *(Shows her the miniature.)*

Betsy B. It has a yast fine frame round it.

John. Yes, yes; you are a great judge of painting, I see clearly.

Betsy B. And looks as natural as you that are speaking to me.

John. Eh! why, zounds! she takes it for my picture. *(Aside.)*

Betsy B. What fine eyes!

John. Fine eyes! oh! yes, she takes it for me.

Betsy B. And two cheeks like cherries; then such pretty hair; so curled, so frized, and so flowered, it looks like a white-thorn in full blossom.

John. You must know, my dear, I wore my hair so when that was drawn for me.

Betsy B. Is this your picture, Mr. John?

John. I thought you knew that already.

Betsy B. I vow, I took it for a gentleman's.

John. What, then, you don't think it like me?

Betsy B. Like you! no more like you than a carnation is like a butcher's-broom.

John. Butcher's broom! what a Fleet-market comparison! You think, then, I'm alter'd since it was drawn for me?

Betsy B. Oh! quite changed! you are as brown as a chesnut to what you were; and your eyes,

that were once so blue, are now as grey as the very willows.

John. I am sitting for a likeness, I find. (*Aside.*)

Betsy B. Then your forehead's grown square; your chin sharp; your nose flat; your teeth—no, they're not grown at all, for I can't see above one or two left in your head.

John. Zounds! have done, you unmerciful baggage! give me my picture. I may be altered a little, but it is impossible I can be so d——y metamorphosed as you describe.

Betsy B. What, after making a bargain?

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. So, so! Mr. John, what bargain is this you have been striking?

John. Bargain! sir, I was only agreeing about some tulips.

Betsy B. That was all, your honour; John only wanted some tulips of me.

John. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Not a word of the picture.

Young W. But, sir, can't the gardener supply you?

John. Sir, he says, I want too many; and that he won't spoil his beds to please me or any man in England.

Betsy B. Now, sir, I can give him plenty, and never mind spoiling a bed when it is made worth my while.

Young W. I believe you, young damsel. Harkye! John, (*aside to John*) I suppose this girl has been employed by Meadows to convey a letter to Sophia. Get you gone, and I'll sound her.

John. You had better leave her to me, sir.

Young W. No, no; she's too artful for you.

John. (*Aside.*) Ay, and for you, too, I'll be sworn. I don't like to leave her alone with him.

Young W. Not gone yet, sir?

John. Oh! yes, I'm gone. (*Aside.*) Very far gone, I find, in love; for now am I as jealous as the devil of him. Oh! my poor picture, I shall never see its face again. [*Exit John.*]

Young W. Can you keep a secret, my dear?

Betsy B. I don't know, sir; I never was tried.

Young W. Come, come, I know you have; and if you'll divulge it to me, I'll give you more than you got from Captain Meadows.

Betsy B. Captain Meadows! who is he, sir? I don't know him. (*Aside.*) He's only pumping me now, but he shall get nothing by it.

Young W. What, then, you have neither brought nor received a letter here to-day?

Betsy B. Lord! sir, who'd trust the likes of me with a letter?

Young W. Let me see now, in which pocket have you got it. (*Attempts to search her.*)

Betsy B. Keep your hands to yourself, I have nothing smuggled about me; you sha'n't rummage me like a custom-house officer.

Young W. (*Pulls out a purse.*) Look at this, hussy; I have both power and inclination to reward you.

Betsy B. I'm sure, sir, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve you.

Young W. Then you'll give me the letter?

Betsy B. Letter! Lord, sir, what letter?

Young W. Come, I insist upon your taking this (*gives her money*). And now—

Betsy B. And now, your honour, I'll go home to my father's, and bring you the letter immediately.

Young W. Your father's! how came it there?

Betsy B. It came by the post, yesterday, from Devonshire.

Young W. Devonshire! what the devil is Devonshire to me?

Betsy B. I thought you wanted to know something about my brother, the gardener, who wrote us a main long letter yesterday; and, what surprised us all, he's going to be married.

Young W. A most interesting piece of information, I must confess! She's a downright idiot. How ridiculous do my suspicions make me!

[*Exit Young W.*]

Betsy B. By goss! I have tricked him nicely. So, now to my dear Mr. Canteen.

Enter CANTEEN.

Cant. Ah! Betsy, I've been watching you, and I fear'd you'd have turn'd traitor, and betray'd us.

Betsy B. No, Mr. Canteen, I never would do that; I would not betray you, no, not for five pound!

Cant. What, not for five pounds? Oh! matchless fidelity! But, come, have you got an answer?

Betsy B. Yes, I have that and John's picture, both together.

Cant. John's picture? well, this is the first time I ever knew a man vain of his ugliness! If I had such an old lion's head rivetted upon my shoulders, I'd quarrel with a basin of spring-water, for reflecting my own countenance on me.

Betsy B. Ay! but his picture is very handsome, it's no more like him than box is like southernwood.

Cant. No! then he has set for his picture by proxy, or perhaps, like many other coxcombs, purchased it, as we sometimes do shoes, ready made. But come, let us look at it.

Betsy B. Here it is. (*Shows the miniature.*)

Cant. Zounds! this is my master's picture.

Betsy B. What! Captain Meadows?

Cant. His own likeness; and the very miniature I saw him enclose about six weeks ago to Miss Sophia.

Betsy B. As sure as can be, he stole it.

Cant. I don't know how he came by it: but you're certain he gave it you?

Betsy B. Quite sartin.

Cant. Then come along, my Betsy; if you be have well now, I'll make great advantages of this discovery: you shall introduce me to John as your brother, and I'll terrify him with a confession before I have done with him. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A View before the stables.*

Enter MEADOWS, disguised as an old Gentleman with the Groom.

Mead. I hope your hay is good, friend?

Groom. It's no matter how my hay is. I tell you, you are mistaken in the house; this is no inn.

Mead. Why, if you think so, give him a feed of oats; but take care to rub him down well.

Groom. Rub down the devil! I tell you my master keeps no inn.

Mead. Throw a few beans among the oats, if you have any.

Groom. Throw a few beans among the oats Zounds! who promised to give you any oats?

Mead. That's a good lad, I know you'll take care of him.

Groom. He's as deaf as a door nail; he doesn't understand a word I say.

Mead. Did you speak to me, young man?

Groom. I have been bawling to you this hour to tell you this is no inn: yonder is the George, or the Swan, or the King's Arms, where you'll get your horse and yourself taken care of. (*Bawling his ear.*)

Mead. Well, well, I'll take your word for the goodness of your corn; you had no occasion to be so loud in praise of it.

Groom. What the devil shall I do with him? He drove his horse into the stable, before I knew where I was; and if I turn him adrift, I shall be prosecuted by act of parliament.

Mead. My good lad, do you hear me?

Groom. I wish I could make you hear me plain.

Mead. I like your countenance.

Groom. That's more than I do your's.

Mead. There's something in it tells me, you will do the beast justice; therefore, here's a shilling for you; and if I find I have not been mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, I shall remember you when I go away also.

Groom. This is the first word of sense I have got out of him. Well, as his horse is in the stable, let him stay there; my master, I'm sure, will never miss his one night's keep; but, then, the best joke will be when he gets into the house, ha, ha, ha! I shall kill myself with laughing at the thoughts of it.

Mead. Ha, ha, ha! Very good, very good, indeed.

Groom. What the devil does he laugh at?

Mead. I find you are a fellow of a good deal of humour.

Groom. Humour! what does he mean?

Mead. You tell a devilish good story, but I can't stay to hear the end of it, for I'm greatly fatigued and very weary; now remember you rub him down well, and don't forget the beans amongst the oats.

[Exit.

Groom. I tell a devilish good story, and have a great deal of humour! If 'tis so, you are the first that ever discovered my talents. Well, I have got a shilling from you, so mum's the word! you're deaf—I am dumb, old gentleman.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Old Wrongward's house; several Servants running across the stage with supper.

1 *Serv.* He's swearing like a dragon about the bed cream.

2 *Serv.* I wish he was to feed upon nothing else till his temper became as cool as his stomach.

Enter Cook.

Cook. A man had better stand ood in Belzebub's kitchen. Here have I been broiling myself, like a beef-steak, for these two hours, and am thanked in volley of oaths for it afterwards.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* There's not a drop of Madeira in the room; and the butler is to be turned off to-morrow.

Enter MEADOWS, who draws a chair, and sits.

Mead. Ay, I like this. It's an old saying, Good business makes a good house.

1 *Serv.* This is some gentleman invited to supper; we had better tell him its on the table.

2 *Serv.* Certainly! (*Going up to Mead.*) It's on the table, sir.

[bed.

Mead. No, I'll not pull off my boots till I go to

2 *Serv.* Pull off his boots! who said anything about his boots? Though, now I look at them, —me! if ever I saw a dirtier pair in the course of my life!

Mead. What have you got for supper?

Will. Everything the season can afford is on the table, sir.

Mead. Why, you blockhead, woodcocks are not in season.

Will. I said nothing about woodcocks: but, sir, here's a delightful carp stewed in claret; a fine duck roasted with a pudding in his belly; some choice pheasants; and such cherry-tarts, apple-pies, jellies, iced-creams, and sweetmeats, that my teeth water at the bare thoughts of them.

Mead. Very well, that will do, my friend; but take care you get me some good mushroom-sauce to it.

2 *Serv.* Mushroom-sauce! to what, sir?

Mead. A broiled fowl will do well enough.

Will. A broiled fowl! I didn't mention a word of broiled fowl, did I, Bob?

2 *Serv.* Not a syllable.

Will. Zounds! he's deaf!

2 *Serv.* Or mad. Speak louder to him; try if you can make him hear you.

Will. (*Bawling in his ear.*) Supper is on table, sir; and if you are invited to the house by my master, it will be as much as our places are worth, if we do not bring you up to him immediately.

Mead. Well, do the best you can for me.

Will. Ah! it's all in vain to talk to him; let us see if we can make him understand by signs. (*Makes signs they will shew him the way.*)

Mead. Bless you! my lad, I am not particular.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An elegant Apartment.

OLD WRONGWARD, YOUNG WRONGWARD, and a large party at supper, discovered.

Old *W.* Fill me a bumper of Madeira; though the enemy has got possession of the greater part of my outworks, I'll take care to keep him from the citadel, whilst there's a flask in my cellar to support me. (*Drinks.*)

Enter MEADOWS and JOHN.

Will. This way, sir.

Mead. Ay, I see all your rooms are full; but it's no matter, I am fond of company.

Old *W.* (*Aside to Young W.*) Here's a stranger; do you know him, George?

Young *W.* I suppose he's a friend to some of the company.

Old *W.* Certainly! go to him, boy, and ask him if he has supped.

Young *W.* (*Comes to Mead.*) Sir, I esteem myself particularly honoured in the favour of this visit: here, William, lay a side-table for this gentleman. As we have just done supper, I beg, sir, you'll not consider yourself a stranger. (*Retires to his seat.*)

Mead. Very dear, indeed, sir; good Virginia is hard to be come at, but I always carry a box of Oroonoko in my pocket. (*Pulls out a box. A table is laid for Meadows; he sits.*)

Old *W.* (*To Mead.*) Warm travelling, sir.

Mead. There was none stirring, when I was in town, sir.

Old *W.* Stirring! no, nor moving for it, sir, in this part of the world: though the gout confines me to this chair, I feel myself as hot as if I were roasting on the coast of Guinea.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. (*Aside.*) Yonder he sits; if he should be discovered, all my hopes of happiness are gone for ever.

Mead. (*Aside.*) I feel myself in such agitation at the sight of my Sophia, that I fear it will mar my counterfeiting.

Old *W.* Come, old gentleman, I'll give you a toast that, I'm sure, you'll have no objection to: here's to the young couple. (*All the company drink.*)

Mead. With all my heart; I'm sure he has not a better subject in his dominions.

Old *W.* Ay, and what's better, he's going the right road to raise more good subjects.

Mead. The king! (*Drinks.*)

Old *W.* The king! Why, I drunk my son and daughter that is to be's good health.

Mead. Ah! sir, there's no answering for what people will say.

Old *W.* No answering for what people will say! D—me! if ever I knew anything so impudent in the whole course of my life before.

Young *W.* Pray, does any of the company know him?

1 *Lady.* I don't, for my part.

1 *Genl.* Nor I.

2 *Lady.* Nor I.

2 *Genl.* Nor I, nor any of us.

All. No, not one of us.

Sophia. (*Aside.*) How I tremble for him now!

Old *W.* Here, William, who shewed this old fellow here? [*company.*]

Will. I did, sir; I took him to be one of the

Old W. Why, nobody here knows him.

Mead. Sir, I have the pleasure of drinking your health.

Old W. (To Young W.) Did you ever know anything like this, George?

Mead. (To Will.) Do you hear, my lad? send up the boot-catcher to me.

Old W. Send up the boot-catcher to him! We'll send up the thief-catcher to him. This fellow is come to rob the house.

Mead. This wine is devilish good! but I have a poor head, and am very sleepy. *Bon repos*, good folks; I must leave you. *(Gets up.)*

Old W. Stop him, George! *(The company stop him.)*

Mead. Why, gentlemen, all this pressing? it is to no purpose; I am determined to go to bed; and as a proof of it, there's half-a-crown for my share of the bill, as I can't stay till it's called. Will nobody give me a light?

Old W. (To Will.) Why, you rascal! can you give no rational account of this man?

Will. All I can tell you is, he has set the whole family in an uproar: the groom says he's deaf; the butler says he's mad; but all agree in pronouncing him the most impudent, troublesome, dirty, old fellow that ever came into a house: do but look at his boots, sir.

Sophia. (Aside.) Love has inspired me with a thought for his deliverance. *(Comes forward.)* Bless me! I know this gentleman's face perfectly well: it is the celebrated Doctor Humdrum; I saw him several times at Bath, though I never spoke to him; he's the first physician in England; but has been troubled with a most obstinate deafness for several years: and, what is most extraordinary, does everything in his power to conceal it.

Young W. Deaf! Why does he come here to plague us with his deafness?

Sophia. I thought, sir, you had more humanity than not to feel for such a misfortune.

Old W. But are you sure he's deaf?

Sophia. Does not hear a word you say to him.

Mead. You'll let me go to bed, then? Upon my soul! it gives me pain to part from such good company; but I'm quite weary.

Old W. Ay, poor gentleman! I pity him; he shall have a bed: he has taken the house for an inn, I suppose: a very good joke, faith! ha, ha, ha!

Mead. Ha, ha, ha! a devilish good song, a devilish good song, indeed! but I can't stay to *encore* it. *Bon repos, bon repos!* *[Exit.]*

Old W. George, do you go and see the gentleman is taken great care of. *[Exit Young W. Music behind.]* Ah! here come the fiddles! Come, girls, foot it away; I'll sit up with you an hour extraordinary; and if this confounded gout would give my joints a holyday, I'd have a reel with the youngest of you. *[A dance. Exeunt, rolling off Old W.]*

SCENE III.

Enter SOPHIA, CANTEEN, and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Sophia. So, Captain Meadows's servant is your brother, Betsy:

Betsy B. Oh! that was only—he, he! *(With affected confusion.)*

Cant. Yes, madam, as Betsy would say, that was only to deceive John, your guardian's privy-counsellor.

Sophia. I understand you, you are her sweet-heart.

Betsy B. Oh, dear! your ladyship, you do so shame one!

Sophia. But how have you proceeded since this discovery?

Betsy B. Vastly clever, I warrant him! he has frightened the butler out of his wits.

Cant. I threatened him with a prosecution for stopping the picture, unless he turned king's evi-

dence, and informed against his master: my menace had the desired effect, and he is devoted to our service.

Sophia. Very well, don't be out of the way for a moment; I don't know how soon we may want you and your evidence: but, as a reward for your and Betsy's services, whenever you have her consent, I will give her a portion. *[Exit.]*

Betsy B. I thank your ladyship, I'm sure I do.

Cant. Now is my freedom gone!

Betsy B. What, you won't marry me?

Cant. Else how should I lose my freedom?

Betsy B. I don't know what you mean, Mr. Canteen, by losing your freedom; but, if I thought you lost anything when you married me, I wouldn't have you, for all my love to you.

Cant. Pho, pho! you little fool! by giving up my freedom, I mean I give up my heart into your possession for life.

Betsy B. Do you? Then, by gosh! you shall have my heart for life instead of it. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Bedchamber.

Enter MEADOWS, followed by a Chambermaid with lights.

Maid. This is my young lady's apartment; and you must not stay here.

Mead. My good girl, you needn't give yourself the trouble, I never have my bed warmed.

Maid. I didn't come to warm your bed; I want you to get out of the room.

Mead. No, no, it's a bad custom. Good night to you.

Maid. Ods my life! but he'd provoke a saint. *(Very loud.)* I tell you, again and again, that this is my young lady's room, and you must quit it.

Mead. A sack-posset! I'll not taste it. Come, let me lock my door, for I must be stirring early. *(She gets between him and the door.)*

Maid. The devil a door do you lock here to-night!

Mead. Ah! you wanton young baggage! I understand you; but all those days are over with me.

Maid. Oh, lord! what has the old nasty fellow got into his head now?

Mead. But, come, we'll have one smack, and then, *bon soir*.

Maid. Help, help, murder! *(Offers to kiss her.)*

Enter Servants.

1 Serv. What's the matter, Sally?

Maid. This old villain was going to ruin me.

2 Serv. I wish he was out of the house; I wonder my master gave him a bed.

Mead. You'll take care to call me early.

2 Serv. D—me! if I call you.

3 Serv. It's a shame for a man at your years to behave so.

Maid. Ay, an old man like you, with one foot in the grave.

Mead. You are mistaken, my dear; I can get up as well as any young fellow in England. I am a mighty good riser; I must mount early, therefore, call me by five.

2 Serv. We may as well talk to a stone wall.

Maid. I shall lose my place for this.

Mead. You needn't wait for the light. *(Sits down as if to undress.)*

2 Serv. Wait for the light! D—me! if I had my will, but I'd darken your lights for you, and leave you to grope your way out of the house.

Mead. Why, I believe, that's the safest way, so bring me an extinguisher; you're a good-natured lad, and I'll remember you for this.

Will. If I could write, I'd make him understand me at once. Can you write, Joe?

2 Serv. I can chalk main well, but nobody can understand it except myself.

Will. Why, you, Bob, went to school, I know.

3 Serv. Ay, but it's so long ago, I forgot all my learning: I'll make my mark, if you please.

Maid. And it's my misfortune to neither read nor write.

Will. 'Sdeath and fire! he's undressing: we must do something immediately. (*Meadows lays down a case of large pistols.*)

2 Serv. What swinging pistols he has!

Mead. Lay you there, my good friends! I hope sha'n't have the same need of you here, as at the st inn where I lay.

2 Serv. Do you hear that?

Mead. I am sorry I shot the ostler and kitchen-aid, I own; but what am I to think of people who me into my room after I am in bed?

All. Oh! the bloody-minded old rogue!

Mead. I know the advantages which may be ken of my deafness, and am determined to secure myself.

Will. I am determined to do the same, and so, good night. [*Runs off.*]

2 Serv. I'll stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Oh! if I am hindmost, may I be shot like the poor ostler and kitchen-maid. [*Exit.*]

Maid. And may I be burnt if I stay to be shot! [*Exit.*]

Mead. Oh! fortune, auspicious to my warmest wishes! Now could I but see, and converse one moment with my Sophia! Ah! yonder comes a sight—'tis she, 'tis she herself, my adorable Sophia!

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. I am come to tell you to lock yourself in immediately; to-morrow I'll speak to you: it is dangerous for us to continue a moment together.

Mead. But isn't to-morrow to be your wedding-day? am I not to lose you for ever to-morrow?

Sophia. No, Meadows; I am now satisfied of your honour and my guardian's villany; a plot has been st discovered to me, will astonish you. To-morrow I will quit this house, and put myself under your protection.

Mead. My love, my life! you transport me. [*Falls upon his knees, and kisses her hand.*]

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. He shall leave the house to-night! what do I see?

Sophia. (*Aside.*) It's all over, and I may as well row off the mask now as to-morrow.

OLD WRONGWARD rolled in.

Old W. He deserves a horse-pond instead of a good bed.

Mead. I should prefer a good bed, notwithstanding, Mr. Wrongward.

Old W. Why, he has got his hearing!

Mead. Yes, sir, and my feeling, too, of resentment for the base advantage you took of me and a young lady.

Old W. Advantage! who the devil are you?

Mead. Can't you discover Meadows under this disguise? that man whom you have so much incensed?

Old W. Meadows! this is cursed unlucky! but, George, we must get him out of the house as fast possible.

Cant. (*Without.*) If you don't come by fair

means, I'll lay you by the heels, and force you into court.

Enter CANTEN, JOHN, and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Young W. All, I fear, is discovered!

Old W. Eh! who is that fellow got hold of John?

Cant. Let his worship know, John; or I shall be committed for an assault in the very act of thieftaking.

John. Why, sir, if I must speak, it is you and my young master have brought me to this disgrace.

Old W. Who, I and my son? why, the fellow has lost his wits, or else he is drunk; take him to bed, I hate a drunkard.

John. Lies won't do now; I must speak truth, or suffer for it. Captain Meadows, I humbly ask your forgiveness; but every letter you sent to Miss Sophia, I stopped, by the positive orders of both my masters.

Cant. It's all very true, sir; and, among the rest, he stopped the miniature you sent Miss Sophia; by which he was discovered, for the ugly dog had the impudence to attempt to pass it upon my Betsy, here, for his own proper likeness.

Young W. Out of my sight, rascal! Come, Sophia, I am sorry you have been disturbed. Captain, you may have a bed, if you please.

Mead. No, sir; I shall quit your house, and take my Sophia with me. (*Takes her by the hand.*)

Old W. What, would you steal a ward from her guardian?

Young W. Nay, if you proceed to force—make a prisoner of her—take the consequence. (*Draws.*)

Mead. She has been long a prisoner, sir, in a place she dislikes; but here is my *habeas* for her removal. (*Pulls out a pistol.*) So, as you respect the law, gentlemen, stand by.

Old W. Roll me out of the way; I shall be shot or run through between them.

Young W. What, have I no assistance? Where are all my servants?

Old W. George! a word with you, George: this is a very ugly story, and we had better make the best of it.

Young W. What, sir, will you acquiesce in your dishonour.

Mead. Good night; you shall hear from me. (*Going.*)

Old W. Stay, Captain; I have something to propose to you.

Young W. I perceive what you intend; but I will not stay to be a witness of your weakness, and my own shame. I shall take other steps to right myself. [*Exit.*]

Old W. You see what an obstinate boy he is: but I won't cross your inclinations, Sophia; you have my consent. This is always my way—when I can't help it. (*Aside.*)

Mead. I take you at your word, sir; but, to-morrow, will put your ward under the protection of the law; for I will never take advantage of her partiality in my favour, until she is at full liberty to choose for herself.

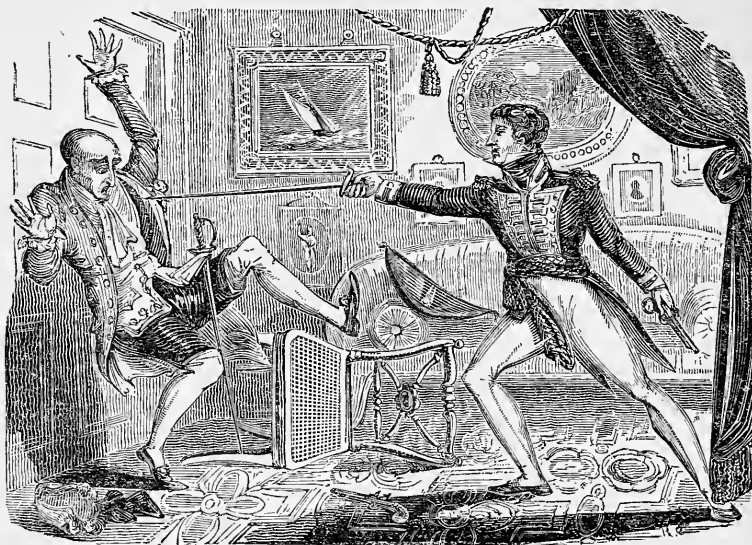
True love a jealous delicacy knows,

And slights all dower, but what the heart bestows.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE IRISH WIDOW;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR PAT. O'NEALE
WHITTLE
BATES

KECKSEY
NEPHEW
THOMAS

FOOTMAN
WIDOW BRADY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Whittle's House.

Enter BATES and a Servant.

Bates. Is he gone out? his card tells me to come directly; I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down; he will return immediately; he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have delivered. Here is my young master. *[Exit.]*

Enter the Nephew.

Bates. What, lively Billy! Hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think. Here's a fine revolution; I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have changed characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Nep. And for the same reason—this journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes, explain the matter.

Nep. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know: I hope your uncle is not undone, too; that would be the devil!

Nep. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with—

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Nep. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil, indeed.

Nep. Oh! Mr. Bates, when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent to give me the independence he so often has promised me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wished me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her; he now bates the sight of me, and is re-

solved, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So, he keeps you out of her fortune, won't give his consent, (which his brother's foolish will requires,) and he would marry, himself, the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Nep. Thus he tricks me, at once, both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be; this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hanged in chains to be laughed at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Nep. I am distracted, the widow is distressed, and we both shall run mad. *[and five!]*

Bates. A widow, too! 'gad a mercy! threescore

Nep. But such a widow! She is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming; I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Nep. Brady. *[Patrick O'Neale?]*

Bates. Brady! Is not she the daughter of Sir

Nep. The same. She was sacrificed to the most senseless, drunken profligate in the whole country. He lived to run out his fortune; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing: there is neither love nor hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures. Oh, rare matrimony! Where does she lodge?

Nep. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Nep. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it: pray let us give your friendly assistance; ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone with your love and reason! they seldom pull together now-a-days. I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's. What says your uncle's privy-councillor, Mr. Thomas, to this?

Nep. He is greatly our friend, and will enter cheerfully into our service; he is honest, sensible, norant, and particular; a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—But he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave me rest to me. *[Exit Nephew.]*

Enter THOMAS, with a pamphlet.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word, you look charmingly; you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times change, Mr. Bates; they'll wear and tear me, too, I don't take care of myself; my old master has been the nearest way to wear himself out, and all at once belong to him.

Bates. Why, surely, this strange story about your master is not true, that the old gentleman is fallen in love. Ten times worse than that. *[Love?]*

Bates. The devil!

Tho. And his horns—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an altered man in your days! he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs; he has left off his brown camel surcoat, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open-breasted, in dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in the madhouse: something wrong in his upper story. Would you think it? he wants me to wear a pig-tail.

Bates. Then he is far gone, indeed! *[Tail.]* Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail! we have had sad work about it; I made compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way. I am not so listless with them; though I have tied my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that am resolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love, Thomas.

Tho. He may make free with himself, he sha'n't make a fool of me; he has got his head into a bag, and I won't have a pig-tail tacked to mine; and so I told him—

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I and my father, and his father before me, had worn their own hair, as heaven had cut it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey, at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail. He, he, he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frumped, and called me old cockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day; but the next day he was at it again; he then put me into a passion, and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a straight head of hair. *[Tail.]*

Bates. Well said, Thomas; he could not answer.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute-books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right; we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's

head, and put her into your young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart; nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates! Let me see, on the debtor side, sixty-five; and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three. He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight. He, he, he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas. What have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in; he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do; and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the *Amorous Repository*, *Cupid's Revels*, *Call to Marriage*, *Hymen's Delights*, *Love lies a Bleeding*, *Love in the Suds*, and such like tender compositions. *[him.]*

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about him. *Tho.* Yes, and the first fool from Vanity-fair. Heaven help us! love turns man and woman topsy-turvy. *[Exit.]*

Whit. (Without.) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is; give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old, neither; no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses; which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my own philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years: I have been always bantered as of too grave a cast; you know, when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. *(Touches his sword.)*

Bates. A hero, too! What, in the name of common sense, is come to you, my friend? High spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag! you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha, ha, ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates, the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come, unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous, young dog, you; I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. Oh! yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant-Tailors'?

Bates. At Lincoln's Inn, Tom. *[School?]*

Whit. It can't be; I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always licked me at school; though I believe I could do as much for you now, and, ecod! I believe you deserve it, too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. Oh! you are; let me see: we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini, twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago. You came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation, you went to school before you was born: you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so, Mr. Bates, when you

are in temper to shew less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean; when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half killed yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and galoches, I am at your service again. So, *bon jour* to you, Monsieur Fifty-four. Ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair; but he is old and peevish; he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness. I am in love with the widow, and must have her: every man knows his own wants; let the world laugh, and my friends stare! let them call me imprudent, and mad, if they please; I live in good times, and among people of fashion: so none of my neighbours, thank heaven! can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy, joy! to you, old boy; you are going, a-going, a-going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—eh, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh, hugh, hugh! a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—ha—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh, hugh, hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend; I was coming to advise with you; I am got into the pond again; in love up to the ears; a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us. Am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh, hugh! I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the gay places; but, among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp—hugh, hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of her's, to take care of her; a fine fellow, and so good-natured. It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh, hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay, to be sure; none but the brave deserves the fair—Hugh, hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean, meagre, figures for me; I was always fond of the majestic: give me a slice of a good English sirloin; cut and come again—hugh, hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach. And so you would advise me to marry the widow directly?

Keck. To be sure; you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says:

*"'Tis folly to lose time,
When a man is in his prime."*

Hugh, hugh, hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead; I am glad you came; Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes; but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall Mall.

Keck. With all my heart; I'll raise her spirits, and your's too. Courage, Tom—come along—who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Widow Brady's Lodgings.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, the Nephew, and BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way, but to cast off your real character and assume a feigned one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Nep. Only consider, my sweet widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Nep. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then—

Nep. What, then, my sweet widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can. What a pity it is that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness; or that, for the want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Nep. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks, let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love, too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder; you have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promised you to the old man; now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors, I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her.

Nep. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle adored and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Nep. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough, you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial. (*Mimicking a strong brogue.*) Faint and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old gentleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing, too, into the bargain, if he loves capering. Oh! bless me, my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it. (*Nep. and Bates both laugh.*)

Nep. (*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*) Oh! 'tis admirable! Love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer; what say you, Mr. Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty. But, away, away, and give him a broadside in the Park; there you'll find him bobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey. [*play?*]

Wid. But will my dress suit the character?

Nep. The very thing; is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready: 'tis an act of despair to punish folly, and reward merit: 'tis the last effort of pure, honourable, love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors' commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare. [*Exit.*]

Nep. Bravo! bravissima! sweet widow! [*Exit.*]

Bates. Huzza! huzza! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Park.*

Enter WHITTLE and KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which I love from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house—hugh, hugh! to stir up my spirits, and make me merry: I don't like dumb-waiters, not I, no still life for me; I like the prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I take a sound nap, while my Sally and her courtesans are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot get on with a noise; the widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so she lies in the air. Such a delicate creature! you will see her! you shall see her! you were always a tall, chattering, frisky, wench; now, for my part, I am with the old saying:

Wife a mouse,—Quiet house;

Wife a cat,—Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he is only joking with us; when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it spoiled again. This way, friend Kecksey.—What have we got here?

Keck. (*Looking out.*) Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gayer by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take her.—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbid him speaking to her; it can't be the widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, followed by the Nephew, three Footmen, and a black Boy.

Whit. Don't bother me, young man, with your jests, your Cupids, and your pangs; if you had a word of 'em about you that you swear you have, they would have cured you, by killing you long ago. Could you have me faithless to your uncle, eh! young man? Was not I faithful to you, till I was ordered to be faithful to him? But I must know of your English ways, and live more among English ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time; and so there's my answer for you.

Nep. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [*Exit.*]

Whit. Take what relief you please, young jontleman; what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't live without me, and yet he talks of killing himself! How does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put him into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal aside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stare a horse.

Keck. Is this the widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know—(*sighing*) it is, and it is not.

Whit. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and nagging after me all day in his green coat. It is for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be punished so, for his disobedience.

Whit. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor

young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a great dale of good.

Keck. (*To Whittle.*) She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh, hugh!

Whit. 'Tis stronger to-day than ever I heard it. (*To Keck.*)

Whit. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is easterly; it has the same effect upon me, as upon stammering people—they can't spake for their impediment, and my tongue is fixed so loose in my mouth I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey! [*says I.*]

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better,

Whit. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations. It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and pantoons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Vauxhall fire-works to cool and refresh one in the summer. La, la, la! (*Sings.*)

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say; who's afraid?

Whit. How the people stare! as if they never saw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentleman is a near friend and relation, and, as such, notwithstanding his appearance, I shall always treat him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle; and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would; hugh, hugh!

Whit. And, indeed, sir, it would be very agreeable to me; for if I did hate you as much as I did my first dare husband, I should always have the comfort, that, in all human probability, my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: she has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am struck all of a heap.

Whit. What, are you low-spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful; we take it by turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband; and that you could dry up your tears so soon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Whit. Indeed I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands, when I was sure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Whittol; that's very natural, sure, both in England and Dublin, too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-toned voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom. Hugh, hugh!

Whit. Oh! yes, very happy.

Whit. But, come, don't let us be melancholy before the time; I am sure I have been moped up for a year and a half: I was obliged to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best recipe (he said) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing: now I am out of my cage, I could dance two nights together, and a day, too, like any singing-bird; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there

Miss Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother, Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough; I have a very grate regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness. (*Courtesies.*) Come along, skips, (*to the Servants*) don't you be gostring there; shew your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend; and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, jondemen, in the crack of a sap. Oh! I'll have a husband, ay, marry.

[*Exit singing, followed by Footmen.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance; delicate reserve; mopes at home; forced into the air; inclined to a consumption. What a description you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat me, if I don't take care! What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head. Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolved.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her: you are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Re-enter WINDOW BRADY, &c.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! the poor Captain is marched off in a fury. He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you. He will make one of my dangers to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You sha'n't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I tremble with the thought of my danger! (*Aside.*)

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend, Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them; now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh, hugh! Who's afraid? [*Exit.*]

Wid. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well; he was very intimate at our house, in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me. He was bred at the Dublin university, and being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate-a-tate.

Whit. She knows him, too! I shall have my house overrun with the Mac Brawns, O'Shoulders, and the blood of the Backwells. Lord have mercy upon me! (*Aside.*)

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle-legged crater of a cousin of your's lately married? Ha, ha, ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agreeable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. (*Aside.*)

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself. [*dam.*]

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, madam. No trouble at all, at all: I assure you, sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour; I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, madam. (*Sighs.*)

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady, in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Though I have no for-

tune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol, and which I will pay you tin-fold in tenderness; your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones: the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the Pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton and her daughter, Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with a half a dozen maccaroonies, and two savoury viviers, are to take me there; and we promise a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together; I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours: are you ever tronbled with vapours, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little, now and then, madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than let anything get into your head that should not be there, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there. What a deliverance! (*Aside.*)

Wid. (*Looking at her watch.*) Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away, when we are pleased with our company: but I must lave you, for there are half a hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol; and there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning, and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder, when we are together. You will be very fond of him, poor lad! he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obadient, till we meet at the Pantaon. Follow me, Pompey; and, skips, do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whiteman not let blacky boy go first after you, missis; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame; your ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians; we can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my service; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me; therefore, resign as fast as you please; you sha'n't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either; so come along, Pompey, be after going before me. Mr. Whittol, most tenderly your's. [*Exeunt Widow and Attendants.*]

Whit. Most tenderly your's! (*mimics her*) Ecod, I believe you are, and anybody's else. Oh! what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would had money, put her off into other hands: my nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together; he shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my nephew; write and declare off with the widow, and so get rid of the tinderness as fast as I can. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Whittol's house.

Enter BATES and WHITTOL.

Whit. Well, Mr. Bates, have you talked with my nephew; is not he overjoyed at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untuned the whole family: you have screwed him too high; the young man is out of his senses, I think; he stares, mopes about, and sighs; looks at me, indeed, but gives very absurd answers: I don't like him.

Whit. What is the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected; there is

a crack in your family, and you take it by turns; you have had it, and now transfer it to your nephew; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But, am I not going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself?

Bates. Yes; that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his. What a tender uncle you are!

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean; 'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago; you must do more, or old Nick will have you: your nephew won't take the widow off your hands without a fortune: throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I sha'n't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr. Bates, be a true friend, and sooth my nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have raised the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you: when the head is turned, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds; shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit Bates.*] Why, I'm in a worse condition than I was before. If this widow's father will not let me off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it: my nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you; would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*] I wonder if he has seen my letter to the widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of the mark before I strike the blow.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant; it gives me great pleasure, that an old jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Neales: we have been too much jontlemen not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way, and t'other runs in another, which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much obliged to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking—

Sir P. And I was thinking if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again; she has as fine, rich, tick blood in her veins, as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed! [*Aside.*]

Sir P. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick, and I begin to shrink already.

Sir P. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a sucking chicken; you will find her a true jontlewoman, and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing; she brings everythin but money, and

you have enough of that, if you have nothing else, and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age—

Sir P. She is a charming crater; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits—

Sir P. To be sure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention anything of a fltering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her ashamed of it. But mum, old gentleman! the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon; I have brought her up to softness and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but no and yes, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more injanious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered, then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses; and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together—

Sir P. Till you are married, you mean; with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw Lady O'Neale, your mother-in-law, (who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again,) till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then, which is a comfort too in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick; I say— [*English?*]

Sir P. I say, how can that be, when we both spake

Whit. But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir P. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoken, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me entreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir P. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you; out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir P. Your wife that is to be. Go on.

Whit. My wife that is not to be. Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir P. To be, or not to be, is that the question? I can swear, too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honoured by being in your family, but there are many reasons—

Sir P. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir P. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle, do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Neale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir P. What, is it nothing to make a penny-postman of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written anything that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family; and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Neales, or I will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. [*Going, returns.*] Harkye! you Mr. Whizzle, Whezzle, Whistle, what's your name?

you must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfied, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr. Weazel, you are to do as you please. [Exit.]

Whit. Now the devil is at work, indeed! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain.

Enter THOMAS.

Sad work, Thomas!

Tho. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers. [lieve it.]

Whit. So much the better; then nobody will be-

Tho. But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it?

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman, at the door just now, that it was all a lie, and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; upon that, there gathered such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murdered, and have my house pulled down into the bargain!

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters amend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drowned if you marry.

Whit. I'm frightened out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am ordered to stay to be murdered in it, for aught I know. What are you muttering, Thomas? Pr'ythee, speak out, and comfort me.

Tho. It's all a judgment upon you: because your brother's foolish will says the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy, and I won't live long, I promise you. *(Knocking at the door.)*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [Exit.]

Whit. What shall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run through the body.

Re-enter THOMAS, with bills.

Tho. Half-a-score people I never saw before, with these bills and drafts upon you for payment, signed Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent, extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing.

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door. *(Going.)*

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning;—stay, stay, that is promising payment: no, no, no; tell them they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and tricked into the bargain.

Tho. When you are tricked we shall all be satisfied. [Aside, and exit.]

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one! Who have we here? Another of the family, I suppose. *(Retires.)*

Enter WIDOW BRADY as Lieutenant O'Neale, seemingly fluttered, and putting up her sword. THOMAS following.

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. Oh! not at all, at all! 'tis well they ran away, or I should have made them run faster; I shall teach them how to snigger and look through glasses at their betters; these are your maccaroons, as they call themselves; by my soul, I would have taught them better manners, if they would have stood still till I had overtaken them; these whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches, than those I see in petticoats, that, fait and trot! it is a pity to hurt them: but to business; friend, where is your master? [you.]

Tho. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended

Wid. If you are impertinent, sir, you will offend me; leave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that. What a raw-boned Tartar! I wish he had not been caught, and sent here. [Aside to Whittle, and exit.]

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tigers! I sweat at the sight of him. I'm sorry Thomas is gone; he has been quarrelling already. *(Aside.)*

Wid. Is your name Whittle?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol?

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles. And you were born and christened by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait! so far, so good. *(Takes out a letter.)* Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions. *(Shewing his right hand, and smiling.)*

Wid. You had better not shew your teeth, sir, till we come to the jokes; the hand-writing is your's.

Whit. Yes, sir, it is mine. *(Sighs.)*

Wid. Death and powder! what do you sigh for? Are you ashamed, or sorry for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plased, sir, to rade it aloud; that you may know it again when you bare it!

Whit. *(Takes the letter and reads.)* "Madam"—

Wid. Would you be plased to let us know what madam you mean? for, woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixed together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called madams; you should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, sir. I don't like this ceremony. *(Aside.—Reads.)* "To Mrs. Brady, in Pall-mall."

[would—]

Wid. Now prosade. Fire and powder! but I

Whit. Sir, what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, sir; pray, go on.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "Madam,—As I prefer your hap-

piness to the indulgence of my own passions"—

Wid. I will not prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my passions—Mr. Whittol, rade on.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues"—

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed! rade on, sir.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "I have, for some days, had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion"—

Wid. I have had no struggle at all: my justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "The former has prevailed, and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplish-

ments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your miserable and devoted,

THOMAS WHITTLE."

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be! To the postscript; read on.

Whit. (Reads.) "Postscript:—let me have your pity, but not your anger."

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, (*snatches the letter*) you pitiful fellow! my sister presents you with her tenderest wishes, and assures you that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt, too, into the bargain. (*Tears the letter, and throws it at him.*)

Whit. I am infinitely obliged to her.

Wid. I must beg leave, in the name of all our family, to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffered without a brache into somebody's body, I have fixed upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you'll find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as in the three kingdoms. (*Sits down and loosens her knee-bands.*) [about?]

Whit. For heaven's sake! Captain, what are you

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body, before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a terrible fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in. (*Aside.*)

Wid. Come, sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first, by half-a-score, that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them. [sister?]

Whit. But, Captain, suppose I will marry you

Wid. I have not the last objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callaghan O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs, at the Currough; he would have forsaken her, if I had not stopped his perfidy by a famous family styptic I have here. Oho! my little boy! but you shall get it. (*Draws.*)

Whit. (Aside.) What shall I do? Well, sir, if I must, I must; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now; I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol: come, sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. Oh! we'll settle them in a trice, I warrant you! (*Puts herself in a position.*)

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there, sir, take your choice; I will please you, if I can. (*Offers pistols.*)

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off; if I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. (*Aside.*) Lookye! young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure, too. I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business: prepare, sir.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve you turn? I can't fight, and I won't fight; I'll do anything rather than fight; I'll marry your sister; my nephew shall marry her; I'll give him all my fortune: what would the fellow have? Here, nephew, Thomas! murder, murder! (*He flies, and she pursues.*)

Enter BATES and Nephew.

Nep. What's the matter, uncle?

Whit. Murder! that's all: that ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Nep. I'll find a way to cool him. Come out, sir, I am as mad as yourself; I'll match you, I warrant you. (*Going out.*)

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. (*Going after him.*)

Whit. Stay, stay, nephew, you sha'n't fight; we shall be exposed all over the town, and you may lose your life, and I shall be cursed from morning to night: do, nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; return to the widow; I will give you my consent, and your fortune, and a fortune for the widow, five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bates. Do, sir; this is a very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses. (*To Nephew.*)

Nep. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates; and do you follow me to my study, to witness my proposal; it is all ready, and only wants signing: come along, come along! [*Exit.*]

Bates. Victoria, victoria! give me your swords and pistols; and, now, do your worst, you spirited, loving, young couple; I could leap out of my skin! [*Exit.*]

Nep. Oh! my charming widow! what a day have we gone through!

Wid. I would go through ten times as much to deceive an old amorous spark, like your uncle, to purchase a young one, like his nephew.

Nep. I listened at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did: when two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and, sure, I can beat an old man at anything.

Nep. Permit me thus to seal my happiness. (*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*)

Enter WHITTLE and BATES.

Bates. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Whit. (To Bates.) Heyday! I am afraid his head is not right, yet: he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [*come about.*]

Bates. (To Whittle.) Take no notice, all will

Wid. I find, Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting; he swears, I am as like my sister as two pigeons.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give; I hear a grate dale of news about myself, and came to know if it be true; they say my son is in London, when he tells me himself, by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—Oh, gra-ma-chree! my little din ouil craw! what have we got here? a piece of mummery! here is my son and daughter, too, fait! What, are you waring the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel?

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? (*Astonished*)

Sir P. No, but it is my daughter, and that is the same thing.

Wid. (To Whit.) And your niece, sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and, I suppose, you have not lost your wits, young man?

Nep. I sympathize with you, sir; we lost them together, and found them at the same time.

Whit. Here's villany! Mr. Bates, give me the paper; not a farthing shall they have till the law gives it them.

Bates. We'll cheat the law, and give it them now. (*Gives Nephew the paper.*)

Whit. He may take his own, but he sha'n't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promised him. [mise.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the pro-
Sir P. Fait! I'll witness dat, or anything else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I choused again?

Bates. Why should not my friend be choused out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpened your nephew's wits; therefore, beware, don't play with edge-tools; you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir P. And your trote, too, which is all one; therefore, to make all asy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Here are fine doings! I am deceived, tricked, and cheated!

Tho. I wish you joy, sir! the best thing that could have happened to you; and, as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill, too; and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have you helped to trick me?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate, give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will, if I can; but I can't look at them; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face: lookye! I am distressed and distracted! and can't come to yet; I will be reconciled, if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you. I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the nephew to the uncle will meet with your approbation?

Sir P. You are out of my hands, Pat; so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Nep. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be

assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir P. Fine notions are fine tings! but a fine estate gives everything but ideas, and them, too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it. What say you, widow?

Wid. By your and their persuasion I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas, too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

SONG.—WIDOW BRADY.

*A widow bewitch'd with her passion,
Though Irish, is now quite asham'd,
To think that she's so out of fashion,
To marry and then to be tan'd.
'Tis lore, the dear joy!
That old-fashion'd boy!
Has got into my breast with his quiver;
The blind urchin, he
Struck the cush-la-ma-chree,
And a husband secures me for ever!
Ye fair ones, I hope, will excuse me,
Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me;
I cannot become a fine lady,
Oh! love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.*

*Ye critics, to murder so willing,
Pray, see all our errors with blindness,
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond widow with kindness;
If you look so severe,
In a fit of despair,
Again will I draw forth my steel, sirs;
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can once make you feel, sirs.
Brother-soldiers, I hope you'll protect me,
Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
To favour my cause be but ready,
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.*

*To all that I see here before me,
The bottom, the top, and the middle,
For music we now must implore you;
No wedding without pipe and fiddle:
If all are in tune,
Pray, let it be soon,
My heart in my bosom is prancing!
If your hands should unite
To give us delight,
Oh! that's the best piping and dancing.
Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady;
Oh! joy to you all in full measure,
So wishes and prays Widow Brady.*

[*Exeunt.*]

MONSIEUR TONSON;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MONSIEUR MORBLEU
MR. THOMPSON
TOM KING

JACK ARDOURLY
RUSTY
USEFUL

WATCHMAN
FIP
OFFICERS

ADOLPHINE DE COURCY
MADAME BELLEGARDE
MRS. THOMPSON

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Hart Street, Bloomsbury. (Evening.)

Enter ADOLPHINE, hastily.

Adol. Am I in safety? (*Looking round.*) Yes; I have, at length, eluded my pursuer. Unfortunate Adolphine! Is it not enough that I am an emigrant from my native France; that an impenetrable mystery hangs over my birth; that I am only prevented being wholly dependant on the meagre exertions of one as wretched as myself, for support, by the sale of a few trifling drawings; but whenever, as now, I venture out, I must be the sport and prey of every libertine I meet? (*Noise without.*) Ah! let me fly! he is here again! Wretched, wretched girl!

[*Exit, hastily.*

Enter ARDOURLY, in pursuit.

Ard. Confusion! she has escaped me once more. What an unlucky dog I am! to behold the only object I feel I can ever love, merely to lose her. Never did tormenting fate lead a man astray with such beautiful will-o'-the-wisps, as those piercing sparklers and twinkling little feet of her's. She's lost—I'm lost—we're both lost. What the devil shall I do? D—e, I'll raise a hue and cry—I'll—but—no, I'll not give her up. Yet, which way has she gone? which way must I go? Here's a stranger coming, I'll inquire if he has seen her.

Enter TOM KING.

Pray, sir, have you seen a young woman?—Eh! why, zounds! 'tis my old friend, Tom King.

T. King. What, Jack Ardourly! inquiring after a petticoat in the neighbourhood of Mommouth-street? We shall have Cupid turning old 'clothesman next. But, egad! my dear lad, I'm devilish glad to see you. Why, I haven't had the pleasure of meeting with you, since your rich uncle, old Thompson, popped so suddenly from the clouds,

and made you presumptive heir to one of the first fortunes in the three kingdoms; I congratulate you, faith!

Ard. Congratulate me! pity me. What's the finding an old uncle, to the losing an angelic girl? What's the favour of fortune, to the malice of fate? I am the most miserable dog in existence!

T. King. Miserable about a wench! muslin-struck, quite. Ha, ha, ha! Some tea-drinking milliner, I warrant her; playing at hide and seek to find some wealthy fool to wed her. Was there ever such folly? Oh! Jack Ardourly, Jack Ardourly!

Ard. Laugh at me, if you please, but hear me. If love is a folly, it is one I am up to my neck in. Ten minutes since, my heart was as free as your's; but, as the mischievous spirit of Cupid would have it, making a short cut from Long's, I met a lovely girl, who instantaneously effected a conquest of me; I started my fair game in Soho, she declined my attentions in Greek-street, bade me leave her in the most imperative mood imaginable; assumed tragedy airs in Berwick-street, gave me the slip in Cranbourn-alley, and was lost in St. Martin's-lane. I tracked the dear angel again in St. Giles's, but again parted with her and my heart in—

T. King. Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square. Ha, ha! This is whimsical enough: but what sort of a divinity is this walking Venus, this flying goddess, this hunting Diana, of your's?

Ard. Her dress and manners are evidently French, but her person is heavenly; her—

T. King. Ah! I see; one of those pretty emigrants we have lately imported from Paris, with other French toys, to adorn our streets and amuse our leisure hours. I'll soon rout her for you, my boy; we'll set out on a voyage of discovery directly. What latitude did she sail in?

Ard. I last missed her in this direction.

T. King. Allons! then; you shall find me as sharp

as a needle, in guiding you to this polar star of beauty of your's. We'll search every Frenchman's house in London, but we'll find her. We'll rummage Paddington, rout out Pancras, peep into Pentonville, summons Clerkenwell, and scour the Seven Dials for her.

Ard. And do you think we shall succeed?

T. King. When did Tom King ever fail, when the object was to serve a friend and promote mirth? I'll make you happy, my lad! Zounds! for a quiz, a hoax, a joke, a jest, a song, a dance, a catch, a tale, a race, or a row, Tom King wouldn't turn his back on any man in England. A'n't I the choice spirit of the day, the jolly dog, the roaring boy, the knowing lad, the rare blood, the prime buck, the rum soul, the funny fellow! Emperor of the Cockonians! Chairman of the Jacks! General of the Lumber Troop! Master of the Mugs! Chief of the Eccentrics! Member of Daffy's! President of the Flounder Club! Founder of the Snugs! passed Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows! and Vice of half the Freemasons' Lodges in the kingdom! Oh, d——e! Tom King's the man! so come along, my boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. Well, well, master, I don't mind letting you have the run of the key for an hour or two, if I go with you, and you can shew good cause.

Thom. I can, I can. These French drawings which I sent you to purchase in Rathbone-place, that I might refresh my memory of Paris, are subscribed with a name that has unsettled all my plans again. See, Rusty, see—Adolphine de Courcy! the very maiden name of my lost wife! The owner of this name lives, you say, in Seven Dials?

Rus. Ay; with Mounseer Moreblue, a French barber, one of your emigrants; at least, so the man at the shop told me.

Thom. We will go to him directly; I must see this Adolphine de Courcy: she may be the wife I have so long lamented as dead; or, more probably, the child I have so much and vainly searched for. What an unhappy man I am! doomed never to know a moment's rest.

Rus. No; I believe you never were so comfortable as when you were under my care in the Bastille. There you were properly looked after; nothing to disturb you.

Thom. True, true. Ah! I should never have left England, only I knew living was so much cheaper in France; and as I had but a very small fortune, I didn't wish to go beyond it; that brought on all my misfortunes.

Rus. Serve you right: you shouldn't have deserted your country, merely to save a shilling. I hope all absentees may have as much cause to repent it as you have.

Thom. Hum! then I should never have married my wife, the chief agent of all my troubles—

Rus. As most wives are: mine was; but she died in her confinement. She was confined the same time you were. Why did you have one so much your superior in rank and fortune as your wife was?

Thom. What did I profit by it? When I discovered that the proud old marquis, her father, was never likely to consent to our union, didn't I marry her privately, and remove her into a retirement where I thought no one would ever have discovered us?

Rus. And were found out the very first thing. She was sent to a nunnery, and you to the Bastille.

Thom. It was a great misfortune the revolution breaking out.

Rus. Yes; for then the mob broke in: you gained your liberty, and I lost my place.

Thom. I had become so used to everything there; was bosom friends with a blue-bottle, had got on visiting terms with a spider, was favoured with a daily call from a robin red-breast, and was intimate with almost every rat in my dungeon; there wasn't

a stone in one of the walls I didn't know and esteem. Heigho!

Rus. Well, but you know you've gratified your old liking for the Bastille by building a house exactly on the model of it. Isn't your bed-room a perfect fac-simile of your old cell, and haven't you engaged me to look after you as usual? Don't I bring you your victuals, and lock you up exactly as I used to do?

Thom. You do, you do; but it's not the real thing, after all. Failing in my search for my wife and infant girl, I betook myself abroad—

Rus. Where, having been used to confinement under me, you didn't leave your plantation till you had acquired a princely fortune—

Thom. And no relation of the name of Thompson to leave it to, only my sister's son, Jack Ardourly. But these drawings! this name! I have a thousand hopes and fears; let us hasten directly to satisfy them.

Rus. Well, I don't mind granting you a rule of court, as it's to transact your private affairs; you may go.

Thom. Come along, then. Heigho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Monsieur Morbleu's House and Shop in the Seven Dials. A watch-box at one corner. (Night.)*

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Eh! mon Dieu! Je suis très fatigué vit my great business: all de head of de nation wish to be turn by me! and I am such grand professeur, I turn all de nation's head; coupe all dere objection short vit dere hair: my close revolution crop silence everything; and I make every man von Brutus. It is great change, ma foi, for me: in de grande nation, under de ancienne régime, I was de général of de régiment; here I am only de perruquier en général, only take de Anglois by de nose in de vey of my occupation. Have noting to do vit any balls but de wash-balls; no powder but de hair-powder; no chevaux-de-frize but de combe and de tongs, dat I friz de cheuveux vit. But vere is my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde? Madame Bellegarde! [*Knocks at the door of his shop.*]

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Eh bien, madame! Me voici, here I am, glad to see you and de littel domicile once again. Comment vous portez vous cette bonne evening, madame?

Belle. Merci, monsieur, très jol!

Mor. Joli! you are joli comme une ange! que tu est charmante, ma chère Madame Bellegarde!

Belle. Ah! Monsieur Morbleu, you have so much of de politesse.

Mor. Ha, ha! true, true! you remember, madame, ven I use to valk de minuet vit you, twenty, tirty year ago, in de cour de Versailles. Oh! l'amour! dose vere bon temps.

Belle. Ah! monsieur, dat vas under de ancienne régime.

Mor. Oui, oui, en vérité. Times very much different now, ma foi! Den I vas Monsieur Morbleu, Chevalier de Saint Louis, and Général de Division! and you vere Madame la Marquise de Bellegarde, Dame d'Honneur, and grande beauté! You very different ting now, madame, and so am I. Now I am only one poor barbière, and you my housekeeper of all vork, to make de bed, scrub de board, and clean de lodgement. Eh, mon Dieu! but vere is my littel protégée, de petite Mademoiselle Adolphine, orpheline de Courcy? pauvre enfant! gone to sell her littel drawing?

Belle. Oui, monsieur; but she will be back preste-mint.

Mor. Bonne fille, bonne fille! She have de key, and can get through de door without our stay up to open it; so I shall go to my night-cap, for I am very much sleepy, and il est tard.

Nap. (*Without.*) Past ten o'clock!

Mor. Ah! dere is Monsieur Nap, de vash-a-man; he is come for to go to his box. Yaw'aw! venez, madame. Courage! Louis le Désiré, and de ancienne régime shall come back by-an-by, very often; den ve tread de minuet de la cour togeder again. La, la, la! de ral, de ral!

[*Exeunt into the house, singing 'C'est l'amour,' and dancing the minuet de la cour.*]

Enter NAP, the Watchman.

Nap. Past ten o'clock, and a moonlight night! Well, I've gone my beat, and cried the hour; so now I'll go into my box, and have a comfortable snooze. Past ten o'clock! [*Exit into the box.*]

Enter ADOLPHINE, hastily.

Adol. In spite of all my endeavours, my pursuer has traced me here. What will be the think of the meanness of this abode, and what persecutions may I not expect from his attentions! Saint Louis preserve me! 'Tis fortunate I have the key: they come! surely, they will not attempt to knock: at all events, they will knock unanswered by me.

[*Exit into the house, unlocking and then re-locking the door.*]

Enter ARDOURLY and TOM KING, in pursuit.

T. King. Bravo, victoria! victoria, my boy! I told you Tom King would do the business for you: we've housed her at last.

Ard. Yes, there's the mischief of it: what are we to do now?

T. King. Why, unhouse her, to be sure.

Ard. But how?

T. King. Knock at the door.

Ard. And run away!

T. King. A lover, and run away! never! stand firm to the last: she may answer the door.

Ard. But suppose she shouldn't, and any one else should? [that's all.]

T. King. Then we have merely made a mistake,

Ard. I'm afraid we shall be mistaken.

T. King. Or, we can inquire for some one.

Ard. Who?

T. King. Oh! Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Tomkins, or any one we are sure is not there.

Ard. But we may be unlucky enough to pitch upon the very name of some person who is there.

T. King. To prevent that, we'll inquire for your uncle, old Thompson; we are very sure he is not there: so here goes. [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*]

Ard. Stay, stay; what are you about?

T. King. 'Tis done now. [*Listens.*] No answer! the jade suspects us. I'll knock again. [*Knocks.*] They are all gone to bed. [*Listens.*] No; I hear the striking of a light; I'll expedite them. [*Knocks again, and peeps through the key-hole.*] Somebody coming; pat, pat, pat! What strange animal have we here? [*herself.*]

Ard. Animal! it is, doubtless, the dear angel

MORBLEU opens the door, and appears in his night-cap, with a rushlight in his hand.

Confusion! a man!

Mor. Deux gentilhommes, and so late, too! I dare say some rich customer want me to dress dem for de grand assembly to-night. [*Aside.*] A votre service, messieurs, vat is your plaisir vit me?

T. King. I merely called, my dear friend, as I was passing your house, to know if—but I've disturbed your rest, I fear?

Mor. Oh! point de tout, not at all. I am too much proud of de honneur you confer par cette visite, ma foi.

T. King. You are very good: we merely called, knowing you are a man of information—

Mor. Oh! sare, you do me grande faveur. Je vous rend mille graces.

T. King. Don't mention it. We merely called to inquire if, among the persons who inhabit this street, one Mr. Thompson lodges here.

Mor. Diable! dat all! and I leave my bed on

purpose? Heigho! [*Aside.*] No, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here.

T. King. Hum! I'm sorry we troubled you, but I thought I'd just inquire: couldn't pass by your door without calling, you know.

Mor. Oh! sare, you are very great polite. Vish you vere at de diable! [*Aside.*] [*cold.*]

T. King. Good night! take care you don't catch

Mor. Bon soir, messieurs. I am much glad they are going to go. Au revoir! Diable! dis dam puddel in de gutter, I put my foot on it. [*Exit.*]

T. King. Mind your rush-light don't go out. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever seen so curious an animal? Let us see what species he belongs to. Lend me your lanthorn, Charley. [*Takes Nap's lanthorn, and reads the inscription over Morbleu's door.*] "Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier en Militaire, Coiffeur en Général." Ha, ha, ha! Very well, Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier: it is au revoir with us, indeed. We will speedily become better acquainted. There, Charley, there's your lanthorn, and a tizzy for you, my boy. [*Returns the lanthorn, and gives Nap sixpence.*] Zounds! Ardourly, nil desperandum!

Ard. I must: you see she does not appear. What's to be done now? [*Useful?*]

T. King. Try again. Where is your rascal,

Ard. At my hotel.

T. King. Then that's our point. I cannot, decently, shew myself again to night to monsieur, therefore, we'll hasten to the Sablonière. You write a passionate billet to Miss Morbleu, and let Useful bring it: he's a sharp dog, and with a little of my instruction, will soon afford us both satisfaction and amusement. Allons! Au revoir, Monsieur Morbleu. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter NAP, from his box.

Nap. Rum blades, them 'ere: out on a lark, I reckon. Well, it's no business of mine, so long as they don't come on my beat. Half-past ten! [*Calling the half-hour.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. I tell you, I'm sure this is the place; but we'll ask the watchman. Pray, my friend, isn't this the Seven Dials?

Nap. [*Holding lanthorn to Rusty's face.*] Ay, master, to be sure it is.

Rus. There, I told you so. Whereabouts does one Mounseer Moreblue, live?

Nap. What, the barber? I don't know: that is—I think—I can't tell.

Rus. [*To Thom.*] He thinks he can't tell!

Thom. Give him a shilling. [*Rusty gives Nap a shilling.*]

Nap. [*Looking at the shilling.*] Oh! I know now; he lives right under your nose: but he's gone to bed.

Thom. We must knock him up; I cannot pause a moment till my doubts are satisfied.

Nap. That's your business. Why, the old Frenchman has quite a congregation to-night: but I must go and call the half-hour. Half past ten! [*Exit.*]

Thom. Knock, Rusty, knock. I cannot rest.

Rus. No, nor you'll let nobody else rest. Hallo! [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*] They're a long time coming.

Thom. Knock again; try once more.

Rus. It's no use: however, I suppose you won't be contented, so here goes. [*Knocks again.*]

Thom. Don't you hear a window opening?

Rus. Yes, there's somebody getting up in the garret.

Mor. [*Looking out of the garret window.*] Qui est là? Vat is dere, s'il vous plait? Vy you knock at de door of my maison, if you are so good?

Thom. 'Tis he, 'tis he! Is your name Morbleu, my good friend?

Mor. Oui, mon ami!

Thom. Come down instantly.

Mor. Sacrebleu! vil not de matin do, monsieur? for I am in bed, dans mon lit.

Thom. No; it is a matter of life and death.

Mor. Miséricorde! dey vant me to bleed somebody. Vell, to oblige you, monsieur, I shall get up—

Thom. Get up! Zounds! my dear friend, we want you to come down.

Mor. And put on my collotte. Restez là pour un moment. Heigho! I never can get not any rest at all.

[Exit from window.]

Thom. He's coming, he's coming; and now, thank heaven, I shall have all my doubts silenced or confirmed.

Enter MORBLEU, from the house.

Mor. Yaw'aw! Excusez moi, monsieur, dat I have no candel, but I have burn my rushlight till him rush all away.

Thom. Make no apologies, my good friend; the urgent business I come upon precludes all ceremony. You have a lady under your care, bearing the name of Adolphine de Courcy?

Mor. Oui, monsieur, certainement; but she never assist in de shop. She never shave anybody.

Thom. Psha! You, doubtless, must have heard of an unfortunate man of the name of Thompson?

Mor. Diable! Vat, Monsieur Tonson come again? No, sare, I have hear of no Monsieur Tonson; I tell you so before, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here. Vat you mean by pull me out of my bed in dis vay? By gar! it dam bad manner and no gentillhomme!

[Thompson—

Thom. But hear me, my good friend; this Mr.

Mor. All von bull and von cock; and if you call me up again, ma foi, I shall charge you vit de vash, for keeping de bad hour. Diable!

[Exit into the house, shutting the door in Thompson's face.]

Thom. But, my good fellow!—Monsieur!—Monsieur!—Ah! I see how it is; these imperious De Courcys have hired this fellow to keep my wife (for it is doubtlessly she) still in their power: but I'll have redress; I'll go to Bow-street; they've locked her up, and now—

Rus. 'Tis high time I should lock you up.

Thom. Nay, Rusty, nay! let us go in search of the police. I'll enter the house by force, liberate my wife, and make a terrible example of those who would detain her from my arms.

[Exeunt.]

Enter USEFUL.

Usef. So, the coast is clear at last. I thought those two old twaddlers never would have gone. Let me see: my instructions are, under pretence of inquiring for Mr. Thompson, to endeavour to give this letter to Miss Morblen. Here's the house; now for it. (Knocks at Morbleu's door.) No answer? I'll knock again. Hallo! get up, get up! (Knocking again violently.)

Mor. (Appearing at the garret window.) Eh, mon Dieu! is de maison on fire, dat you knock so loud?

Usef. No, but you're wanted; you must come down directly: I am sent here in an official capacity, expressly to—but that is alien to the business.

Mor. Begar! vat does he say about his official capacity and de alien business? I must have de bienséance, de courtesie to him. (Aside.) Très bien, monsieur officier. I shall come down instamment. How I am broke of my sleep! Heigho!

[Exit from window.]

Usef. So far so good; let me but once effect an entrance, I'll soon accomplish all the rest. Eh! here old soup-meagre comes.

Enter MORBLEU from the house, sneezing, as if from having newly caught cold.

Mor. Now, monsieur officier, sare, I am at your command, if you think so good, honne grace.

Usef. I merely called, Mr. Morblen, to inquire—
Mor. Yes, sare.

Usef. If there was one Mr. Thompson—

Mor. Vat, Monsieur Tonson again?

Usef. Yes, one Mr. Thompson—

Mor. Diable! vat you mean, sare? you dam

scoundrel! by come again? Vat you mean by Monsieur Tonson, to break my sleep in dis manner. I told you two, one, seven time, dere no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. Got dam!

Usef. Well, but my good friend, you needn't be in such a passion; if you don't know where Mr. Thompson lives, I dare say Miss Morblen does, if you'll just have the goodness to call her up; or your servant will do—the housekeeper—anybody.

Mor. Parbleu! dis worse den all! I not content vit pull me out of my bed dese tree time, vit your dam Monsieur Tonson; but now you vant to pull my vard, Mademoiselle Adolphine, and my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde, out of bed, too. Vat dey know about Monsieur Tonson? You use me très mauvais; I never vas use so under de ancienne régime, ma foi: it affront my honneur; I shall not put up vit it; I will have de satisfaction—I shall give you to de vash—I shall make a charge of you. Monsieur Vash! (Calls.) He shall put you in his box. Monsieur Vash! (Calling.)

Usef. Eh! calling the watch? Zounds! I may get in the wrong box here; I'd better be off. Bong swor, Mounseer Soapsuds.

[Exit.]

Mor. Run away? Begar! I am sorry I did not run him troo. But he shall not get off so vell: Monsieur Vash! Monsieur Vash, I say! (Calling.)

Enter NAP.

Nap. Eh! who wants the watch? here I am: why, hang me! if it 'en't Mounseer Powder-blue, the barber. What's in the wind now? Consarn it! I hope there hasn't been no rogues breaking in and running away with the pomatum, has there?

Mor. Vorse dan dat, Monsieur Vash. I no mind de pomatum run away dis hot veadier; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson run away, too.

Nap. Eh! Mounseer Townsend! who's he?

Mor. Oh, by gar! me no know; me no vant to know. He come here seven, two, tree time, and pull me out of my bed; besides knock my door down; and now I will have him knock down, von dam rascal! you shall vash him ven he come again, and I shall give you him to keep for ever, and lock him in your house, Monsieur Vash; in your dam black hole, vere you live.

Nap. Why, now you speak of it, mounseer, I think I knows the rascal. Isn't this here Townsend a wery ill-looking fellow?

Mor. Oh! très mauvais, très mauvais, nasty fellow, great blaguard; me never saw no man me like to see vorse: he come here to inquire after his relation, ma foi! but me no be cozen in dat vay. I shall charge—by gar! I shall charge—charge him vit you, Monsieur Vash.

[Mounseer.]

Nap. You can't do better; I'll take care of him,

Mor. Dat is right; you need not be fear, I have been great général, and I shall help you; yes, ven dey come, I shall—

Nap. Why, here they are—

Mor. Get behind the door: you can lay avait till dey mention dere name, and den ve vill rush out, break dere neck several times, stop dere mout, knock dem down, and lock dem up.

Nap. Good, very good, mounseer; I'll do it. Away with you.

[Exeunt Morbleu into the house, Nap into box.]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY, followed by TRAP and WANTEN.

Thom. Now, my good fellows, you know what you have to do; this is the house.

Trap. Ay, ay, ye're ily, master. We'll do the right thing, depend on't.

Thom. Insist on seeing the lady. [out.]

Trap. Make your mind easy; we'll rummage her

Thom. Knock at the door at once, and never fear but you'll be properly rewarded. Come, Rusty; let us look on. Stand aside, stand aside! (Rusty and Thompson stand aside.)

Trap. Now, Master Wantem, you tattle the tell-tale, and I'll open the business.

Want. Ay, ay; I'll knock. (*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*)

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Vell, vat you vant? Vat make you here at such late hour, if I am so bold?

Trap. We've a small bit of business with you, mounseer.

Mor. (*Aside.*) Oui, diable! and I have de small bit of business vit you, by-and-by. [*fair.*]

Trap. We've come about Muster Thompson's affair.

Mor. I thought it vas Monsieur Tonson; oui, and now you shall go to de diable. Venez ici, Monsieur Vash, dis is Monsieur Tonson: knock him down—lock him up very often. [*this?*]

Thom. Eh! what the dence is the meaning of this?

Nap. (*Rushing out and seizing Wantem and Trap.*) So, I've got you at last, have I? I'll teach you to come knocking at people's doors at this time of night.

Trap. Zounds! watchy, what are you at? You're on a wrong scent; we're from the public office.

Mor. But you shall no make oon public office of my maison, ma foi.

Trap. We're sent by Townsend.

Nap. Ay, ay; that's the name; it's all right.

Trap. We've come about a gemman's relation—but I'll tell you the whole pedigree on it.

Nap. We knows all about it, Muster Townsend; you mustn't come arter your relations here.

Trap. Zounds! a'n't you awake?

Mor. Oui; you take dam good care of dat, Monsieur Tonson: lock him up.

Nap. Ay, ay; to the watch-house with you.

Rus. (*Aside to Thom.*) Lock him up! I'll spare them that trouble with you, master: come along.

Thom. But, Rusty—

Rus. It's no use: safe bind, safe find. [*Exit, forcing off Thompson.*]

Trap. But, I tell you, you don't understand the business.

Mor. Nor ve no vant, Monsieur Tonson.

Nap. No, no, Muster Townsend. (*Springs his rattle, which is answered outside.*)

Trap. Eh! a surprise! then here goes for a fair pair of heels, and the devil take the hindmost.

[*Trap trips up Nap and Morbleu, and exit hastily with Wantem; Nap and Morbleu get up and follow in pursuit, rattles springing.*]

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester-square. Rattles heard without.*

Enter USEFUL, hastily.

Usef. By those rattles, it would seem, the watchmen, that cursed Frenchmen sent after me, are close at my heels. It's lucky I've reached my master's hotel, that I may get housed at once. (*Rings the bell and knocks violently.*) Here they come! but they'll be disappointed for once. [*Exit into hotel.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY, hastily.

Thom. Are we out of their reach, Rusty? Yes; they've taken another direction, so we may stop and breathe a bit.

Rus. It's all my fault; I shouldn't have let you stop out. I might have known no good could follow it. But, come, let us get home to bed.

Thom. 'Twill be of no use; I shall not be able to sleep a wink. I must make another attempt. It is now near day-break; I'll throw myself on a sofa for an hour or two, and the first thing in the morning we'll set off to this barber once more: as he only saw us in the dark, he'll not know us again; and, under pretence of getting dressed and shaved by him, I can sound the scoundrel, and, perhaps, pump the truth out of him. [*my will.*]

Rus. Pump the life out of him! I would if I had.

Thom. You must indulge me in this, Rusty, if you lock me up for a twelvemonth after it.

Rus. Well, well; you always coax me over; I'm

the most tender-hearted keeper in Christendom. Come along.

Thom. Stay, who are these? Stand aside. (*Thompson and Rusty stand aside.*)

Enter TOM KING, ARDOURLY, and USEFUL, from the hotel.

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! old Thompson little thinks how we are amusing ourselves at his expense.

Thom. What? (*Aside.*)

T. King. And so the Frenchman called for the watch, did he?

Thom. My expense—old Thompson—the watch! What does all this mean? As I live, my graceless nephew! Oh, oh! I see it all. (*Aside.*)

T. King. (*Turning round and seeing Thompson and Rusty.*) Hallo! what pair of antiquities are these? From what curiosity-shop have they escaped?

Thom. Oh, you rascal! (*To Arduourly.*)

Ardu. My uncle! confusion! I'm ruined! how the devil shall I get off? (*Aside.*)

Thom. You villain! but I'll—(*Rattles heard without.*)—Eh! they're coming, Rusty; we shall be taken into custody.

Rus. Not so; you're in my custody now, so come along.

Thom. You shall hear of this rogue! Oh, dear, oh, dear! [*Exit, taken off by Rusty.*]

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! Why, the old boy's off like a shot; he's getting into his second childhood; frightened at the sound of a rattle.

Ardu. 'Tis a lucky escape for me, faith! he would not have gone off so quickly, if he had known those watchmen were in pursuit of his hopeful nephew. (*Aside.*)

T. King. We must carry on the war; the old Frenchman shall have no rest till you have. We'll storm his castle again to-morrow-night; Thompson is the watch-word, love the object, Tom King the leader, and victory must follow. (*Rattles heard nearer.*) Eh! d—n it, here they are: let's be off. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt hastily, followed by Nap and watchmen, who cross in pursuit, springing rattles, and crying, Stop 'em, stop 'em, stop 'em!*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Monsieur Morbleu's shop.*

MADAME BELLEGARDE discovered.

Belle. Monsieur no return vit Mademoiselle Adolphine. How long de time does hang! Heigho! in ma patrie, de hour always pass quick as de littel minute here it so dull and so cloudy, dat pauvre Time can no see his vay; but creep, creep, creep, as slow as de old vash-a-man. Ah, France! bien aimée; me only vish to live to die vit you.

SONG.—MADAME BELLEGARDE.

AIR—"Partant pour la Syrie."

Oh, France! beloved native land,

Tho' far from thee exil'd,

Still shalt thou first in memory stand,

By no new change beguil'd.

Ah! may no savage spoilers dare

That favour'd land enslave,

Whose fair are still the fairest fair,

Her brave the bravest brave.

Oh, France! with every glory bright,

What can thy thought destroy?

In memory still our beacon light,

In hope our only joy.

Ah! form'd to banish every care,

Thy plains are sorrow's grave;

Thy daughters are the fairest fair,

Thy sons the bravest brave!

(*Knock without.*) Miséricorde! me hope dat is no Monsieur Tonson dat come last night, come again. I shall no open de door till I know. Qui est là?

vat is knock dere?

Mor. (Without.) Ouvrez la porte—C'est moi, madame.

Belle. Monsieur himself. It all right—(Opens the door.)—and mademoiselle, too! quel bonheur!

Enter MORBLEU and ADOLPHINE.

Très bien venu, mes amis.

Mor. Merci, madame—voilà mon enfant. We have reach home safe at last! You never shall go out by yourself to sell your drawing, unless you are alone, never no more, if you no like.

Adol. Indeed, sir, I have but too good cause for apprehension! The horrid attack made on me this morning!

Mor. Ah! by dat dam Monsieur Tonson! Diable! he one peste; he not content vit come and call me up all night, but he return de first ting to-day to be dress and shave; and ven I run for de constable, he rush to you all razor and laddere, swear you belong to him, and make you faint vit de apprehension! Me hope he vill no come again to-night.

Belle. Sans doute, it vas some paüvre maniac. You see his keepeer took him away par violence!

Mor. Keepeer or no keepeer, I vish he vould keep away from me, mon Dieu! But you are mistake, madame: dis Monsieur Tonson is sent by de Convention to kill us, because ve are friend to de grand monarque and de ancienne régime! [ful.]

Belle. Miséricorde! Ve must be very much care-

Mor. I shall not open de door, never, nor go any vere in all de world, at all, vidout you, madame! dat if dis Monsieur Tonson should kill us, we may be vitness for von anoder to get him hang.

Adol. How much longer, my generous benefactor, am I to trespass on your bounty? Is there no clue by which I can discover my parents?

Mor. None dat I know of, ma foi! Ven de revolution broke out, de Marquis de Courcy, mon grand ami, send for me to de Conciergerie, vere he vas vait to be guillotine, commit you to my care as une pauvre orpheline dat belong à sa famille; charge me to take you to England, and bring you up; give me de trinket and de letter dat I give you, and finish de sad tale by having his head chop off de next day dat vas to come!

Adol. And did he not reveal the name of my parents?

Mor. No; he no tell me vat vas your père, nor vat vas your mère. He tell me he call you Adolphe de Courcy, and prize you as de last of his maison.

Adol. Unhappy man! Unhappy Adolphine!

Mor. It great misfortune certainent; but pourquoi you grieve? I protect you. You no vaut fader nor moder vile I live, and though we no much rich, dis généraleuse nation never suffer even her enemy to vant, but relieve de people in distress von day, dey kill very much in de battel de next. But come, it is souper time, and ve vill go to bed; for I am von great deal sleepy, and must dormir for to-night and last night all in von. Venez, ma chère Adolphine: venez, madame; ve vill go and get our souper. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Morbleu's shop.*

Enter TOM KING and ARDOURLY.

T. King. The sly old fox thinks he's got the young chick all to himself; but he's mistaken, and so is Madame Partlett, the hen; we'll soon draw them out of their coop: yes, now to begin our holy work for the evening—"Thompson's Night Thoughts."

Ard. And do you think it will be of any avail?

T. King. I do; but if we fail again, in attempting to effect an entrance, in their very teeth, we must resort to stratagem. I have a scheme already prepared that must succeed: vive la bagatelle!

Ard. Thou art a strange genius. Thy godfathers mistook when they christened thee Tom King; they should have named thee Joe King, for such thou ever art: I trust all to thee.

T. King. You shall not be disappointed. Now, then, for a coaxing, insinuating piece of street-door eloquence, that shall draw this old Frenchman through a deal board. I'm acquainted with every species of knock, from the single tap of the dun to the thundering lom, tom—tom, tom, tom—tom a rom-a-tom-tom! of the fashionable footman. Mark this: (Knocks at Morbleu's door.)—I hear somebody; they are waiting for us. Hush! if I can trust my ears, monsieur and his rib are disputing which shall come first: worthy souls! they're so anxious to receive us: listen!

Mor. (Within.) Pardonnez moi, madame, de marchioness always rank before de général.

Belle. (Within.) Non, de général always go first, de femme go vit de baggage.

Mor. (Within.) Ve vill split de difference and go side by side: you shall unlock de bolt while I unbolt de lock. Now, madame. (The door opens, and MORBLEU and MADAME BELLEGARDE appear.)

T. King. Serviteur, madame. Your most obedient, monsieur. Pray, can you inform me if one Mr. Thompson lodges here?

Mor. By gar, 'tis Monsieur Tonson come again! Rascal! villain! get from my sight! get from my door! I shall be hang for you at vonce, and kill you outright, if you no go. Oh! dat I had my régiment here to charge you vit dere bayonet!

T. King. It would be of no use, my good friend; in the performance of my duty, an army wouldn't turn me. I have a sacred trust to execute in finding out Mr. Thompson, and all your threats will be of no avail. I am convinced he is in your house.

Mor. He is no in my bouse, I say. By gar, he is no in my house. Sur mon honneur, he is no in my house.

T. King. That we must ascertain in person. We must search your house.

Mor. Vat! doubt my honneur? search my maison? I dat have been great général? Sacrebleu! I vill be revenge. Dere is no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. My house-keeper, who vas great marchioness, know dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

Belle. Non, non; monsieur is right: dere is no Monsieur Tonson here. [to us—]

T. King. We must fulfil our duty: 'tis painful

Mor. You shall no search my maison.

T. King. But necessity—

Mor. Keep at von distance.

Belle. You shall no come in.

T. King. We must not stand on ceremony, my good friend, so I shall take the liberty to—

Mor. Shut the door in your face, ma foi.

[Exeunt Morbleu and Madame Bellegarde, shutting the door in their faces, just as they are on the point of effecting an entrance.]

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! fairly shut out, by Jove; the portcullis let down just as we'd crossed the bridge. Is Useful in waiting?

Ard. He is at the Sablonière.

T. King. Now, then, for stratagem. During the day I took the liberty of furnishing myself with an impression of monsieur's street-door key, in wax; a skilful blacksmith has made me one accordingly. I will now go and instruct Useful how to get the old Frenchman out, by some plausible story: he once out, we'll slip in, and while you improve the moments with miss, I'll make love to the old woman.

Ard. This, indeed, promises something; only let me have an opportunity of expressing my passion to the dear girl, of proving my disinterestedness, my sincerity, and I am happy.

T. King. Allons! my boy, it shall be done: we'll about it instantly: au revoir, monsieur! [Exeunt.]

Enter MORBLEU and MADAME BELLEGARDE, creeping cautiously from the house.

Mor. Prenez garde, madame. Oh! it is all

right; dat dam Monsieur Tonson is go away. By gar, he is von fantôme; but vo vill lay him: you shall put von pail of vater in de garret vindow, and ven he come again ve vill drown him for von vitch.

Belle. Oui, and den ve shall know vich von heis.

Mor. Très bien, très bien; ve vill lay and wait for him togeder in de garret, madame, and he shall find it never rain, but it pour vater; dis vay, madame. [*Exeunt ceremoniously, into the house.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. Well, well; on condition that you stand on one side, and don't interfere, I have no objection to another application being made to this old mounseer, but it must be all left to me; you shall see how I'll manage things. If I don't obtain something satisfactory, I'll give you leave to look me up all the rest of my days, only you keep out of the way.

Thom. I'll not meddle, though I should like to have a hand in it.

Rus. (Retires.) You shall see how the Frenchman will show his information on me, directly I apply. Are you quite out of the way?

Thom. Yes.

Rus. Then I'll commence operations. (*Knocks at Morbleu's door. Morbleu looks out of window.*)

Mor. Vat is dere? Vat you vant, sare?

Rus. I'll open the affair at once. (*Aside.*) I come from Mr. Thompson, about Mrs. Thompson, or Miss Thompson, whichever it is you are keeping so snugly here.

Mor. Vat, Madame Tonson come as vell as Monsieur Tonson? and Mademoiselle Tonson, too! Diable! ve shall have Maitre Tonson and de whole famille of de Tonsons next. Me fear von pail of vater vill not be half enough; I must get de New River cock turn on. (*Aside.*)

Belle. (Peeping over Morbleu's shoulder.) You are von great story, sare. Monsieur here keep no Madame Tonson, no Mademoiselle Tonson; he keep no voman but me and Mademoiselle Adolphine.

Mor. Non; madame is right: I keep no voman but dem; dere is no Tonson here, as I tell you before.

Rus. Come, come, this won't do; I'm not to be sent off with such an answer as this.

Mor. Non? den by gar, I must answer you in von oder vay. [*him. (Aside.)*]

Rus. I knew I should get something more from *Mor.* But first, permettez moi ask you von question, sare: Avez vous had your souper?

Rus. Souper? No, to be sure I haven't.

Mor. Den I shall give you something by vay of von vet, to stay your stomach till you have. Dere, Monsieur Tonson, take dat. (*Throws water on Rusty*)

[*Exeunt Thompson and Rusty, hastily, calling out murder, &c.*]

Enter MORBLEU from the house.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! dat dam Monsieur Tonson has got von duck for his souper. Oui, oui; he has had de vater, and now he vill vish for de fire, so I shall give him von varm reception de next time he goes to come. Vere is Monsieur Vash? Monsieur Vash!

Enter NAP.

Nap. Here I am, mounseer; but it's not my hour, yet.

Mor. Vere is your great big large blunderbuss?

Nap. At home.

Mor. You shall go and fetch it, load it vit powder and littel pea, so dat it may not kill nobody, den go up and keep vash in my garret, and ven dis Monsieur Tonson come again, shoot him, and make him all over plum-pudding; dese Anglois like dat. Oui; you shall pepper him all over, for von seasoning; he has had de duck, now he shall have de pea.

Nap. I'll take care he shall smell powder, mounseer; but I mustn't go off my beat in this coat; I'll put it in my box till I come back.

Mor. Do; dere is de key of de street-door; you can let yourself in, ven you come back, and take your post in de garret, venever you like.

Nap. That won't be long, my cellar isn't far off.

[*Pulls off his watchman's coat, puts it into his box, and exit.*]

Mor. Dat settled, I can have some sleep once more; for I am very large sleepy. [*Exit.*]

Enter USEFUL.

Usef. "Wheedle the old Frenchman out!" hang him, he's just gone in; but I must obey my instructions. (*Knocks.*) Now for a good round lie. (*Knocks again.*) Zounds! the Frenchman don't come.

Mor. (Above.) It no do, Monsieur Tonson: you have change your habit for no purpose at all. I shall not come down. You had better call again in von half hour as shall come.

Usef. My dear friend, you entirely mistake; I come from no Mr. Tonson; I don't know any such person; I come for you; you are wanted at court immediately.

Mor. Court? By gar, den Louis le Desiré has sent for me to be shave. Oui, oui; I will come down directly; anything to make my vay to de court. [*Exit from the window.*]

Usef. He bites: Court—Yes, he shall go to St. Martin's-court, and there I'll leave him. There never was such a fellow as Useful: my master never had Useful's fellow.

Enter MORBLEU, from the house.

Mor. Now, sare, I am here all ready—tout prêt.

Usef. Ready to pray, Monsieur? Nonsense! are you ready to walk? because, if you are, allons! for we haven't a minute to lose. [*Usef.*]

Mor. Oh! oui, certainement: après vous, mon-

Usef. D—n ceremony! This way, this way! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TOM KING and ARDOURLY.

T. King. There they go; the old fox is bagg'd. Now, then, to try if the locksmith's daughter is true to us. Here's a clear coast and a fair opportunity. (*Opens the door.*) Yes, it's all right, the door is open; love invites you; the Rubicon lies before you; you have only to cross it and be happy, you dog.

Ard. Ten thousand thanks! but you—

T. King. On second thoughts, I'll keep watch without here, to guard against surprise. In with you. Where can I conceal myself? Eh? zounds! this watch-box, is there anybody in it? What's here! A watch coat, rattle, and lantern. Where's the owner? *Tempus fugit!* ay, and the chronicler of time hath flown, too. As he has deserted his post, I'll make bold to take it. (*Dresses himself in Nap's coat, &c.*) Now, then, I'm as good a watchman as any Charley among them.—"Past ten o' clock and a star-light morning!"

[*Exeunt Tom King into the watch-box, and Ardourly into the house; the former crying the hour grotesquely.*]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the house of Morbleu.

Enter ADOLPHINE.

Adol. Why am I unprotected thus? Few, fond memorials of parents beloved, though unknown. What hope have I from thee, dear nameless image of a mother's beauty! (*Looking at a miniature which she takes from her bosom.*) Brief records of a father's love. (*Looking at letters.*) The danger that forbade the hazard of a name before, for ever shuts out all disclosure now, and I must still live on, hopeless, joyless, kinless, friendless!

ARDOURLY appears, stealing in.

Ard. Not so, sweet girl: here, at thy feet, kneels one, who would be friend, kin, all to thee.

Adol. Ha! rash youth! what brings you here at this untimely hour? How did you gain admittance? Surely I have not been betrayed?

Ard. Banish your fears; I cannot live without

you. As a proof of my sincerity, I will this moment conduct you to the altar.

Adol. For heaven's sake, sir! I conjure you, leave me. Should you be discovered here, and at this hour, how would the world—

Ard. I must carry her off by a coup de main. 'At lovers' perjuries—' (*Aside*) You alarm yourself unnecessarily. Your guardian sanctions, nay, has desired this visit; he has obtained tidings of your parents—

Adol. Ah! of my parents. Oh! where is he?

Ard. He has sent me hither, purposely to conduct you to him; this key is witness of my veracity.

Adol. Fortunate, unlooked-for occurrence! I little thought the messenger that called my guardian out just now, was one of so much joy. Let us not lose a moment.

Ard. She's mine, she's mine! this note will prevent all unnecessary alarm. (*Throws a note on the table, unperceived by Adolphe.*) This way, my charmer! [*Exit.*]

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Belle. Vere mon infant Adolphe, that she no come for her sonper? Vat do I see? If I can believe my eyes, I see her not here; and vat mean dis papier? (*Reads.*) "Ven next you behold your vard, she vill be de maitresse de de house of Tonson." Mon Dieu! de pauvre child is gone; dat Monsieur Tonson has take her. Oh! misericorde! vat a dark night is dis.—Vere Monsieur Morbleu! Pauvre enfant, pauvre enfant! Monsieur! Monsieur! [*Exit, calling.*]

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of Morbleu's House.*

Enter TOM KING in Nap's coat, &c. from watchbox.

T. King. "Past ten o'clock, and a gas-light night!" All's quiet yet. (*Peeps at the door.*) Eh! here he comes, and not without his errand. He has storm'd the fort, and, now soldier-like, is retreating with his baggage.

Enter ARDOURLY from the house, bearing ADOLPHINE.

Ard. (*Aside to King.*) I've succeeded: she's mine. This way, sweet girl! this way! [*Exit.*]

T. King. Mum! he's carried her off safe enough. Somebody coming; I'll into my box.

[*Exit into the box.*]

Enter NAP, with a blunderbuss.

Nap. There; I've loaded it just enough to leave its mark behind it; one mustn't go to kill nobody. Where's the key, that I may take my post in the garret and wait for this Mr. Townsend? He shall nap the contents of this, directly he knocks at the door, as sure as my name is Charley. I shall have plenty of time to cry the hour by-and-by.

[*Unlocks the door, and enters Morbleu's house.*]

T. King. (*From the box.*) Hum! it's lucky I staid. "Beware of spring guns!" Egad! here's a customer for him. As I live, the old Frenchman; snug's the word: I smell mischief.

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Diab! dat it should be all von hoax at last. Dat damn Monsieur Tonson is down at de bottom of it all. I am so vex, dat I could almost shoot myself for de chagrin. I will get to bed. (*Going to knock, draws back.*) Stay, vere is Monsieur Nap? he may mistake, and shoot me for dis Tonson.

T. King. Past twelve o'clock!

Mor. Oh! he is dere in his box; it is all comme il faut. (*Knocks at the door.*) Madame! Madame Bellegarde!

Nap. (*Above.*) Ay, ay, Master Townsend; you blackguard, take that; I'm guard here. (*Fires at Morbleu.*)

Mor. Oh! by gar, I am murder! I am kill! Dat damn Monsieur Tonson! Vash! vash! I am mort. Madame Bellegarde! Oh dear! oh dear!

Nap. Eh! zounds! what have I done? I've shot Mounseer Powder-blue! here's a business.

Enter TOM KING from the box.

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! It's high time for me to be off. [*Pulls off Nap's coat, and exit, laughing.*]

Belle. (*Looks out of the window.*) Dieu m'en garde—Quelle horreur!

Mor. I am dead; shot troo my body. Oh! I am dead! I am mort! I vill no stop in dis maison not any more.

[*Exit Morbleu, hastily. Nap and Madame Bellegarde, at the windows of the house, holding up their hands in astonishment.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Elephant and Castle, Newington.*

Enter SNAP and Waiters, preparing the room.

Snap. Now, boys, bustle about, the coaches will be coming in soon: all stop at the Elephant and Castle, you know. Get the room ready for passengers.

Fip. (*Without.*) Waiter! Waiter!

Snap. This way, sar; this way; this is the parlour. [*Enter FIP.*]

Fip. Has there been a French lady here, inquiring for Mr. Fip, or Mr. Assignat?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Then the Dover coach has not come in yet?

Snap. Not yet, sar.

Fip. I shall be in the way when it does.

Snap. Very well, sar.

Fip. Who the deuce is this French lady, my master, old Assignat, has sent me to meet? Some nun, I think he says, coming from Calais; to take refuge in the convent at Hammersmith, I suppose. I'm to give her this letter, and take her to our chambers in Paper-buildings; *de tout mon cœur*. No lawyer's clerk in the kingdom is more *au fait* at anything of this kind than I am, or cuts a better figure, I flatter myself, on eighteen shillings a-week, than I do. Well, I'll go and look at the paper till the coach comes in. [*Exit.*]

Enter SNAP, shewing in MORBLEU.

Snap. This way, sar; this is the parlour, sar; plenty of coaches—Brighton, Dover, Hastings—anywhere you like to go to, sar.

Mor. Begar, I like to go anywhere, vere I no meet vit dat damn Monsieur Tonson. Oh! my pauvre back! I am all pepper and fright.

Snap. As you've not made up your mind where you'd please to go, have you made up your mind what you'd please to take, sar?

Mor. Eh! bien—ah! j'ai très grand faim. I shall take von pork schop.

Snap. Pork shop! don't think there's any to let about this neighbourhood, sar.

Mor. Nonsense! you make de grand mistake.

Snap. A steak? very well, sar.

Mor. Vell, a steak vill do very vell, sare! and waiter—

Snap. Steak and water—have 'em directly, sar; one on the fire now. Cookey, dish up that steak, with a glass of water, for the foreign gentleman here. (*Calling off.*)

Enter FIP.

Fip. Well, waiter, coach come in yet, eh?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Hum! then I must amuse myself as well as I can till it does. Have you any books of any kind? any of the poets? We lawyers' clerks always patronize the poets; best judges in the world!

Snap. Our bar-maid has, I believe, sar: I'll get you one directly. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Vat vil pauvre Madame Bellegarde do now I leave my shop? though she grande Marchioness, she must go to the workhouse, ma foi! and Mademoiselle Adolphe, pauvre enfant?

Enter SNAP, with steak and water.

Snap. Your steak, sar. (*To Morbleu.*)

Mor. Très bon garçon—I am very faint, so I shall take a—

Snap. Glass of water, sar. (*Putting it down.*)

Mor. Vell, I may have vorse ting, so I shall make myself content vit dis.

Fip. Well, waiter, where's my book?

Mor. Now for von nice piece. (*Cutting the steak.*)

Snap. Beg your pardon, sar, here it is.

Fip. Ha! what have we here: "The Seasons." My old favourite, Thomson!

Mor. Vat! (*Dropping his knife and fork.*) Ton-

Fip. Yes, Thomson; don't you admire him?

Mor. Monsieur Tonson here? Mon Dieu! den he is everywhere; at home, and abroad, and every place in de world beside. I have leave my maison for him: I have leave my shop, my boutique for him, and now he make me leave de country and my steak for him. Oh! Monsieur Tonson! Monsieur Tonson! (*Going.*)

Fip. Stay, sir, here is some mistake.

Snap. Pay, sar; you've forgot the steak.

Voice without, "Dover coah! That way, ma'am, you'll find the gemman there." (*Morbleu, in attempting to depart hastily, runs against Mrs. THOMPSON, who is entering at that moment, preceded by a Waiter.*)

Waiter. A room for Mrs. Thompson here.

Mor. Diable! Je vous demande mille pardons, madame; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson—

Mrs. T. A countryman, and pronouncing the name of Thompson! Can you give me any information of Mr. Thompson, sir?

Mor. Eh, Diable! Again!

Fip. My dear sir, I regret that the name of our immortal Thomson—

Mor. Immortal, by gar! he is immortal, for dere never vill be not any end to him: he come at all seasons.

Fip. Yes; his Seasons are his noblest work. In spite of your dislike, sir, you must allow me to say, I think his death was a great loss to the country.

Mor. Dead! Vat is Monsieur Tonson dead?

Mrs. T. If it is of Mr. Thompson you are speaking, sir, I believe there is but too little doubt on that subject.

Fip. No doubt at all, ma'am; I could convince you of it in a minute.

Mor. Den I vill go back to my shop again. Ha, ha, ha! I am so glad. Bon jour, madame, bon jour, monsieur—Monsieur Tonson dead! Ha, ha! lira la, lira la.

(*Sings.*) "Monsieur Tonson is dead! Monsieur Tonson is dead!"

Monsieur Tonson is dead! he is very dead indeed!

[*Exit, singing to the air of "Mortbreak."*]

Mrs. T. Very strange, that the death of my husband should excite such joy in a countryman.

Fip. You come from Calais, I presume?

Mrs. T. I do, sir.

Fip. This letter, then, will explain everything.

Mrs. T. (Reading.) "Madame, agreeably to your instructions from Paris, through Monsieur Dupin, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, offering a reward for any information on the subject of your husband's death, hitherto without effect. Respecting the young lady, Miss Adolphe de Courey, whom you inquire about, I have discovered that she lives at the house of a Monsieur Morbleu, a perquier, in the Seven Dials, whither my clerk will wait, to conduct you, as also to the residence of your humble servant, LOUIS ASSIGNAT.—Paper Buildings, Aug. 24, 96." Let me not lose a moment in clasp- ing the dear child in my arms.

Fip. I'll conduct you thither instantly, madam. This way, this way; fine woman, 'pon my veracity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Exterior of Morbleu's house.*

Enter MORBLEU, singing "Monsieur Tonson is dead, &c."

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! I vill open my shop again. (*Opens the shutters.*) Madame, Madame Belle- garde! (*Knocks.*)

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Embrassez, embrassez, madame, Monsieur Tonson is dead!

Belle. Oh! mon Dieu! est il possible, monsieur?

Mor. Oui! oui! Madame; it is all true enough. Monsieur Tonson is dead as de nail door, and vill never trouble us again. Ve shall live in great clover now, and sleep as quiet as the night long. So ve vill go in and have de littel drop of de vite liqueur, dat dese Anglois call Geneva, and drink confusion to Monsieur Tonson.

(*Sings.*) "Monsieur Tonson is dead, &c."

Belle. If we had but Mademoiselle Adolphe here, monsieur—

Mor. N'importe, n'importe; she shall not be lose; de bellman shall run after her very hard to- morrow. Come, madame.

[*Exeunt into the house, singing and dancing.*]

Enter TOM KING.

T. King. Ha! here's the scene of frequent mirth. My poor old Frenchman. I wonder if he's at home. Egad, I'll knock and see. (*Knocks.*)

MORBLEU and BELLEGARDE appear at the door, singing.

Mor. Vell, sare; you want to be shave?

T. King. Monseer himself, as I live! Pray, sir, does one Mr. Thompson live here?

Mor. Got dam! Here Monsieur Tonson come again. I am paralyze!

Belle. Oui, monsieur dead, and dis is his ghost!

Enter ARDOURLY and ADOLPHINE.

Adol. My word is pledged; unravel the mystery of my birth, and that moment my hand is your's.

Ard. I swear it! You are my cousin: these letters which you have shewn me, as the only relics of your father, are in the writing of my uncle; the initials, too, correspond: P. T.—Peregrine Thompson. [*struck.*]

Mor. Two Monsieur Tonsons! I am tunder-

Belle. Dis is de Monsieur Tonson dat steal off mademoiselle!

T. King. Jack Ardourly!

Ard. Tom King! Congratulate me.

Enter RUSTY and THOMPSON, the latter with a newspaper.

Thom. I don't care, Rusty, this is my wife's advertisement, and I will answer it in person. Ha! here is the Frenchman himself. Now, sir, Mr. Thompson is not dead. I am Mr. Thompson, and demand my wife.

Mor. Tree Monsieur Tonsons! Mon Dieu! dere is no end of dem. Your wife is no here, I tell you; your wife is—

Enter FIP and MRS. THOMPSON.

Fip. This way, madam; this is Monsieur Morbleu.

Mrs. T. Then, sir, you will resolve me at once. My name is Thompson.

Mor. Four Tonsons! De world is at von eud! (*Faints in Madame Bellegarde's arms.*)

Mrs. T. I come to claim my child, my Adolphe.

Adol. Ah! my mother! (*Embraces her.*)

Thom. Rusty, it must be—it is—my wife!

Mrs. T. My husband! my child! (*Embrace.*)

Rus. Found his wife! then he won't want me to lock him up. [*tune.*]

Thom. Ardourly—nephew, you have lost a for-
Ard. But I have gained a wife, sir, by this dis-
covery, and I am happy.

T. King. I see your hearts are all too full for method. Let us in, and mutually explain these seeming mysteries. Mr. Thompson has found a wife and daughter; they have found a husband and a father; Ardourly has found a bride; Mon- sieur Morbleu here found out his persecutors; but will, I trust, with the kind permission of our friends, have ample cause to bid our Monsieur Tonson welcome, and gently whisper—Come again. [*Exeunt.*]

THE DEUCE IS IN HIM;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COLONEL TAMPER
MAJOR BELFORD

PRATTLE
MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL

EMILY
BELL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Emily's house.

Enter EMILY with a letter in her hand, and MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL in man's clothes.

Em. Be assured, that I will do everything in my power to serve you; my brother knew that he might command my services. Be comforted, I beseech you, madam.

Flo. You cannot wonder, madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

Em. Indeed, you need not: there is something in your manner which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to inquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

Flo. Alas! madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Florival, a French physician, in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been desperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation. In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage: but he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house; but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

Em. May I ask the officer's name?

Flo. Excuse me, madam. Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarcely suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with—

Em. I beg your pardon; I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten?

Flo. Oh! no; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion

(I blush to name it) transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth; where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer. But, judge of my disappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

Em. The Havannah! You touch me nearly: pray, go on.

Flo. In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—what could I do? In order to defeat inquiries after me, I disguised myself in this habit, and mixed with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him every particular of my story: in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

Em. And you may depend on my friendship. Your situation affects me strangely.

Flo. Oh! madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me that I am so liable to be discovered.

Em. You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister; in the meantime, let me see you every day, every hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

Flo. You are too good to me. (*Weeping.*)

Em. Nay, this is too much; it overcomes me. Pray, be cheerful.

Flo. I humbly take my leave.

Em. Adieu! I shall expect you to dinner.

Flo. I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on you. [*Exit.*]

Em. Poor woman! I thought my uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet, how much must her anxiety exceed mine! [*Enter BELL.*]

Bell. So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young spark must be a favourite. You have had a tête-à-tête of above half an

Em. How d'ye like him? [*hour together.*]

Bell. Not at all: a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. Where does this pretty master come from?

Em. From my brother.

Bell. Who is he?

Em. A present to you.

Bell. A present to me! What d'ye mean?

Em. Why did not my brother promise to take care of you before you went abroad?

Bell. Well, and what then?

Em. What then! why, he has taken care of you; sent you a pretty fellow for a husband: could he possibly take better care of you?

Bell. A husband! a puppet, a doll, a—

Em. A soldier, Bell! A red coat, consider.

Bell. A fine soldier, indeed! I can't bear to see a red coat cover anything but a man, sister. Give me a soldier that looks as if he could love me and protect me; ay, and tame me, too, if I deserved it. If I were to have this thing for a husband, I would set him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

Em. Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter; read it, and send him an answer yourself.

Bell. (*Reads.*) "*Dear sister—The bearer of this letter is a lady,*"—So, so! your servant, madam! and your's, too, sister!—"whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection,"—Um!—"Take care of her"—Um!—"Not too many questions"—Um!—"In town in a few days." I'll be whipped, if this is not some mistress of his.

Em. No, no, Bell; I know her whole history: it is quite a little novel. She is a Frenchwoman, (*Mademoiselle Florival,*) who run away from her father at Belleisle, and is dying for an English gentleman at the Havannah. [*I hope, sister.*]

Bell. The Havannah! Not for Colonel Tamper,

Em. If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle, too, I should have been frightened out of my wits about it. [*him.*]

Bell. Suppose I should give you some news of

Em. Of whom?

Bell. Colonel Tamper.

Em. What do you mean?

Bell. Only a card.

Em. A card! from whom? What card?

Bell. Oh! what a delightful flutter it puts her

Em. Nay, but tell me. [*into!* (*Aside.*)

Bell. Well, then, while your visitor was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.

Em. Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!

Bell. Oh! it was nothing but his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you, any time this morning, from Colonel Tamper.

Em. From Colonel Tamper! What can this mean? I am ready to sink with fear. Why does he not come himself? [*suppose.*]

Bell. He's not arrived; not come to town yet, I

Em. Oh! Bell, I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.

Bell. I think, now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: he could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there were no such person in being.

Em. Ay; but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate it is to dote upon a man whose profession exposes him, hourly, to the risk of his life!

Bell. Lord! Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid examinations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst, it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.

Em. Go, you mad-cap! But you'll pay for all this, one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in for it yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the

breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

Bell. I admire your setting your heart, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic: you pitch upon a man of figure and fortune; handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a sly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

Em. Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world; if he were as miserable as the utmost malice of ill-fortune could make him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

Bell. Oh! sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons rolling in affluence and a coach-and-six to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

Em. The coach-and-six, Bell, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean it is to withdraw them for any paltry consideration of what nature soever.

Bell. "I think the lady doth protest too much."

Em. "Ay, but she'll keep her word."

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Major Belford, madam.

Em. Shew him in. [*Exit Serv.*] Oh! Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehension.

Enter MAJOR BELFORD.

Belf. Ladies, your humble servant; (*salutes them*) I rejoice to find you so well.

Bell. And we congratulate you, Major, on your safe return from the Havannah. How does your friend Colonel Tamper do?

Belf. He is very well, madam; but—

Em. But what, sir? I am frighted beyond expression. Is he in England?

Belf. Yes, madam.

Em. In town?

Belf. Yes, madam [*him, then?*]

Em. Why have we not the pleasure of seeing

Belf. He'll be here immediately, madam.

Em. Oh! well—

Belf. But it was thought proper that I should wait on you first, to prepare you for his reception.

Em. To prepare me! What does he mean?

Belf. Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, madam.

Em. Alarmed! you terrify me more and more. What is the matter?

Belf. Nay, nothing; a trifle! the mere chance of war; *la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, madam.

Em. I'm upon the rack! Dear sir, explain.

Belf. The Colonel, you know, madam, is a man of spirit. Having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather disagreeable circumstances.

Em. But is the Colonel well at present, sir?

Belf. Extremely well, madam.

Em. Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

Belf. Not in the least, madam.

Em. I am satisfied. Pray, go on, sir.

Belf. Do not you be alarmed, madam—

Em. Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, sir!

Bell. What can all this mean?

Belf. The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, madam, were, one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

Em. Oh, heavens!

Bell. Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

Belf. Excuse me, madam; I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances previously to your seeing the Colonel.

Em. (*Recovering.*) Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, sir?

Belf. No, not an arm; an eye, madam.

Em. An eye! worse and worse. Poor Colonel!

Belf. Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, madam, that we have saved his life; and these were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

Em. Very true. Ay, ay; so that he has but his life, I am happy: and I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

Belf. After all, madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black riband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that, except a small hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his person and deportment: besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

Em. I am glad of it. But, alas! he, whose person was so charming!—and his eyes that were so brilliant!—So full of sensibility!

Belf. This accident, madam, on his own account, gives him no uneasiness; to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected; but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

Em. Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me endeavour, therefore, to convince him, that he is as dear to me as ever. Oh! yes; cost me what it will, I must shew him, that the preservation of his life is an entire consolation to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em. Eh! what? (*Disordered.*)

Bell. Desire the Colonel to walk up. Compose yourself, my dear! Poor Emily! I am in pain for her. (*Aside.*)

Enter COLONEL TAMPER, who runs up to Emily.

Tam. My dearest Emily, how happy am I to see you once again! I have brought back the honest heart and hand which I devoted to you: as to the rest of my body, you see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well—Major, I am your's—But my

Em. Oh, Colonel! (*Weeps.*) [*Emily—*

Tam. How's this? tears?

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer. Why do you weep so, Emily? Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate. (*Weeping.*)

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate. I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life.

Tam. I dare say you are. Look on me, then. What, not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maimed soldier? (*Pausing.*) Is it possible, then, that any alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

Em. Never, Colonel, never: it is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

Tam. Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all; none at all to a soldier; nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life: marks of honour, and tokens of valour. I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession; I am proud of them: I would

not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom. [*this accident?*]

Em. And can you really be so unconcerned at

Tam. Really; and you shall be unconcerned, too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches: my trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

Em. But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh! we must have the best advice. Is the sight quite lost?

Tam. Quite. Blind as a mill-horse; blind as a beetle, Emily. But what does that signify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they say, I shall see the clearer with the other.

Em. I cannot look at him without shuddering. (*Aside. Sits down.*) [*lonely?*]

Bell. What action was it you suffered in, Co-

Tam. Before the Moro castle, madam; before the Moro. Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I assure you, madam. Ah! the Moro, the Moro! But if men go to run their heads against stone-walls, they must expect to have a scone or two broken before they make their way through them. Eh, Major?

Bell. Major Belford was with you?

Tam. All the while. The Major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, madam! We paid the Dons, didn't we, Major? But, Velasco, poor Velasco! A fine, brave Don, it must be owned! I had rather have died like Velasco, than have lived to be generalissimo.

Bell. (*To Emily.*) How are you, sister?

Tam. Nay, pr'ythee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a single stroke. You must not take on thus; if you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

Em. Excuse me, I cannot help it; but, be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, sir.

Tam. Esteem! and sir! This is cold language. I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily. [*me retire.*]

Em. I don't know what I say: I am not well; let

Tam. When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Withington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy? [*clamber, Bell.*]

Em. I grow more and more faint. Lead me to my

Bell. She is very ill; don't tease her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her some repose.

Tam. Ay, a short sleep and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare say. I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily!

Em. Adieu! Oh, Bell! [*Exit, with Bell.*]

Tam. (*Assuming his natural air and manner.*) Ha, ha, ha! Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand the test or no?

Belf. If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could wish she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not think you would run stark mad with

Tam. Why so? [*vexation.*]

Belf. Because, as I have often told you before, this is a most absurd and ridiculous scheme: a mere trick to impose upon yourself, and, most probably, end in your losing the affections of an amiable lady.

Tam. You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper—

Belf. That will always make you unhappy.

Tam. Rather say, it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman, at all events, and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will, at all events, and in all circumstances, retain her affection for me.

Belf. 'Sdeath! I have no patience to hear you.

Have not you all the reason in the world to rest assured that Emily entertains a most sincere passion for you?

Tam. Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

Belf. Her folly, I am afraid.

Tam. Nay, but I am serious, Major.

Belf. You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

Tam. Well, well; it does not signify talking. I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake, for myself alone; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and he were to be addressed by fifty others who possessed them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to all the rest of mankind.

Belf. Most precious refinement, truly! These are the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my life; picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose: no plain Englishman ever dreamed of such a whim. Love you for yourself! for your own sake! Not she, truly.

Tam. How then?

Belf. Why, for her own, to be sure; and so would anybody else. I am your friend, and love you as a friend; and why? because I am glad to have commerce with a man of talents, honour, and honesty. Let me once see you behave like a poltroon or a villain, and you know I would cut your throat, Colonel.

Tam. I don't doubt you, Major; but if she don't love me for my own sake, for myself, as I said, how can I ever be certain that she will not transfer that love to another?

Belf. For your own sake! for yourself, again! Why, what, in the name of common sense, is this self of your's that you make such a rout about? Your birth, your fortune, your character, your talents, and perhaps, sweet Colonel, that sweet person of your's—all these may have taken her; and continual intercourse must increase her partiality for them in you more than in any other person. But, after all, none of these things are yourself. You're but the ground; and these qualities are woven to your frame. Yet it is not the stuff, but the richness of the work, that stamps a value on the piece.

Tam. Why, this is downright sermonizing, Major: give you pudding-sleeves and a grizzle-wig, you might be chaplain to the regiment. Yet matrimony is a leap in the dark, indeed, if we cannot beforehand make ourselves at all certain of the fidelity and affection of our wives.

Belf. Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and must be so. You may play like a wary gamester, and be true. I would not marry a notorious profligate, or a woman in a consumption; but there is no more answering for the continuance of her good disposition, than that of her good health.

Tam. Fine maxims! make use of them yourself; they won't serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a woman's fidelity, after marriage; a time when everything conspires to render it her interest to deceive you. No, no; no fool's paradise for me, Belford.

[purgatory.]

Belf. A fool's paradise is better than a wiseacre's. *Tam.* 'Sdeath! Belford, who comes here? I shall discover.

(Resuming his counterfeit manner.)

Enter PRATTLE.

Prat. Gentlemen, your most obedient; mighty sorry, extremely concerned to hear the lady's taken ill. I was sent for in a violent hurry; had forty patients to visit; resolved to see her, however. Major Belford, I rejoice to see you in good health. Give me the honour of knowing this gentleman?

(Pointing to Tamper.)

Tam. Hum, hum! (Limping away from Prattle.)

Belf. An acquaintance of mine, Mr. Prattle. You don't know him, I believe. A little hurt in the service, that's all.

Prat. Accidents, accidents will happen: no less than seven brought into our infirmary yesterday, and ten into the hospital. Did you hear, Major

Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm last night, by an overturn, from her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout; and yesterday morning, Sir Hester Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

Tam. Pox on his chattering! I wish he'd be gone. (Aside.) [afraid we detain you.]

Belf. But your fair patient, Mr. Prattle: I am

Prat. Not at all; I'll attend her immediately. (Going, returns.) You have not heard of the change

Tam. Psha! (Aside.) [in the ministry?]

Belf. I have.

Prat. Well, well! (Going, returns.) Lady Sarah Melville brought to bed within these two hours—a boy. Gentlemen, your servant, your very humble servant. [Exit.]

Tam. Chattering jackanapes!

Belf. So, the apothecary's come already. We shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street, shortly. But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

Tam. No matter; I'll make her ample amends at last. What could possess them to send for this blockhead? He'll make her worse and worse! he will absolutely talk her to death.

Belf. Oh! the puppy's in fashion, you know.

Tam. It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-gossip! and anything he knows might as well be published in the Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March! [per.]

Belf. You'll expose yourself comically, Tam-

Tam. Say no more. I am resolved to put her affection to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along. (Going.)

Belf. Tamper!

Tam. Oh! I am lame; I forgot. (Limping.)

Belf. Lord, Lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Emily's Dressing-room.

EMILY, BELL, and PRATTLE, discovered.

Bell. I think you seem to be a good deal recovered, Emily? [Heigho!]

Em. I am much better than I was, I thank you.

Prat. Ay, ay; I knew we should be better by-and-by. These little nervous disorders are very common all over the town; merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole system. The poor Dutchess of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks; Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, headaches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind. [Crompton do?]

Em. Pray, Mr. Prattle, how does poor Miss

Prat. Never better, madam. Somebody has removed her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman, the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off; and so, madam, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again. By-the-by, too, she has another reason to rejoice; for her cousin, Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old maidish, as we say, madam, made a sudden conquest of Mr. Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

Bell. Is it true, Mr. Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the south of France for the recovery of his health?

Prat. Very true, madam; very true, that he's going, I promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir John is well enough himself; but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you. No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for a fact at Lady Modish's. Poor gentle-

man! I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run a long time; but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid him. Pray, ladies, have you heard the story of Alderman Manchester's lady?

Bell. Oh, no! Pray, what is it?

Prat. A terrible story, indeed! Eloped from her husband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman pursued them to Harwich, and caught them just as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a prosecution; but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

Bell. I vow, Mr. Prattle, you are extremely amusing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

Prat. Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to be sure, madam. Go into the best houses in town; attend the best families in the kingdom; nobody better received; nobody takes more care; nobody tries to give more satisfaction. [*Prattle?*]

Bell. Is there any public news of any kind, Mr.

Prat. None at all, madam; except that the officers are most of them returned from the Havannah.

Em. So we hear, sir.

Prat. I saw Colonel Tamper yesterday. Oh! ay, and Major Belford and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

Bell. That was Colonel Tamper, sir.

Prat. That gentleman Colonel Tamper, madam?

Bell. Yes, sir.

Prat. Pardon me, madam! I know Colonel Tamper very well. That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled; had suffered a little in the wars: Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

Em. Oh! yes; that horrid accident—

Prat. What accident? [*sir?*]

Bell. His wounds, his wounds! Don't you know,

Prat. Wounds, madam! Upon my word, I never heard he had received any.

Bell. No! Why, he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

Prat. Did he? Why, then, madam, I'll be bold to say he is the luckiest man in the world.

Bell. Why so, sir?

Prat. Because, madam, if he lost a leg or an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again; or he has, somehow, procured others that do the business.

Em. Impossible! [*every whit as well.*]

Prat. I wish I may die, madam, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

Em. Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, sir?

Prat. As sure as that I am here, madam. I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over against my house, yesterday; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs. Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her rout last night; and that everybody thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition. But, odso!—Jack-a-day! Now I recollect—ha, ha, ha!

Bell. What's the matter, Mr. Prattle?

Prat. Excuse me, ladies; I can't forbear laughing. Ha, ha, ha! The gentleman in the other room, Colonel Tamper! Ha, ha, ha! I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade this morning. I spoke to Major Belford; I thought I knew his friend, too; but he limped away and hid his face, and would not speak to me. Upon my word, he did it very well. I could have sworn there had been an amputation. He would make a figure at a masked

Em. and Bell. Ha, ha, ha! [*ball. Ha, ha, ha!*]

Prat. Ha, ha, ha! very comical! Ha, ha, ha!

Bell. A frolic, Mr. Prattle! I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

Prat. Me! I shall never breathe it, madam; I am close as oak; an absolute free-mason for secrecy. But, madam, (*rising*) I must bid you good morning. I have several patients to visit before dinner. Mrs. Tremor, I know, will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr. Valerian at Lord Hectic's in less than half an hour.

Em. Ring the bell, my dear. Mr. Prattle, your servant.

Prat. Ladies, your very humble servant. I shall send you a cordial mixture, madam, to be taken in any particular faintness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for morning and evening. Have care of catching cold; be cautious in your diet; and I make no doubt but in a few days we shall be perfectly recovered. Ladies, your servant; your most obedient, very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Bell. (*After a pause.*) Sister Emily!

Em. Sister Bell!

[*sister?*]

Bell. What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now,

Em. Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry, and so diverted; that I don't know whether I should be in or out of humour at this discovery.

Bell. No! Is it possible you can have have so little spirit? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every house he goes into: it will be town-talk. If a lover of mine had attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I would never see his face again.

Em. If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite so violent.

Bell. Indeed, but I should. What, to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you; to gratify his inordinate vanity, in case you should retain your affection for him; or to reproach you for your weakness and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourself to him on that supposition.

Em. It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the story.

Bell. Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordinary sense, as they are called, that was not, in some instances, a greater fool than the rest of mankind.

Em. After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This supposed accident began to make strange work with me.

Bell. I saw that plain enough. I told you what your pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long ago. Yet this is so flagrant an affront I would not marry him these seven years. [*sister?*]

Em. That, perhaps, might be punishing myself.

Bell. We must plague him, and heartily, too. Oh! for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him!

Em. Oh! as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him, with all my heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Captain Johnson, madam.

Em. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*] I am fit to see any company now. This discovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr. Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

Bell. Oh! you're in charming spirits, sister. But Captain Johnson! you abound in the military; captains, colonels, and majors, by wholesale. Who Captain Johnson, pray?

Em. Only the name that Mademoiselle Floriv the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

Bell. Oh! sister, the luckiest thought in the world: such an use to make of this lady!

Em. What d'ye mean? [*rival, sister?*]

Bell. Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper.

Em. Hush! here she is. [*Enter MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL.*] Give me leave, madam, to introduce you to my sister.

Bell. I have heard your story, madam, and take part in your misfortunes. [*lady, madam.*]

Flo. I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that

Em. Oh! madam, I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

Flo. I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarmed you? [*you.*]

Em. It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell

Bell. Then I will. You must know, madam, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition; he is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and actually visited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

Flo. I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's cruelty; but you may both command me in anything.

Em. There is no cruelty in the case; I fear I am gone too far for that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has waggishly proposed to make you the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, by your personating the character of a supposed rival. Was not that your device, sister?

Bell. It was; and if this lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make him sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

Flo. I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

Bell. Oh! you will have but little to do: the business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily. You must be most intolerably provoking. If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

Em. Never fear me, Bell; Mr. Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to anything. Now I know it is but a trick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em. Shew him in. [*Exit Serv.*] Now, ladies!

Bell. Now, sister! Work him heartily; cut him to the bone, I charge you. If you shew him the least mercy, you are no woman.

Enter COLONEL TAMPER.

Tam. This it is to have new servants! Not at home, indeed! A pack of blockheads! to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order, indeed; but—(*seeing Florival*)—I beg pardon, madam; I did not know you had company.

Bell. Oh! this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's: he's let in at any time.

Tam. Hum! [*sir.*]

Em. I did not expect to see you return so soon.

Tam. No; I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly, indeed, madam.

Em. If your return had not been so extremely precipitate, sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

Tam. Madam! a message! for what reason?

Em. Because I am otherwise engaged.

Tam. Engaged! I don't apprehend you, madam.

Em. No! you are extremely dull, then: don't you see I have company? Were you at the opera last night, Captain Johnson? (*Coquetting with Flo.*)

Tam. I am thunderstruck. Madam! Miss Emily!

Em. Sir! Colonel Tamper! Sir!

Tam. I say, madam!—

Em. Sir?

Tam. 'Sdeath! I have not power to speak to her.

(*Aside.*) This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, madam—

Em. Alteration! none at all, sir; the change is on your side, not mine: I'll be judged by this gentleman. Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he sat for just before he went abroad; done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness. Did you ever see a poor creature so altered? (*Gives a bracelet.*)

Flo. Why, really, madam, there is, I must own, a very visible difference at present. That black ribbon (*looking by turns on the picture and Colonel Tamper*) makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye; and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

Tam. Sir! But it is to you I address myself at present, madam. I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine, that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events. How have I been deceived! I find that—

Em. Pardon me, sir; I never deceived you; nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day. Out of respect to our late mutual attachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, everything between us must now be at an end.

Tam. Confusion! Everything at an end! and can you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so?

Em. Why not? Come, come, Colonel Tamper; vanity is your blind side.

Tam. Zounds, madam!

Em. Don't be in a passion. Do but consider the matter calmly; and though it may rather be displeasing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumstances, I am sure you must do me the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

Tam. I shall run mad! Is it possible, Emily? Sincerity do you call this? Dissimulation, d—d dissimulation!

Em. Have patience, sir. The loss of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me; but how can I reconcile myself to this mangling of your figure? Let me turn the tables on you for a moment: suppose now, Colonel, that I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an eye, should you, d'ye think? have retained your affection inviolable for me?

Tam. False, false woman! Have a care, Emily, have a care, I say, or you'll destroy your fame and happiness for ever. Consider what you are doing, ere you make a final resolution. You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you beforehand; upon my soul, you will! you'll have more reason to repent it, than you can possibly imagine.

Em. Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things to you? It goes against me to tell you so; but I can't even see you now without horror; nay, were I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer my disgust. It would be a most unnatural connexion; would it not, Captain Johnson?

Tam. Hell! 'sdeath! confusion! How steadily she persists in her perfidy! (*Aside.*) Madam, madam! I shall choke with rage! But one word, and I am gone for ever; for ever, for ever, madam!

Em. What would you say, sir?

Tam. Tell me, then, and tell me truly: have not you received the addresses of that gentleman?

Em. He has honoured me with them, I confess, sir; and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you: but since your ill-fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to listen to him.

Tam. Matchless confidence! Mighty well, madam! It is not, then, the misfortunes that have be-

fallen me, but the charms you have found in that gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

Flo. Well, sir; and what, then, sir? The lady, I presume, is not included, like an old mansion-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you or me, or anybody else, just as she pleases.

Tam. You are a villain, sir. Withdraw!

Bell. Oh, heavens! here will be murder. Don't stir, I beg you, sir.

Flo. Oh! never fear me, madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman. Do you think I would set my strength and skill against a poor blind man, and a cripple?

Tam. Follow me, sir; I'll soon teach you to use your own legs.

Flo. Oh! the sturdy beggar! Stir your stumps and begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

Tam. Villain!

Flo. Poor man!

Tam. Scoundrel!

Flo. Pr'ythee, man, don't expose yourself.

Tam. Puppy!

Flo. Poor wretch! [Colonel!]

Em. What, quarrel before ladies? Oh! for shame,

Tam. (*Aside.*) This is beyond all sufferance: I can contain myself no longer. Know, then, madam, (*to Emily*) to your utter confusion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me: you may see, madam—(*Resuming his natural manner.*)

Em. A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness! Your case is truly curious, sir; and attested by three credible witnesses. Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

Tam. Madam, madam!

Flo. I think the story would make a figure in the Philosophical Transactions.

Tam. Sir! [minuet with me, Colonel!]

Bell. A pretty leg, indeed. Will you dance a *Em.* Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel?

Tam. No, madam; my person, I thank heaven, is still unhurt. I have my legs, both legs, madam; and I will use them to transport me as far as possible from so false a woman. I have my eyes, too; my eyes, madam; but they shall never look on you again, but as the most faithless and ungrateful of your sex.

Em. If I am not surprised how he could act it so well! Pray, let us see you do it over again, Colonel. How was it, eh? (*mimicking*) hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volscius, I think.

Tam. I took that method, madam, to try your truth, constancy, and affection. I have found you void of all those qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

Em. If you meant to separate yourself from me, you have, indeed, taken an excellent method. And a mighty proof you have given of your own affection, truly! Instead of returning, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence, to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose the most unlimited confidence in me.

Tam. The event, madam, has but well warranted my experiment.

Em. And shall justify it, sir, still more: for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman; solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connexion formed between us.

Tam. As to you, madam, your infidelity be your punishment; but that gentleman shall hear from me.

Flo. I defy you, sir.

Em. Nothing farther remains between us: leave me, sir.

Tam. I am gone, madam; and, so help me, heaven! never, never to return. (*Going.*)

Enter MAJOR BELFORD.

Belf. How! going in a passion? Hold, Tamper!

All in confusion! I thought so; and came to set matters to rights again. [ford! Oh!]

Flo. What do I see? Major Belford! Major Belford! Ah! my name, and fainting? What can this mean? (*Runs and takes her in his arms.*) By heavens! a woman! May I hope that—hold! she recovers. It is, it is she! my dear Florival herself! and we shall still be happy.

Tam. Belford's Belleisle lady, as I live! My rival a woman! I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

Belf. What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

Flo. Oh! sir, I have a long story to relate; at present, let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the noblest of friends to me; and she herself, this morning, generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

Belf. I am bound to them for ever. At my return, I found letters from your father, who, supposing you were in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was inconsolable for your loss, and that he would consent to our union if I would but assure him that you were safe and well. The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune. Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow? [in the world.]

Tam. Oh! Belford, I am the most miserable dog

Belf. What, you have dropped your mask, I see; you are on your legs again. I met Prattle in the street; he stopped his chariot to speak to me about you; and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered to the ladies that you were returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

Tam. Did that coxcomb betray me? That accounts for all Emily's behaviour. Oh! Major, I am ruined past redemption; I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily. I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

Belf. Ay, ay; I foresaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expose yourself confoundedly? However, I'll be an advocate for you; my Florival shall be an advocate for you; and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

Em. Does he deserve it, Major?

Belf. Why, madam, I can't say much for him, or myself either, 'faith! we must rely entirely on your goodness.

Flo. He's a true penitent, I see, madam; and I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess. Nay, look on him.

Em. Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a near distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had shewn to you? and to endeavour to give me pain merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness?

Tam. I am ashamed to answer you. [to yourself]

Bell. Ashamed! and so you well may, indeed.

Tam. I see my absurdity; all I wish is to be laughed at and forgiven.

Belf. A very reasonable request. Come, madam, pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

Flo. Let us prevail on you, dear madam.

Em. Well, now I see he is most heartily mortified, I am half inclined to pity him.

Tam. Generous Emily! [you deserve]

Em. Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than

Tam. It shall be the future study of my life to deserve this pardon. (*Kissing her hand.*) Belford I give you joy. Madam, (*to Florival*) I have behaved so ill to you, I scarcely know how to give you joy as I ought.

Belf. Come, come; no more of this at present. Now we have on all sides ratified the preliminaries, let us settle the definitive treaty as soon as we can. We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper; I have been fortunate in finding my mistress, and you a fortunate in not losing your's.

Tam. So we have, Belford; and I wish every brave officer in his majesty's service had secured to himself such comfortable winter-quarters as we have, after a glorious campaign. [*Exeunt*]

THE FIRST FLOOR;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

WHIMSEY
YOUNG WHIMSEY
MONFORD

TIM TARTLETT
FURNISH
SIMON

FRANK
LANDLORD
POSTBOY

MRS. PATTYPAN
CHARLOTTE
NANCY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Inn in London.

Enter Landlord and MONFORD.

Land. Welcome to town, your honour! a long while since I saw your honour: was saying but this very morning that it was many months since I saw my worthy master, Squire Monford.

Mon. Say so still, landlord; for I am come to town incog. and wish to conceal my arrival here.

Land. Ah! a pair of fine eyes in the case; you have sprung all the game about the country, and now you are coming to poach on some poor fellow's manor in London.

Mon. No, faith! there is no poaching in the case; I mean to take out a licence for sporting on a certain manor, called matrimony.

Land. Matrimony! Lord! sir, 'tis well enough for your dog-trots: we must, to be sure, have cattle for the high road business of life; but who the devil would think of running a race-horse in a post-chaise? 'tis time enough to put him in harness when he is no longer able to win a sweepstakes.

Mon. Why, lookye! landlord, I don't think that twenty years of dissipation will qualify me the better for a husband. I look on marriage as a sort of partnership, in which I mean to engage whilst I can bring youth, good spirits, and a good constitution, as my share of the stock in trade; but when a pretty girl finds herself entrapped into a connexion with a bankrupt trader, can he be angry with her for taking measures to dissolve the partnership?

Land. Well, your honour, and this intended fair partner of your's—

Mon. She is coming to town with her father, and will be in this house in the course of an hour or two.

Land. The old story, I suppose; the father averse to the match.

Mon. Yes, unfortunately for me; but my charmer has consented to a private marriage: I am now going in search of lodgings for us, and shall be with you again presently. *[Exit.]*

Land. Ah! there he goes! as pretty a fellow, ay, and as good a customer, as an inn-keeper would wish to live by: never knew him look at the items of a bill in my life; always paid it the moment he saw the sum total, and submitted to be cheated like a gentleman.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Landlord! how are you, my boy? Come, let's have a glass: (*sitting down*) you are a jolly fellow.

Land. And, i'faith! you seem to be the same. I think it is now three days since you came to town on the Bury-fly, during which time you have scarcely been sober three hours.

Sim. Psha, psha! 'tis only my not being used to ride on the roof of the coach that made me giddy. A sudden exaltation may turn better heads than mine.

Land. And, pray, have you no business in town?

Sim. None of my own.

Land. But you have some of your master's?

Sim. Yes, I have a letter from my master to his son, which I was ordered to deliver directly, but, faith! I forgot it; and it don't much signify: I hate to be a messenger of ill news.

Land. You know the contents, then?

Sim. Yes, yes; my old master is coming to town to visit his son: ay, here is the letter. (*Reads.*) "*To Mr. John Whimsey, junior, at Mrs. Pattypan's, pastrycook, in Piccadilly.*"

Land. Heyday! Why, you are not going to open your master's letter?

Sim. Certainly I will; my master would make no ceremony in opening a letter of mine. (*Reads.*) "*Dear John, I send you this by my man Simon, who will deliver it to you immediately on his arrival in London.*"

Land. And you have been here three days already.

Sim. Come, landlord, you don't drink: here's to ye. (*Reads.*) "*I am coming to town to complete the purchase of my neighbour Squander's estate, and shall take up my quarters at your lodgings for two or three days; I shall bring your sister with me, as I hear there is a rakish young dog, of the name of Monford, has taken it in his head to fall in love with her, and I don't choose to trust her out of my sight.*"

Land. Zounds! why did you tell me at first who was your master? (*Aside.*) If I had but known it before Monford left the house!

Sim. Why, between you and me, I am half ashamed to own my master: he is as suspicious of everybody about him, as if he had been bred a rogue himself. A servant has not much credit in the place, I assure you.

Land. Heyday! here's a post-chaise come to the door. [*I live!*]

Sim. With my master and his daughter in it, as

Whim. (*Without.*) Mind the portmanteau, sirrah, d'y'e hear? and take care none of the bundles are stolen.

Sim. Ay, there, his suspicions are beginning already; if he has lost but a button from his coat, he'll put the postillion to his oath, and have the very horses taken before a magistrate.

Land. Well, I must run, and prepare to receive him. [*Exit.*]

Sim. Yes, so must I; and with the same kind of reception—a good lie, and a smiling countenance.

Enter WHIMSEY, CHARLOTTE, and Landlord.

Land. This way, madam; this way, sir; I hope your honour has had a good journey.

Whim. No, I have not had a good journey: I have had lame horses, and drunken drivers; dust from the road; extortion from the inn-keepers, and bad half-pence from the turnpikes. A blight upon honesty and good-manners blows from this city of London, to every point of the compass. It is a mere ocean of knavery, with a continual spring-tide, which infects all the streams of fresh water round the country, and makes them brackish up to their very source.

Land. 'Tis very true, your honour; travelling is very dear now.

Whim. Dear, with a vengeance! I remember the time when a man could be choked upon a dusty road for sevenpence a mile; but now one must pay a shilling a-mile for the pleasure of being smothered, because it is one of the luxuries of life. You have not lost your watch, have you? (*To Charlotte.*)

Char. Oh! no, sir, all is safe about me—except my character. (*Aside.*)

Whim. My pockets were all safe when I got out of the chaise; I suppose I have hardly lost anything since I came into the house. [*house!*]

Land. Lord! sir, what do you mean? In my

Whim. Egad! I don't know, friend; but there are much finer houses than your's in this town, where a man may go in with full pockets, and come out with empty ones. But where is my rascal?

Sim. (*Coming forward.*) Here am I, sir.

Whim. Well, sirrah, I suppose my son and you have been laying your heads together to cheat the old fellow, when he came to town: what did he say when he read my letter?

Sim. He presents his dutiful respects, and anxiously expects the pleasure of seeing you—

Whim. Go to be buried; I dare say he does: but I'm resolved to live temperately, out of spite to him. Landlord, see if the coach is come. [*Exit*

Landlord.] And you, (*to Simon*) go and see all the luggage put safely into it. [*Exit Simon.*] Come, Charlotte, unclod your countenance; don't tell me of having lost your heart: a young girl's heart is like a tame pigeon; let her throw it away ten times in a month, it will be sure to come back again.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. The coach is ready, sir.

Whim. Very well; be sure, then, and take the number; and, d'y'e hear? if there is any cordage from the trunks left, save it, Simon; though it be ever so little, it may serve to tie up something or other.

Sim. Certainly, sir, if it is but a yard of rope—I think I should know how to apply it properly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Mrs. PATTYPAN's Shop.*

MRS. PATTYPAN and YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Mrs. P. Upon my word, Mr. Whimsey, your behaviour is beyond all bearing. It is a disgrace to any sober family to have such a rake for a lodger.

Young W. Come, come, my dear Mrs. PATTYPAN; thou peerless princess of all pastry-cooks! let us talk over the matter coolly.

Mrs. P. Talk, indeed! I am tired of talking, Mr. Whimsey.

Young W. I'm glad of it. I never expected you would have been tired of that.

Mrs. P. What signifies reasoning with you? you are so thoughtless, so dissipated! keep such company, and such hours! you'll shorten your days.

Young W. But, then, as the old saying is, I lengthen my nights, Mrs. PATTYPAN; and so it comes pretty nearly to the same end.

Mrs. P. How often must I beg of you to quit the premises? I've given you warning every day for this month past, and you won't take it.

Young W. 'Tis a common complaint against young people, that they won't take warning.

Mrs. P. I have put up a bill in the shop window already—a first floor to be let furnished: it will not long remain empty, I dare say; nay, a gentleman was here just now to view the apartments.

Young W. You take equal care of your lodgings as of your heart, I perceive, Mrs. PATTYPAN; you let nothing of your's remain long unoccupied. I think your late husband has been dead about two months, and you are now preparing for the reception of a second.

Mrs. P. Who do you mean, sir?

Young W. I mean your apprentice, Tim Tartlett; and a very good choice, too, let me tell you, Mrs. PATTYPAN; he has served his time to his master's business; and, I dare say, you will find him a very useful partner. But I see him coming, and I won't interrupt a love conversation.

Mrs. P. I understand your sneers, sir. But I hope, before you quit the house, you mean to discharge your debts. You are pretty much in my books.

Young W. That is owing to my great respect for you. I hope I shall never be out of your books. Adieu, my dear old girl! If I can't get a bed elsewhere, perhaps I may pop in here; so you'll let your maid Nancy sit up for me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. P. Impudent fellow! [*Enter TIM TARTLETT.*] Oh! your servant, sir; ready drest, I see, for going abroad; you are always gadding, Tim Tartlett.

Tim. Lord! mistress, vy, you are always scolding one for taking a little harmless recreation: you know I loves to see life, because vy, 'tis so agreeable.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, and is there nothing due to me for my attention to you? What do you think made me take you from your poor relations, and place you in my own family?

Tim. I'm sure I can't tell, mistress; you must know best.

Mrs. P. Haven't I put money in your pocket, and made a gentleman of you? have not I taught you breeding?

Tim. Very true.

Mrs. P. Have not I, at length, resolved to make you master of my shop, my fortune, and myself?

Tim. But, then, you won't let me be my own master.

Mrs. P. Your own master, indeed! then you would be ruined presently.

Tim. Vell, and if so be I vas, vhat then! Vy, there's some of the great folks, that pass in their striped coaches and pheasians, and look as fine as a king on a twelfth-cake, our Nancy says they have been ruined for some years; and yet, ecod! they seem as gamesome and airy as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. P. Our Nancy, indeed! there is another of your follies; just laughing and hallooing with that trapes in the shop, as if you were mad.

Tim. Vy, I can't help toying with her a little now and then, she is such a merry humoursome soul.

Mrs. P. The trollop shall not stay within my doors. Oh! Tim, Tim! I wish you had pride enough to keep such wretches at a distance.

Tim. Vy, so I have, sometimes; I can be as proud as Old Scratch to our journeymen and the shop-boy; but when I looks at a pretty girl, lord! mistress, all my pride melts away, like our ice-cream in the sunline.

Mrs. P. Don't provoke me, Timothy. I declare—

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. The card in your shop-window informed me, madam, that you have a first floor to let ready furnished.

Mrs. P. Yes, sir; and as pretty a floor, though I say it—will you please to look at the rooms?

Mon. I have seen them already.

Mrs. P. Oh! you are the gentleman who called ust now, while I was out.

Mon. I only wish to know whether I can take possession of the lodgings this afternoon?

Mrs. P. This hour, sir, if you please.

Mon. I expect my sister from the country this evening; and as I cannot accommodate her at my chambers, am obliged, at this short notice, to take lodgings.

Mrs. P. Very well, sir.

Mon. I am now going to the place where she will arrive, to leave a card of your shop, and shall be back time enough to receive her. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. P. Short and sweet, indeed!

Tim. I wonder vether his sister is a comely girl.

Mrs. P. What is that to you, sir? Do be so good as to send your favourite Nancy to me immediately: we must get everything in order for the lady.

Tim. If she has but black eyes! I like black eyes monstrously.

Mrs. P. Never to ask the price of the lodgings! I declare I can't tell what to make of him. *[Exit.]*

Tim. Ecod! you'll make a pretty penny of him before you have done with him, I warrant. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in *Mrs. Pattypan's* house.

MRS. PATTYPAN discovered.

Mrs. P. Bless me! what a litter this room is in! I shall be ashamed for the young lady to see it.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Madam, here is one of the oddest old gentlemen below; all we can get out of him is, that these are his son's lodgings, and he will come up.

Mrs. P. His son's lodgings! *[stairs.]*

Nancy. There is a young lady with him, madam.

Mrs. P. Oh! the sister of my new lodger, undoubtedly. Shew them up immediately.

Nancy. They are shewing themselves up, madam; here they are. *[Exit.]*

Enter WHIMSEY and CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Madam, your most obedient. I find my son has taken lodgings here. I presume, you are *Mrs. Pattypan*?

Mrs. P. At your service, sir.

Whim. Then, we are all right; and so, you are welcome to your brother's lodgings, Charlotte.

Mrs. P. That you are, madam, I'll be sworn. Your brother seemed very anxious for your arrival, he will be home soon.

Enter SIMON, with a portmanteau.

Whim. There, sirrah, put the portmanteau in the corner; one should always have an eye to one's property. *(To Mrs. P.)* Well, *Mrs. Pattypan*, what do you think of my son? how d'ye like him for a lodger?

Mrs. P. Indeed, sir, he seems to be a mighty civil, agreeable, young gentleman! quite the reverse of my late lodger; a dissipated, good-for-nothing—but give me leave to shew you the apartments, madam.

Whim. *Mrs. Pattypan*, let us have tea as soon as you can. I am rather fatigued with my journey. *[Exeunt Mrs. P. and Charlotte.]* I faith! I like Jack's lodgings mightily! here are all the pictures I gave him, and the library of books; he has taken great care of them, I see; all look as good as new; and not a volume displaced; he is a careful reader, I dare say: I shall fancy myself quite at home among my old acquaintance. But who have we here?

Enter MONFORD, speaking as he enters.

Mon. Let me know the moment the lady comes.

Whim. *(Aside.)* Some friend of my son's, I suppose. Sir, your most obedient: very pretty apartments, sir.

Mon. Yes, sir; I don't dislike them.

Whim. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Mon. Sir, I—I—*(aside)*—I see you don't wait for the same invitation.

Whim. What d'ye think of those pictures, sir? they are reckoned pretty good.

Mon. They seem to be very fine, indeed, sir.

Whim. Very glad you like them; I bought them. Indeed, I partly furnished this room. *(Rings the bell.)* *[sterer, egad!]*

Mon. Furnished the room! *(Aside.)* Some uphol-

Enter FRANK.

Whim. Let me have a pair of slippers, my lad, directly. I long to be out of my boots. *[Exit Frank.]* Nothing so pleasant as to be perfectly at one's ease; that's my opinion.

Mon. So I perceive, sir.

Re-enter FRANK.

Whim. I expect my son presently. You'll stay to tea, sir? *(Pulls off his boots.)*

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! I believe I shall, sir. A most impudent old fellow this seems to be. *(Aside.)*

Whim. *(Aside.)* Believe I shall! He might as well have said, thank ye.

Frank. *(Aside.)* A curious acquaintance my master seems to have picked up. *[Exit.]*

Mon. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to be guilty of any rudeness to you, but I apprehend you are not apprized who has taken these lodgings.

Whim. Oh! yes, I am, sir.

Mon. In short, I expect, my sister from the country every moment; and, perhaps, the presence of a third person might not be quite agreeable to her.

Whim. Oh! as to that, I expect my daughter every moment, too, and we may all drink tea together. *(Tea brought in by NANCY.)* Do tell my daughter to make haste. *(Aside to Nancy.)* There can be no harm to invite him, as he is a friend of Jack's. May I ask your name, sir? *[Exit Nancy.]*

Mon. Monford, sir.

Whim. (Aside.) Monford! the very fellow who wants to run away with Charlotte!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. (Aside to Mon.) Miss Whimsey is now in the house, sir.

Mon. In the house! Here, Frank, kick this d—d portmanteau down stairs. (*Frank offers to take it, but Whimsey prevents him.*) You must really pardon me, sir; any other time I shall be glad to see you. (*Attempting to force Whimsey out.*)

Whim. Zounds, sir! what d'y'e mean by that?

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Mon. (Catches Charlotte in his arms.) My Charlotte! am I indeed so blest as to hold you in my arms again! (*To Whimsey.*) Give me leave sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Char. (Aside.) Good heavens! what an adventure! *Whim.* A fine girl, Mr. Monford. Pray, are you both by the same father?

Mon. Sir!

Whim. I am sure, till this moment, I did not know I could boast of such an hopeful offspring as you. [*Exit Frank.*]

Char. Hear me, my dear father.

Mon. (Aside.) His daughter! a curse on my unlucky stars!

Whim. Don't be disappointed, young man! you have had a devilish lucky escape in missing my daughter, I assure you; for not a shilling would I have given her, had she thrown herself away on you.

Mon. (Aside.) What the devil shall I say?

Whim. I suppose you are muttering curses against the old fellow, because he won't suffer you to hum him? Come, use no ceremony; let me hear what I am.

Mon. (Aside.) I have it. You are, sir, indeed,

Whim. For depriving you of your wife! that is, indeed, the part of a modern friend.

Mon. I thank you for your candour; you have discovered to me my mistake.

Whim. You expected, then, that the old codger would have whimpered a little, joined your hands, and have given you half his fortune, for making a fool of him?

Mon. I own it; but I see I was in an error. Miss Charlotte, I thought you were a woman of fortune; your father has convinced me that you will no longer be such, if you marry me; I should, therefore, be guilty of the greatest injustice in wishing to sacrifice your happiness to the gratification of my passion.

Char. Sir, you— you are perfectly in the right. I feel the delicacy of your conduct, and—you may be sure I approve it. [*Exit.*]

Whim. Give me your hand, Monford. Egad! I begin to think you are a devilish sensible fellow.

Mon. Between you and I, Mr. Whimsey, it won't do for younger brothers, like me, to fall in love.

Whim. Certainly not. It may well be called falling in love. 'Tis, in truth, a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it afterwards.

Mon. Right, sir; suppose, now, you were to recommend me to a wife; a rich widow, for instance.

Whim. Eh! why, what say you to the lady of this mansion, Mrs. Pattypan? My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

Mon. A good thought, sir; with your permission, I'll step to Miss Whimsey, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

Whim. Don't trouble yourself; I'll step to Miss Whimsey myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject. Odso! but while I am looking after my daughter, I may lose my portmanteau. [*Exit.*]

Enter FRANK.

Frank. So, sir, you are in a fine hobble here; this old man is the father of your mistress.

Mon. Even so, Frank: luckily, a thought occurred to me, which, I flatter myself, has put him off his guard: I have pretended to give up his daughter, and pay my addresses to the old pastry-cook below stairs.

Frank. Lord! sir, this scheme is too absurd to pass on any man, however credulous he may be.

Mon. To be sure; but, if I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well. I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening. Go instantly, Frank, and order a chaise to be at the corner of the street, exactly at twelve o'clock. [*Exit Frank.*]

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. P. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant. I did not understand that you expected your father in town.

Mon. Nor I neither, madam. So, I must pass for the old fellow's son, I find. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. P. I hope, sir, you like the lodgings, and don't think them dear at three guineas a week.

Mon. Certainly not.

Enter WHIMSEY.

Mrs. P. Ay; I knew we should agree, sir. Ha, ha, ha!

Whim. Egad! he has put the question to her. (*Aside.*) Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

Mon. And have conquered, too; only don't interrupt me in my victory. [*me.*]

Whim. Nott! you may say what you will before

Mon. Ay; but the lady won't care to speak before you. Pray, now, sir, leave us to ourselves.

Mrs. P. (To Whim.) Your servant, sir: we had come to terms before you came in.

Whim. Oh! you had?

Mrs. P. Yes; we were proceeding to settle every—

Whim. Then, I am sure I won't interrupt you; and so, good b'ye. (*Aside.*) I'll take the liberty of listening to their conversation, however: nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my suspicions. [*Exit.*]

Mon. Don't mind my father, Mrs. Pattypan; old folks have their peculiarities.

Mrs. P. True, sir; I dare say it will be the same with you and I when we grow old. [*Enter WHIMSEY, and retires.*] But, however, to return to business; right reckoning makes long friends, as I used to tell my first husband.

Mon. Ay, I dare say we shall be very happy to together.

Whim. (Aside.) Happy together!

Mrs. P. I presume, sir, you generally dine out

Mon. Constantly.

Whim. (Aside.) Zounds! that's odd enough! no

to dine at home during the honeymoon, at least.

Mrs. P. And you keep good hours, I hope, sir.

Mon. Oh! yes; you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

Whim. (Aside.) That's a material article.

Mon. I think you have no family, Mrs. Pattypan

Mrs. P. No, sir, I never had any yet; but as

think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

Mon. I understand you; but that will make no

sort of difference to me.

Mrs. P. Indeed! I am very happy to hear it

for you know, sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

Whim. (Aside.) Egad! there can be no deceit

all this: it will be a match, I see that. (*Coming forward.*) I wish you both joy with all my soul! don't

be confused, Mrs. Pattypan; you know this is the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

Mrs. P. Oh! dear, no, sir; nor I hope it will be the last.

Whim. (Aside.) D—d good encouragement to a man to venture on her! I suppose she expects to bury two or three husbands yet.

Mon. (Aside to Whim.) Well, sir, what do you say to all this?

Whim. (Aside.) Why—why—why—you are a bold man, that's all. Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it; take hands—nay, salute her; come, kiss her, my boy.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) My boy! The old gentleman seems mighty fond of his son.

Mon. (Aside.) Egad! I wish this ceremony were well over; I shall never be able to carry on the farce. (*Salutes Mrs. P.*)

Whim. (Joining their hands.) May you live long together, and may no domestic quarrels obtrude on your happiness! may you, Mrs. Pattypan, be surrounded by a numerous offspring!

Mrs. P. (Aside.) A numerous offspring!

Mon. Pray, my dear sir, drop the subject; you see it distresses her; and, you know, one must consult a woman's feelings on some occasions.

Whim. Certainly, certainly!

Mon. I am sure I should be sorry to hurt Mrs. Pattypan's delicacy.

Whim. So should I: when a woman has but just enough left for her immediate use, it would be cruel indeed to damage that. I'll change the subject, Monford, depend upon it. (*Converses with Mrs. P. in dumb show.*)

Enter FRANK.

Frank. (Aside to Mon.) Sir, it is an impossibility for you to procure an interview with Miss Char-

Mon. Impossible, Frank? [*lotte.*]
Frank. Absolutely so! she is so closely watched; but I've engaged one in your interest, who will take any message to her for you. No less a person than Mr. Timothy Tartlett.

Mon. But how can he assist me?

Frank. By communicating to your mistress any message you wish; he will never be suspected.

Mon. Not a bad thought, i'faith!

Frank. He is waiting to speak to you below stairs: slip away from the old gentleman directly.

Whim. Now, what the devil can they be whispering about? I always suspect a man to be a rogue when I see him whisper. (*Interrupts, and looks anxiously at them.*) Eh! why, you have not changed your mind as to matrimony, have you?

[*Exit Frank.*]

Mon. Not in the least, I promise you, sir. I am now going on some business which, I flatter myself, will hasten the match, and a few hours will, I hope, cure all your suspicions.

[*Exit.*]
Whim. Egad! though, I'll ask the old woman some questions about him; there can be no harm in that. Pray, Mrs. Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the question, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce could he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

Whim. You'll excuse my curiosity—but, pray, is not he rather wild?

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Yes, yes; he means Tim. Why, sir, I believe he is rather flighty; he has his little gallantries.

Whim. Lookye! Mrs. Pattypan, as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

Mrs. P. Dear sir, you awaken my curiosity.

Whim. But, really, when I consider how disagreeable a task it is to interfere between man and wife—for such I consider you to be—

Mrs. P. 'Tis very true, sir; in all the quarrels that I had with my poor dear soul that's dead and gone, (and many they were,) we never permitted anybody to interfere, but fought them out by ourselves.

Whim. However, on this occasion, my friendship for you overcomes every other consideration.

In a word, your intended husband has made love to my daughter.

Mrs. P. What do I hear? I shall certainly faint.
Whim. For heaven's sake! don't faint yet, for I can't support you, upon my soul!

Mrs. P. An ungrateful fellow! who owes all he has in the world to me.

Whim. Then, of course, all he has in the world ought to be at your disposal: but he did not own to me that he was even acquainted with you.

Mrs. P. I have been a mother to him.

Whim. Perhaps, he thought you fitter to be his mother than his wife.

Mrs. P. Oh! sir, it is not to be repeated what I have done for that young man.

Whim. If it is not to be repeated, I am sure I don't wish to hear it, Mrs. Pattypan. But, between you and me, I suspect the girl is fond of him.

Mrs. P. Fond of him!

Whim. Indeed, I don't wonder at it; he is a handsome dog.

Mrs. P. He is, to be sure, a likely young fellow; not that I consider his person—the mind is my choice: what are fine eyes, flowing locks, brilliant complexions—

Whim. Mighty pretty things to look at, Mrs. Pattypan—(*aside*)—though you never found them in your glass.

Mrs. P. But what are they, compared to the beauties of the mind?

Whim. Faith! I don't know; comparisons are odious, and therefore I sha'n't attempt them.

Mrs. P. Beauty is but skin deep—

Whim. (Aside.) Then i'faith! your skin conceals it more effectually than any skin I ever saw in my life.

Mrs. P. But pray, sir, how did you first discover this affair? tell me all the particulars.

Whim. I would, if I had thought of it a little sooner; but, for aught I know, at this moment, your scape-grace may be explaining to my daughter some particulars, of which I should wish her at present to remain ignorant; so it behoves me to look about me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. P. Why, here they come! yes, to be sure! Madam ogles and simpers; how ugly she looks when she smiles. (*Retires.*)

Enter CHARLOTTE and TIM.

Char. And what time is the chaise to be ready?

Tim. At twelve o'clock, miss; that was the time 'Squire Monford fixed. Ah! how he'll be in the fidgets! I know what it is to be a true lover myself, as our Nancy can witness.

Char. Oh! Mr. Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) I think your ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

Tim. As to the matter of that, miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

Mrs. P. (Aside.) A mutual declaration of love!

Tim. Never mind; by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Gracious me! he is going to elope with her!

Tim. How the old gentleman will storm.

Char. You know, as people grow in years, their sentiments of love affairs naturally change.

Tim. Ecod! though, that is not the case with old mistress.

Mrs. P. Old mistress, indeed!

Tim. By all accounts, she is just as loving now, as she was thirty years ago.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) His cars shall pay for this.

Tim. If the old girl was to hear me, now, what would she say to it? Ha, ha, ha! Well, miss, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm just a going to make merry with a few friends for an

hour or two; I'll take care that you shall have an excellent chaise, and as good a pair of horses as ever passed Hyde-park Corner.

Char. Many thanks to you, kind Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Courage, miss; true love endures to the end, as the song says. And so a fig for your father and old mother Pattyman.

[*Exeunt Char. and Tim.*]

Mrs. P. (Coming forward.) Old mother Pattyman! Old! I shall run mad. What a plot! 'Tis lucky, however, I have discovered it; I'll take care there shall be no elopement. Old, indeed! and too loving! I don't know what the deuce the fellows would have; when we are young, we are not half loving enough, forsooth! and when a few years have taught us how to remedy the defect, they treat our improvement with contempt. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Mrs. Pattyman's house.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and NANCY.

Young W. Ah! my dear little Nancy; how lucky I am, to meet with you alone.

Nancy. I wish, then, sir, you would leave me alone as you found me; upon my word, Mr. Whimsey, I'll tell my mistress how rude you behave.

Young W. Pray don't, my dear! she will want to try my rudeness herself. By-the-by, where is the old woman?

Nancy. At a neighbour's, over the way; you know she is as jealous as old Scratch of poor Mr. Timothy, and so she means to watch his coming home.

Young W. Oh, ho! then she is out; (*aside*) so much the better. Nancy, I want to give you a little good advice; step into my room with me, and—

Nancy. Into your room! you have no room in this house, Mr. Whimsey; we have let the lodgings.

Young W. Let the lodgings! with all my furniture in them!

Nancy. Pay what you owe, and you may have your furniture.

Young W. Death and—but I can't stay to be in a passion: and so the lodgings are let?

Nancy. Ay; there is an old gentleman, and one of the sweetest young ladies—

Young W. A young lady! Egad! I must see her.

[*eh?*]

Nancy. And give her a little good advice, too.

Young W. To be sure, nobody better qualified than myself, to give good advice. I have received a great deal more than I make use of; and as I scorn to be a miser, am ready to give it away to any one who will take it.

Nancy. Bless me, here comes Mr. Furnish, the upholsterer, who has been so often after you with his bill, and our neighbour, Mr. Snap, the bailiff, with him, I vow.

Young W. Furnish! that is the man to whom you have denied me so often. What shall I do? he never saw me, I believe?

Nancy. Never.

Young W. Then I fear nothing. However, a little disguise of my dress may not be amiss—here is an old laced hat and a morning-gown, which I guess, from its antique appearance, belongs to your old lodger.

Nancy. Yes; his servant has just been unpacking his portmanteau.

Young W. Then on they go; in cases of necessity, one cannot stand upon punctilio. (*Putting on the hat and morning gown.*)

Enter FURNISH.

Nancy. Your servant, Mr. Furnish; I suppose you want Mr. Whimsey?

Furn. Yes, my dear, I own a part of my business is with him.

Nancy. I'll go and see if he's at home. [*Exit.*]

Furn. You may save yourself that trouble, my dear: I am pretty sure he is within.

Young W. I think, sir, Mr. Whimsey is indebted to you for the furniture of a house taken by a very fine girl, who referred you to him for payment. I have read many of your letters to him.

Furn. Yes, sir; a number of letters passed between us. I suppose I have received a quire of paper from him at different times; and, egad! that is all I ever received from him. You are his friend, I presume, sir?

Young W. I am partial to him, I own; though I confess he has been duped by women.

Furn. That I can pardon, sir. Gallantry has always been a part of my business.

Young W. Rather a small part of your business at present, I should think, Mr. Furnish.

Furn. But you were speaking of Mr. Whimsey, sir; I fear the poor gentleman is much distressed. Ah! sir, there is no putting an old head on young shoulders.

Young W. And, really, if that could be done, I don't think it would be any great addition to a man's appearance.

Furn. I dare say you would take pleasure in affording him relief.

Young W. That I would, I assure you.

Furn. Mine is not a large bill, (*giving him the bill,*) and, I believe, I could afford to make a small abatement in it; a trifling sum will save an unhappy youth from disgrace. Consider the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress; consider, that generosity is part of the business of man. Consider compassion—(*Young W. shakes his head*) You won't pay the bill—then come in, Mr. Snap, and do your duty. Follow me, and arrest him directly.

Enter SNAP.

Young W. Heyday! what's become of the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress?

Furn. It may do very well for people of fortune; but a tradesman should never indulge in luxury.

Young W. Consider, generosity is part of the business of a man.

Furn. And a d—d losing trade it is; therefore, it shan't be a part of my business.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! egad! Furnish, you are very right not to engage in a business where you have no stock in trade to begin with.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. (*Aside to Young W.*) Lud! Mr. Whimsey, here's the old gentleman, our lodger, coming this way in a confounded huff about something.

Young W. (*Aside to Nancy.*) I'm very glad of it; I'll have a little sport with the old boy, and engage him with Furnish, whilst I get a peep at the young lass. (*To Furn.*) My dear Furnish, I would advise you to arrest him by all means.

Nancy. (*Aside.*) What can he mean now?

Young W. Let your friend, Mr. Snap, retire for a minute, and I'll explain myself. [*Exit Snap.*]

Between you and me, he is now here in disguise.

Furn. Here! where?

Young W. You will see the old fellow presently; Nancy tells me he is coming this way.

Nancy. Ha, ha, ha! I wish I dared laugh out.

Furn. Old fellow! Why I thought he was not above two-and-twenty.

Young W. Very true; but in his present disguise he appears thrice that age.

Furn. His present disguise!

Young W. To deceive his creditors, is, as you call it, a part of his business. He wears as many different sorts of wigs in a month, as a barber's

block; and all Monmouth-street can scarcely supply him with a sufficient change of wardrobe.

Furn. Egad! he must be a comical dog! I shall be ready to laugh in his face.

Nancy. Here he comes, I vow.

Young W. Ay, here he is. (*Aside.*) Eh! what the devil—my father, by all that's whimsical!

Furn. What's the matter, sir? You are not going?

Young W. No, no, sir; only, if Mr. Whimsey should discover that I have told you this; a disagreeable altercation might ensue.

Enter OLD WHIMSEY, with open letters in his hand.

Whim. What an extravagant dog is this son of mine!

Furn. (*Aside to Young W.*) His son! so he pretends to have a son: that's a devilish good thought, i'faith.

Whim. Egad! it is lucky I broke open his letters and discovered his tricks. But I'll make him pay for all this when he comes home. (*Turns and sees Nancy.*) Ah! my little blossom of beauty, are you there? (*Aside.*) To spend two hundred pounds upon a painted doll in three months! (*To Nancy.*) Why, you look mighty pretty to-night, child! but what the devil are you tittering about?

Nancy. Dear sir, I don't know; I'm in a merry humour, that's all.

Whim. Ah! you dear little—Egad! I'm in a merry humour, too. No, I lie, I am not merry. (*Aside.*) That scoundrel Jack—I'll disinherit him. (*To Nancy.*) Well, my little dear, and how d'ye do? the slut fires me; but then, again, that dog Jack fires me, so that I'm in a manner between two fires.

Nancy. You seem in a fluster, sir.

Whim. Yes, my love, I am in a fluster. (*Aside.*) That spendthrift! What eyes she has! He must have his wench, forsooth! the dog has no excuse for his fault. There is no resisting that girl, i'faith!

Young W. (*Aside.*) Well said, philosophy at three-score. (*Just as old Whimsey is going to take Nancy's hand, Furnish comes forward.*)

Furn. (*Aside.*) Ay, ay, his young blood begins to boil. Mr. Whimsey, I kiss your hand.

Nancy. A lucky release. [*Exit with Young W.*]

Whim. Sir, your humble servant; you really have the advantage of me, in knowing me.

Furn. Yes, sir, I really deem it an advantage, and hope to avail myself of it; my name, sir, is Furnish. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce would think he is but two-and-twenty years old. I hope you have had your health lately, sir?

Whim. Very well, I thank ye; I have not been better for these forty years past.

Furn. (*Aside.*) Forty years past! And then his coat, a devilish smart coat, to come from Monmouth-street.

Whim. Why, you seem to be mighty well acquainted with me, Mr. Furnish.

Furn. Ha, ha, ha! I know you, sir, by name, to be sure; and I believe I can form a nearer guess at your age than any one would do, merely from your appearance.

Whim. Eh! well, sir, and how old do you suppose I am, then? D—e, d'ye take me for three-score, you blockhead?

Furn. Not I, upon my soul, sir.

Whim. Then I suppose you think me near fifty.

Furn. Nothing like it, I assure you.

Whim. Perhaps, then, my good friend, you imagine me to be about forty.

Furn. Indeed I do not, Mr. Whimsey.

Whim. (*Shaking hands with him.*) Nay, nay, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible you can suppose me to be much under fifty. Ha, ha, ha!

Furn. Egad! but I do though. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) How well he counterfeits the laugh of an old man.

Whim. Upon my soul, Furnish, you are a mighty pleasant fellow.

Furn. I believe I am; I make it a part of my business to be pleasant; but there is another part of my business which I must not forget: I have a small bit of paper here, a little slip, which I must trouble you to look over. (*Giving him a bill.*)

Whim. Certainly; I am always ready to look over the little slips of my friends, Mr. Furnish. Let me put on my spectacles.

Furn. (*Aside.*) Spectacles, too! he carries on the joke rarely.

Whim. (*Reading.*) "John Whimsey, esq. debtor, for furnishing Miss Fanny Flighty's house in Newman-street!" Why, what the devil's all this? I know nothing of Miss Flighty's house in Newman-street. [*Here.*]

Furn. I believe you have passed many a night

Whim. I pass the night at Miss Fanny Flighty's!

Furn. Don't think to deceive me, young gentleman; don't I know that you have not paid for the three last gigs you had? that you have as many tricks as a juggler to chouse your creditors? that you keep women in every corner of the town, and change them as often as your horses?

Whim. I can't tell what you may know; but curse me if I know a word of the matter.

Furn. This I know, that I will have my money. *Whim.* So you may, but d—n me if you shall have any of mine.

Furn. Why, you brazen young dog! you'll break your poor parent's heart.

Whim. I'll break your head first, however. (*Attempting to strike him.*)

Enter SNAP.

Furn. Mr. Snap, there's your prisoner.

Snap. I ax your pardon, Master Furnish, be shall be no prisoner of mine; why I find you have mistaken the father for the son; 'tis lucky the business stopt here—false imprisonment is a dangerous mistake in this land of liberty. [*Exit.*]

Furn. False imprisonment! Bless me, why I met a fellow here, who told me a cock-and-a-ball story about you; and yet, as gentleman-like a man, with a red morning-gown and a gold-laced hat.

Whim. (*Aside.*) Eh! i'faith there is some trick in all this; my hat and gown have not been borrowed for nothing. But what a cursed fool must you be to trust to appearances!

Furn. If I had trusted to your appearance, I should not have mistaken a gouty old rake of three-score, for a young rake of two-and-twenty.

Whim. Why, your abusive dirty plebeian; you rascally vamped of crazy moveables—out of the house directly!

Furn. With all my heart; I'm sure I've no reason to like my company, only don't threaten me; if you dare to lay one of your rheumatic old bones upon my person, I'll knock you down, I will, egad! remember, I'm an auctioneer, and to knock down a lot of old lumber is often a part of my business. [*Exit.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Oh! I am glad you are come; you must set off for home to-night.

Char. To-night, sir!

Whim. Ay, ma'am, to-night: I have been plundered, abused, laughed at, and nearly arrested, all in the course of half an hour. I have lost my morning-gown and my best hat; but I'll find my property, if it is in the house.

Char. Dear sir, what can they mean by a trick of that sort?

Whim. Mean! why, to be witty, to be sure; I suppose there is some clever creature in the house, who, having no room for wit in his skull, has learnt to jest with his fingers; I am always treated thus whenever I visit this cursed town; thank

heaven, however, I shall be off in an hour. Let all the things be packed up again; I'll just stay to recover my hat and gown, leave a letter to tell Jack he is disinherited, and then trundle into the country, where the people are not sufficiently well bred to laugh at the follies of their betters. *[Exit.]*

Char. To-night, did my father say, we were to set off? Perhaps he may order the chaise even before the hour I've appointed to elope with Monford. Surely, this is about the time Monford was to meet me here.—but this unlucky accident—

Enter NANCY, in tears.

Nancy. Ah! madam, I think there is nothing but unlucky accidents in this house; I know you're in love, ma'am, as well as me, Tim told me all: we are such true lovers, that we never hide anything from each other.

Char. Am I then betrayed?

Nancy. I hope not, ma'am; I'm sure your sweetheart must be a vile fellow to betray such a pretty lady; and yet there is no answering for youth, when they get into company.

Char. What d'ye mean, child?

Nancy. Young men will be young men; but I didn't think Tim would have served me so, when he knew the consequences.

Char. (Aside.) Serve her so, when he knew the consequences!

Nancy. Oh! ma'am, if you did but know my situation. I tremble to think what a noise old mistress will make; I am sure the whole story will come out. Tim has got—got—got—

Char. What? Poor girl, I pity her distress. *(Aside.)*

Nancy. But, perhaps, ma'am, your gentleman has sometimes served you just the same—I beg pardon.

Char. My dear, you really—confuse me—so—What has he got?

Nancy. He has got—tipsy, ma'am—and when he is tipsy he does not care what he does; I know old mistress will find out that he and I are fallen in love together, and here he comes, I vow.

Char. How unlucky! But he won't stay in this room, will he?

Nancy. Indeed, ma'am, I can't answer for him.

Char. To say the truth, my dear girl, I engaged to meet my lover, as you call him, in this very room, presently: pray, contrive that I may not be disappointed.

Nancy. I will, indeed, ma'am, if I possibly can; but Tim sometimes is so boisterous, I'm obliged to let him do as he pleases. *[Exit Charlotte.]* Bless me, when this love gets into one's head—I shall be scolded for not putting this room to rights. *(Lets down one of the window curtains; as she begins to let down the other.)*

TIM TARTLETT enters, tipsy.

Tim. Oh! Nancy, my dear, sweet, pretty, little Nancy! Tol de rol. *(Singing and dancing.)*

Nancy. Oh! Tim, how can you be so merry in such a situation?

Tim. Vy every body is merry; and all is merry round me: the very tables and chairs dance. And you know the old saying, ven one is at Rome, one must do as Rome does.

Nancy. Pray, sit down.

Tim. I will, since you ax me so civilly. *(Sits down.)* Oh! Nancy, how I do love you!

Nancy. Consider, Tim—

Tim. I can't consider; I can do nothing but be in love; and one can do that without considering at all.

Nancy. I wish you would go to bed, my dear Tim: do, take my advice.

Tim. I will, Nancy, my dear! I will take your advice.

Nancy. Come, then.

Tim. I am going, I am going.

Nancy. But you don't stir. Hark! I hear somebody on the stairs. Make haste!

Tim. I will: I tell you I am going.

Nancy. Lord! if the old woman should catch me here—I am so frightened—Here somebody comes, I vow. What shall I do? I must e'en leave him to himself. *[Exit.]*

Tim. Don't be in a hurry, my love! you see I am going—going—going—*(Falls asleep.)*

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. I can't conceive where Charlotte can be; she ought to have been punctual at this time, when the crisis of our fate approaches; when—*(Tim snores)*—Heyday! what have we here? my friend Timothy stopped short on his journey to bed, and fallen asleep by the way.—Hush! I hear a noise on the stairs: let me listen. *(Retires.)*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Young W. Egad! I have had a hard chace of it! the old gentleman could not have been warmer in the pursuit, if he had been hunting a petticoat. What the deuce is this? Old mother Pattypan's husband elect! My father's voice again! I should like to see the end of the joke; but where can I hide myself? I faith, this window-curtain would keep me out of sight; and, at the same time, give me an opportunity of hearing what passes; and lest Mr. Timothy should catch cold, I'll lend him my spoils to cover him, as I have no further use for them. *(Lays the gown over Tim Tartlett, and puts the hat on his head.)* But the sound seems to retire; I'll follow it. *[Exit.]*

Mon. (Comes forward.) There are voices on the stairs, sure enough. I must not be seen here; and yet if I quit the spot, I shall miss the opportunity of seeing Charlotte—but, hold! a bustle again! If a convenient closet could be found now—not one in the room by all that's unlucky! However, here is a curtain will do just as well—*(Seems to listen.)*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Young W. (Aside.) And now, having set all my puppets in motion, I retire behind the curtain, like a cunning statesman, from the storm I have raised. *(Young Whimsey and Monford steal softly from opposite sides of the stage, towards the curtain; and do not perceive each other till they are both on the point of concealing themselves behind it.)*—Zounds! who is this? *(Aside.)*

Mon. Really, sir, this is an extraordinary—a most unexpected visit. I expect a person here presently, from whom I must be concealed.

Young W. So do I.

Mon. And I have chosen this place for my retreat.

Young W. There we agree, my dear sir.

Mon. Zounds! this impertinence—

Young W. Piano, my dear sir, piano! If you must swear, let it be in a whisper: consider, you will discover yourself.

Mon. (Aside.) Egad! that's very true.

Whim. (Without.) I'll warrant you I'll ferret the dog out at last.

Young W. There, sir—you have no time to lose. We must pursue the old English policy—forget our private disputes, when the common enemy is at the door: and so, sir, in we go. *(They go behind the curtain.)*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Where can this thief be hid? I am sure I have searched the house from the cellar to the garret, as narrowly as if I had been bred an exciseman. *(Seeing Tim.)* Oh! here is the facetious gentleman: asleep too! Ha, ha! Come, my lad,

you may as well open your eyes! it don't signify your sitting there, and snoring like a damaged organ-pipe. Hallo!

Tim. (Waking.) Nancy, my dear Nancy! I am going.

Whim. Indeed you are not going. What are you, sirrah!

Tim. A little tipsy, your honour.

Whim. How did you come by this hat and morning gown?

Tim. I came by 'em! You should rather ask, how they came by me.

Whim. What made you sit down here?

Tim. Because I could not stand.

Whim. Quite intoxicated. A thorough-bred rogue, I'll warrant him. How have you managed so long to escape hanging, sirrah?

Tim. Your honour seems to have lived many years longer than me in the world, without any accident, and why should not I have as good luck as my neighbours?

Whim. Ha, ha! he has a budget of jokes, too: all second-hand, I suppose. Stick to that, my boy; you'll find it much safer to steal jokes than gold-laced hats.

Tim. Well, your honour, I suppose you have no commands for me. I'll e'en finish my nap.

Whim. By all means, my lad! and when you are sober, I would have you exchange your wit for a little honesty, if you can find any at market. Good b'ye. *[Exit Tim.]*

Young W. (Peeping from behind the curtain.) One of them is gone.

Whim. (Aside.) Eh! what's that?

Mon. (Peeping from the other side of the curtain.) Which of them is it?

Whim. (Aside.) Another voice! There is more mischief going forward in this house. I'll listen. *(Lays himself back in the chair, puts on the hat, and covers himself with the gown.)*

Young W. The old gentleman is off; I don't hear his tongue. *(Coming forward with Monford.)*

Whim. (Aside.) It is my plague—it is Jack, as I live.

Young W. Yes, yes; here lies Tim, taking a second nap. I perceive you are surprised at his appearance; you must know, I was his dresser.

Mon. You!

Young W. In imitation of dame Fortune, I have deprived one man of what he really wanted, to lavish it on another, who had no use for it.

Mon. Well, sir, as the circumstances under which we met prove that each of us have some reasons to be concealed at present—

Young W. I'll e'en take my leave—but before I go, upon my soul, I long to have one knock at that rascal, who lies sleeping there. You must know, he has had the impudence to be my rival, with a devilish pretty little black-eyed wench, who twirls a mop in this house.

Whim. (Aside.) Zounds! I believe the dog has discovered me.

Young W. Do, let me fetch a horse-whip. I ask but for three cuts at him—only three cuts.—Zounds! here comes Mrs. Pattypan; then I'm off, and Tim may sleep on in whole bones. *[Exit.]*

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mon. (To Mrs. Patt.) Ah! Mrs. Pattypan, I suppose you are in search of your apprentice: there he sits, in a kind of double disguise, both of dress and liquor.

Mrs. P. Yes, yes, sir, I have heard it all; and shall give him a lecture on the subject.

[Exit Monford.]

Whim. (Aside.) The devil! it will be a fine joke against me to be discovered in this situation. I'll e'en feign to be asleep.

Mrs. P. Oh! Tim Tartlett, I did mean to scold

you; but your presence softens all my resentment. Come, you must not be too bashful! you have to be sure taken a liberty, by your conduct this evening; but when a woman loves a man, she can pardon little liberties in him. *(Taking his hand.)*

Enter CHARLOTTE and MONFORD, with his arm round her waist, as if talking to her. Mrs. Pattypan starts, and Old Whimsey discovers himself.

Mrs. P. Upon my word, ma'am, this intrusion—*Whim.* Is a very agreeable intrusion, Mrs. Pattypan: I really began to be afraid of you.

Mrs. P. Afraid of me—but I won't be out of temper.

Char. I declare I thought it was Mr. Timothy.

Mrs. P. Yes, ma'am; I thought it was Mr. Timothy, too. The old gentleman could never suppose I meant to make love to him. Ha, ha, ha!

Whim. Faith, I don't know, Mrs. Pattypan; the love of some ladies is a kind of universal philanthropy—it extends to all mankind. *[Exit Mrs. P.]* And pray, sir, did you think it was Mr. Timothy, too?—In short, Monford, we have all passed a mighty agreeable evening, and it is now time to go to bed. One word at parting: if you marry Mrs. Pattypan, you had better continue to keep a sharp look out after Mr. Timothy. So good night 'ye. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The doors of four Rooms are seen.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and SIMON.

Young W. Let me see: you say the gentleman who took shelter with me behind the window-curtain, is Mr. Monford, my sister Charlotte's lover.

Simon. Yes, sir; and he is going to run away with her this evening. I know where they ordered the chaise.

Young W. Then run back instantly to the inn, and countermand Mr. Monford's chaise, in his name: I'll take the consequences. When the other comes, tell the post-boy to let me know. I'll step into the room which I find was intended for my father: the old gentleman will hardly go into it, as he does not mean to sleep there. Be quick! don't lose a moment.

[Exit Simon. Young W. goes into the first room.]

Enter MONFORD and CHARLOTTE, meeting.

Char. Oh! Monford, my father has ordered me to meet him in his own room directly; the moment your chaise is ready, come to me in my chamber. Remember, that the farthest door is mine, and don't venture to speak above a whisper. *(Points to the door.)*

Mon. My charmer! my Charlotte!

Char. Hush! this is not a time for fine speeches—I'm sure I hear my father's footsteps. I must be gone. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, old Whimsey! who will pretend to deny that I am an excellent politician? to set off, at a moment's notice, without giving Monford the most distant inkling of my intentions! Egad! I shall jockey them all, and leave Jack to pay for the lodgings as well as he can! And now I'll e'en retire to my own room, and wait for Charlotte. *(Goes into the room where Young W. is concealed.)*

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. P. My young madam's door open! that's the signal, I suppose, for Mr. Timothy to wait on her; but she is mistaken: at these years, I think I know the value of a lover too well to lose him so easily—but I hear somebody coming, and I must

not be seen here: I'll e'en step into my new lodger's room for a mioute, till they are gone.

[Exit into the second room.]

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. That must be Charlotte by her tiptoe tread, and the rustling of her gown; but, then, why retire into my room instead of her own: I'll follow her, however. The devil take the people, will they never be in bed in this house!

[Exit into the room where Mrs. Pattyan is gone.]

Enter TIM TARTLETT.

Tim. What shall I do? I fear I am not quite sober yet; the plaguy old woman haunts me like a ghost! By jingo! I believe here she comes.—Where shall I hide myself? Here is a door open, i'faith! Any port in a storm, they say.

[Exit into the third room.]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. I think the whole house is now at rest, except our faithful Nancy. My father is undoubtedly in his own chamber. My door is shut; so Monford is certainly gone into my room. Lud! I am so frightened! I wish I were safe out of the house. [Exit into the room where Tim Tart. is gone.]

Enter SIMON and the Post-boy.

Simon. I'll bring you to my master, my lad; he'll give you his orders here.

Postboy. I suppose his honour pays handsomely; travels with a silver spur, eh! I've all my paces, from eighteen pence to five shillings a stage.—But where is the gentleman?

Simon. I'faith, that's more than I can tell; perhaps he is in his bed-chamber: but which it is of those rooms, I'm sure I don't know.—Stay here a moment, while I step down stairs and inquire.

[Exit.]

Postboy. And so I'm to kick my heels here while he is looking for his master, and my horses standing in the street all the while. I'll e'en try all the doors—I shall find the right one at last. (*Knocking at each of the doors.*) Nobody answers. Rot me! if I don't believe the people are all asleep. Hallo! gentlefolks, the chaise is ready. (*Cracking his whip; all the doors fly open at once, and the several persons who had concealed themselves in the rooms, come out.*)

Whim. (*Taking Young Whimsey's hand.*) Come along, Charlotte, come along!—Heyday! how did you come here, you dog? (*looking round*) and you? and you?—

Char. Heavens! we are discovered! (*Seeing Tim.*) Bless me, Mr. Timothy!

Mrs. P. Yes, ma'am, you are discovered indeed.

Mon. Mr. Whimsey, I'm really all confusion!

Whim. Yes, faith! so the rest of the company seem to be. Here we are, fat and lean, old and young, paired as badly as the city train-bands at a lord mayor's shew!—But how the devil we came here in couples, seems as yet to remain a secret.

Mrs. P. I can explain it: your shameless daughter seduced the affections of my intended husband, and has attempted to tear him from my arms.

Whim. Tear him from your arms! Egad! I should think that no easy matter, Mrs. Pattyan, if you were resolved to hold him fast.

Mon. I believe, sir, my confession will explain everything to you: I own I did intend to elope with Miss Charlotte this evening.

Whim. Very obliging of you, indeed, to make a confession, when your scheme is discovered: I have seen a highwayman do as much just before his execution.

Young W. Then, sir, as execution follows confession, let them be tied up directly, with benefit of clergy.

Tim. Suppose you and I follow the example, mistress. I believe my hour is come; and so the sooner I am out of my pain, the better.

Mrs. P. Then, Tim is constant after all.

Tim. Ah! mistress, that I am. (*Sighing.*)

Char. My dear father will not let me petition in vain.

Young W. Nay, Nancy will join her entreaties; and then, sir, you will a second time be between two fires.

Whim. Ah! rot your two fires! The dog has me fast; I dare not refuse my consent; and so, Monford, take my daughter; but curse me if I intended you should have had her. As for you, Mrs. Pattyan, may you find marriage like one of your own tarts, with no more acid in it, than is just enough to render the sweets more poignant. To crown your satisfaction, may your lodgings never remain empty; and may every friend, who takes a peep at the First Floor, honour it with his approbation.

[Exeunt.]

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED;

A MUSICAL FARCE, IN ONE ACT.—BY HENRY FIELDING.



Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

GOODWILL
BLISTER

COUPEE
QUAVER

THOMAS
LUCY

SCENE I.—A Hall in Goodwill's house.

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Well, it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. I am, at present, I thank heaven and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pounds and an only daughter; both of which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has, consequently, no will but mine. Here she comes!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. Be not frightened, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question: what does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa? Oh, la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. A coach! No, no. What has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why, you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times.

I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing in the world!

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. (*Aside.*) I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What! had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum! I don't know that. But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR.—LUCY.

Do you, papa, but find a coach,

And leave the other to me, sir;

For that will make the lover approach,

And I warrant we sha'n't disagree, sir.

No sparks will take to girls that walk,

I've heard it, and confide in't:

Do you, then, fix my coach and six,

I warrant I'll get one to ride in't.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure! (*Aside.*) Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. (*Aside.*) Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a husband?

Lucy. Oh, fie! papa; I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may tell your father.

Lucy. No; Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry. Tell me, I insist upon it!

Lucy. Why, then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life time, I like Mr. Thomas, my Lord Bounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh! fie upon you! like a footman!

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman, than either Squire Foxchase or Squire Tankard; and talks more like one; ay, and smells more like one, too; and he always carries a great swingeing stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman, indeed! Why, Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen, that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is. Ecod! I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach; and that, methinks, I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amazed; but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worse than all. (*Aside.*) What, child, would you have any one with a coach? Would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes, indeed, would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR.—LUCY.

When he in a coach can be carried,

What need has a man to go?

That women for coaches are married,

I'm not such a child but I know.

But if the poor crippled elf

In coach be not able to roam,

Why, then, I can go by myself,

And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blister. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rode twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose: truly, coz, I send for you on a better account. Lucy, this is a relation of your's you have not seen a great while; my cousin Blister, the apothecary. (*Blister salutes her.*)

Lucy. Oh, la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband. (*Aside.*)

Blister. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him!

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Blister. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart. I hope I shall never see that great thing again.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Good. I believe, you begin to wonder at my message; and will, perhaps, more when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have, therefore, resolved to see her settled without further delay. Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations; and have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice;

and, as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blister. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But, pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Blister. A little feverish. I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no; I will send my daughter to you; but, pray, keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin. [*Exit.*]

Blister. This man is near seventy, and, I have heard, never took any physic in his life; and yet, he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life time. 'Tis strange! but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better. What a strange girl it is! No matter; her fortune is never the worse. Oh! here comes my mistress!

Enter LUCY.

What a plague shall I say to her? I never made love in my life. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come; but they say I shall be whipped there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing. (*Aside.*)

Blister. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, sir. Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. (*Aside.*)

Blister. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself! my papa finds me—

Blister. Yes: how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o' nights?

Lucy. How? why, sometimes one way, sometimes another.

Blister. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blister. Hum! Pray, how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blister. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite?

Lucy. No; I eat with a knife and fork.

Blister. How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Not often; unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nuncheon.

Blister. Hum! I find you have, at present, no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that. I wish he was gone, with all my heart. (*Aside.*)

Blister. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I must do what he bids me.

Blister. May I, then, hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Blister. What makes you cry, miss? Pray, tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me if I tell you.

Blister. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you whatever you do.

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Blist. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why, then, by goles! I will tell you. I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blist. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Blist. Did you not tell me just now you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Ah! be not angry, good dear sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For though I can't abide you, sir,
I'll marry you—Oh, la!*

Blist. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I suppose, you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, a'n't we?

Blist. Ha, ha, ha! A'n't we! no. How ignorant it is! (*Aside.*) Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously. Ah! but there is one thing, though—a'n't we to sleep together?

Blist. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time; but it will soon be over.

Blist. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then, I'll have Mr. Thomas, by goles! Why, this is pure! La! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must have never liked any one but my husband, and that if I should, he would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself, that I could like another man without letting him know it, and then, a fig for him.

Blist. Ay, ay; they tell children strange stories; I warrant, they have told you, you must be governed by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Blist. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be governed by a husband; and they say another thing, too, that you will tell me one story before marriage and another afterwards; for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Blist. No, child; I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance, I shall have a huge pair of horns on my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure! Ha, ha! What a comical figure you will make! But how will you make them grow?

Blist. It is you that will make them grow.

Lucy. Shall I! by goles! then, I'll do it as soon as ever I can, for I long to see them. Do tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By goles! then, you shall have horns enow; but I fancy you are joking me now.

DUETT.—BLISTER and LUCY.

Lucy. *Ah! sir, I guess
You are a fibbing creature.*

Blist. *Because, dear miss,
You know not human nature.*

Lucy. *Married men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without a horn.*

Blist. *Ah! child, you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,
The men are so wise,
They carry their horns in their pocket.*

Lucy. But you shall wear your's on your head, for I shall like them better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well, then, miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah! but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Blist. Oh! child, all married people call one another my dear, let them hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well, then, my dear—hum! I think there is not any great matter in the word neither.

Blist. Why, amongst your fine gentry there is scarce any meaning in anything they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Blist. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow! Well, marriage is a charming thing though; I long to be married more than ever I did for anything in my life! since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles! I'll make him know who is at home. Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and, eood! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as anything else; now says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" "Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do; not the better for you." "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." "Indeed, my dear, I can't." "Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" "No, my dear." "Then you will stay at home." "No, my dear." "Shall we ride out?" "No, my dear." "Shall we go a visiting?" "No, my dear." I will never do anything I am bid, that I am resolved; and then, Mr. Thomas!—Oh, good! I am out of my wits.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words. (*Aside.*)

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin; but your father has been so kind as to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. Oh, gemini cancer! what a fine charming man this is! (*Aside.*)

Coup. My name, madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, sir; but I am not to have a dancing-

master; my papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says! What signifies what your papa says?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my papa says?

Coup. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations. I think, if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust them. (*Aside.*) Your father is a very comical, queer, old fellow; a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him.—I ask pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for, between you and I, I think him as odd queer a fellow as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read?

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and write a letter, too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why, now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevated fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lord, sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things. He's a pure man. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love; the least spark, madam, would blow up a flame in me that nothing ever could quench. Oh! hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed. Shall I hope you will think on me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance. A dancing-master would have cured you of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but, if you'll wait a fortnight—

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—of—Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever lived?

Lucy. Mr. Methusalem.

Coup. Ay, you are right, Mr. Jerusalem! Live a fortnight after you are married? No; unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. Oh! do not do that; but, indeed, I never can have you: and the apothecary says, no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. Oh! but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you, I don't love you; I have been told I must not tell any man I love him; I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lord! sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Hope, madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you!—No, I would not give you the

least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face. It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied even at that price. (*Pulls out his kitt.*) Ah! cursed kitt! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, madam, you shall see me hanging by the neck, dingle dangle.

*There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.*

Lucy. Oh! stay. La! sir, you're so hasty: must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half-a-dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet; and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted; indeed, so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you, indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed; but, if I should not, there are others enough that will.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance! why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason, as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but, hold! there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promised the apothecary just now, that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly, then, and put everything in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! and now, one, two, three, and away.

[Exit, dancing.]

Lucy. Oh! dear, sweet man! he's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord: he is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and, eod! almost as well drest. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, by goles! if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Oh! how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders lace, and 'broidery clothes,
Oh! how I'll flame it among the beaux!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night,
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it, and dance it, coquet it, and play;
With feasting, toasting, jesting, roasting,
Ranting, scanting, flaunting, jaunting;
Laughing at all the world can say.
Oh, la! what's here? another bean!*

Enter QUAVER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, sir, my papa has not told me anything about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of your's, and I hope to be a nearer one: my name is Quaver, madam; I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. (*Aside.*) Yes, madam, I will be proud to teach you anything in

my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, madam, may be acquired, a voice cannot: a voice must be the gift of nature, and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows everything.

Lucy. Come, then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. But, at present, I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR.—QUAVER.

Dearest charmer!
Will you, then, bid me tell,
What you discern so well,
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look through the instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. Oh! charming, delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant—

Lucy. Now you shall hear my song.

AIR.—LUCY.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday
He took his leave of me, and so went away.

The very next time that I did him see,
He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me;
I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
It is T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Says he, if you'll wed me, pray, tell me your mind,
A husband I'll make you both loving and kind;
And now to the church, my dear, let us repair,
Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.

My father's possess'd of nine hundred a-year,
And I am his daughter and only heir.
Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear,
If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.

They went to the church, and were married, they say,
And went to the father the very same day;
Saying, honour'd father, we tell unto thee,
That we're M, A, R, R, I, E, D.

With that the old codger began for to stare;
You've married my daughter and only heir;
But, since it is so, to it I comply,
With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Another song, and I'll do anything.

AIR.—QUAVER.

Dearest creature!
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Dearest, &c.

I say I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quav. And every night, too, my angel.

Re-enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in other man's arms? (*Aside.*) Sir, will you do me a favour to tell me what business you have with at lady?

Quav. Pray, sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excused for that, sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

DUETT.—COUPEE and QUAVER.

Coup. *Excuse me, sir! Zounds! what d'ye mean?*
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. *Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;*
Indeed, good sir, not I.

Coup. *Zounds! sir, if you had, I'd been mud,*
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. *Do you challenge me, sir?*

Coup. *Not I, indeed, sir.*

Quav. *Indeed, sir, I'm very glad on't.*

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you, speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress to my face?

AIR.—LUCY.

Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, sir,
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff; (To Coup.)
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. (To Quav.)

Quav. D——n!

Coup. Hell and confusion! (*They draw.*)
[Lucy runs out.]

Re-enter BLISTER.

Blist. For heaven's sake! gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess, I am afraid you are both disordered. Pray, sir, give me leave to feel your pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

Re-enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what, are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Blist. Fencing, quotha! they have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you. You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other. Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have lived all your life-time in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Quav. Dear cousin Conpee!

Blist. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find. (*Aside.*)

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here's another relation, too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister, the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blist. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't. But, if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a little gentle physic.

Good. Gentlemen, I sent for you on a very particular affair. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations; and if you should happen to be her choice—(*To Quaver.*)

Blist. That's impossible, for she has promised me already.

Coup. And me!

Quav. And me!

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that falls on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade and living here with me.

Blist. No, sir, I cannot consent to leaving off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

Quav. & Coup. Oh! certainly, certainly!

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not to leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she should make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference, though, between us; mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable! This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find—

Coup. And I find, too—

Blist. And so do I. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of physic. Without physicians, who would know when he was well?

Coup. If it were not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it were not for singing-masters, they might as well all have been born dumb.

Good. Ah! Confusion! What do I see? My daughter in the hands of that fellow.

Re-enter LUCY, with THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa; give me your blessing: I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas.

Good. Oh! Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me; I won't do so any more. Indeed, I should have been perjured if I had not had him. And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frightened, and I did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, lookye! sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have good acquaintance in life; and when I have other clothes on, and money in my pocket, I trust that, by my future conduct, I shall not prove myself totally unworthy your regard.

Good. Ah! thou talkest like a pretty sensible fellow; and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations; for I am now convinced 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

FINALE.—BLISTER, COUPEE, QUAVER, and LUCY.

Blist. Had your daughter been physic'd well, sir,
as she ought,
With bleeding and blister, emetic and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his down, down, &c.

Coup. Had pretty miss been at a dancing-school
bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
I'm sure 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his down, down, &c.

Quav. Had she learn'd, like fine ladies, instead of
her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had thus never tickled her ears,
With his down, down, &c.

Lucy. You may physic, and music, and dancing
enhance;
In one I have got them all three by good chance;
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce, then, nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have toil'd to please you,
With our down, down, &c.

Chorus. Let not a poor farce, then, &c.
[Exeunt.]

CYMON;

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE, IN THREE ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MERLIN
CYMON
DORUS

LINCO
DANON
DORIAS

HYMEN
CUPID
KNIGHTS

SHEPHERDS
URGANDA
SYLVIA

FATIMA
DORCAS
SHEPHERDESSES

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Urganda's Palace.*

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

Urg. But hear me, Merlin; I beseech you, hear me.

Mer. Hear you! I have heard you; for years have heard your vows, your protestations. Have you not allured my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy, what have you done? Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy! an idiot.

Urg. Even this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injured me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury.

Mer. Then send back your favourite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor, guarrant object as Cymon is, can have any charms for me?

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; of this the success of akes and fools is proof sufficient.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's tate of mind, and friendship for his father, have nduced me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! love was our inducement. Have you not stolen the prince rom his royal father, and detained him here by your ower, while a hundred knights are in search after im? Does not everything about you prove the onsequence of your want of honour and faith to e? You were placed on this happy spot, to be e guardian of its peace and innocence; but now, last, by your example, the once happy lives of e Arcadians are embittered with envy, passion, anity, selfishness, and inconstancy; and whom are ey to curse for this change? Urganda; the lost rganda.

Urg. I beseech you, Merlin, spare me.

Mer. Yes; I'll converse with you no more, because I will be no more deceived. I cannot hate you, though I shun you; yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least equalled by the torments of my fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again;
Love is dethron'd; revenge shall reign!
Still shall my pow'r your vile arts confound,
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[*Exit.*

Urg. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!" What mystery is conched in these words? What can he mean?

Enter FATIMA, looking after Merlin.

Fat. I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing. He means mischief, and terrible mischief, too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out. I wish we were out of his clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it; he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

Urg. Here is your protection. (*Shows her wand.*) My power is at least equal to his. (*Muses.*) "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoken in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake. Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjurer. What will you do, madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you could as easily settle them with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. (*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so: but before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam.

Urg. I am in love, Fatima. (*Sighs.*)

Fat. And poor reason may stay at home: me exactly! Ay, ay, we are all alike; but with this difference, madam, your passion is surely a strange one; you have stolen away this young man, who, bating his youth and figure, has not one circumstance to create affection about him. He is half an idiot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wisdom, your beauty, or your power.

Urg. I despise them all; for they can neither relieve my passion, nor awaken his.

Fat. Cymon is incapable of being touched with anything; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies: he'll make a sad lover, indeed, madam.

Urg. I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

Fat. Where, pray?

Urg. In his eyes.

Fat. Eyes! Ha, ha, ha; Love has none, madam; the heart only sees, on these occasions. Cymon was born a fool, and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

Urg. Don't make me despair, Fatima.

Fat. Don't lose your time, then; 'tis the business of beauty to make fools, and not cure them. Even I, poor I, could have made twenty fools of wise men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool sensible. Oh! 'tis a sad way of spending one's time.

Urg. Silence, Fatima! my passion is too serious to be jested with.

Fat. Far gone, indeed, madam; and yonder goes the precious object of it.

Urg. He seems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us. I'll leave you to make the most of him. *(Going.)*

Fat. Stay, Fatima, and help me to divert him.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant! but I'm at your service.

Enter CYMON, melancholy.

Cymon. Heigho! *(Sighs.)*

Fat. What's the matter, young gentleman?

Cymon. Heigho!

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon?

Cymon. Yes, I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh, then?

Cymon. Eh! *(Looks foolish.)*

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes now, madam?

Urg. Pr'ythee, be quiet. What is it you want? tell me, Cymon; tell me your wishes, and you shall

Cymon. Shall I? [have them.]

Urg. Yes, indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now for it.

Cymon. I wish—heigho!

Urg. These sighs must mean something. *(Aside to Fatima.)*

Fat. I wish you joy, then; find it out, madam. *(Apart.)*

Urg. What do you sigh for? *(To Cymon.)*

Cymon. I want—*(Sighs.)*

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature? *(Eagerly.)*

Cymon. To go away.

Fat. Oh, la! the meaning's out.

Urg. Where would you go?

Cymon. Anywhere.

Urg. Had you rather go anywhere, than stay with me? [anybody.]

Cymon. I had rather go anywhere than stay with

Urg. Will you love me if I let you go?

Cymon. Anything, if you'll let me go; pray, let me go.

Fat. I'm out of all patience! what the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of mortals.

Cymon. I had rather go, for all that.

Fat. The picture of the whole sex! Oh! ma-

dam, fondness will never do: a little coquetry is the thing: I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish. *(Aside to Urg.)*

Urg. I will shew him my power, and captivate his heart through his senses.

Fat. You'll throw away your powder and shot.

INCANTATION.—URGANDA.

Hither, spirits, that aid me, hither!

Whither stays my love? ah! whither?

Alas! this heart must faithful prove,

Though still he flies Urganda's love.

(Urganda waves her wand, and the scene changes to a magnificent Garden. Cupid and the Loves descend. Ballet by Loves and Zephyrs. During the dance, Cymon stares vacantly, grows inattentive, and at last, falls asleep.)

Urg. Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his insensibility; and yet, what a beautiful simplicity!

Fat. Turn him out among the sheep, madam, and think of him no more; 'tis all labour in vain, as the song says, I assure you.

Urg. Cymon, Cymon! what, are you dead to these entertainments?

Cymon. Dead! I hope not. *(Starts.)*

Urg. How can you be so unmoved?

Cymon. They tired me so, that I wished them a good night, and went to sleep. But where are they?

Urg. They are gone, Cymon.

Cymon. Then let me go too. *(Gets up.)*

Fat. The old story!

Urg. Whither would you go? Tell me, and I'll go with you, my sweet youth.

Cymon. No, I'll go by myself.

Urg. And so you shall; but where?

Cymon. Into the fields.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cymon. Why, how can I tell till I try? you won't let me choose.

AIR.—CYMON.

You gave me, last week, a young linnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

Oh! how it did flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den;

Then so merry was he,

And because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

Urg. And would you return to me again? [to.]

Cymon. Yes, I would; I've no where else to go

Fat. Let him have his humour; when he is not confined, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please. 'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice. *[Exit Fatima.]* Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cymon. And shall I let my linnet out, too?

Urg. And take this, Cymon, wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. *(Gives him a nosegay.)* Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

AIR.—URGANDA.

One adieu before you leave me,

One sigh, although that sigh deceive me;

Oh! let me think you true!

Cruel! thus Urganda flying;

Cruel! this fond heart denying;

One sigh, one last adieu.

Though my ardent vows be slighted,

Though my love be unrequited,

Oh! hide it from my view!

Let me feel not I'm forsaken;

Rather let me die mistaken,

Than breathe one last adieu.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A rural Prospect.**Enter PHOEBE and DAPHNE.*

Phoebe. What, to be left and forsaken! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't. Oh! that I had the power of our enchantress yonder.—I would play the devil with them all.

Daph. And yet, to do justice to Sylvia, who makes all this disturbance among you, she does not in the least encourage the shepherds, and she can't help their falling in love with her.

Phoebe. May be so; nor can I help hating and detesting her, because they do fall in love with her.

Linco. (*Singing without.*) "*Care flies from the lad that is merry.*"

Daph. Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow. If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

Enter LINCO, singing.

Linco. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it; I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.—LINCO.

*Care flies from the lad that is merry,**Whose heart is as sound**And cheeks are as round,**As round and as red as a cherry.**Phoebe.* What, are you always thus?

Linco. Ay, or heaven help me! What, would you have me do as you do? walking with your arms across, thus—heighoing by the brook-side among the willows. Oh! fie for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

Daph. No; pr'ythee, Linco, give it us now.

Linco. You shall have it; or what's better, I'll tell you what you are not like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia; she's so cold, and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you; frost and fire, that's all.

Daph. Don't imagine that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is. I am as happy as she is miserable.

Linco. Good lack! I'm sorry for it.

Daph. What, sorry that I am happy?

Linco. Oh! no, prodigious glad.

Phoebe. That I am miserable?

Linco. No, no; prodigious sorry for that, and prodigious glad of the other.

Phoebe. Pr'ythee, be serious a little.

Linco. No; heaven forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me. I must laugh at something; shall I be merry with you?

Daph. The happy shepherdess can bear to be laughed at. [*without a sigh.*]

Linco. Then Sylvia might take your shepherd

Daph. My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

Phoebe. Her shepherd! Pray, tell us, Linco. (*Eagerly.*)

Linco. 'Tis no secret, I suppose. I only met her Damon and Sylvia together just now, walking to—

Daph. What, my Damon?

Linco. Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon, if she would put up with him.

Daph. Her Damon! I'll make her to know—a wicked slut! a vile fellow! Come, sister, I'm ready to go with you—we'll be revenged. If our old governor continues to cast a sheep's eye at me, I'll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you; a base, mischievous— [*Exit.*]

Phoebe. This is some comfort, however—ha, ha, ha! in seeing one's sister as miserable as one's self. [*Exit.*]

Linco. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! how the pretty, sweet-tempered creatures are ruffled.

AIR.—LINCO.

*This love puts 'em all in commotion;**For preach what you will,**They cannot be still,**No more than the wind or the ocean.* [*Exit.*]ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect.**SYLVIA discovered lying upon a bank. Enter MERLIN.*

Mer. My art succeeds, which hither has conveyed,

To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.
Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,

And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;
Her yet cold heart, with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.
This magic touch shall to these flowers impart

(Touches a rosegay in her hand.)

A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart. [*Exit.*]

Enter CYMON, with his bird.

Cymon. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry. (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you; much good may it do you, Bob. What a sweet place this is! Hills and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds! Dear me! 'tis just as if I had never seen it before. (*Whistles about till he sees Sylvia, then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of astonishment.*) Oh, la! what's here? 'Tis something dropped from the heavens, sure; and yet, 'tis like a woman, too! Bless me! is it alive? (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it. I don't know what's the matter with me. I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes. If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it. Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of. It feels oddly to me; and yet I don't dislike it.

AIR.—CYMON.

*All amaze!**Wonder, praise!**Here for ever could I gaze!**A little nearer to—**What is't I do?**Fie, for shame! I am possess'd;**Something creeping in my breast**Will not let me stay or go.**Shall I wake it? No, no, no!*

I am glad I came abroad! I have not been so pleased ever since I can remember. But, perhaps, it may be angry with me. I can't help it, if it is. I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me. Stay, stay! (*Sylvia stirs.*) La! what a pretty foot it has! (*Retires. Sylvia raises herself from the bank.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,**Fold me in thy downy arms,**Let not care awake to grieve me,**Lull it with thy potent charms.**I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,**Quitting young the parent's nest,**Find each bird a bird of prey;**Sorrow knows not where to rest.*

(*Sylvia sees Cymon with emotion, while he gaze strongly on her, and retires, pulling off his cap*

Syl. Who's that? (*Speaks gently and confused*

Cymon. 'Tis I. (*Bows and hesitates.*)

Syl. What's your name?

Cymon. Cymon.

Syl. What do you want, young man?

Cymon. Nothing, young woman.

Syl. What are you doing there?

Cymon. Looking at you there. What eyes it has! (*Aside.*)

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cymon. Not I, indeed! I wish you don't do me some. Art thou a fairy, pray?

Syl. No; I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cymon. I don't know that: you have bewitched me, I believe. I wish you'd speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cymon. I had rather belong to you; I would not desire to go abroad, if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cymon. So she says. If I were to stay here always, I should not be called the simple Cymon.

Syl. Nor I the hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cymon. Sylvia, Sylvia! what a sweet name! I could sound it for ever!

Syl. I shall never see you again. I wish I had not seen you now.

Cymon. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another. (*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

Syl. We shall be seen, and separated for ever. I must go.

Cymon. When shall I see you again? In half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon. No, no; it must be three quarters of an hour.

Cymon. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Anywhere, my sweet Cymon!

Cymon. In the grove, by the river there.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cymon. And here is one for you, too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it; take it, my sweet Sylvia! (*Gives her Urganda's nosegay.*)

DUETT.—SYLVIA AND CYMON.

Syl. Take this nosegay, gentle youth!

Cymon. And you, sweet maid, take mine:

Syl. Unlike these flowers be thy fair truth;

Cymon. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair, for a time, their transient charms appear;

But truth, unchang'd, shall bloom for ever here.

[*Each pressing their hearts. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Urganda's Palace.*

Enter URGANDA.

Urg. With what anxiety I watch his return? And how mean is that anxiety for an object so insensible! Oh, love! is it not enough to make thy votaries despicable in others' eyes! Must we also despise ourselves?

Enter FATIMA.

Well, Fatima, is he returned?

Fat. He has no feelings but those of hunger; when that pinches him he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

Urg. Indeed, Fatima, his insensibility and ingratitude astonish and distract me. Yet am I only a greater slave to my weakness, and more incapable of relief.

Fat. Why, then, I may as well hold my tongue; but before I would waste all the prime of my womanhood in playing such a losing game, I would—but I see you don't mind me, madam; and, therefore, I'll say no more. I know the consequence, and must submit.

Urg. What can I do in my situation? But see where Cymon approaches! he seems transported. Look, look, Fatima! he is kissing and embracing my nosegay; it has had the desired effect, and I am happy: we'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports. (*Waves her wand, and retires with Fatima.*)

Enter CYMON, hugging a nosegay.

Cymon. Oh! my dear, sweet, charming nosegay! To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*kisses it*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kisses it.*)

Fat. What does he say? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Hush, hush! all transport, and about me. What a change is this! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. With this I can want for nothing. I possess everything with this. Oh! the dear, dear nosegay! and the dear, dear giver of it!

Urg. The dear, dear giver! Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind! Heigho! (*Apart.*)

Fat. I'm all amazement! in a dream! But is that your nosegay? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Mine! How can you doubt it? (*Apart.*)

Fat. Nay, I'm near-sighted. (*Apart.*)

Cymon. She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by these flowers. Oh! I shall lose my wits with pleasure!

Fat. 'Tis pity to lose them the moment you have found them. (*Apart.*)

Urg. Oh! Fatima, I never was proud of my power till this transporting moment! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. Where shall I put it? Where shall I conceal it from everybody? I'll keep it in my bosom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it, and sigh to it, and swear to it, and sleep by it, and kiss it for ever and ever.

AIR.—CYMON.

What exquisite pleasure!

This sweet treasure,

From me they shall never

Sever.

In thee, in thee,

My charmer I see;

I'll sigh, and caress thee,

I'll kiss thee, and press thee,

Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

(*Urganda and Fatima come forward. Cymon puts the nosegay in his bosom, and looks confused and astonished.*)

Urg. Pray, what is that you would kiss and press to your bosom for ever and ever? (*Smiles.*)

Cymon. Nothing but—but—nothing.

Urg. What were you talking to?

Cymon. Myself, to be sure; I had nothing else to talk to.

Urg. Yes, but you have, Cymon. There is something in your bosom, next your heart.

Cymon. Yes, so there is.

Urg. What is it, Cymon? (*Smiles.*)

Fat. Now his modesty is giving way; we shall have it at last. (*Aside.*)

Cymon. Nothing but a nosegay.

Urg. That which I gave you? Let me see it.

Cymon. What, give a thing, and take it away again?

Urg. I would not take it away for the world.

Cymon. Nor would I give it you for a hundred worlds.

Fat. See it, by all means, madam. I have my reasons. (*Aside to Urganda.*)

Urg. I must see it, Cymon; and, therefore, no delay. I will see it, or shut you up for ever.

Cymon. What a stir is here about nothing! Now are you satisfied? (*Holds the nosegay at a distance. Urganda and Fatima look at one another with surprise.*)

Fat. I was right.

Urg. And I am miserable!

Cymon. Have you seen it enough?

Urg. That is not mine, Cymon.

Cymon. No; 'tis mine.

Urg. Who gave it you?

Cymon. A person.

Urg. What person—male or female?

Cymon. La! how can I tell?

Fat. Finely improved, indeed! a genius! (*Aside.*)
Urg. I must dissemble. (*Aside.*) Lookye! Cymon, I did but sport with you; the nosegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

Cymon. Indeed, but I did not, I only gave it for this; which, as it is so much finer and sweeter, I thought would not vex you.

Urg. Heigho! (*Aside.*)

Fat. Vex her! Oh! not in the least. But you should not have given away her present to a vulgar creature.

Cymon. How dare you talk to me so? I would have you to know she is neither ugly nor vulgar. No, she is—

Fat. Oh! she! your humble servant, young Simplicity! La! how can you tell whether it is male or female? (*Cymon appears confused.*)

Urg. Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon: I give you leave to follow your own inclinations. I'll have him watched; this office be your's, my faithful Fatima. (*Apart to Fatima*) [Exit Fatima.

Cymon. Then I am happy, indeed.

Urg. Cymon, I would that you could love with constancy like mine; but this you never can.

Cymon. Oh! yes, I can love. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Dorcas's Cottage.

SYLVIA at the door, with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

Syl. The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind. Ever since I have seen him, I wander without knowing where, I speak without knowing to whom, and I look without knowing at what. Now I dread to lose him, and now again I think him mine for ever!

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Oh! why should we sorrow, who never knew sin?
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
 Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from heaven to lighten my care!*

(*Linco is seen listening.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt justice herself, unless she were deaf, as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Linco. Oh! but I did though; and, notwithstanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, though I lose my place for it: there are not many such friends, shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

Linco. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies. (*As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage.*)

Dor. Where are you going, child? Who is that with you, Sylvia?

Linco. Now shall we be stopped by this good old woman, who will know all, and can scarce hear anything.

Dor. I'll see who you have with you.

Enter DORCAS, from the house.

Lin. 'Tis I, dame; your kinsman Linco. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Oh! is it you, honest Linco? (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now!

Linco. The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly inquiry that's all. (*Loud.*)

Dor. For what? for what? Tell me that. I

have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither. He is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses. Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young. If he wants to examine anybody, why don't he examine me! I'll give him an answer, for him to be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Linco. But I am your kinsman, dame; and you dare trust me, sure. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Thou art the best of 'em, that I'll say for thee; but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case. I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these. 'Why must not I go too?

Linco. We shall return to you again—before you can get there. (*Loud.*)

Syl. You may trust us, mother: my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough

Dor. Eh! what? [for me.

Linco. She says you may trust me with her innocence. (*Loud.*)

Dor. Well, well, I will then. Thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child. (*Kisses Sylvia.*) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woe-ful day for me. Well, well, go thy ways with Linco. I dare trust thee any where. I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you,

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what?

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

[*Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.*

Dor. Heaven shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blessed old age! What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her? I wish I had gone too. I'd have talked to him, and to the purpose. We had no such doings when I was a young woman; they never made such a fuss with me.

AIR.—DORCAS.

When I were young, though now I'm old,

The men were kind and true;

But now they're grown up so false and bold,

What can a woman do?

Now what can a woman do?

For men are truly

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two!

When I were fair, though now so so,

No hearts were given to rove;

Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,

But all was faith and love.

Now what can a woman do?

For men are truly

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Magistrate's House.

Enter DORUS and DAPHNE.

Dorus. This way, this way, damsel. Now we are alone, I can hear your grievances; and will redress them, that I will. You have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

Daph. I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

Dorus. Smile upon me, damsel; smile and command me. Your hand is whiter than ever, I protest. You must indulge me with a chaste salute. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Daph. La! your honour. (*Courtesies.*)

Dorus. You have charmed me, damsel, and I can deny you nothing. Another chaste salute; 'tis a perfect cordial. (*Kisses her hand.*) Well, what

shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent wicked—(*Kisses her hand.*) I'll send her packing this very day; this hand, this lily hand, has signed her fate. (*Kisses it.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

Dorus. You are too bold, *Linco*. Do your duty, and know your distance. Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

Linco. In the justice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

Dorus. Why did not you tell me so?

Linco. I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

Dorus. You thought! I won't have you think, but obey. Deputies must not think for their superiors.

Linco. Must not they? What will become of our poor country! (*Going.*)

Dorus. No more impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Linco. In the twinkling of your honour's eye.

[*Exit.*]

Daph. I leave my griefs in your worship's hands.

Dorus. You leave 'em in my heart, damsel; they soon shall be changed into pleasures. Wait for me in the next room. Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Re-enter LINCO, with SYLVIA.

Daph. Here she comes. See how like an innocent she looks—But I'll begone. I trust in your worship. I hate the sight of her; I could tear her eyes out.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. (*Gazes at SYLVIA.*) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem! that—She does not look so mischievous as I expected. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance. (*Apart to SYLVIA.*)

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak. (*Apart.*)

Dorus. Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Linco. The good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dorus. What, at your thinking again! Young shepherdess, I hear—I hear—hem! Her modesty pleases me. (*Aside.*) What is the reason, I say—hem! that—that I hear—She has very fine features. I protest she disarms my anger. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Now is your time; speak to his reverence. (*Apart to SYLVIA.*)

Dorus. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I a prisoner, then?

Dorus. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—hem, hem! charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her. (*Aside.*)

Syl. With what, your honour?

Linco. If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure. (*Aside.*)

Syl. What is my crime?

Linco. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dorus. Hold your peace. Why don't you look up in my face, if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it; she has turned my anger, my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy. (*Aside.*) Reach me a chair, *Linco*.

Linco. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. (*Reaches a chair for Dorus.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*From duty if the shepherd stray,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.* (*Kneels.*)

Dorus. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin; and they sha'n't hurt thee. This is a melting ditty, indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia. (*Embraces her.*)

Re-enter DAPHNE. *Dorus and she start at seeing each other.*

Daph. Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dorus. How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of

Daph. May I be permitted— [*Justice?*]

Dorus. No, you may not be permitted. I'll come to you presently.

Daph. I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. I'm glad she's gone. *Linco*, you must send her away; I won't see her now.

Linco. And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

Dorus. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid! What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous-pated shepherdess! *Linco*, comfort the damsel. Dry your eyes, Sylvia. I will call upon you myself, and examine Dorcas myself, and protect you myself, and do everything myself. I profess she has bewitched me—I am all agitation. (*Aside.*) I'll call upon you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, perhaps in half-an-hour. Take care of her, *Linco*. She has bewitched me; and I shall lose my wits, if I look on her any longer. Oh! the sweet, lovely, delightful creature!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Linco. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia. Justice has taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out. The day's our own, so come along.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Country.*

Enter FATIMA.

Fat. Truly, a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon. I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts: not so foolish neither, for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects; for love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time. (*Looks through the bushes.*)

Enter MERLIN, unperceived.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress. I must torment her a little for her good. (*Aside.*)

Fat. There they are; our fool has made no bad choice. Upon my word, a very pretty couple, and will make my poor lady's heart ache.

Mer. I shall twinge your's a little before we part. (*Aside.*)

Fat. Well said, *Cymon*! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the black tower; the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice. (*Takes out a pocket-book.*)

Mer. May be so; but we will prevent the prophecy if we can. (*Aside.*)

Fat. (*Writes.*) "She is of a good height, about my size, a fine shape, delicate features, charming hair, heavenly eyes, not unlike my own; with such a sweet smile!" She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must

be burnt alive. (*Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.*) Who's there? bless me! nobody. I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture. (*Writes, and Merlin waves his wand over her head.*) Now let me see what I have written. Bless me, what's here? all the letters are as red as blood—my eyes fail me! sure I am bewitched. (*Reads and trembles.*) "*Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon; Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia: as for Fatima, wild beasts, the black tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.*" (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to stir a step. I knew what would come of affronting that devil, Merlin. (*Merlin becomes visible to her.*)

Mer. True, Fatima, and I am here at your call.

Fat. Oh, most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor, foolish, weak woman.

Mer. Why then will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? but we will be better friends for the future. Mark me, Fatima—(*Holds up his wand.*)

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do anything with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babbler!

Fat. (*Finds great difficulty in speaking at first.*)

I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever. Oh! my poor tongue, I thought I never should have wagged thee again. What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb.

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia. I will be their protector against all her arts, though she has leagued herself with the demons of revenge; we have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose anything than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind,) I will shew my gratitude, and my power, by giving you tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (*Smiles.*) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima: no, I mean that you should talk less. When you return to Urganda, she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I, without offence to your worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, yes and no. I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly indeed. (*Aside.*)

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb for ever.

Fat. Heaven, preserve me! what will become of me?

Mer. Remember what I say; as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished or rewarded. Farewell. (*Bows.*) Remember me, Fatima. [*Exit.*]

Fat. What a polite devil it is; and what a woe! full plight am I in! this confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb; I had rather be stunted in anything than in my speech. Heigho! there never sure was a tax upon the tongue before. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CYMON.

Cymon. Shall I rejoice or grieve at the change my heart feels? thou hast given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's. Are the new pains, or the strange delights that agitate me, the greater? Oh! love, it is thy work.

Enter SYLVIA.

She is here; but pensive! Oh! my Sylvia, why this

drooping mien? Has not Merlin discovered all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection? What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blessed?

Syl. Thy wishes are fulfilled then; take my hand, and with it a heart which, till you had touched, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love.

Cymon. Transporting maid! (*Kisses her hand.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd;
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

*The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet
May;*

*Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove,
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

Cymon. Thus then I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it but to heaven, who gave it to me. (*Embraces her.*)

Enter DAMON and DORILAS on one side, and DORIS and his followers on the other, who start at seeing CYMON and SYLVIA.

Damon. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! bless me! (*Starts.*)

Dorus. Fine doings, indeed! (*Cymon and Sylvia stand amazed and ashamed.*)

Doril. Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia!

Damon. You are much improved by your new *Dorus.* But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall learn better. I am confounded at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

Cymon. We may be ashamed without guilt; ashamed for those who have watched and surprised us. [*Dent varlet?*]

Dorus. Did you ever hear or see such an impudent *Damon.* Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

Dorus. Let me first speak with that damsel. (*As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.*)

Cymon. That damsel is not to be spoken with.

Dorus. Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, stripling?

Cymon. I know you to be one stationed by the laws to cherish innocence; but having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither observe the one, nor protect the other.

Dorus. I am astonished! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

Cymon. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dorus. Seize them both this instant.

Cymon. That is sooner said than done, governor. (*As they approach on both sides to separate them, he snatches a staff from one of the Shepherds, and beats them back.*)

Dorus. Fall on him, but don't kill him; for I must make an example of him.

Cymon. In this cause I am myself an army; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

AIR.—CYMON.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one;

I dare you to come on.

Though unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong,

Has given me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall;

Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,

*Toward my precious all. (*Looks at Sylvia.*)*

Come on, come on, &c.

(*Cymon drives off the party of Shepherds on one side.*)

Dorus and his party surround Sylvia.)

Dorus. Away with her, away with her!

Syl. Protect me, Merlin! Cymon! Cymon! where art thou, Cymon?

Dorus. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda, away with her. (*They hurry her off.*)

Enter Shepherds, running across, disordered and beaten by Cymon.

Damon. 'Tis the devil of a fellow! how he has laid about him! [*Looking back. Exit.*]

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter CYMON, in confusion and out of breath.

Cymon. I have conquered, my Sylvia! Where art thou? my life, my love, my valour, my all? What, gone? torn from me? then I am conquered, indeed! (*He runs off, and returns several times during the symphony of the following song.*)

AIR.—CYMON.

Torn from me, torn from me: which way did they take her?

To death they shall bear me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her!

Though fast bound in a spell,

By Urganda and hell,

I'll burst through their charms,

Seize my fair in my arms;

Then my valour shall prove,

No magic like virtue, like virtue and love!

SCENE III.—A Palace.

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

Urg. Yes! No! Forbear this mockery. What can it mean? I will not bear this trifling with my passion! Why don't you speak? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) Won't you speak!

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but no?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima! Have you seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima! Well, now go on.

Fat. No.

Urg. This is not to be borne. Was Cymon with [her?]

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes. (*Sighs.*)

Urg. Where did you see my rival? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) Are you afraid of anybody?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No.

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me [that.]

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, yes.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I, or you?

Fat. Yes—No—(*Hesitating.*)

Urg. I shall go distracted! Leave me.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus. Merlin's power has prevailed—he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed. This is the completion of my misery! Bravura, Urganda! Despair and shame confound me.

Enter DORUS.

Dorus. May I presume to intrude upon my sovereign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt share it.

Dorus. I am gone; and Sylvia shall go too. (*Going.*)

Urg. Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak; and give me life or death.

Dorus. She is without, and attends your mighty will.

Urg. Then I am a queen again! Forgive me, Dorus, I knew not what I said; but now I am raised again! Sylvia is safe?

Dorus. Yes, and I am safe too; which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

Urg. And Cymon—has he escaped?

Dorus. Yes, he has escaped from us; and, what is better, we have escaped from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dorus. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

Urg. Well, no matter; I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury. Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.

Dorus. For death! Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far; she makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but hers can appease me. (*Dorus going.*) Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge: she shall be shut up in the black tower till her beauties are destroyed, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cymon. Let her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes, and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia. No reply; but obey.

Dorus. It is done. This is going too far. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.*]

Re-enter DORUS, with SYLVIA.

Urg. Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dared to be the rival of Urganda?

Syl. I am the happy maid who possess the affections of Cymon.

Urg. Thou vain rash creature! I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy. (*Waves her wand, and the Scene changes to the Black Rocks.*)

Syl. I am still unmoved. (*Smiles.*)

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment will be closed in a tower, where thou shalt never see Cymon, or any human being more.

Syl. While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to scorn your power, or, what is more, your cruelty. (*Music. Urganda waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.*)

Urg. Open the gates, and enclose her insolence for ever.

Furies enter, who seize Sylvia, and put her in the Tower.

Now let Merlin release you if he can. (*It thunders; the Tower sinks, and Merlin appears in the place where the Tower sunk. All shriek, and run off, except Urganda, who is struck with terror.*)

Mer. "Still shall my power your arts confound, And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound."

(*Urganda waves her wand.*)

Wretched Urganda! your power is gone.

Urg. In vain I wave this wand, I feel my power is gone. Thus I destroy the small remains of my sovereignty.

Forgive my errors, and forget my name;

Oh! drive me hence with penitence and shame;

From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,

Beholding them, my shame can never die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A splendid Amphitheatre.

A grand entrée of the Knights of different Orders of Chivalry.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadia still shall be,

Ever happy, while virtuous and free.

[*Exeunt.*]

BON TON; OR, HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD MINIKIN
SIR JOHN TROTLEY
COLONEL TIVY

JESSAMY
DAVY
MIGNON

LADY MINIKIN
MISS TITTUP
GYMP

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter LADY MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP.

Lady M. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss T. But pray, have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

Lady M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn your's, Tittup, for I shall never hear to see one of that colour again.

Miss T. Sure she does not suspect me. (*Aside.*) And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady M. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his carriage.

Miss T. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the Colonel's carriage?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover! (*Takes her by the hand.*) Oh, fie, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh! love and friendship are very fine names, to be sure; but they are mere visiting acquaintances: we know their names, indeed; talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors; but we never let 'em in, you know.

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I were married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But, is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband should create such indifference? for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned: if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues. Poor girl! go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and, if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hanged; and so, exit my Lord Minikin. And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotley, Baronet, enter; where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets and newspapers against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite; but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous idea of things. Is it not pleasant to hear him abuse everybody, and everything, and yet always finishing with a "You'll excuse me, cousin!" Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? One of the knots of his tie hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar:—"Niece Tittup," cries he, drawing himself up, "I protest against this manner of conducting yourself both at home and abroad."—"What are your objections, Sir John?" answered I, a little pertly.—"Various and manifold," replied he; "I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades, and all the devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after. You'll excuse me, cousin!" and so he left me.

Lady M. Oh, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt! If she can but be seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of plebeians. (*Reads the card.*) "*Mrs. Pewitt's respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filligree's ball this evening. Lady Daisy sees masks.*" We'll certainly attend her. *Gymp.* put some message-cards upon my toilet, I'll send her an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day, again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Petticoes, and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ancle.

[*Exit Gymp.*]

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ancle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it; and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day. Do send your Colonel to play at chess with me: since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like everything that loves my Titty.

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady.

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her. (*Aside.*) Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken. My lord shall know every tittle that has passed. What a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine, spirited, gallant soldier my Colonel is! My Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect. What a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months! We went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family; but half-a-year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY.

Col. T. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. Oh fie, Colonel!

Col. T. By my honour, madam, I mean what I

Miss T. By your honour, Colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? Don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table? and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. T. How can you, miss, treat me so cruelly? Have I not absolutely foresworn dice, mistress, everything, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, Colonel: and when I dare to receive you, you may return to everything again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, Colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. Oh! there are several ways; I am very good-natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. T. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military? How shall I?—I'll tell you how: when you have a subtle, treacherous, polite enemy to deal with, never stand shilly-shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword; march, beat drum,—dub, dub, a-dub—present, fire, puff puff,—tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria! (*Running off.*)

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel! (*Bringing her back.*)

Miss T. No, no, no; I have no time to be killed now: besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours and wants you at chess, and my lord is low-spirited and wants me at piquet; my uncle is in an ill humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, miss?

Miss T. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid but you ought; so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but, miss—

Miss T. Nay, but, Colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you should be broke and then my maid won't accept of you; so march Colonel!—lookye, sir! I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or have been well educated to very little purpose. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. What a mad devil it is! Now, if I have the least affection for the girl, I should be d—l vexed at this! But she has a fine fortune, and must have her if I can. Tol, lol, lol, &c. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir J. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and would live here for ever.

Sir J. More shame for you. Live here for ever! What, among thieves and pickpockets? What revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation! what a dread! change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again, nor t

people. All the signs, that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down; not a bob or a tie-ig to be seen; all the degrees, from the Parade St. James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every onth.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow; 'r. Wisp will do it for me; your honour and I ok like Philistines among them.

Sir J. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovations; all confusion, and no distinction! The streets now are as smooth as a turnpike-road! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-jacks; and those who ride in them are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull to wake them when they are to be set down: what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour; 'feckins, I like it tegely.

Sir J. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is everything to delight my eye, and to enrich my heart?

Sir J. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and queezing; such a power of fine sights: fine shops full of fine things; and then such fine illuminations of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless: they talk of untry girls; these here look more healthy and sy by half.

Sir J. Sirrah! they are prostitutes: and are wil to delude and destroy you.

Davy. Bless us, bless us! How does your honour know all this? Were they as bad in your ne?

Sir J. Not by half, Davy: in my time, there was sort of decency in the worst of women; but the plots now watch like tigers for their prey; and ag you to their dens of infamy.—See, Davy, how sy have torn my neckcloth. (*Shews his neckcloth.*)

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, sy would not have hurt you.

Sir J. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope; for I have not 1 half my bellyful yet.

Sir J. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow offligate; you shan't go out again to night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can ck over my things, and see they don't cheat you. Your honour then won't keep your word th me?

Sir J. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixpen' oth at one of e theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the er to-morrow.

[*piece, Davy?*]

Sir J. Well, well, so I did. Is it a moral *Davy.* Oh! yes, and written by a clergyman; it called the "Rival Cannanites; or the Tragedy Braggadocia."

Sir J. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than word; there's money for you. (*Gives him mey.*) But come straight home, for I shall want go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go soon, I'll make a night of it. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir J. This fellow would turn rake and maccan if he were to stay here a week longer. Bless y, what dangers are in this town at every step! y niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and bewilled, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what a be expected from the young women of these es, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, loose morals! They lie a-bed all day, sit up night; if they are silent, they are gaming, and they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and t they may look what they are, their heads are

all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattlesnake tippets. *O tempora, O mores!* [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lord Minikin's Dressing-room.*

LORD MINIKIN discovered in his dressing-gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.

Lord M. Prythee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers? Give me my clothes.

Mignon. Ven you lose your money, my lor, you no goot humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal; but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Oh, my head!—a chair, Jessamy! I must absolutely change my wine-merchant; I can't taste his champagne without disordering myself for a week. Heigho!

Enter Miss TITTUP.

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you. By your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine, to be sure; but pray keep your simile for the next time; and barkye! a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr. Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. (*Half aside.*)

Jes. Oh! pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord M. Gads! Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jes. I shall, my lord. Miss thinks that everybody is blind in the house but herself.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear; and therefore, to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door.

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord. I cannot stay two minutes; I only came to tell you that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday, in the hackney-coach: she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me?

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarmed, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride, then, has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinced that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laughed at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too; for though I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say but I love a little mischief as sincerely; but, then, if my uncle Trotley should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out-of-the-way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again. He has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, have given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

Sir J. (Knocking without.) My lord, my lord, are you busy? [uncle!]

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord?

Sir J. Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you.

Lord M. Oh! Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers, and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord; I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman: put me up the chimney; any where.

Lord M. (Aloud.) I'm coming, Sir John! Here, here! get behind my great chair; he sha'n't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him. *(Puts her behind the chair, and opens the door.)*

Enter SIR JOHN.—(During this scene Lord Miuikin turns the chair, as Sir John moves, to conceal Miss T.)

Sir J. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you: I heard you talking pretty loud. What have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin? *(Looking about.)*

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John: I always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak them aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir J. (Sits down.) Ay, ay, 'tis the best way. I am sorry I disturbed you; you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am rather obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir J. May be so: I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse me, Sir John: I love your frankness. But why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir J. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way: and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, everything and everybody are in masquerade: your men and manners, too, are as much frithered and fricasied, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord. But to the point; I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can shew her. *(Lord M. and Miss T. make signs at each other.)*

Sir J. She must deserve it, though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir J. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal them; when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John. Ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat and jack-boot to please you. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. You may sneer, my lord; but for all that I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen them too, and wish from my heart that she is not much the worse for the journey—you'll excuse me.

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John? Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir J. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it your self. This comes of your travelling; all the towns know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me,—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button-hole; but I don't choose to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir J. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him. *(Rises.)*

Lord M. Pr'ythee, baronet, don't be so horridly out-of-the-way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the same time that we imported our neighbour's rouge and their morals.

Sir J. Did you ever hear the like! I am no surprised, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband: your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is much at your service.

Sir J. Profligate! What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience. Marriage is not, now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience and they who marry for love, and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post chaise.

Sir J. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet *(Whistles and walks about.)* Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have provided for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and fine gentleman.

Sir J. May be so, and yet make a d—d bad husband for all that. You'll excuse me! What estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir J. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broken his neck! A happy man! Mercy on me!

Lord M. Why, he'll have six thousand a year Sir John—

Sir J. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; she sha'n't hinder her. I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; have no relish for them, not I; I can't live among you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice; will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broken his neck—you'll excuse me! *[Exit Sir J.]*

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me!

not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive! But no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him for the future, as if he were a poor relation.

Lord M. (Kneeling and kissing her hand.) I must kneel and adore you for your spirit, my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter SIR JOHN.

Sir J. (Starts.) One thing I had forgot—

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir J. Why, what the devil!—Heigho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation. Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!

Lord M. (Smiling and mocking him.) You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir J. Oh! yes, my lord; but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time. Miss Lucretia, how do you, child? You are to be married soon: I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy—in his foolish manner. *(Hesitating.)*

Sir J. Is that all! But how came you here, child? Did you fly down from the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John? You really confound me with your suspicions; and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I sha'n't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run. You'll excuse me, uncle!

[Exit, running.]

Sir J. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord.

Lord M. She's well bred, and has wit.

Sir J. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord, you'll excuse me, that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world; and I never contend with ignorance and passion. Live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the meantime, command my ouse. I must away immediately to Lady Fillagree's; and I am sorry you won't make one with us. Here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call chair; and don't let my uncle want for anything. You'll excuse me, Sir John. Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

[Exit, singing.]

Sir J. The world's at an end! Here's fine work! Here are precious doings! This lord is a pillar of the state, too! no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters. Heigho! And then, my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blessed with! Let me consider—I should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and, mayhap, go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous. Poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits; and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a laque to her!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Lady Minikin's Apartment.*

LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY discovered.

Lady M. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and, perhaps, from the mistake, break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, madam: therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me. You must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier, as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and, perhaps, never will; however, Colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think. Keep your eyes upon me at the ball; I think I may expect that; and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing. I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can: Gymp will let us in the back way—No, no! my heart misgives me!

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, Colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit: meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet. *(Throws down her glove.)*

Col. T. (Seizing her.) Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and, if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward. *(Kneels, and kisses her hand.)*

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

Sir J. May I presume, cousin—

Lady M. Ha! *(Squalls.)*

Sir J. Mercy upon us! what are we at now?

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? You have frightened me out of my wits.

Sir J. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine.

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death.

Sir J. Death, indeed! for I never shall recover myself again. All pigs of the same sty! all studying for the good of the nation! *(Aside.)*

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him. *(Apart to the Colonel.)*

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me. *(Apart to Lady M.)*

Sir J. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me, too. *(Going.)*

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir J. No mistake, my lady; I am thoroughly convinced. Mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident. You must know, that the moment you was at the door, I had promised the Colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup; this threw him into such a rapture, that upon my promising my interest with you, and wishing him joy, he fell upon his knees, and—and—*(laughing)*—ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir J. Ay, ay; fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! A very good joke, 'faith! and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy; and I wish him joy, and you, with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot

be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. *[Exit.]*

Col. T. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that lady; but, as her slanderer, I detest you. Her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied: you know what I mean; take your choice—time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please. I am a soldier, Sir John. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. Very fine, truly! and so, between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut: they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance! The ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords. That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and JESSAMY.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land are we in! Upon my word, Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the house; there are certainly rogues about it: for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a Touch at the Times, and they had a pluck at my watch; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarmed, Sir John, 'tis a very common thing; and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds. Ha, ha!

Sir J. Not be alarmed when I am robbed! Why, they might have cut my throat. I sha'n't sleep a wink all night; so, pray, lend me some weapon of defence; for I am sure, if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my duelling-pistols, Sir John. Be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir J. Well, well; be that as it will, I must be upon guard. What a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues. Sad, sad, sad! Well, let me but get over to-night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow. How long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company, and the nature of the entertainment; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir J. Why, what the devil, do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jes. I seldom miss, sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do: I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir J. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. *(Aside.)*

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drunk a little too freely of the champagne, I believe—

Sir J. You'll be hanged, I believe. *(Aside.)*

Jes. Wit flew about—in short, I was in spirits: at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? He, he, he! Pray, guess, Sir John.

Sir J. Danced a minuet with! *(Aside.)*

Jes. My own lady, that's all. The eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the

dance I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir J. With your lady? Chaos is come again *(Aside.)*

Jes. With my lady. But, upon my turning my hand thus, *(conceitedly)* egad! she caught me; whispered me who I was. I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do: "No, no, Jessamy," says she, "I am not to be deceived: pray, wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go barefaced, as shew that hand and diamond ring."

Sir J. What a sink of iniquity! Prostitution on all sides, from the lord to the pickpocket. *(Aside.)* Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh! Mr. Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so: but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir J. I wish you were tied up somewhere else. *(Aside.)* I shall go to my room: and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremony; that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands. What poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are! *(Aside, and exit.)*

Sir J. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever. Oh! I wish it were morning! This comes of visiting my relations! *[Enter DAVY, drunk.]* So, you wicked wretch, you! where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour. London for ever.

Sir J. And did I not order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself and tie your hair up like a monkey?

Davy. And, therefore, I did it: no pleasing the ladies without this. My lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir J. Here's an imp of the devil! He is ndone, and will poison the whole country. Sirrah, get everything ready; I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir? I want to go to bed myself, sir. *[sirrah!]*

Sir J. Why, how now! you are drunk, too.

Davy. I am a little, your honour; because I have been drinking.

Sir J. That is not all: but you have been in bad company, sirrah!

Davy. Indeed, your honour's mistaken; I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir J. The fellow does not understand me. Where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking, to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking, too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body; it makes one so good-natured.

Sir J. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish. *[ship.]*

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship. *Sir J.* Get away, you beast, you! and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better: give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant; if not, provide yourself with another. *(Struts about.)*

Sir J. Here's a reprobate! This is the completion of my misery! But, harkye, villain! go to bed, and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal, you! *[Exit.]*

Davy. That for you, old codger! *(Snapping his*

fingers.) I know the law better than to be frightened by moonshine. I wish that I were to live here all my days. This is life, indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy: they are as happy as their master; they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a-venching with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life! [*Exit, reeling.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in Lord Minikin's house.

Enter LORD MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP, in masquerade dresses, lighted by JESSAMY.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and should your lady come home, let me know. Be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have lived too long with your lordship to need the caution. Who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. (Pulling off her mask.) Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed. I am most inconceivably frightened, I can assure you. My uncle Trotley has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch. Pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country. I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climes. (*Lord M. takes her by the hand.*) If you will not desist, my lord, we are separated for ever. The sight of the precipice turns my head; I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can. Pray, be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation. Let the weak, bashful, coyish winner be intimidated with these faint alarms; but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and, like the eagle in the midst of storms, thus pounce upon his prey. (*Takes hold of her.*)

Miss T. Dear Mr. Eagle, be merciful; pray, let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do, my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Jes. (Without, knocking.) My lord, my lord!

Miss T. (Screams.) Ah!

Lord M. Who's there?

Jes. (Peeping.) 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord M. D—n the fellow! What's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much, my lord; only my lady's come home.

Miss T. Then I'm undone! What shall I do? I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you.

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord. Miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For heaven's sake! put me into it; and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord. What an escape have I had! (*Goes into the closet.*)

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out. Lock the door on the inside. Come softly to my room, Jessamy.

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never be liberal to me again. [*Exeunt, on tiptoe.*]

Enter GYMP, lighting in LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY, in masquerade dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the Colonel; I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I'm sure there will be bloodshed, for my lord is certainly in the house. I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade: I spoke to him before he came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employed

to think of home. But don't tremble so, *Gymp.* There is no harm, I assure you. The Colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure, it is proper that you talk together. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but, indeed, there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his own room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this. Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lud! my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself. Hark! Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs. Now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with *Gymp* this back way, then. (*Going.*)

Gymp. Oh, dear! my lady, there is something coming up them, too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col. T. (Runs to the closet.) There's no retreat; the door is locked.

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, *Gymp.*

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner. (*Gets behind the chimney-board.*) You'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me. Do you, *Gymp*, go down the back-stairs, and leave me to face my lord; I think I can match him at hypocrisy. (*Sits down.*)

Enter LORD MINIKIN.

Lord M. What, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady M. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a *tête-à-tête* with a lady in crimson: such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. (Seated.) You find, at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. (*Intends to weep.*)

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to the servants. Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the Colonel; a masquerade to young folks upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. (*Takes hold of her hand.*)

Lady M. False man! I had as lieve a toad touched me. (*Aside.*)

Lord M. She gives me the *frisoone*. I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her. (*Aside.*) I am aguish to-night. He, he! Do, my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family *tête-à-tête*, by way of novelty. (*Rings.*)

Enter JESSAMY.

Let them take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do? (*Aside, and greatly*

alarmed.) Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion; I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. *[Exit Jes.]*

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto. A good escape, faith! *(Aside.)*

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin to agree to anything that would afford him so little pleasure. I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure. *(Bows.)* I wish your ladyship a good night. *(He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other.)* May I presume—*(Salutes her.)*

Lady M. Your lordship is too obliging. Nasty man! *(Aside.)*

Lord M. Disagreeable woman! *(Aside.)*

[They wipe their lips, and exeunt.]

Miss T. *(Peeping out of the closet.)* All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here, I cannot guess: I long to be relieved; I wish my lord were come—but I hear a noise. *(Shuts the door.)*

Col. T. *(Peeping over the chimney-board.)* I wonder my lady does not come. I would not have Miss Tittup know of this; 'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss T. *(Comes forward.)* What would my Colonel say, to find his bride that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter LORD MINIKIN, in the dark.

Lord M. Now to release my prisoner. *(Comes forward.)*

Enter LADY MINIKIN.

Lady M. My poor Colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieged in garrison: I must release him. *(Going towards the chimney.)*

Lord M. Hist, hist!

Miss T.

Lord M. } Here, here!

Col. T. }

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly. *(Lord M. lays hold of Lady M. and the Colonel of Miss T.)*

Sir J. *(Without.)* Lights this way, I say; get a blunderbuss.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY, in his night-cap, and sword drawn, with JESSAMY.

Jes. Indeed, you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family. *(All stand and stare.)*

Sir J. Give me the candle, I'll ferret them out, I warrant. Bring a blunderbuss, I say: they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half-hour; there must be mischief. I have watched them into this room. Ho, ho! are you there? If you stir, you are dead men; *(they retire)* and *(seeing the Ladies)* women, too! Egad—eh! What's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town! you'll excuse me, cousins.

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir J. Well, but, harkye! my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners? Here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mightily glad that I

have brought you a candle to set all to rights again: you'll excuse me gentlemen and ladies.

Enter GYMP, with a light.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir J. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? May not Lady Minikin and I, and the Colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir J. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded; I'll settle this matter in a moment. As for you, Colonel, though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious: you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me: 'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel; and to shew you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence; and I am, ladies, your most obedient, humble servant. I shall see you, my lord, at the club tomorrow? *[Exit.]*

Lord M. *Sans doute, mon cher Colonel!* I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir J. My lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir J. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told what you have always turned a deaf ear to—that the dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance; as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumpkin is no fool, and is d—d satirical. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. You are silent, ladies. If repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes of you. A little country air might, perhaps, do as well: as you are distressed, I am at your service. What say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate; your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir J. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time? *[murmur.]*

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a

Sir J. Well, miss, and what say you?

Miss T. Guilty, uncle. *(Curtsyng.)*

Sir J. Guilty! the devil you are! of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart does not approve, and coquetting with another, which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and everything but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir J. Thus, then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a knight-errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices and *bon ton*, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking. You'll excuse me, sirs! *[Exeunt.]*

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE, IN THREE ACTS:

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SEDAINÉ.—BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

KING RICHARD
THE SENESCHAL
SIR OWEN
BLONDEL

FLORESTAN
ANTONIO
GUILLLOT
OLD MATTHEW

A PILGRIM
SERVANTS
SOLDIERS
PEASANTS

MATILDA
LAURETTE
DORCAS
JULIE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A view of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous country: on one side, a rustic mansion-house; on the other, a stone seat.

Enter OLD MATTHEW, DORCAS, COLLETTE, and Peasants.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding-day.

Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Col. Nor song, nor dance, nor joking,
Can make me gay;
Antonio—how provoking!
Is far away.

Chorus. Come, Collette, sing and play,
For to-morrow's the day;
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To old Matthew's we go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Old M. I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.
Dor. Tho' we're sixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

Chorus. Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come, sing, come dance,
'Tis old Matthew's wedding-day.

Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow. [Exeunt.

Enter MATILDA, led in by ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what sounds were those? surely, they were singing.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my little guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements; and there, now, if you had your sight, you might see two soldiers on the walls, with their cross-bows.

Mat. I am sadly tired.

Ant. Stay! this way: here is a stone; it is made into a seat. What a pity you cannot see the prospect! though so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. (They sit down.) Now, just opposite to us, is a very well-looking house; 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Ant. I will; and, no doubt, you may. The owner is a foreigner; from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-natured. (Going, returns.) But shall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those who can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return?

Ant. No, that I won't. (*Going, stops.*) But, sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Mat. Well, Antonio, what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry!—

Mat. Speak, child! tell me, what is it?

Ant. Why, it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

Mat. How so, my little friend?

Ant. I must go to a wedding. My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother—

Mat. Your grandson! Have you a grandson, Antonio?

Ant. No; their grandson, who is my brother, that's it, is to be married at the same time, to a sweet, pretty, little girl of the village.

Mat. But what will become of me without a guide?

Ant. Oh! I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG.—ANTONIO.

*The merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I seize,
And press it, too, when'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low:
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.*

*She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they;
Youth should not listen to three-score;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low:
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.*

[Exit.

Mat. Antonio! he is gone: now, then, I may safely use my sight. (*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortress, indeed! there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say, it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequestered spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive. Oh! Richard, my hero, my beloved! what hardship may you not be enduring! nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world: but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell, I'll hide my woe and shame for ever.

SONG.—MATILDA.

*Oh! Richard! oh! my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone, of all, remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.
Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay:
In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.*

** Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth;
Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.
Oh! Richard! oh! my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.*

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.

Sir O. (*Without.*) I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

Enter SIR OWEN, GUILLOT, and LAURETTE.

Guil. Sir, 'twas the governor sent me.

Sir O. The governor! what's the governor to me?

QUARTETTO.—MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, and LAURETTE.

Sir O. What care I for the governor?

Mat. Oh! should it be this governor! (*Aside.*)

Guil. He sent me, I knew no better,
With the letter.

Sir O. My daughter listen to his art?

What, my Laurette

So far forget

The modest virgin's duteous part?

And thou—I pray, (*To Guillot.*)

Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

Guil. No, sir, indeed,

There is no need,

I'm gone with speed.

Sir O. Pray, tell your governor,

His hopes are vain,

Laurette to gain.

His lordship is by far too good,

And I would thank him if I cou'd.

Mat. If of this castle he should be
The governor—what joy for me! (*Aside.*)

Guil. Yet he's my lord the governor.

Sir O. What's he to me, your governor?

Begone, I say,

You'd best not stay.

And you, if ever I discover (*To Laurette.*)

You lend an ear

To this designing lover,

Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

Mat. Ah! should it be, what joy for me! (*Aside.*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray;

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace.

Laurette. What can this be?

I never see

The governor.

Mat. Ah! should it be this governor!

Ah! should it be, what joy for me! (*Aside.*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray!

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace. [*Exit Guillot.*]

Sir O. Get into the house: in, I say. [*Exit Laurette.*] She tells me she never sees him, that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter; and she is very obedient to her father, only she'll do nothing I bid her. I should like to know what all this is now. (*Looking at the letter.*) The governor writes a military hand; his letters edge out a *chevaux-de-frize* fashion; all zig-zag, like his own fortification: I can't make my way through it. I wish I had somebody to decipher it. Oh! here's a sort of an outlandish lad: I may trust him. Youngster, can you read?

Mat. Oh! yes, sir.

Sir O. Well, then, read me this. (*Gives her the letter.*)

Mat. Oh! indeed, sir, I could once; but the cruel Saracens—

Sir O. The Saracens! What did the Saracens do to you?

Mat. The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a captain in King Richard's army. But have you not seen a little boy?

Sir O. Yes.

Mat. 'Tis he who guides me. He can read, and will do whatever you bid him. (*Returning the letter.*)

Sir O. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Beautiful Laurette*"—

Sir O. Psha!

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with ecstasy and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give me of eternal affection.*"—

Sir O. Eternal affection! and that puts him into an ecstasy! Very well.

Mat. Pray, let him go on.

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit*"—

Sir O. So much the better!

Mat. The prisoner! (*Aside.*)

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day, I would hasten to throw myself*"—

Sir O. Into the ditch of your castle, I hope.

Mat. Whom I must not quit! (*Aside.*) Read on quickly. (*To Antonio.*)

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*I would hasten to throw myself at your feet. But if this night*"—Here are some words blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows?

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Contrive some means to inform me, at what hour I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and eternally constant, FLORESTAN.*"

Sir O. Here's a d—d governor for you! Oh! if I had him in England, on the top of Penmanmawr—

Mat. What! are you a Briton, then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, sir; and an enemy to slaves, of course, in love, or out.

Mat. Glorious nation! But how comes it, sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

Sir O. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you; but it would not have happened if I hadn't gone to the crusades at Palestine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! ay, I would follow him to the world's end. My ruin was no fault of his. Well, you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found that my father was dead—

Mat. He was very old, perhaps?

Sir O. No; but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat.

Mat. What was the dispute?

Sir O. A rabbit. My father shot a rabbit on the right side of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was entitled only to shoot on the left. So he slew my father, and I revenged his death.

Ant. So, there were two men killed for one rabbit.

Mat. Of course, you fled?

Sir O. Yes; with my daughter and wife, who is since dead. My castle and my lands were forfeited; and, after fighting her battles, I was sentenced by an ungrateful country—

Mat. A hard and ill return, indeed!

Sir O. No such thing, sir. 'Twas justice, though severe: I suffer no man to abuse my country but myself.

Mat. Heaven forbid I should traduce it! But, sir, one request.

Sir O. (*Looking out.*) It must be they! Stay, good youth; I see some friends whom I expect.

If you wish refreshment, the poor and friendless are never driven from my door. [*Exit.*]

Enter LAURETTE.

Lau. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Lau. Yes, sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry: he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

Lau. Yes; Florestan is his name. And did you read the letter to my father?

Mat. No, not I; I am blind, alas! It was my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? (*Retires.*)

Lau. Oh! I wish you had not done so.

Mat. Some other person would.

Lau. That's true; and what did the letter say?

Mat. It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—And who is that prisoner?

Lau. Oh! no one knows who it is.

Mat. The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

Lau. Poor Florestan!

Mat. But that this night—

Lau. This night!

SONG.—LAURETTE.

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.*

*Yes, yes; I own, 'tis true;
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begin to beat;
It beats, and trembles, too.*

*But when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh, I fear, confesses,
Ah! more than blushes could impart,
And more than words, betrays my heart.*

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.*

*Yes, yes; I own, 'tis true;
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begin to beat;
It beats, and trembles, too.*

Mat. You love him, then, Laurette?

Lau. Oh! most dearly, that I do; day and night, truly and sincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Lau. No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then, you cannot see me, whether I blush or not; and so, I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Laurette!

Lau. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas! being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank; and the nobleness of your soul is overlooked by the pride of their own high birth.

Lau. Well!

Mat. Well! Why, then, their love must be deceit, and their purpose to betray.

Lau. But my birth is not inferior to his, though my father is now in banishment.

Mat. No! and does he know it?

Lau. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I should have told him everything long ago.

Mat. And would you, before you have informed your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night, too? Listen to me.

DUETT.—MATILDA and LAURETTE.

Mat. *The god of love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.*

Lau. *Good sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray, again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.*

Mat. *With all my heart.
The god of love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.*

Lau. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father; see, he embraces one of them: sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected. I must go—

Mat. A moment, Laurette. I have something to say to you.

Lau. About Florestan?

Mat. No.

Lau. Oh! then I can't stay. [Exit.

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, and Pilgrim.

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to see you. You are well disguised, indeed; I myself should never have guessed it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear? (Aside.)

Blon. Caution, my friend. My search would be fruitless, indeed, should I be discovered? And see! (Pointing to Matilda.)

Sir O. I did not observe: it is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel, who diverts the peasants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. (Plays.)

Sir O. Why are you so much astonished?

Blon. That was made by my gallant master: pr'ythee, go on. (Matilda plays again.) Oh! how it reminds me of happy days! Tell me, boy, where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the King himself sing to it.

Blon. Even so! he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda—unfortunate, indeed! for, passing through Artois, I learnt that she had left her father's court, and fled, almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized, as he returned from Palestine. Oh! if her gallant monarch yet lives, sure, heaven will guide some of those who seek him, to the prison that immures him.

Sir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blon. Oh! no. But yesterday I passed the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who, with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her; and he had learned, that stripped of her companions by perfidy or death, she had sought the sadder prison of a monastery.

Mat. The Seneschal so near! (Aside.) Gracious sir, if my music has pleased you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge, this night, a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to soothe you.

Blon. Poor youth! he will, I doubt not.

Sir O. I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But here is no danger, if yet you choose to be unknown; my servants are all trusty, and not curious. But come, you must forget the pilgrim awhile, and we will have a jovial

health or two, and recollect old times. Some wine, there, and seats! the evening's fair: we'll in to supper soon; and then, when we're alone, you shall inform me of your travels, and all that you have heard of Richard's fortune. (During this speech, Blondel converses with Matilda, who plays again. Servants bring wine, seats, &c. Other music. Blondel talks apart to Sir Owen.) The youth is right, so far. Some prisoner of note is lodged there, doubtless; but it were wild indeed to guess it for the King. More wine, boy! We'll have a health to Richard, wherever he is; and then you shall hear a song of mine. Oh! in England, I should have a fine chorus to it. (Music. Blondel talks to Matilda, who seems disappointed to hear Richard is not likely to be in the castle. Blondel bids one of the Servants bring wine to Matilda, who calls Antonio and gives it to him.)

Mat. Antonio!

Ant. Here am I.

Mat. Come nearer: here, drink, my good boy. (Antonio drinks.)

Sir O. Now, then; and observe the chorus.

SONG.—SIR OWEN.

*Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects' duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well, well!*

*Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars;
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him;
Watching, marching, night and day.
Well, well!*

*Every man must have his way.
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*You, too, pilgrims, love your trade;
You recruit the bold crusade;
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.
Well, well!*

*Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.* [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the front is a terrace inclosed by rails and a fosse; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer parapet.

Enter KING RICHARD and FLORESTAN.

Flo. The morning breaks: the fresh air is lightened by the dawn; profit of it, sire, for your health's sake. Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

King R. Florestan!

Flo. Sire?

King R. Your fortune is in your power.

Flo. Sire, my honour is.

King R. Honour! to a traitor! a base, perfidious—

Flo. Did I believe him so, I would not serve

him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.

King R. But, Florestan—[*Florestan bows and exits.*] Oh! heart, burst not! Oh, God! Oh, misery! Is this to be my lot for ever? In the vigour of my days, circled with conquering laurels, the Christians' shield, the scourge of haughty Palestine! Am I doomed, by a vile traitor's craft, to wear my life away in ignominious bondage? Oh! that the efforts of my fierce despair could reach the ears of my brave distant soldiers! How would it fire their hearts to learn that their king, their leader—but Richard is forgotten—deserted by his people—by the world! Oh! my glory! Oh! ye records of my valour! Oh! memory of my victories! what do you avail? (*Looks on a picture.*) Image of her I love! Come, oh! calm—console my heart; soothe, for a moment, the keen sorrows that destroy me. Image of her I love! sweet, smiling witness of my former bliss! canst thou recall my bosom's fortitude? No, thou dost redouble all my griefs; thou art my despair. Oh! death, death! I call on thee; thy dart alone can break my chains! my freedom is my grave! (*Walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.*)

Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest. I love to feel the pure fresh air; it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

Ant. Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to. (*Matilda offers to get upon the parapet.*) Ah! don't attempt to get upon it; you'll fall into a great moat on the other side, and be drowned.

Mat. Indeed! Well, here, kind boy, take this money, and go buy something for us that we may breakfast.

Ant. You have given me a great deal—

Mat. Keep for yourself what is too much.

Ant. Oh, thank you! and, pray, take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*]

Mat. When you return, we will walk to some shade—shall we? You don't answer me. He is gone, and nearly out of sight: how quickly youth executes a willing duty! Now then—(*Lifts up the bandeau, and raises herself on the parapet.*) Ah! not nearer!

King R. (*Returns to the front of the terrace.*) A year, a year is passed! hope is exhausted!

Mat. How still, how silent! Sure, if those walls inclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses. Oh! if he is here, he will remember the strain; 'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days; of love for her, who now, uncertain of his fate, yet shares his misery.

King R. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation! Oh, memory! Oh, Matilda! (*Matilda plays.*) What sounds! Heavens! the very strain I once—Oh! let me hear.

Mat. (*Sings.*)

*One night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain,—*

King R. Oh, God! that voice!

Mat. (*Sings.*)

*When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death, and pain, and sorrow fled.*

(*She stops, and raises herself to listen.*)

King R. (*Expresses surprise, hope, and joy.—Sings.*)

*The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love restore.*

Mat. (*During this answer appears greatly agitated.—Sings.*)

*A mighty king doth languish
Within a prison's gloom;
Ah! could I share his doom!
Ah! could I soothe his anguish!*

King R. Is it Matilda? (*Sings.*)

*Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.*

DUETT.—*KING RICHARD and MATILDA.*

King R. *The gentle tears soft falling*

Mat. *My gentle tears fast falling,*

King R. *Of her so long ador'd,*

Mat. *For him so long ador'd,*

King R. *My tender hopes recalling,*

Mat. *His tender hopes recalling,*

King R. *Have love and life restor'd.*

Mat. *Have love and life restor'd.*

(*After Matilda has repeated the strain, Florestan requests the King to retire into the castle; he does so; while another party seize Matilda, and passing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.*)

DUO AND CHORUS.—*MATILDA, Guards, &c.*

Cho. *Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?*

Who sent thee here? whence come, and how?

Mat. *Are you strangers passing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?*

Cho. *To prison straight, to prison straight;
There he may sing early and late.*

Mat. *Ah! good sir, no anger, pray;
With pity hear what I've to say:
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd me of my sight,
And shut me from the blessed light.*

Cho. *'Tis well for thee!*

*For couldst thou see,
Thou shouldst die by our decree.*

Mat. *I know not what this anger's for;
I've business with the governor;
'Tis of moment you will see,
And he should know it instantly.*

Cho. *You know not what our anger's for,
And would speak with the governor?*

Mat. *'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.*

Cho. *Well, you shall see the governor;
He'll tell you what our anger's for.
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend awhile your fate.
Hark! he comes, the governor;
And now, take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth;*

*For if you lie,
If you lie to the governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.*

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the governor?

Flo. Here!

Mat. On which side?

Flo. Here!

Mat. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Flo. Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

Mat. Ah! sir, those who have lost their sight, are half deprived of life already. Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

Flo. Speak, then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. (*Aside.*)

Flo. Retire. (*To the Soldiers.*) We are,

Mat. Then, sir, the lovely Laurette—

Flo. Speak lower. You may stand farther off. (*To the Soldiers.* Matilda expresses her joy at the success of her plan.)

Mat. The beauteous Laurette, sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

Flo. Well, my good friend, and what says she?

Mat. She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.

Flo. At her father's house!

Mat. Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a *fête*, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you; and you may easily make a pretence for the visit.

Flo. Tell her I will not fail. But how come she to employ you in this business? you are blind.

Mat. The less likely to be suspected. She loves to hear me play and sing; and she has been so generous to me, I would risk anything to serve her: besides, I brought a little guide with me.

Flo. You have managed extremely well: and the noise you made, I suppose, was on purpose to be brought before me.

Mat. For what could it be else? But with your guards, forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprisoned here. Ha, ha, ha!

Flo. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough! But you have really done it very well. Here is a purse for—
(*Offers money.*)

Mat. Pardon, good governor; should any one be near, and observe you reward me, they will suspect something.

Flo. 'Tis very true.

Mat. But Mr. Governor, lest they should—

Flo. Well!

Mat. Oh! you are on that side. I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

Flo. (*Signs to the Soldiers to come forward.*) You are right. Upon my life, this is a very clever lad, though he is blind.

Mat. Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise, pray, blame the guard.

Flo. They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message. Such a noise!

Chorus. Silence, fellow, and begone;
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.

Enter ANTONIO, frightened, and crying.

Ant. Ah! good sir, forgive him, pray;
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd him of his sight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

Chorus. 'Tis well for thee!
For couldst thou see,
Thou hadst died by our decree.
So, haste away;
Begone, I say;

And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd, 'twill cost you dear.

Mat. Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

Ant. In truth, if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A great Hall in Sir Owen's house.*

BLONDEL and Friend, with SIR OWEN, discovered.

Blon. My friend, I would, without profession, trespass on your hospitality, but, in truth, we must

away; our search, I do perceive, is fruitless here; and, till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake; therefore, we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

Sir O. I cannot blame your haste, though I lament it; yet, one night, methinks—you will see gay pastimes, and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little prattler Julie will join in my request.

Enter JULIE; she is going to speak, but seeing the strangers, she runs to Sir Owen, and whispers him.

Surely, my child! She tells me she has a song which she must sing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

Julie. Oh! sir, but it were to be a secret; you were not to have said a word about it yet.

Sir O. No! Well, they will not betray you: they are going to leave us, Julie; can't you persuade them to stay?

Julie. They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go, try.

Julie. (*Goes to Blondel and takes his hand.*) Pray, sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry.

Blon. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But, indeed, you shall not go; for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir O. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself?

Julie. Lord, sir, that would be pleasant! Ha, ha! I should like to see you dance!

Sir O. Well, you are very good, however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused; it is very considerate in you.

Julie. Yes, sir, because then you would have something else to do than to mind us.

Sir O. So! very well, innocent!

Julie. Then, pray, gentlemen, don't go; let me entreat you to stay for our festival.

SONG.—JULIE.

Let me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure, by your looks, you cannot long deny;
Kind sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding-day,
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delight, would you our pastimes share.
With dance and song
We'll join the throng,

And banish every care;
For such a theme,
Though young I seem,
Yet sing I may
One tender lay.
Oh! Love! oh! gentlest pow'r!
Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, my dear father, though young, I can please;
The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:

Yes, yes, I'm sure he can't say nay;
We all shall keep this holyday;
Then, on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance,
Although not yet
Tall as Laurette,

I think you'll own I can dance.
With sprightly step
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And sing all day
That happy lay,
Oh! Love! oh! gentle pow'r!
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you.

Sir O. I come. [*Exit Serv.*] My friends, it shall not be farewell yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*]

Friend. You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

Blon. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard—

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

Blon. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blon. Pray, let him come; [*exit Serv.*] and after, we will pursue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. How, sir! Did you doubt to see me? I have spent the day requesting it. You should not have paused upon it, but hear me, and alone.

Blon. I knew not your desire sooner; but how is this, good youth; you were blind yesterday?

Mat. True; and ought I not to bless heaven, that the first object which presents itself to my restored sight is Blondel.

Blon. Ha! you know me, then?

Mat. Yes; and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? Oh! has no powerful impulse worked upon your heart? has no instinctive warning checked the ill-guided purpose, stirred in your alarmed bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valour's duty? Then perish, royal Richard! waste on, proud soul, in base captivity! thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

Blon. What can this mean? My royal master—

Mat. Blondel—your king, your leader, your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison. But, hold!

Enter SIR OWEN, with the Seneschal, and two Knights.

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you speak of is—

Sen. Matilda, my noble mistress! (*kneels*) thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty.

Blon. Matilda!

Mat. Rise, Seneschal! Yes, Matilda! a fugitive from all she owed her station and a father's love; but tell them, peerless Richard was the cause; and tell them, too, that heaven at length has sanctioned what resistless love resolved. Away reserve! Seneschal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend. Sir Owen your monarch is in chains; and you are a Briton—

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die! (*While the symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has passed as they range themselves behind Matilda.*)

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—MATILDA, BLONDEL, and Cavaliers.

Mat. Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cav. Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard, England's mighty king!

Mat. Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cav. Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

Mat. 'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And could my heart that voice forget?
No, Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
Not long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

Cav. Not long a pris'ner shall he be.

Let us arm;

Here we swear to set him free.

Give th' alarm!

Blon. Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must your rage restrain.

Cav. Let us arm.

Mat. Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What should be done, oh! quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh! listen to Blondel.

Cav. Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel!

Mat. Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard, mark him well.

Blon. Let our deeds our friendship tell,
In the battle, mark Blondel.

Cav. Let us arm, &c. &c.

Mat. Oh! now you give me life. Oh! generous Sir Owen! Oh! faithful Blondel! and you, my gallant friends! But thanks would wrong you; the cause is your's.

Sen. No moment must be lost; the troops I head, select and brave, though small their number, will attempt, at least, whatever you command.

Blon. Our cause and valour shall supply the rest.

Mat. You, Sir Owen, know this governor. Is he a man whom gold—

Sir O. I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

Blon. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment. Sir Owen, Florestan is apprized that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be a partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir O. How?

Mat. I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

Blon. Then to arms! Here, indeed, is hope. Seneschal direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm. [*Exit with Seneschal and Cavaliers.*]

Mat. The just avenger of the brave inspire and guide you!

Enter LAURETTE and Servants.

Lau. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come; then how shall we dance?

Sir O. They will be here, my child; fear not, my dear Laurette. (*He seems to give directions to the Servants.*)

Lau. My dear Laurette! so, he's not angry with me now. (*Aside.*) My dear father, now I am happy! only I wish Florestan could be here tonight.

Mat. (*Aside.*) Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet; 'tis happy, however, that the course we have determined on, is free from any peril to Florestan; in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness. (*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*)

Sir O. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

Wil. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. (*Pushes him out.*) Oh! more lights here in the hall! and, d'ye hear! be ready to welcome all comers. (*Calling.*) So—(*observing Laurette and Matilda.*) I must not, however, appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE and SIR OWEN.

Mat. Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
(*Aside to Lau.*)
After the dance, he will appear.

Lau. Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be!
Sure, he'll find means to speak to me.

Mat. We no secrets have, good knight, (To Sir O.) }
I am saying that my sight }
Is again restor'd to light. }

Lau. Yes, my father, very true, }
We no secrets have from you; }
The youth's well bred, and honest, too. }

Sir O. I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray, talk on, and don't mind me.

Lau. But does he know how well I love?
(*Aside to Matilda.*)
And does he swear he'll constant prove?

Mat. Had you but seen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

Lau. Kneel and vow?
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

Sir O. What, he tells thee that his sight
Is again restor'd to light?

Lau. Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his sight
Is again restor'd to light.

Mat. We no secrets have, good knight, }
I am saying that my sight }
Is again restor'd to light. }

Sir O. What, he tells thee, &c.

Lau. Yes, my father, &c.

Sir O. (Tabors and pipes heard.) So, our guests
are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.
(*Julie runs in and returns.*)

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so
neatly dressed; indeed, sir, they are; and I saw
the little bride myself, blushing and looking so
pretty. Dear, it must be a charming thing to be
married!

Lau. Yes, they are coming, indeed, sir.
Sir O. And are you ready, my little Julie, with
the dance you—

Julie. Yes, that I am. But, pray, what are all
those fine knights gathering about the house for?
They don't look as if they came to be merry.
Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be
frightened.

Sir O. Oh! no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Julie. No! then I vow they shall all dance,
swords, and helmets, and all. (*She runs to meet the
Peasants, who appear.*)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Pea. When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things cheering;
Flowers how sweet! the sun how bright!

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Ant. O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;

But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon, my labours end.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy, &c. (*Dance of Peasants.*)

Enter FLORESTAN.

Flo. (Drums heard.) Ha! what do I hear?

Sir O. Sir, you are my prisoner.

Flo. Sir?

Sir O. Ynu.

Flo. What treason is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, strive no more;
Yield our king, our chief restore;
Vain resistance; fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.

Flo. Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Represents the Castle assaulted by
Matilda's troops; BLONDEL and SIR OWEN en-
couraging them. RICHARD appears on the fortress
without arms, endeavouring to free himself from
three armed Soldiers. Blondel mounts the breach,
runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and
snatches his sword; the King seizes it. At this
moment is heard the grand Chorus of "Long live
the King!" The besiegers then display the colours
of MATILDA, who appears, followed by attendants,
the Seneschal, and all the rest of the people. She
sees Richard at liberty, and lead by Blondel, flies
towards him, and sinks in his arms: FLORESTAN
is then conducted to the King by the Seneschal and
Sir Owen.

King R. Oh, love! oh, gratitude! you impede
and not inspire my efforts to express the fond
transports which swell here. Neglected by my
subjects; forsaken by the thankless world! When
sorrow had beaten down my heart's defence, cou-
rageous hope—but, oh! Matilda, what can I say to
thee, my soul's beloved, my deliverance, my re-
ward? (*Embraces her.—To Sir Owen, &c.*) I have
more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes.
And when to my native England I return, so may
I prosper in my subjects' love, as I cherish, in the
memory of my sufferings here, a lesson to improve
my reign: compassion should be a monarch's
nature. I have learned what 'tis to need it: the
poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses,
in his King shall find a friend.

FINALE.

Cho. Oh! blest event! oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring.

Mat. Though, Florestan, you've been just
To your honour, to your trust,
Nothing will your truth avail,
Guilt, with tyrants, is to fail.
A worthier fortune you may prove,
Yield to us, Laurette, and love.
Faithful lovers banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.

Cho. Faithful lovers, &c.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE, and BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast;
The sun that gilds to-morrow,
At length, beholds me blest.

Cho. Oh! blest event! oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring!
[Exeunt.]

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ROBERT JEPHSON.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

DON PEDRO
DON SANCHO
OCTAVIO

FERDINAND
BORACHIO
LAZARILLO

DONNA CLARA
LEONORA
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Don Pedro's House.

Enter DON SANCHO, DON PEDRO, and BORACHIO.

Don S. Here's my hand. Is it a bargain?

Don P. Certainly; we'll have the wedding to-night. The young couple are so much in love, they will be glad to dispense with ceremony. It really looks as if heaven had a hand in this match, for if young Felix had not died so commodiously at Salamanca, we could never have been brothers-in-law.

Bora. Bless me, your honour! is poor Don Felix dead, then? He was a merry young gentleman: I'm sorry for it with all my soul.

Don P. Ay, he is as dead as king Phillip the Second. But did you know Don Felix?

Bora. As well as any hogshead in my cellar. I have kept a tavern three years at Salamanca, and he was my constant customer. I knew his sister, too; a brave mettled damsel, that made no more of clapping on a pair of breeches, and straddling a horseback, than if she had never been laced in stays or encumbered with a petticoat.

Don P. Well, now she may give a more free scope to her frolics; for she has no brother left to restrain her. We sent for you, Borachio, to provide the wedding-dinner. Let things be as they should be.

Bora. Never trouble your head about it. I'll set you out such a repast. The first course shall be as substantial as the bridegroom, and the second as delicate as the bride; then for wines and a dessert—I don't care if you ask all the Benedictines to sit in judgment upon their flavour and freshness.

Enter a Servant Maid.

Maid. Sir, there's a servant of a strange gentleman, who has a message for you.

Don P. What does he want with me?

Maid. He will not tell his business to any one

but your worship. He has been fooling with me, till I am tired with him.

Don P. Bid him come in.

[Exit Maid.]

Don S. Can you guess what business a stranger can have with you?

Don P. Ay, I suppose the old business; some needy spendthrift who has lost his purse at the gaming-table, and wants to try if I am fool enough to take a liking to him, and lend him as much more upon his no security.

Enter LAZARILLO and Maid.

Lazar. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, with the most profound respect, your honour's most faithful, obsequious, and obedient humble servant.

Don S. This fellow begins his speech like the conclusion of a letter.

Don P. Have you any business with me, friend?

Lazar. May I take the liberty to ask your honour a question?

Don P. Ay; what is it?

Lazar. Pray, who may that pretty, plump, cherry-cheeked, round-hipped, buxom, genteel, light-pisterned, black-eyed damsel be?

Don P. What business is that of your's? she's my daughter's maid.

Lazar. I wish your honour much joy of her.

Don P. What does the fellow mean? To your business, friend. Who are you? what do you want with me? who do you belong to?

Lazar. Softly, softly, sir; three questions in a breath are too much for a poor man like me to answer all at once.

Don P. (To Don S.) I don't know what to make of this fellow: I believe he is none of the wisest.

Don S. I should rather suspect he was none of the honestest.

Lazar. Are you married, my pretty lass?

Don P. What would the fellow be at? What's your business, I say?

Lazar. Sir, to answer your questions: in the first place, I am my master's servant. *(To the Maid.)* And my pretty one, as I were going to tell you, if the Don had not interrupted me—

Don P. Who the devil is your master?

Lazar. He's a strange gentleman, sir, who has a strong inclination to pay your worship a visit. *(To the Maid.)* And now as to the little affair between us—

Don P. Who is this strange gentleman? what business has he with me?

Lazar. Sir, he is the noble Don Felix de Silva, of Salamanca, who waits below to have the supreme felicity of kissing your honour's hand, and has sent me before to make his compliments to you.—*(To the Maid.)* Well, my dear, have you thought of the proposal? do you think me shocking?

Don P. Mind me fellow. What is this you say?

Lazar. Sir, if you are curious to know particulars about me, I am Lazarillo, of Valencia, as honest a little fellow, though I say it, that should not say it, as ever rode before a portmanteau: *(To the Maid.)* What I pride myself for, more than any other good quality, is, that I am the adorer and faithful slave of your divine and insurmountable beauty.

Don P. Turn this way booby; you are either drunk or mad: why, Don Felix, of Salamanca, is dead. *[Exit Maid.]*

Lazar. Dead!

Don S. You may get another master, honest friend, for poor Don Felix has no occasion for you.

Lazar. This is strange news. It must be a very sudden death: perhaps it was only his ghost that hired me, but I never saw anything so like a living creature; he gave me a rap over the shoulders just now, that I thought felt very natural. If he is really a ghost, he won't dare to pretend he's alive, and tell a lie before so much good company. *[Exit.]*

Don P. What do you think of this rascal? Is he a knave or a fool?

Bora. To my thinking, he's a brewing of both.

Don S. To my poor thinking, he's crazy.

Don P. Fore heaven, brother-in-law that is to be, if Don Felix should be alive, we two should make but a silly figure.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Lazar. Truly, gentlemen, this is but indifferent treatment for a stranger, to tell a poor servant like me that his master was dead.

Don P. So he is, I say.

Lazar. And I say that he is not only alive, but in good health, sound as a biscuit, and sprightly as champagne; and at this moment is ready to come in, and give you proof positive by your own eyesight.

Don S. What, Don Felix?

Lazar. Ay, Don Felix.

Don P. De Silva?

Lazar. Ay, De Silva.

Don S. Of Salamanca?

Lazar. Ay, of Salamanca.

Don P. I would recommend to you, friend, to lose a little blood, and have your head shaved; you are mad.

Lazar. This is enough to make me so; I say he is below at this moment waiting in the parlour.

Don P. I'll break your head, you rascal.

Don S. Keep your temper. Stay, let us see this impostor, who calls himself Don Felix. Bid him walk up stairs. *[surrection.]*

Don P. Ay, ay, you're right; let's see this re-

Lazar. In a twinkling. *[Exit Lazar.]*

Don S. This is some sham, some cheat; but I think we shan't be easily imposed upon.

Don P. Let me alone, let me alone, he must rise early, brother, who makes a fool of Don Pedro.

Enter DONNA CLARA, in man's clothes.

Donna C. Signior Don Pedro, after the many polite letters I have received from you, I could little expect such extraordinary treatment, to be kept half an hour cooling my heels among muleteers and lacquies.

Don P. Sir, I humbly ask your pardon. But may I take the liberty to crave your name or title?

Donna C. My name, sir, is Don Felix de Silva.

Don P. Of Salamanca?

Donna C. The same.

Bora. (Aside.) Ha! what's this? Why, this is Donna Clara, the sister of Felix. Let's see what will be the end of this.

Don P. I'm struck dumb with amazement!—Sir, I rejoice to see you safe and sound; which, indeed, is a little extraordinary, considering that we had heard you were dead and buried.—*(Aside to Don S.)* I wish, with all my heart, he were under ground.

Donna C. It was reported, I know, that I were dead; but, in fact, I only received a flesh-wound in a quarrel: a fainting-fit succeeded the loss of blood, and gave occasion to the report of my death; but the moment I recovered strength enough to travel, I mounted my horse, and set out to pay my respects, and keep my engagement.

Don P. I really don't know what to say it: you have the appearance of a gentleman; but I have had such assurances that Don Felix was dead, that, unless I have some strong proofs to the contrary—you'll pardon me, sir; I mean no harm—but, truly, in a matter of this consequence, a little caution, you know—

Donna C. Sir, you're perfectly right; but here are proofs: here are no less than four letters. This is from the governor of the bank; you know the hand and seal, I suppose.

Bora. (To Donna C.) Sir, will you permit me to congratulate you upon your recovery, and your arrival in Granada?

Donna C. (Aside.) Ha! confusion! my old host of Salamanca; he'll certainly know and will discover me.—I think I recollect you, friend.

Bora. I believe you may, your honour; my face is no stranger at Salamanca; Joseph Borachio is as well known as the high road to Madrid.

Donna C. True, true; I know I was acquainted with you. Hark! a word: don't betray me, and this purse has a twin brother as like it—*(Aside to Borachio.)*

Bora. Never fear, madam; there's something so engaging in your countenance, and so persuasive in your manner, that I would as soon pull down my sign as discover you. *(Aside to Clara.)*—I am, for want of a better, the master of the Eagle, hard by; and will be bold to say, that, for good treatment, soft beds, wholesome food, and old wine, Joseph Borachio will not give the wall to any publican in Granada.

Donna C. Get your best apartments ready, and I'll order my baggage there.

Don P. Why, certainly these letters are addressed to Don Felix; but there are ways, you know, of getting another man's letters; at the same time, sir—

Donna C. Nay, sir, if you still doubt, here's my old acquaintance, Joseph Borachio; he knows me; I suppose you'll take his word, though you seem a little suspicious of mine.

Bora. Lord! sir, I'll give my oath to him. *(Aside.)* I tell twenty lies every bill I bring up for half a dollar, and the devil's in my conscience if I can't tell one for a purse of doubloons. *[Exit.]*

Don P. Sir, I ask a thousand pardons: my doubts are vanished; you certainly are Don Felix. *(To Don S.)* What do you think of this, brother-in-law that was to be?

Don S. Why I think 'tis a little unlucky, that the

dead should get out of their graves to prevent our being relations.

Enter FERDINAND and LEONORA.

Leon. Did you send for me, father?

Dou P. I did send for you, my dear; but matters are a little changed within this half hour.

Donna C. Is that young lady your daughter, Don Pedro?

Dou P. Ay, sir, that is my daughter.

Donna C. This, then, is the young lady I must pay my addresses to. I hope, madam, the consent of our families to my happiness, has made no unfavourable impression against the person of your humble servant?

Leon. What can I say to him. (*Aside.*) Yes, sir—no, sir—

Donna C. An odd reception! yes, sir—no, sir. Pray, sir, (*to Dou P.*) how am I to understand the lady?

Dou P. She's a little hashful at present; she'll be more intelligible by and by; she is not much acquainted with you yet; she'll come to presently.

Donna C. I hope so. This gentleman, (*to Ferdinand*) I suppose, is a friend to the family; a near relation.

Fer. A friend of the family, certainly; but no other way a relation, than as I am to call this lady my wife.

Dou S. Right! stick to that; don't give up your pretensions. My boy has spirit: that young coxcomb won't carry it swimmingly. (*Aside.*)

Donna C. How's this! I don't understand you, sir. Your wife? what, does the lady intend to have two husbands?

Dou P. Young gentleman, pray come with me; here has been a small mistake. Your supposed death—but I'll explain everything to you within—depend upon it I shall fulfil my engagements.

Fer. But harkye, sir; I suppose you are a cavalier of honour, and don't imagine that the affections of a young lady are thrown into the bargain when the old folks are pleased to strike up a contract: you'll ask Donna Leonora's consent I hope.

Donna C. I don't know that. People of fashion never embarrass themselves with such vulgar ideas. Lawyers do all that's necessary on such occasions; if the conveyances are right, affection and that old stuff, the conveyance of course, you know.

Dou S. I suppose he'd marry a mermaid if there were a good fishing bank entailed upon her.

Donna C. Sir, I have not been so unsuccessful in gallantry, as to apprehend that the lady will object to me.

Fer. Sir, I perceive you have a very favourable opinion of yourself; but it would be more to the purpose if you could persuade the lady to have the same partiality. But, sir, a word in your ear: you and I must talk of this matter in another place: you understand me. [*Touches his sword, and exit.*]

Dou S. Bravo! well said: he's a chip of the old block. Don Pedro, or brother-in-law that was to be, "you and I must talk of this matter in another place: you understand me."

[*Touches his sword, and exit.*]

Dou P. Oh, lord! oh, lord!

Donna C. But, charming Leonora, these gallants are so warm, they have not allowed you an opportunity to speak for yourself. What do you say to me, fair creature?

Leon. I say that I look at you with horror, and that my evil genius sent you here to destroy my happiness. [*Exit.*]

Dou P. What will become of me! I shall have a quarrel with that old ruffian in spite of me. I'll after him, and try what can be done with my daughter by coaxing: if that fails, I must even have recourse to the old fatherly expedients of locking up, and a diet of bread and water.

Donna C. Hold a moment; for heaven's sake, no harshness! Leave your daughter to me a little

time, and my attention may, perhaps, bring her to reason. But, in the interim, sir, as I have occasion for some ready cash, and my letters of credit are upon you, I must trouble you for two hundred pistoles.

Dou P. With pleasure, sir: I have not so much cash about me, but if you will take the trouble just to step into the next street—

Donna C. I am much obliged to you, and will take the liberty to send my servant. I can depend upon his honesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hotel.*

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Well, I know not how this will end for other folks; but it has had a very promising beginning for me already: a hundred pistoles for keeping a secret, which I could not get a maravedi for discovering. Then there can be no fault found with my charges or my entertainment, though I serve up crows for partridges, and a delicate ram-cat for a fricasee of rabbits. But here comes my adventurer.

Enter DONNA CLARA.

Donna C. Borachio, a word with you: as you know who I am, 'tis to no purpose to make a secret of any part of my history: my brother, you know, is dead; died at Salamanca; but you don't yet understand why I have assumed his sex and character.

Bora. I shall be glad to learn it, my sweet young lady; especially if I can be of any service to you.

Donna C. My poor brother made too free with some choice wine at a vanto near Salamanca. Octavio, my lover, happened to be of the party; a quarrel ensued between my brother's company and a set of strangers, who had just arrived at the same place; in the fray, my brother was run through the body, and left dead on the spot: the officers of justice had orders to search for, and seize all who were present as principals in the murder; to avoid the pursuit, Octavio, as I was informed, fled hither; and with the wardrobe, credentials, and the name of my brother, here I have followed him.

Bora. Ay, madam, you was always a young lady of spirit; and egad! I love spirit: and though I were never to touch a pistole of the other purse you was pleased to promise me, I would no more tell your secret than I would tell my guests my own secret,—how I turn Alicante into Burgundy, and sour cider into Champagne of the first growth of France.

Donna C. I rely upon you. But I wish to see my apartment. Pray, inquire for my servant, and bid him to come to me immediately. I ordered him to wait for me near the Prado.

Bora. May I ask where you picked up that fellow?

Donna C. I found him in my journey. He's an odd mixture of simplicity and cunning; but I have no reason to suspect his honesty, and that's the quality for which at present I have most occasion. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the hotel.*

LAZARILLO discovered.

Lazar. My master desired me to wait for him in the street; but I see no sign of him. 'Tis twelve by the clock; but by my appetite, at least four. There is no watch, clock, or pendulum, in the city, that points to the dining hour with more certainty than the mechanism of my bowels: I feel a craving that must be satisfied. Odzooks! what a delicate flavour of roast, boiled, and baked, issues from these purlieus! the very smell is enough to create an appetite. Ay, that way lies to the kitchen: I know it by the attraction of the odour. I'll down—but hold, not a sous, by Fortune; my purse is as empty as my belly.

Enter OCTAVIO, a drunken Porter following with a portmanteau.

Octa. Come along, you drunken rascal!

Porter. Not a step further without payment.

Octa. Why, scoundrel, would you have your hire before you earn it?

Porter. Ay, that I would; as I'd like to make sure of my straw before I were to sleep on it. Pay me directly, or here I stick as fast as a mule up to the girths in the mire.

Octa. Carry in the portmanteau; there's the door, carry in the portmanteau; 'tis not three yards, you sot you.

Porter. Sot in your teeth—pay me. (*Throws down the portmanteau.*)

Lazar. What's this! egad, I may get something by it: it has an omen of dinner. I smell beef in it. (*Aside. Goes up to the porter.*) Why, you drunken, staggering, sputtering beast of burden, with two legs and no conscience, how dare you prate so sanctily to a gentleman? Reel off, or I'll teach you manners. (*Beats off the Porter, and then carries in the portmanteau.*)

Octa. A good smart fellow—that looks like a servant. If he has no master, I'll hire him.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Come, hither, friend. Do you know me?

Lazar. No, sir. I only know that you are a gentleman—that is, I don't know you are a gentleman, but I have a strong suspicion of it. You look for all the world as if you would not let a man who wanted his dinner, and had an excellent stomach, go without it.

Octa. Are you acquainted with the tavern?

Lazar. I think I am very well acquainted with it. The cellars are full of old wine, and the larder full of butcher's meat and poultry: 'twould make a man's mouth water but to look at them. Sir, does your honour smell nothing?

Octa. Smell! no.

Lazar. Lord bless me, sir! why there are such streams from savoury pies, such a fumette from plump partridges and roasting pigs, that I think I can distinguish them as easily as I know a rose from a pink, or a jonquil from a cauliflower.

Octa. Are you at present in service? have you any master?

Lazar. (*Aside.*) I'll tell a bouncing lie, and disown my master.—No, sir.

Octa. You seem to be a ready intelligent fellow: will you be my servant?

Lazar. Will I eat when I am hungry? will I sleep when I'm weary? Can your honour doubt it? Command me, sir, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; give me but as much as will keep cold air out of my stomach, and I can never tire in your service. Then, as for wages, to be sure my last master was a very princely sort of a gentleman—he gave me, sir—

Octa. No matter what! I sha'n't be more difficult to please, or less generous to reward, than he was. What's your name?

Lazar. Lazarillo, sir.

Octa. I will employ you immediately. Go to the post-house; take this pistole; inquire if there are any letters for Don Octavio, of Salamanca, and bring them here to me. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Well done, Lazarillo; between two stools they say a certain part of a man comes to the ground; but 'tis hard, indeed, if I don't take care of myself between two masters.

Enter DONNA CLARA and BORACHIO.

Donna C. So, my gentleman, is this your attention to my commands? I ordered you to wait for me at the Prado: I might have looked for you, it seems, till morning, if by mere accident I had not found you here.

Lazar. By your honour's leave, I waited for you till my very bowels began to yearn; such a craving came upon me, that had pikes, pistols, and petticoats opposed my passage, I could not avoid entering the house in hopes of—

Donna C. No prating. Go directly, order my baggage to be brought hither, then run to the post,

and inquire if there are any letters for Don Felix, or Donna Clara, of Salamanca, and bring them to me directly.

Lazar. Here, sir?

Donna C. Yes, here to this hotel. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. (*Aside.*) Zounds! what shall I do with my other master?

Bora. The post-office is but in the next street; if you should miss your way returning, inquire for me.

Lazar. For you! and pray, who are you, sir?

Bora. Joseph Borachio, the master of the Eagle: everybody knows me.

Lazar. So, sir, you are the master of this house?

Bora. I am.

Lazar. Then you are a happy man. I had a respect for the roundness of your belly, and the illumination of your nose, the first glimpse I had of you; but now my respect is increased to adoration. If you leave money for masses for your soul, take my advice, get the fathers, instead of praying you out of purgatory into paradise, to pray you back into your own kitchen. In my opinion, no paradise can be superior to it. [*Exit.*]

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. If this be true that Felix is still alive, I need conceal myself no longer: you say you saw him?

Bora. Saw him! yes, sir; saw him and conversed with him.

Octa. A very sudden recovery! But since 'tis so, I have no business here; I'll just send for my letters, and then back to Salamanca. Borachio!

Bora. Sir? [*This evening.*]

Octa. Let me have horses ready; I shall set out

Bora. This evening! why your honour has no time to refresh yourself. Our roads, of late, are none of the safest after sun-set. Why, sir, not above a week ago, a calash of mine, with a young cavalier and his new married bride, were attacked on the road by six of the most desperate banditti that ever cried stand to a traveller.

Octa. Indeed!

Bora. Too true, sir. Two of my best mules were shot dead at the first discharge of their carbines. They wounded the gentleman, stunned my drivers, and rifled the poor lady in a terrible manner. In truth, your honour had not better think of venturing till morning, when you have the day fairly before you.

Octa. No, hang it! such fellows seldom attack a single traveller; besides, if your horses are good, I think I could out-gallop them.

Bora. I'll answer for the horses; better never came out of Andalusia: they have straw up to their withers, and barley they may bury their ears in. Poor dumb beasts, I take as much care of them, and love them as well as if they were my fellow Christians.

Octa. What noise is that? Away, landlord, and order the horses. [*Exit Borachio.*]

Enter LAZARILLO, with Porters following him.

Lazar. This way, this way, my lads!—What the deuce, my last master's here still! (*To the Porters.*) Fall back, rascals, and wait for me in the passage. [*Exit Porters.*]

Octa. Lazarillo!

Lazar. Sir?

Octa. I shall set out for Salamanca presently.

Lazar. Before dinner, sir?

Octa. Yes, directly.

Lazar. Mercy on me! no pity on my stomach. Truly, sir, I am but a bad traveller on an empty belly; I get such whims and vertiges, the wind plays such vagaries in the hollow crannies of my entrails, that you will have more trouble with me than if I were a sick baboon.

Octa. I sent you to the post; where are my letters? Quick, quick!—what are you fumbling about?

Lazar. Patience, sir, a little patience. I thought I put them into this pocket—no, they are not there: then they must be in the other pocket. (*Aside.*) The letters are so unwilling to come out for fear they should be obliged to bear witness against me; I have mixed the letters of both my masters, and curse me if I know which I ought to give him.

Octa. You tedious booby! where are my letters?

Lazar. Here, sir, here are three of them; but they are not all for your honour. I'll tell you, sir, how I came by them. As I was going to the post, I met an old fellow servant, who happened to be in a great hurry upon another errand, and he desired me to ask for his master's letters, and keep them for him; one of them belongs to him, but which I don't know; for to tell you the truth, sir, my parents found I had such fine natural parts, they would not throw away money in having me taught anything, so reading was left out among some other accomplishments in my education.

Octa. Let me see them. I'll take my own, and give you back what belongs to your friend's master. (*Takes the letters.*) What's this? to Donna Clara—in Granada!

Lazar. Have you found the letter, sir, that belongs to my comrade?

Octa. Who is your comrade?

Lazar. An old fellow-servant of mine; a very honest fellow; I have known him from a boy, when he was not this high, please your honour.

Octa. His name, puppy?

Lazar. His name, sir—his name—Lopez, sir.

Octa. Where does this Lopez live?

Lazar. Starve me if I can tell, sir,

Octa. How then could you know where to carry him the letter? [honour in a moment.]

Lazar. Oh! for that matter, sir, I'll tell you.

Octa. Well, out with it.

Lazar. (*Putting his hand to his cheek.*) Dence take it! I am stung to the bone, I believe.

Octa. What's the matter?

Lazar. A musquitto, sir; a little peevish, whizzing, blood-sucking vermin.

Octa. Where, I say, were you to meet Lopez?

Lazar. I ask pardon, sir—in the Piazza.

Octa. What am I to think of this!

Lazar. Dear Fortune get me out of this puzzle.

(*Aside.*) Won't your honour give me my comrade's letter. [open it.]

Octa. No, I have occasion for it; I must

Lazar. Open another gentleman's letter! why, sir, 'tis reckoned one of the most unmannerly pieces of friendship a gentleman can be guilty of.

Octa. Peace I say! I am too much interested to mind forms at present. (*Reads.*) "*Madam,—Your sudden departure from Salamanca has occasioned the greatest consternation among your friends. They have made all possible inquiries, and have discovered that you left this town in your brother's clothes, and the general opinion is, that you are gone in pursuit of Octavio, who was known to pay his addresses to you at Salamanca. I shall not fail to communicate any further intelligence of your affairs that comes to my knowledge, and I remain with great respect,—MANUEL.*"

Lazar. He little cares what may happen to me from his curiosity. (*Aside.*)

Octa. Clara fled from Salamanca, and in pursuit of me! Find this Lopez instantly; bring him here, and I'll reward him for his intelligence.

Lazar. Yes, sir; give me the letter that belongs to him. But how am I to account for its being opened? This may bring an imputation upon my honour, about which I am amazingly punctilious.

Octa. Your honour, mongrel! Say the letter was opened by mistake. Instantly find Lopez. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Find Lopez! egad if I do I shall be a lucky fellow, for I know no such person. *Lazarillo*, thou hast a head-piece never fails thee at a pinch: if I could read and write, I'd turn author, and invent tales and story-books. But what the

deuce shall I say about opening the letter? Let me see! is there no way to disguise it? I remember my mother used to make wafers with bread and water. I have a few crumbs in my pocket, and with a little mouth-moistening, I don't see why it should not answer: here goes for an experiment. (*Takes bread out of his pocket, and chews it.*) Gad-zooks! it has slipped down my throat; it would not go against nature. I'll take more care this time. There it is. (*Seals the letter.*) I think it will do. After all, what signifies how a letter is sealed, provided one likes the contents of it?

Enter DONNA CLARA.

Donna C. Were you at the post? did you get my *Lazar*. Yes, sir; there it is. [letter?]

Donna C. Why, this letter has been opened.

Lazar. Impossible.

Donna C. I say it has; and here it has been patched up again with a piece of bread.

Lazar. Egad! that's very extraordinary.

Donna C. Confess, villain, what trick has been played with my letter; the truth instantly, or—(*Seizing him.*)

Lazar. Hold! sir, have a little patience, and I'll tell the truth: if you frighten me, I shall never be able to tell it.

Donna C. Quick, then, this moment.

Lazar. Then, sir, it was I opened it.

Donna C. Impudent varlet! for what purpose?

Lazar. A mistake, nothing but a mistake as I am a Christian: I thought it was directed to me, and *Donna C.* And read it! [I opened it.]

Lazar. No, sir, no; upon my veracity, I read nothing but the first word, and finding it was not for me, I clapped in a wafer just as your honour sees it.

Donna C. You are sure no other person saw it?

Lazar. Sure of it! I'll take my oath. As I am an honest man, as I hope to die in my bed: if your honour has a book about you, I'll swear by it. Any other person! no, no!—lord, sir, I never was so much grieved in my life as when it was opened; I gave myself a great knock on the head for vexation. I believe you may see the mark of it here just over my left eye-brow. (*Donna C. reads the letter.*)

Lazar. There's something in that letter does not please him. I shall have enough to do to manage my two masters. (*Aside.*)

Donna C. There are the keys of my baggage; get my things ready for dressing. [*Exit.*]

Enter DON PEDRO.

Don P. Is your master at home?

Lazar. No, sir.

Don P. Do you expect him back to dinner?

Lazar. Oh! yes, by all means, sir.

Don P. Give him this purse when he returns, with my compliments: there are two hundred pistoles in it. I shall wait upon him myself in the evening. [*Gives a purse to Lazarillo, and exit.*]

Lazar. Yes, sir. But curse me if I know which of my masters 'tis intended for. I'll offer it to the first of them I see, and if it does not belong to him, I suppose he won't take it.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. Have you found Lopez?

Lazar. No, sir, not yet; but I have found a better thing for you.

Octa. A better thing! what's that?

Lazar. Only a purse—full of money. I believe there are two hundred pistoles in it.

Octa. I suppose it was left by my banker.

Lazar. You expected money, sir?

Octa. Yes, I left a letter of credit with him.

Lazar. Oh, then there can be no doubt it was left for you, sir. "Give it to your master," says he—"yes, sir," says I; so there's the money.

Octa. Hold! lock up this money till I want it—take care—put it up safely, for I shall soon have occasion for it. But go find Lopez, and bring him to me immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Go find Lopez, and bring him to me imme-

diately—but where shall I find him, is another matter—I'll go look for what I am sure of finding, a good dinner. What a fortunate fellow was I not to make any mistake about the money! If a man takes care in great matters, small things will take care of themselves; or if they should go wrong, if the gusts of ill-luck should make his vessel drive a little, honesty is a sheet-anchor, and always brings him up to his birth again. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*Don Pedro's House.*

Enter DONNA CLARA and LEONORA.

Donna C. I have told you my story; I rely upon your honour, you will not discover me.

Leon. Don't fear me. You have relieved me from such anxiety by your friendly confidence, that I would rather die than betray you; nay, what is still more, I would rather lose my lover.

Donna C. Of that there can be no danger: let matters proceed to the utmost, the discovery of my sex puts an end, at once, to any impediment from my claim to you.

Leon. But may I not tell Ferdinand?

Donna C. No. Pray, indulge me: a secret burns in a single breast; it is just possible that two may keep it; but, if 'tis known to a third, I might as well tell it to the cryer, and have it proclaimed at the great door of every church in Granada.

Leon. Well, you shall be obeyed; depend upon it, I will be faithful to you. Men give themselves strange airs about our sex: we are so unaccustomed, they say, to be trusted, that our vanity of a confidence shews we are unworthy of it.

Donna C. No matter what they say; I think half of their superiority lies in their beards and their doublets.

Don P. (Within.) Leonora!

Leon. My father calls me: farewell, dear Clara! should you want my assistance, you know you may command me. [Exit.]

Enter FERDINAND.

Fer. So, sir, I have found you. Do you know me, sir?

Donna C. I have so many acquaintances whom I should wish not to know, that I don't like to answer that question suddenly.

Fer. Do you take me for a sharper, youngster?

Donna C. Sharpers wear good clothes.

Fer. And puppies wear long swords. What means that piece of steel dangling there by thy effeminate side? Is thy soft hand too weak to touch it? Death! to be rivalled by a puppet! by a thing made of cream! Why, thou compound of fringe, lace, and powder, darest thou pretend to win a lady's affections? Answer, stripling, canst thou fight for a lady?

Donna C. (Aside.) He's a terrible fellow! I quake every inch of me; but I must put a good face upon it: I'll try what speaking big will do. [Advancing.] Why, yes, Captain Terrible! do you suppose I am to be daunted by your blustering? Bless me! if a long stride, a fierce brow, and a loud voice, were mortal, which of us would live to twenty? I'd have you to know, d—n me—

Fer. Draw your sword, draw your sword, thou amphibious thing! If you have the spirit of a man, let me see how you will prove it. [Draws.]

Donna C. (Aside.) Oh, lord! what will become of me!—Hold, hold! for heaven's sake! What, will nothing but fighting satisfy you? I'll do anything in reason: don't be so hasty. [then?]

Fer. Oh! thou egregious dastard! you won't fight,

Donna C. (Aside.) No, by no means.—I'll settle this matter in another way.—What will become of me? [Aside.]

Fer. Thy hand shakes so, thou wilt not be able to sign a paper, though it were ready for thee; therefore, observe what I say to you.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. And if thou darest to disobey, or murmur at the smallest article—

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. First, then, own thou art a coward.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. Unworthy of Leonora.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. Return instantly to Salamanca.

Donna C. (Seeing Leonora.) Ha, Leonora!—Not till I have chastised you for your insolence. [Draws.]

Enter LEONORA, who runs between them.

Leon. Heavens! what do I see? Fighting! for shame, Ferdinand! draw your sword on a stranger?

Fer. Don't hold me!—[To Leon.]

Donna C. Hold him fast, madam; you can't do him a greater kindness.

Fer. (Struggling.) Dear Leonora!

Donna C. Thou miserable coward! thou egregious dastard! thou poltroon! By what name shall I call thee?

Fer. Do you hear him, Leonora?

Donna C. Hold him fast, madam; I am quite in a fever with my rage at him. Madam, that fellow never should pretend to you: he was just ready to sign a paper I had prepared for him, renouncing all right and title to you.

Fer. (To Leonora.) By heaven you injure me!

Donna C. He had just consented to leave this city, and was actually upon his knees to me for

Fer. Can I hear this? [mercy,—

Leon. Patience, dear Ferdinand!

Donna C. When seeing you coming, he plucked up a little spirit, because he knew you would prevent us; and, drawing out his unwilling sword, which hung dangling like a dead weight by his side there, he began to flourish it about just as I do now, madam.

Fer. Nothing shall restrain me. Loose me; or, by my wrongs, I shall think you are confederate with him.—Now, madam, I see why you were so anxious to prevent me from chastising that cockcomb. It was not your love of me, but your fears for him, ungrateful woman!

Leon. Dear Ferdinand, rely upon it you are mistaken: don't trust appearances.

Fer. Incomparable sex! We are their fools so often, they think nothing too gross to pass upon us. 'Sdeath! weathercocks, wind, and feathers, are nothing. Woman, woman, is the true type of mutability! And to be false to me, for such a thing as that! I could cut such a man out of a sugared cake! I believe a confectioner made him.

Leon. Have you done yet?

Fer. No, nor never shall, till you satisfy me.—Then, adieu! you shall see me no more, but you shall hear of me. I'll find your Narcissus, that precious flower-pot: I'll make him an example. All the wrongs I have suffered from you, shall be revenged on him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Hotel.*—*Enter LAZARILLO.*

Lazar. I have often heard that gentlemen, that is, fine gentlemen, had no conscience; but I believe the truth is, they have no stomachs: they seem to think of every thing but eating; and, for my part, I think of nothing else. But here comes one of my masters.

Enter DONNA CLARA, with a paper.

Donna C. Has Don Pedro been here to inquire

Lazar. Truly, sir, I can't tell. [for me?

Donna C. Was he here?

Lazar. Ay, that he was, certainly.

Donna C. Did he leave nothing with you for me?

Lazar. Not that I know of.

Donna C. What, no money?

Lazar. Money! [two hundred pistoles.

Donna C. Ay, money. I expected a purse with

Lazar. I believe I have made a small mistake. The purse belongs to this master, and I gave it to the other. [Aside.]—Are you certain you expected a purse with two hundred pistoles? [stare at?

Donna C. Certain; yes. What does the fellow

Lazar. You are sure they were not for another gentleman that shall be nameless?

Donna C. Is the booby drunk?

Lazar. It must be with wind, then. Why, sir, I did receive a purse with the sum you mentioned, and from Don Pedro; but whether it was intended for you, is a point that requires some consideration.

Donna C. What did Don Pedro say to you?

Lazar. I'll tell you, sir. "Friend," says Don Pedro, "there are two hundred pistoles for your master."

[master?

Donna C. Well, dolt-head! and who is your *Lazar.* There's the point, now; there's the puzzle. Ah! sir, there are many things you would not find it easy to explain, though you was educated at Salamanca, and are no doubt a great scholar.

[of your impertinence.

Donna C. Give me the money, fool; and no more *Lazar.* There it is, sir. Heaven do you good with it; I think I know some people who would be glad of just that sum, especially if they thought they had a right to it.

Donna C. No more; I expect Don Pedro. Bid Borachio get a good dinner; and here take this letter of credit, lock it up carefully; I shall have occasion for a good deal of cash, and this way 'tis most portable: be careful of it, and make no mistakes: I expect dinner to be ready as soon as I return.

[Exit.

Lazar. You shall not wait a moment. This is the pleasantest order I have yet received from either of my masters. Here comes Borachio; I'll try if my host understands anything of a table.

Enter BORACHIO.

Signor Borachio, or Master Borachio, or Don Joseph de Borachio, you come most opportunely. We must have a dinner immediately.

Bora. Name your hour. I am always prepared; two hours hence, an hour, half an hour. My cooks are the readiest fellows—

Lazar. Ay, but this must not be one of your every-day dinners; the first thing that comes to hand; tossed up and warmed over again, neither hot nor cold, like a day in the beginning of April: that's villainous.

Bora. Do you think I have kept the first tavern in the city so long, not to know how to please a gentleman?

Lazar. Some gentlemen are easily pleased; other gentlemen are hard to be pleased: now I'm of the *Bora.* Gentleman, forsooth!

[latter order.

Lazar. A gentleman's gentleman; that is, my master's master in most things; but, in the business of eating, absolute and uncontrollable. But come, Master Borachio, let us have your idea of a

Bora. Two courses, to be sure.

[dinner.

Lazar. Two courses and a dessert.

Bora. Five in the first, and seven in the second.

Lazar. Good.

[savoury soup—

Bora. Why, in the middle, I would have a rich *Lazar.* Made with cray-fish: good!

Bora. At the top, two delicate white trout, just fresh from the river—

Lazar. Good! excellent! go on, go on!

Bora. At the bottom, a roast duck—

Lazar. A duck! a scavenger! an unclean bird! a waddling glutton! his bill is a shovel, and his body but a dirt-cart. Away with your duck! let me have a roast turkey, plump and full-breasted, and his craw filled with marrow.

Bora. You shall have it.

Lazar. Now for the side dishes.

Bora. At one side, stewed venison; at the other, an English plum-pudding—

Lazar. An English plum-pudding! that's a dish am a stranger to. Now, Signor Borachio, to your second course.

Bora. Roast lamb at the top, partridge at the bottom, jelly and omelette on one side, pig and ham at the other, and olla-podrida in the middle.

Lazar. All wrong, all wrong! What should be at the top, you put at the bottom, and two dishes of pork at the same side. It won't do! it will never do, I tell you.

[no better.

Bora. How would you have it? I can order it

Lazar. It will never do. Mind, I don't find fault with the things; the things are good enough, very good; but half the merit of a service consists in the manner in which you put it on the table. Pig and ham on the same side! why you might as well put a Hebrew Jew into the same stall at church with the Grand Inquisitor. Mind me; do but mind me! See, now: suppose this floor were the table. (*Goes upon one knee, and tears the paper given him by Donna Clara.*) Here's the top, and there's the bottom: put your partridge here, (*places a piece of the paper,*) your lamb there: (*another piece of the paper:*) there's the top and bottom. Your jelly in the middle, (*another piece of the paper,*) olla-podrida and pig at this side, together; (*two pieces of the paper;*) and the omelette and ham at this: (*two more pieces of the paper:*) there's a table laid out for you as it should be. (*Looking at it with great satisfaction.*)

Enter DONNA CLARA and DON PEDRO.

Donna C. Heyday! what are you about on your knees, there?

Lazar. Shewing mine host how to lay out your honour's dinner: I'm no novice at these matters; I'll venture a wager—there are the dishes.

Donna C. Get up, puppy! What's this? as I live, the letter of credit I left with him to put up for me, all torn to pieces!

Lazar. Oh, the devil! I was so full of the dinner, every thing else slipped out of my memory. (*Aside.*)—Upon my soul, sir, I quite forgot it. I was so taken up about the main chance, I quite forgot the value of the paper.

Donna C. Dolt! idiot! A letter of credit for no less than four hundred pistoles! What amends can you make for such inconceivable stupidity?

Bora. (*To Lazarillo.*) The merit of a dinner consists, you know, in the manner in which you put the things on the table. This is a confounded dear dinner, truly.

Lazar. Plague upon it, it was your fault, and not mine. It never would have happened if you had served up the course properly. Pig and ham on the same side! such a blunder was never heard of.

[Exit Bora.

Donna C. (*To Don P.*) What can I do with this fellow?

Don P. The mischief is not without remedy. You must take up the pieces, join them, and paste them on a sheet of paper. Your bankers won't refuse it.

[Pedro?

Donna C. Hear you—do you understand Don *Lazar.* Perfectly. But, in truth, sir, Borachio's stupidity was enough to drive every thing out of one's memory. He wanted, sir—

Donna C. Silence! Take these fragments, and join them as Don Pedro directed you. Make haste, and attend at dinner.

Lazar. Yes, sir: they'll make twenty mistakes, if I am not present to direct them.

[Exit.

Don P. Really, young gentleman, nothing could be more *à-propos* than your arrival. A day's delay longer, had lost you your mistress, and a good portion into the bargain. Have you seen anything of Ferdinand, your rival, since?

Donna C. Yes, and was upon the point of a most desperate combat; but your daughter stepped in, and he ran to her for protection: but I frightened him soundly.

Don P. Indeed!—

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Gentlemen, your dinner will be ready in less than half an hour.

Don P. Half an hour! Can't you get it sooner? To say the truth, I'm a little hungry.

Bora. What was ordered for you can't be ready sooner.

Donna C. Let us have anything that's ready. Appetite's the best sauce. What say you, Don Pedro?

Don P. Ay, ay; better than all the cooks in France. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LAZARILLO, with a napkin under his arm.

Lazar. Here, waiters, waiters! What, are the fellows deaf? I knew nothing would be done, till I got among them.

Enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Who calls? Here— *[you going?]*

Lazar. What have you got there? Where are

1 Wait. To carry it to your master.

Lazar. What is it?

1 Wait. I don't know; the cook made it, not I.

Lazar. Put it down, I'll carry it myself. *[Exit Waiter.]* It smells well. What is it? I'll try.

(Takes a spoon out of his pocket.) Like a good soldier, or a good surgeon, I never go without my arms and my instruments. *(Tastes the dish.)* Excellent, 'faith! I'll try it again. Better and better—But here it goes for my master.

Enter OCTAVIO, meeting Lazarillo.

Lazar. Cursed ill luck, here's my other master! *(Aside.)*

Octa. Where are you going?

Lazar. Going, sir! Sir, I was going—I was going to carry this in for your honour's dinner.

Octa. Carry in my dinner, before you knew I was come home?

Lazar. Lord! sir, I knew you was coming home. I happened just now to pop my head out of the window, and saw you walking down the street, so I thought you would like to have your dinner on the table the moment you came in.

Octa. What have you got there?

Lazar. 'Tis a kind of a fricasee; very good, I promise you.

Octa. Let me have soup. What, do you bring meat before soup, you blockhead?

Lazar. Lord, sir! nothing so common. In some parts of the world, soup is the very last thing brought to the table.

Octa. That's not my custom. Carry that back, and order some soup immediately.

Lazar. Yes, sir.

Octa. How unfortunate! to have searched so much, and to have heard nothing of Clara. *[Exit.]*

Lazar. *(Pretending to go down, returns.)* Now I may carry this to my first master.

[Goes into Clara's chamber.]

Enter second Waiter with a dish.

2 Wait. Where is this man? Lazarillo!

Lazar. *(Running out.)* Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Carry this to your master.

Lazar. That I will. Give it to me. *[Exit Wait.]*

I'll carry it to the first. *(Going towards Clara's chamber, is called to Octavio's.)* What do you want? here I am.

Re-enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Here's a dish for your master.

Lazar. You're an honest fellow. Come, stir, stir! get the soup as fast as possible. *[Exit Wait.]* If I can have the good fortune to serve them both without being discovered—

Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Coming, coming!

Re-enter second Waiter with a dish.

2 Wait. Where is this strange fellow, Lazarillo?

Lazar. Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Do you attend one table, and we'll take care of the other.

Lazar. Not at all, not at all; I'll take care of them both. *[Exit Waiter.]*

Donna C. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Here.

Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Patience, a little patience! Coming!

Re-enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Master What's-your-name, here's a pudding.

Lazar. A pudding! What pudding?

1 Wait. An English plum-pudding.

Lazar. Lay it down, lay it down. *[Exit Waiter.]* This is a stranger; I must be civil to him. He looks like a Mulatto in the small-pox. Let's try how he tastes. *(Takes out his spoon.)* Excellent! admirable! rich as marrow, and strong as brandy! *(Eats again.)* This is meat and drink: no trusting outsiders. This leopard-like pudding is most divine: I can't part with it. *(Eats again.)*

Enter DONNA CLARA, with a cane.

Donna C. I must get another servant. This fellow minds nothing. Where are you, rascal? *(Sees him.)* There he is cramming himself, instead of at-

Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo! *[tending me.]*

Lazar. *(Speaking with his mouth full.)* In a moment, in a moment. *[see me?]*

Donna C. What are you about there? don't you

Lazar. I was just—tasting this pudding for you. I promise you, sir, you'll like it.

Donna C. Why, 'tis all gone.

Lazar. It slips down so fast, sir, you can't tell the taste of it, till you eat a good deal. *[that—]*

Donna C. *(Beats him.)* Taste that, and that, and

Lazar. Hold, hold, sir, for heaven's sake! Take care, sir; you have no right to more than one half of me, 't other belongs to another gentleman.—Oh, oh, oh!

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. What's this! beating my servant! Loose your hold, sir! What right have you to strike my servant? A blow to the fellow who receives my wages, is an affront to me. You must account with me for this.

Donna C. *(Seeing Octavio.)* By all my hopes, Octavio. *(Aside.)*

Lazar. If this comes to a duel, and one of them fall, I am for the survivor.

Octa. You look surprised, sir! What, is this doctrine new to you?

Donna C. I am not much accustomed to menaces from those lips. Do you not know me, Oc-

Octa. Know you! *[tatio?]*

Donna C. Is my voice a stranger to you? must you have stronger proofs that I am Clara? If so, let this convince you.

Octa. Oh! unexpected happiness! Art thou, indeed, my Clara? the same sincere, faithful, generous Clara I knew and loved at Salamanca?

Donna C. The same, the very same.—Don Pedro's in the next room; I'll step and explain what has happened, and send immediately for Leonora and Ferdinand. *[Exit.]*

Lazar. May I take the liberty of offering my poor congratulations on this joyful occasion? Will you believe it, sir, I had a sort of an inkling, a divining, that something of this kind would happen; for I dreamt all last night of cats and dogs and a spread eagle.

Octa. Your dreams, I hope, go by contraries; and you shall be a witness of our harmony, for I intend to keep you in my service.

Enter DON PEDRO, DONNA CLARA, LEONORA, DON SANCHE, and FERDINAND.

Don P. Joy, joy, I give you joy! This discovery has saved us all a great deal of perplexity. Our only strife now shall be, who will fill the greatest quantity of bumpers to the felicity of this double gemini of turtles.

Don S. Brother-in-law that is to be, give me your hand: we will presently drown all animosities in a bottle of honest Borachio's Burgundy.

Lazar. To serve two masters long I strove in vain, Hard words or blows were all my tools could gain; *[move,]*

But their displeasure now no more can If you, (to the audience,) my kinder masters, but approve. *[Exeunt.]*

THE GUARDIAN;

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES CLACKIT
YOUNG CLACKIT

HEARTLY
SERVANT

HARRIET
LUCY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall at Mr. Heartly's.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT, YOUNG CLACKIT, and Servant.

Sir C. Tell Mr. Heartly, his friend and neighbour, Sir Charles Clackit, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir C. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you—Why don't you speak?

Young C. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir C. Psha! don't be a fool, but answer me. Don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you?

Young C. First, then, whenever I see her, she never looks at me; that's a sign of love: whenever I speak to her, she never answers me; another sign of love: and whenever I speak to anybody else, she seems to be perfectly easy; that's a certain sign of love.

Sir C. The devil it is!

Young C. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—"Stay, you agreeable runaway! stay; I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me." I could say more, but a man of honour, uncle—

Sir C. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Young C. Oh! yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir C. With her eyes! Eyes are very equivocal,

Jack. However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Young C. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will soon be ended. You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine, miss is sent for, and *l'affaire est fait.* (*Snapping his fingers.*)

Sir C. And so you think that a young, beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger? Pr'ythee, get away, and don't provoke me.

Young C. Well, well, I am gone, uncle. When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [*Exit.*]

Sir C. The devil's in these young fellows, I think; we send them abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

Enter HEARTLY.

Good morrow to you, neighbour.

Heart. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir C. I can return you the compliment, my friend; without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But, mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir C. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir C. No, faith, I am serious; and had I a

daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir C. And now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home in order to dispose of her worthily with her own inclination.

Sir C. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so: and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her; for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging. In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir C. No, no; she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

Heart. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir C. My nephew, Mr. Heartly—

Re-enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Here I am at your service, sir. My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward—

Sir C. Get away, you puppy!

Young C. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward, a most accomplished young lady, to be sure—

Sir C. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Young C. You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly; my uncle does not set up for an orator: a little confused or so, sir. You see me what I am; but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself. We are young, sir. I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you: but my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry; and, therefore, I shall say no more at present.

Sir C. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you—

Young C. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-à-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle. You command, I submit: Mr. Heartly, your's. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Puppy! (*Aside*)—My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see; and, therefore, I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but, indeed, he has persuaded me, in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir C. You are right, neighbour—But here she is.

Enter HARRIET and LUCY.

Har. He is with company; I'll speak to him another time. (*Retires.*)

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen.—You are very particular, miss. (*Apart to Harriet.*)

Heart. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—(*Harriet returns*)—Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady. (*Introduces her.*)—

You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me?

Har. Sir! (*Confused.*)

Heart. Don't be disturbed, I shall not reproach you with anything but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Har. Upon my word, sir—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage. Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh! for shame, madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Heart. (*To Sir Charles.*) We have gone too far, Sir Charles. We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover: I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now. Be persuaded, that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

Sir C. I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Heartly. Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular. You was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married. What can be the meaning of all this? That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Har. Pr'ythee, don't plague me about Mr. Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, miss? Though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient, you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company. The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptions.

Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this a secret so long? Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception. What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick! But come, I'll put you in the way; you shall trust me with the secret; I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends; they shall entrust it to half a dozen more; by which means, it will travel half the world over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up

all my perquisites at your wedding. What is his name, miss?

Har. I cannot tell you his name; indeed, I cannot: I am afraid of being thought too singular. But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I can't understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so. I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward; 'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it. [*Aside.*]

Heart. Don't imagine that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to inquire into everything that concerns you. Some friends have spoken to me in particular; but that is not all—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed. Be plain with me; has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Har. I cannot deny it, sir; yes, somebody indeed has pleased me. But I must entreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Har. I have, in my own mind, sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better; reason, honour, everything must approve it.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*]

Heart. I see your confusion, and will relieve you from it immediately. I am informed of the whole—

Har. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy; for I can, with pleasure, assure you that your passion is returned with equal tenderness. [*happy.*]

Har. If you are not deceived, I cannot be more

Heart. I think I am not deceived; but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserved a little more confidence from you?

Har. You have, indeed, deserved it; and should certainly have it, were I not well assured that you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose them! Am I, then, so unkind to you, my dear Harriet? Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you? I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Har. Since you desire it, then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Heart. I am all attention; speak.

Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Heart. I see your delicacy is hurt. But let me entreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him that my consent shall confirm both our happiness.

Har. You will easily find him; and when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first. Persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation. I shall leave him with you; and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer. [*Going.*]

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT. (Harriet remains on the stage.)

Heart. Are we not alone? What can she mean? [*Aside.*]

Young C. Apropos, 'faith! Here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him; but now the riddle's explained. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can he want now? This is the most spiteful interruption! [*Aside.*]

Young C. By your leave, Mr. Heartly. [*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*] Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet! Well, Mr. Heartly, *sans façon*—But what's the matter? Things look a little gloomy here; one mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns her head and winks at me. How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Har. I wink at you, sir? Did I, sir?

Young C. Yes, you, my angel! but, mum!—Mr. Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Young C. Hope for the best; I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Heart. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, sir, the friendship which I have ever professed for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*]

Young C. I am alive again. Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that everything goes on to our wishes. [*Going.*]

Har. Mr. Heartly—pray, sir—

Heart. Poor Harriet! I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. [*Aside.*] Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time that I shall be absent! Poor Miss Harriet! [*Exit.*]

Young C. Allez, allez, monsieur! I'll answer for that. Well, ma'am, I think everything succeeds to our wishes. Be sincere, my adorable—Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Young C. Inform you, miss? The matter, I believe, is pretty clear: our friends have understanding—we have affections—and a marriage follows of course.

Har. Marriage, sir! Pray, what relation or particular connexion is there between you and me, sir?

Young C. I may be deceived, 'faith! but, upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Har. And have you spoken to my guardian upon this supposition, sir?

Young C. And are you angry at it? I believe not.

Har. Indeed, sir, this behaviour of your's is most extraordinary.

Young C. Upon my soul, this is very droll. What! has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Har. He is in an error, sir; and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceived him long before now.

Young C. (*Hums a tune.*) But, pray, miss, what can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Har. Opposing my own inclinations, sir?

Young C. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam.

Har. Be assured, sir, I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Young C. Come, come, I know what I know.

Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Young C. Don't you make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Young C. And you really believe that you don't love me?

Har. Positively not.

Young C. And you are very sure, now, that you hate me? (*Conceitedly.*)

Har. Oh! most cordially!

Young C. Poor young lady! I do pity her from my soul.

Har. Then why don't you leave me?

Young C. "*She never told her love,*

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek."

Take warning, miss; when you once begin to pine in thought, 'tis all over with you; and, be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you. *Coûte qu'il coûte.*

Re-enter HEARTLY and SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir C. 'Gad! I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism. But, hold, hold! the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other. What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time?

Young C. A trifle, sir; the lady will tell you. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. You seem to be troubled, Harriet! What can this mean?

Har. You have been in an error, sir, about me; I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden; but I am now forced to tell you that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir C. What do you say, miss?

Young C. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of humour; but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir C. Ay, ay, ay! oh, oh! is that all? These little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port. Ay, ay, ay!

Young C. Talk to her a little, Mr. Heartly. She is a fine lady, and has many virtues; but she does not know the world.

Heart. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Har. I cannot, sir. I have discovered the weakness of my heart; I have discovered it to you, sir; but your unkind interpretations and reproachful looks convince me that I have already said but too much. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Well, but harkye! nephew, this is going a little too far. What have you done to her?

Heart. I never saw her so agitated before.

Young C. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be. The little *brouillerie* between us, arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant* between us.

Sir C. I'll tell you what, Jack; there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of.

Young C. But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it. Ha, ha!

Sir C. Why, really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more. What say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it; my thoughts upon the matter are so various and so confused. Everything I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—She certainly cannot like anybody else!

Young C. No, no; I'll answer for that.

Heart. Or she may be fearful, then, that your passion for her is not sincere; or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Young C. Ha! Egad! you have hit it; nothing but a little, natural, delicate sensibility. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Young C. *Je vous demande pardon.* I have sworn to her, a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex: hut there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an over-fond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and vows to return into the country again.

Young C. Poor thing!

Heart. I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires that when she has recovered herself, she may talk with you alone, sir. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Sir C. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm, to be beloved by that sweet creature as you are, Jack.

Young C. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle? Ha, ha! Divine Bacchus! La, la, la, &c. (*Sings.*)

Sir C. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly? Why, a fine woman has no effect upon them. Is there no method to make them less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. Lookye! Mr. Clackit; if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated

with neglect or disdain: nor could I bear it, sir. Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible, indeed, who would not make it his darling care to defend from every inquietude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir C. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. Heartly. Go to her, nephew, directly; throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Young C. Would you have me say the same thing over and over again? I can't do it, positively: it is my turn to be piqued now.

Sir C. D—n your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Heart. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, should bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit Servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir C. Ay, ay; we'll leave you to yourselves; and, pray, convince her that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Young C. Oh! yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependence, truly!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Young C. We'll be with you again to know what your tête-à-tête produces; and, in the meantime, I am her's—and your's. Adieu! Come, uncle. Fal, la! la, la! (*Sings.*)

Sir C. I could knock him down with pleasure. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Library.

HEARTLY and a Servant discovered.

Heart. Tell Miss Harriet that I am here: if she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room. [*Exit Servant.*] However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered. This young gentleman has certainly touched her: there are some objections to him; and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion. But here she is.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology?

Heart. I am angry that you think an apology necessary. The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear.

Har. I have reflected that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and, therefore, I would endeavour to answer all his objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit: but I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible.

Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear—(*Takes her hand.*) You tremble, Harriet! What is the matter with you?

Har. Nothing, sir. Pray, go on.

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness: you fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are; and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Har. And would you advise me, sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and, in part, to relieve me from the shame of a declaration—Might I be permitted to write to him?

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and, indeed, you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? Will you write it for me, sir?

Heart. Oh! most willingly: and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Har. It will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighs.*)

Heart. Here is pen, ink, and paper; and now, my dear, I am ready. He is certainly a man of family; and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write? (*Prepares to write.*)

Har. Pray, give me a moment's thought;—tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. I know it is. Don't hurry yourself; I shall wait with patience. Come, Miss Harriet.

Har. (*Dictating.*) "It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your understanding the secrets of my heart"

Heart. (*Writes.*) "The secrets of my heart."

Har. "Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it"

Heart. Do you think that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Har. Pray, indulge me, sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon. "Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it." So!

Har. "Everything tells you that it is you that I love"

Heart. Very well.

Har. Yes; "you that I love." Do you understand me?

Heart. Oh! yes, yes; I understand you—"that it is you that I love." This is very plain, my dear.

Har. I would have it so. "And though I am already bound in gratitude to you"

Heart. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Har. Pray, write, sir.

Heart. Well; "in gratitude to you." I must write what she would have me. (*Aside.*)

Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one"

Heart. "Most disinterested one."

Har. "And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections"

Heart. And then?

Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced"

Heart. Stay, stay! "Had not experienced."

Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy"

Heart. What did you say? Did I hear right, or am I in a dream? (*Aside.*)

Har. Why have I declared myself? He'll hate me for my folly. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Harriet!

Har. Sir?

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your infancy: it would be ridiculous.

Har. It would, indeed! I own it; it is improper.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Heart. (Troubled.) Ought to send it! Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Carry this letter. (An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.) Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Har. (Peevishly.) Who can it be for?

Heart. (To the Servant.) Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [Gives the letter; exit Servant.]

Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. (Aside.)

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (Aside.) Sir Charles is without, sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you?

Heart. I must retire, to conceal my weakness.

[Aside, and exit.]

Lucy. Upon my word, this is very whimsical. What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Har. What a contempt he must have for me to behave in this manner!

[Aside, and exit.]

Lucy. Extremely well this, and equally foolish on both sides! But what can be the meaning of it? What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter; a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. (Going.) I will go directly to my young mistress, tease her to death till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning—and go upon the stage. [Exit.]

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has passed, the more I am convinced that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it, then? Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but can it be possible that so young a creature should even cast a thought of that kind upon me? Upon me! No, no; I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. Well, Mr. Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir C. What the devil is the meaning of all this! There never, sure, were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? for as I passed by her but now, she seemed a little out of humour; and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can

collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir C. Egad, like enough. But hold, hold! this must be looked a little into: if it is so, I would be glad to know why and wherefore I have been made so ridiculous. Eh! master Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew? By the lord Harry—

Heart. He is of an age, Sir Charles—

Sir C. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentlemen! you need not puzzle any more about the matter: I have got the secret. I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distressed lady.

Sir C. Well, and who, and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, sir? (To Heartly.)

Heart. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better. What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world! I pressed her so much that she at last confessed.

Sir C. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir C. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years and riper understanding.

Sir C. Indeed!

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion, of course.

Heart. This is very particular.

Sir C. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir C. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, sir; and she did not say me nay; but cast such a look, and fetched such a sigh—that if ever I looked and sighed in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir C. What the devil!—Why, surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

Lucy. Indeed I do not, sir. 'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice: nay, sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me,) and told her—"Good God, madam," said I, "why he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic,"—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir C. But you need not have told her all that. It can't be me: no, no; it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, sir. You are the man.

Sir C. Say you so? Why, then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you. Ha, ha, ha!—Your betters must be served before you. But here he comes—Not a word, for your life. We'll laugh at him most triumphantly. Ha, ha! but mum, mum!

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought them to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. (To Heartly.)

Sir C. Do you hear the puppy? (Apart to Lucy.)

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir C. Now for it.

Heart. Miss Harriet, sir, was not destined for you.

Young C. What do you say, sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fixed her affections upon another.

Young C. Upon another?

Sir C. Yes, sir, another; that is English, sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Young C. Very well, sir, extremely well.

Sir C. And that other, sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Young C. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir C. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the czar of Muscovy.

Young C. (*Smiles.*) But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far; I shall begin to be uneasy; but whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for, be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. (*Searching his pocket.*)

Sir C. Well, what's that?

Young C. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle: a letter from the lady. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*)

Sir C. What! to you?

Young C. To me, sir: this moment received, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir C. To you?

Young C. Most undoubtedly. She reproaches me with my excessive modesty; there can be no mistake.

Sir C. What letter is this he chatters about? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir C. What! sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir C. Well, but, then—How the devil—Mrs. Lucy!—Eh!—What becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir C. Nor I.

Heart. (*Hesitating.*) Nor—I—

Young C. But I do; and so you will all presently.

Re-enter HARRIET.

Har. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Young C. I brought the gentleman of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you that I feel as I ought the honour you have done me. (*Shewing the letter.*) But, for heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks; they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself.

Har. To hesitate any longer would be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character. You have all been in an error. My bashfulness may have deceived you; my heart never did.

Young C. *C'est vrai.*

Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement: but at the same time must confess—

Young C. Oh—ho!

Har. With fear and shame confess—

Young C. Courage, mademoiselle!

Har. That another, not you, sir, has gained a power over my heart. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir C. Another, not you; mind that Jack. Ha, a!

Har. It is a power, indeed, which he despises. cannot be deceived in his conduct. Modesty

may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir C. How prettily she reproaches me! but I'll soon make it up with her. (*Aside.*)

Har. As to that letter, sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable. But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir C. Proof positive, Jack. Say no more. Now is my time to begin. Hem! hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending everything that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Young C. Oh, misericorde! what, is my uncle my rival? Nay, then, I burst, by Jupiter!—Ha, ha, ha!

Har. Don't imagine, sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir C. (*Bowing.*) You are very obliging, madam.

Har. Neither is it, sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir C. How is this?

Young C. Another! not you; mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Young C. Proof positive, uncle; and very positive.

Sir C. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget; and so, madam, I am your humble servant.

Heart. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Young C. Ay, now for it.—Hear him, hear him!

Heart. Oh, my Harriet! I, too, must be disgraced in my turn. Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved? Indeed I have not. The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart; but now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy, indeed, of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: the one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity. Should I refuse my hand a third time, (*smiling.*) I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach: and, therefore, I accept your favour, sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgments; and, from henceforth, devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Sir C. Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and played yourself in the farce?

Young C. What would you have me say, sir; I am too much a philosopher to fret.

Heart. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

*For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the Guardian prove.*

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SULTAN; OR, A PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THE SULTAN
OSMYN

ELMIRA
ROXALANA

ISMENA
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Seraglio; the throne in manner of a couch, with a canopy, on the front of which is an escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman arms crowned with feathers; in the back scenes, the Sultan's door is covered with a curtain.

Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.

Osmyn. Tell me, what right have you to be discontented?

Elm. When first I came within these walls, I found myself a slave; and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death: my tears flowed incessantly; Solymán was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to liberty, my parents, and my country.

Osmyn. And yet, when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

Elm. True; but his munificence, and, above all, the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attached him to me.

Osmyn. Why, then, complain? you still possess his heart. Already, you have been twice honoured with the imperial handkerchief.

Elm. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determined, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

Osmyn. I shall procure you an answer this morning.—But, hark! the Sultan approaches.

[*Exit Elmira.*]

The curtain is drawn, and the SULTAN enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand march played.

Sul. Osmyn.

Osmyn. The humblest of your slaves attends. (*Bows to the ground.*)

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Osmyn. And of the seraglio, too, sir?

Sul. It is even so: and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustomed to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures; which, though varied, appear insipid, through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained. Your voice used to charm me.

AIR.—OSMYN.

*Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,
And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,
But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,*

Caressing each flower of the garden and grove.

*Then still let your pleasure variety crown,
'Monst the different beauties that rove up and down;
Court the charms of the fair, of the black, of the brown,
They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.*

Sul. I have often told you I am not touched with mere caressing machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Osmyn. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly in one object he procured you.

Sul. Who is that?

Osmyn. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And, truly, she possesses all the charms that can adorn her sex.

Osmyn. You thought so once.

Sul. Once! I think so still.

Osmyn. Indeed!

Sul. Positively, why should you doubt it?

Osmyn. Your word is my law. But, sir, there is matter I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio; and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here, is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do everything she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh: besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business: I will have them all agree. How do you call her?

Osmyn. Since she has been here, we have called her Roxalana.

[reason.

Sul. Well, you must endeavour to bring her to

Osmyn. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness's feet, then?

Sul. Let her come; and, do you hear, *Osmyn*? go to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday, (she that sings so well,) and send her hither.

Osmyn. I will, most sublime Sultan.

[Exit.

Enter ELMIRA. She kneels.

Sul. I know, beforehand, that you come to upbraid me. We have not met so often lately as our natural inclinations would have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness, which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs. The business of the divan has taken up so much of my time.

Elm. I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. Elmira, you love music; I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well; if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

Elm. I want none when you are present; your company suffices for everything.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter ISMENA.

Is. Your slave attends your pleasure. (Kneels. The Sultan makes signs to the Eunuchs, who bring two stools, and beckons Elmira to sit.)

Elm. This is an honour I did not expect. (Taking her seat.)

AIR.—ISMENA.

Bless'd hero, who, in peace and war,

Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;

In peace, the shafts of love you bear;

In war, the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought, that song did not so well express the effects of love. I never heard anything so charming; her voice is exquisite. What do you think of her? (To Elmira.)

Elm. If she hears all this, it will make her vain. I cannot bear all this; I am ready to burst with indignation and anger.

[Aside, and exit.

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the Sultana's attendants, and by that means, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often. (Turning, perceives Elmira gone.) But, where's the Sultana? I did not perceive she had left us. Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to muse her.

[Exit Ismena.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I come to tell your highness, there is no earring that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sul. Why, what is it she does?

[too.

Osmyn. She mimics me; nay, and mimics you,

Sul. Pooh, pooh!

Osmyn. Advice is lost upon her; when I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing. There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light. She seems, indeed, a singular character.

Osmyn. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now, I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter ROXALANA.

Sul. How now?

Rox. Well, heaven be praised, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence, that horrid ugly creature there, for he shocks my sight; do you hear? go. (To Osmyn.)

Sul. (Gravely.) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference; all in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence! and obey! Is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry? you must be vastly loved, indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider, you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No, indeed; you make me feel the difference severely; there reigns ease, content, and liberty: every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour, for very good reasons; and it is for your good; there are very rigorous laws in the seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Osmyn. What does your highness think now? Did I tell you the truth? (Apart to the Sultan.)

Rox. Oh, whispering! What is it that monster says? That what-do-you-call him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful, glaring eyes, as if he would devour us. Is this the confidante of your pleasures, the guardian of our charity? I must do him the justice to confess, that, if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't step one step but he is after us; by-and-by, I suppose, he will weigh out air and measure out light to us; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us; and, if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for.

[rate?

Osmyn. There now, don't she go on at a fine

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me. If you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplished prince. I wish to make you beloved; let your window-bars be taken down; let the doors of the seraglio be thrown open; let inclination alone keep your women within it; and, instead of that ugly, odious creature there, send a handsome, smart, young officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day. (While she is speaking, the Sultan admires her.)

Sul. Did you ever see so expressive a countenance? (To Osmyn.) Have you any more to say? (To Roxalana.)

Rox. Yes, sir, this; to desire you will not mind him, but attend to me. Men were not born to advise; the thing is expressly the contrary: you women have certainly ten thousand times more

sense. Men, indeed! Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation. Now, sir, farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may, perhaps, be tempted to give you another. [Exit.]

Osmyn. Did you ever hear the like, sir? Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Osmyn. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl; a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse. Go after her, *Osmyn*, bid her come back and drink sherbet with me.

Osmyn. Sherbet with you, sir? [Exit *Osmyn*.]

Sul. I have said it. (*Goes on the throne, and takes a pipe.*) Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner. (*Snokes.*) She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty; yet her little nose, cocked in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect altogether—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift *Roxalana*'s character; mere curiosity, and nothing else. It is the first time we have seen this place a spirit of caprice and independence: I'll try, at least, what she'll say to me further; there can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Delivered my message! where's *Roxalana*?

Osmyn. In her chamber, where she has locked herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber. What did she say?

Osmyn. "Treasure of light," said I, (through the key-hole), "I come from the sublime Sultan to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and desire you will come and drink sherbet with him." She answered through the key-hole, "Go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet."

Sul. In effect, *Osmyn*, the fault is your's; you took your time ill, as you commonly do; you should have waited some time: don't you owe her respect?

[come again?]

Osmyn. And, after this, would you have her *Sul.* Perhaps I would.

Osmyn. Shall I fetch the Sultana *Elmira* too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, *Osmyn*? I tell you once more, go and bring me *Roxalana*. (*Curtain moves.*) [curtain.]

Osmyn. Who is that meddles with the great *Sul.* Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. 'Tis I. (*Coming from behind.*)

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Osmyn. Ay, how dare you? Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the seraglio; so let it pass. *Roxalana*, I beg your pardon; I am afraid he has disturbed you now.

Rox. Oh! it is only what I expected; you Turks are not reckoned very polite. In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here, I find. (*Sultan offers her the pipe; she strikes it down.*) What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this? Does your insolence go so far?

Osmyn. What do you command, sir?

Sul. Silence!

Rox. What! angry before a woman? I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffered, and yet there's something so foolish in it too. (*Aside.*) Come hither, *Roxalana*, I want to speak to you. [am.]

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I would for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future? Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things; I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love, too: for 'tis in my country, love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet, even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy. If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth: and do you know why you dislike to hear it? Because it is a language your ears are unaccustomed to; but I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it. Happy would it be for every prince, if he had a friend near him to tell him the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect? that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed! [rect you.]

Rox. Oh! your notions are horrid! I shall correct you.

Sul. Correct me! In what, pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal, sure! But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it, then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who am I, and who you are! Yes, sir, I do consider very well that you are the grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive, then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the seraglio agreeable to you; if I study to make you happy, might you not, in your turn, try to deserve my favour?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it. [me—]

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers

Rox. Don't believe it; I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never; caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and, in the meantime, you shall sup with me.

Rox. No; I beg to be excused; I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so? 'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for, while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable. But to be in good humour, sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things that I can't—indeed, sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my snipping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so. *Osmyn*!

Enter OSMYN.

Rox. *Osmyn*, I say, hear my directions; (you know I am to speak;) go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Osmyn. Did your highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you. [*Exit Osmyn, bowing.*]

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplished favourite you love so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who, I am told, sings enchantingly, and whom you love

Sul. Yes—but— [a little.]

Rox. I understand, you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary; we will be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tête-à-tête would be a great pleasure, to be sure! oh, no!

Sul. I promise you, I expect it.

Enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Madam, your orders are obeyed.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her, I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there. What's that you say? you know, I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go. [you.]

Rox. Stay, I say; I have some business with

Sul. Stay! Certainly, there never was anything half so pleasant as this creature. [Exit.]

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan. If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it. And, do you hear? don't let them know you came from me with this invitation. Take care of your head. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A royal Apartment, banquet, &c.

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. Ay, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Heyday! what have we got here? Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? Let me die but I believe it is their dinner. What, do they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers? Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians. And, d'ye hear? lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. (*Mutes lift up their hands.*) Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had. If there is none here, go to the nuffi, he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, warrant him; let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them. (*Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.*) Oh! here come some of my guests: I'll hide. (*Goes aside.*)

Enter ELMIRA and OSMYN.

Elm. It is impossible! A pretty thing, truly, he is to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Osmyn. I tell you her ascendancy over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

Elm. Well, Osmyn, be my friend; and here, take this locket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me. (*Roxalana comes forward.*)

Osmyn. Death and hell! we are deceived.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Rox. Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak ill of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

Elm. Insidious pleasantries! Know this, however, madam, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and, as such, will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket. Holloa! who waits there?

Enter OSMYN.

To tell the grand Signior to come here.

Osmyn. I will, madam—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me.

Rox. Go. [*Exit Osmyn.*] Elmira, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore, make the best use you can of the opportunity.

Elm. Is it possible?

Enter SULTAN, ISMENA, and OSMYN.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? Ismena and Elmira, too!

Rox. What is the matter, sir?

Sul. I thought you would have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had. Come, salute the ladies. (*He bows.*) A little lower. (*She stoops his head.*) There now, ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

Elm. Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone; she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated; I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw anything like it before.

Rox. Where should you? Come—[*Enter Carver with a long knife.*] Who is that? What does that horrid fellow want?

Osmyn. It is the grand carver.

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads. Pray, Mr. Carver, be so good as to carve yourself away. Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours. (*To the Carver.*) We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine. Bring it here, Osmyn.

Osmyn. Must I touch the horrible potion! (*Takes the bottle between the skirts of his robe.*) There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle. Here, drink.

Osmyn. I drink the hellish beverage! I who am a true believer, a rigid mussulman!

Rox. Sir, he disobeys me. (*To the Sultan.*)

Sul. Drink, as you are ordered.

Osmyn. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor. Oh! Mabomet, shut thy eyes! 'Tis done: I have obeyed.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass there. Elmira, fill your's and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray, dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, sir! why should we dispense with you? Oh! I understand you; perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you: I will soon turn them off. Gentlemen, you may go: we shall have no occasion for you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little; if you don't talk, you must sing. Ismena oblige us with a song. (*Ismena sings.**) Come, sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. (*Drinks.*)

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments of her rivals! but in everything she is my superior. (*Aside.*) I can rest no longer. (*Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.*)

Rox. To me! Oh! no; Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song. (*Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.*)

Elm. Oh! (*Faints.*)

Sul. Elmira! 'tis your's: look up, Elmira. (*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to Elmira.*)

* There is no song incidental to the piece; some popular air is generally introduced at the pleasure of the singer.

Elm. Oh! sir. (*Recovering.*)

Sul. For you, out of my sight, audacious! (*To Roxalana.*) Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. [*Exit Roxalana, guarded.*] But she shall be punished, madam, and you sufficiently revenged.

Elm. I do not wish it: in your love all my desires are accomplished.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely. Go, order her to be brought hither.

Elm. What is your design, sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I were going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

Elm. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently. Let her be brought hither, I say.

Osmyn. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter; fetch her as she is: and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubled in her.

Elm. Is that necessary, sir? [*sigh.*]

Sul. Oh! it will gall her; I know it will gall her. We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are with what we might have been.

Elm. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature; her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent—

Elm. There's an end on't, if you justify her.

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convinced I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Re-enter ROXALANA.

Here she comes: she's in affliction; and her left hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. Approach. (*To Roxalana.*) Elmira, have you determined how you will dispose of her?

Elm. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think that so unworthy an object should have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am your's for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray, forgive me; I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond hearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and anybody may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Whom do I love, then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend; but with your highness's permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go, then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence. (*Going.*)

Sul. No, you sha'n't go. Elmira, do you withdraw. [*Exit Elmira.*] Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself. What, despite my favours, insult my condescension? Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly. Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person? No, sir; let it never be

said that the great Solymán meanly triumphed over the person of the slave whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trilling and respectable, that you seduce my heart while you teach me my duty. [*friend.*]

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your *Sul.* Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me, then, by what title I am to govern here?

Sul. By what title! I don't understand you. Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling. I see, I know you love me.

Rox. As Solymán I do, but not as emperor of the Turks: nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, at whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul. If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by our holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you my queen.

Rox. That's a poor excuse. Had the man I loved but a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him; would sooth his vexations, and soften his cares: but, were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or he has no love for me.

Sul. Or, if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed! No, sir. Your wife, or humble servant: my resolution is fixed—fix your's.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic, sometimes, on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The mufti, the vizirs, and the agas—

Rox. Are your slaves. Set them a good example.

Sul. Besides, what would the people say?

Rox. The people! are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and would be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admired, she would be adored; she'd be like the queen of the country from whence I came.

Sul. It is enough; my scruples are at an end: my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the light of your superior reason: my love is no longer a foible; you are worthy of empire.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Most sublime Sultan, the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case? Let, then, the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty; let the gates of the seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank. [*Osmyn goes out and returns.*]

Osmyn. Sir, the dwarfs and botanges, your highness had ordered, attend.

Sul. Let them come in. This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrivalled partner of our diadem.

Osmyn. There's an end of my office. Who would have thought that a little cocked-up nose would have overturned the customs of a mighty empire?

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe, by thy exaltation, the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which evinces that

*The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,
Through nature's glass looks all the world around;
Would all that's beautiful together join,
And find perfection in a mind like thine.* [*Exeunt.*]

WAYS AND MEANS;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR DAVID DUNDER
OLD RANDOM
RANDOM
SCRUPLE

PAUL PEERY
CARNEY
TIPTOE
ROUND FEE

QUIRK
PASSENGERS
BAILIFF
SERVANTS

LADY DUNDER^r
MRS. PEERY
HARRIET
KITTY

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Anti-room in an inn.*
PAUL PEERY discovered, in a chair, asleep; bar-bell ringing violently. Enter MRS. PEERY.

Mrs. P. Why, Paul! why, husband!

Paul. Eh! what? (*Waking.*)

Mrs. P. For shame, for shame, Mr. Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half-hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it, and scarce stir when you are pulled: and when you are, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pulled again.

Paul. Pr'ythee, wife, be quiet: you know, I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

Mrs. P. Were you! I wish I could find it out.

Paul. But what's the matter?

Mrs. P. Packets are the matter; diligences are the matter. Sea and land-cargoes and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stepped out of the mail-coach, from Canterbury. The men, I believe, are making inquiries for the machine to London.

Paul. Are they? Then shew 'em all into one room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so readable as sea-sickness: so, put 'em all together; and they'll only be sick of one another, you know. (*Bells rings.*) Enter Waiter.

Wait. Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, sir. [Exit.]

Mrs. P. Run, Mr. Peery!

Paul. Ay, ay! You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry. Here, Lewis, John, William! shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there. [Exit, bawling.]

Enter Waiter, shewing in one French and three English passengers, from the packet.

Wait. Walk in, gentlemen.

Mrs. P. Walk in, gentlemen, if you please. Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

1 Pas. So! just six o'clock in the morning; be-

calmed at sea; not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I! I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled—

Mrs. P. I'm extremely sorry for it, sir; but—

Fr. Pas. Now, begar! it do me goot.

Mrs. P. I'm vastly happy to hear it: do you choose any refreshment, sir? [in all my life.]

Fr. Pas. Vous avez raison: I never vas so refresh

Mrs. P. I am very glad, indeed, sir.

2 Pas. I'm d—d sick.

Mrs. P. I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir.

Fr. Pas. Ma foi, madame have beaucoup de politesse.

2 Pas. Get me a glass of brandy—ti, tol, lol! I feel confounded qualmish, but—tol, lol, lol, la!—I don't like to own a sea-sickness; and—"Britons ever rule the waves." (*Singing.*)

Fr. Pas. Briton rule de vave! I tink de vave rule you, ma foi. Ha, ha!

2 Pas. Right, mounseer! in the present case, I grant you. Packet-sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks; but, when there is occasion to mix a little of our British spirit with it, why, it's always too much for a French stomach. Now that's the time when an Englishman never feels qualmish at all.

Enter Waiter, shewing in four Women.

Mrs. P. Servant, ladies.

1 Wom. Lard! this mail-coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together, like two double letters.

Mrs. P. Disagreeable, to be sure, ma'am.

1 Pas. And that infernal packet!

Mrs. P. Nothing can be half so bad, sir.

2 Pas. But, then, the cabin—

Mrs. P. Except the cabin, your honour!

2 Wom. And riding backward in a coach!

Mrs. P. I can't conceive anything so shocking, Fr. Pas. Voila la politesse encore! [ma'aru.]

Mrs. P. Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen. But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly: hope you will excuse the—

1 Pas. Oh! certainly, hostess: travellers, you know—if you'll give me leave, madam.

1 Wom. Sir, you are very obliging. (*The Men hand the Women.*)

Mrs. P. Here, William, wait on the company.

Fr. Pas. Ah! c'est drole! pair and pair! two by two! [*Exeunt Men, handing out the Women.*]

Mrs. P. Shew 'em into Noah's ark, William, d'ye hear? (*Bell rings.*) Coming! Here, John, Lewis!—Coming! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the inn.*

Enter PAUL PEERY, with RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

Paul. This way, your honours, this way; one step at the door, if you please.

Rand. Step on, sir, if you please: pay the post-boy, and send in the servant (*Peery going*) and, harkye! landlord, what's the name of your house?

Paul. The Ship, your honour. The oldest and best established house in the town, sir.

Rand. Very well; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais?

Scru. Psha!

Paul. You intend to take water, gentlemen?

Rand. No, sir; but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

Paul. Thank your honours! everything shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go, I think, I—vastly obliged to your honours. Here, Lewis, William! breakfast for two in the Lion, there! [*Exit.*]

Rand. Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative inkeeper! And now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see, not with the old, stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent; but a voyage to the island of love.

Scru. But suppose we should find neither wind nor land in our favour?

Rand. Why, then, we shall be love-bound here a little, that's all. But, hang it! why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better: confound all thinking, say I!

Scru. Confound thinking, Mr. Random! I'm sure it's high time to think, and that very seriously.

Rand. Heyday! Moralizing! "Confound thinking, Mr. Random!" Yes, sir, confound thinking! I'm sure, thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly, too, Mr. Scruple, at present.

Scru. Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

Rand. Poh! pr'ythee, don't doubt at all; doubting is mean and mechanical; and never entered the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our own daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our tailors, or tavern-keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies. Zounds! man, don't be faint-hearted now; we shall never win our fair ladies at this rate; besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world? [*believe.*]

Scru. Why, we are sure of their good wishes, I

Rand. Certainly: and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so, chance must direct us. [*mention—*]

Scru. But may not those trifling obstacles you

Rand. Psha! doubting again! why, you are more of a mandarin, on a chimney-piece, than a man; there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attacked them at Bath, where they were, three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about them to give them advice, and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

Scru. Granted: but they were then suddenly called home to their father's, the baronet's, near

Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of them.

Rand. Oh! never fear, if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewailed their cruel fate; while we, like true knights-errant, promised to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at *Scru.* Because I loved her. [*once?*]

Rand. Well, that's some reason, too: you would have made a d—d unfashionable figure, I confess.

Scru. You mistake me: I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity, and have the utmost detestation for marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

Rand. Mighty romantic, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

Scru. My policy was chosen from the proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrassed circumstances—

Rand. Charming!

Scru. Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family; whom my imprudence had disoblighd—

Rand. Excellent!

Scru. And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I, undesignedly, insured them.

Rand. Pooh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister; but Kitty's the girl for my taste; young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or sighing. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, and her heart full of love—ay, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

Scru. Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family; I dread encountering the old folks, too; people in the country, here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

Rand. Oh! the mere effect of their situation; where they get more health than polish.

Scru. And yet, old country families—

Rand. Are like old country bacon—d—d fat and very rusty, Scruple. But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hired him overnight, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

Scru. What, our joint lackey? that we engaged for the expedition, to avoid inquiries; to wait on us both, dress us both, and fly on both our errands, like a shuttlecock between two battledores?

Rand. Yes; or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

Enter TIPTOE, with a small portmanteau.

Tip. Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

Scru. Ay, on this table.

Tip. (*Putting it down.*) Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

Rand. Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our clothes in one portmanteau.

Tip. That's the very reason I complain, sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

Rand. A shrewd fellow this. He may be of use to us. (*Apart to Scru.*)—And now we have to inquire, pray, sir, what may your name be?

Tip. Tiptoe—Tiptoe, gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours, honest Tiptoe once stood above the world; but now all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

Scru. And pray, sir, what were you formerly?

Tip. A decent young man, sir, that could dress wigs, write a running-hand, and preferred a sober steady family. I shaved my old master, bottled of his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key o

his cabinet and cellar; in short, sir, I was his prime minister.

Scru. How came you to leave him, sir?

Tip. Ruined by party, sir; some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key, I—

Rand. Began to be suspected; eh! honest Tiptoe?

Tip. Why, I can't tell how it was, sir; but the cabinet was against me; the whole house opposed me; and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

Rand. Was turned out, I take it?

Tip. Oh, fie! no, sir; I resigned. I then fairly advertised my abilities—"Wants a place—can turn his hand to everything;" you, gentlemen, bid most for me; here I am, and I hope you'll have no cause to complain of my qualifications.

Scru. He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random; and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail, farewell, dear, dear, little England! and yet I am wedded to thee—

Rand. Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple: it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer. [Exit with Scruple.]

Tip. Very fine company I seem to have got into! hired, in one instant, by two men I had not heard of three moments; set out on a journey at four in the morning; and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all sixes and sevens.— [Enter French Waiter.]—Well, friend!

Fr. Wait. Serviteur, monsieur!

Tip. Friend! Oh, lord! no; it's the enemy. French waiters creep into shabby Dover inns, like French footmen into large London families. French footmen! more shame for their employers! who starve their own poor countrymen, to feed a set of skinny scoundrels, whose looks give the lie to their living, and prove their master's head in much nicer order than his heart. What, you come to carry up the portmanteau, I suppose?

Fr. Wait. Oui, de portmanteau, dat belong to—

Tip. Well, take it; and take care of it, too, monsieur; none of your old tricks of running away.

Fr. Wait. Never you fear; laissez moi faire. 'Oh! de roast beef of old England!'" [Exit, singing.]

Tip. There go all the worldly goods of my two poor masters; and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he asked me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey!

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. Ah! my honest friend! sweet, honest Mr. Tiptoe, your servant.

Tip. (Aside.) How did he pick up my name, now?

Paul. I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have hewn above stairs, have everything to their satisfaction? Though I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery, of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my

Tip. Humph! Serve! Why—a— [friend?]

Paul. His honour in grey? or—

Tip. Ay.

Paul. Or the worthy gentleman in green?

Tip. Yes.

Paul. Humph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

Tip. Why, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, 'im Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction.

Paul. A close fellow! (Aside.) Well, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr. Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

Tip. Why, I have lived with 'em long enough, or that matter, Mr. Peery.

Paul. They are of property, no doubt!

Tip. Of such property, master Peery, it's impossible to describe it.

Paul. Indeed! and where may their property lie at this time? [coast, at this time.]

Tip. I believe all their property lies on the sea—

Paul. Oh, oh! the sea-coast! What, in ships, I

Tip. Yes; it's all in the Ship. [imagine?]

Paul. So, so! merchants! rich rogues, I'll lay my life. (Aside.) Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr. Tiptoe; trusted by everybody, I warrant.

Tip. Trusted for a great while, too, I promise you.

Paul. I hope they find everything to their liking. Must be civil here. (Aside.) I hope the room suits their honours? I should be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

Tip. Oh! excellent! make no apologies; your room is as good as your company, master Peery.

Rand. (Without.) D—n your house! Here, Tiptoe! Tiptoe, you scoundrel!

Tip. Coming directly, sir. You are right; you were always famous for giving satisfaction.

Rand. (Without.) Tiptoe!

Paul. Hark! is it your master?

Tip. 'Faith! I do not know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in green. Good 'bye, master Peery.

Rand. (Without.) Tiptoe!

Tip. Coming, sir.

[Exit.]

Paul. Why, what the devil can these merchants do at Dover? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps. They must be rich fellows by the servant's being so saucy; and then, they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly! Oh! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world; for none pay so well at an inn as those who are always d—ing the waiters for ill-treatment. (Bar-bellings.)

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall, sir, has had business in the town before breakfast, and stopt in, whilst his horses put-to, to go back. [Exit.]

Paul. Ods my life! a rich man, a good-natured gentleman, and lives but a mile off: the only great man, I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance. An odd fellow, too; and takes more money from my house than a tax-gatherer; I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations. But he pays well while he stays. So, William! wife! hostler! rub down the horses, and shew up Sir David Dunder.

[Exit.]

Re-enter PAUL PEERY with SIR DAVID DUNDER.

Sir D. Pooh! Paul, you're a blockhead—there's two of 'em you tell me?

Paul. Worth a plum a-piece, Sir David.

Sir D. Plums! figs! How's your wife, Paul, eh?

Paul. She's pretty—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know she is. And so, these two merchants are as rich as—

Paul. Anything, your honour.

Sir D. D—d good simile! very new, too. Have they taken care of the horses?

Paul. They're going to—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know it. Merchants! hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets; two blanks to a prize.

Paul. Right, your honour; and the sea—

Sir D. Is the worst wheel in the world for 'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I would not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

Paul. London: London merchants; and they—

Sir D. I know it, you blockhead—are respected all over the world. London merchants, Paul, are like London porter; a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogsheds, that keep up the vigour of a strong English constitution. Where are they going?

[any intelligence—]

Paul. I can't tell, Sir David; but if you wish for

Sir D. You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be introduced, d'ye hear? Sir David Dunder, Dunder Hall—you know the form—Bart: bloody hand, all that—wishes to—Who have we here?

Paul. The very men, Sir David; coming this way,

Sir D. Then do you get out on't. [too.]

Paul. So! two more guests going by his cursed invitations.

[Exit.]

Sir D. (Looking out.) 'Gad! they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows, for all that. If so, the

younger the better; and a man must be clever, indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.—[Enter RANDOM and SCRUPLE.]

Rand. Nay, prythee, Scruple, one turn on the quay, and—who is he? Egad! the same queer fellow we observed just now under the window.

Scru. Right; giving orders to his coachman.

Sir D. Gentlemen, your servant.

Rand. & Scru. Sir, your very obedient!

Sir D. My landlord tells me—honest Paul, here—you've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical, sort of a—eh! and, after the city, you think it a d—d dirty, dingy kind of a—humph!

Scru. Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tired of the exchange.

Sir D. The Exchange! Oh, oh! Paul's right! (*Aside.*) I know it. The Exchange, as you say, for people in your situation is much pleasanter.

Scru. Sir! Our situation!

Sir D. Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters. [anything of—]

Rand. The devil he has! And how should he know

Sir D. Nay, don't be angry; no harm: mere innuendo—didn't tell plump—talked of your dealings.

Scru. Dealings! [sumed to—]

Rand. Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not pre-

Sir D. Must be rich—d—d crusty! (*Aside.*) You're right, though, can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul! How many clerks do you keep?

Rand. & Scru. Clerks!

Sir D. Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks, though, all you, eh! Props of the public; bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately,

Scru. Hell and the devil! [gentlemen?]

Sir D. That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and—

Rand. Sir, we suspect what you imagine, and—

Sir D. I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off: Lady Dunder, a sweet, fine, fat woman—my wife, by-the-by—will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

Rand. How! Lady Dunder your wife? (*Hastily.*)

Scru. Is Lady Dunder your wife, sir? (*Hastily.*)

Sir D. Eh! my wife, my wife! Why, yes, I think so. She is not your's, is she?

Scru. Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of Sir David Dunder in this country, before. [known, I believe, everywhere.]

Sir D. Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well

Rand. Certainly; indeed, you were the last person in our mouths, Sir David.

Sir D. Popped in apropos, eh! Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spongy, our curate; never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder Hall—all in the family way, you know: Sir David, that's me; lady and two misses; two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent; tall as hop-poles—will be happy to—eh!

Scru. Sir, you're particularly kind; but—

Rand. We'll attend you with pleasure, Sir David.

Sir D. Will you? that's right. It's close by; quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here, why, 'tis but a mile. All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—eh! I'll step to coach myself; but don't, don't abuse honest Paul; meant no harm, upon my soul! mere innuendo—a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other inn-keepers, blunders and talks: a d—d deal of the bull and mouth about him; but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad! [*Exit.*]

Rand. Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own; the luckiest hit in the world!

Scru. Do you think so?

Rand. Think so! Zounds! what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hoped to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

Scru. Granted: and what then?

Rand. What then? Why, then, instead of reconnoitring the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

Scru. And is this to be our return, Mr. Random, for Sir David's kindness?

Rand. Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

Scru. For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man, whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan, indeed! weak as you may think it, I should prefer going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

Rand. Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action, as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to the reconciliation with our friend, who can, if they choose, make us easy, I see no great injury offered to Sir David, nor his family.

Scru. Why, in that case, to be sure—

Rand. Ay, ay; no more of your cases now, good doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the south of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know. [*Enter TIPTOE.*]

Tip. The old gentleman, sir, with the old coach, is inquiring for you in the court-yard.

Scru. Oh! Sir David! *allons!* Follow us, sirrah. We haven't a moment to spare.

Rand. That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he has ever given us an invitation. Come along, Tiptoe; quick, quick, you scoundrel! [*Exit with Scruple.*]

Tip. Quick! Zounds! I'm almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, raw-boned, post-horse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer, country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again. Ah! Tiptoe, Tiptoe! you must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Room in the Ship inn.

Enter ROUNDLEE and QUIRK.

Round. Why, I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

Quirk. No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

Round. Yes, and then you'd shut it again; just as you do at my dinners; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

Quirk. What, and haven't I deserved it? haven't I filled more parchments for you than stomachs; more skins than bellies; and closed many an account before I could close my orifice? haven't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly, establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own? Haven't I sworn for you, and roundly, too Mr. Roundlee? [good swallow]

Round. Well, well, I always allowed you had:

Quirk. Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a commission of bankruptcy against you? and didn't I kindly make myself—cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects? [ruin with gratitude]

Round. And haven't I always acknowledged me

Quirk. No, nor anything else. I have dangle after half the heirs in town, without an acknow

ledgment; making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour and secrecy.

Round. Ay, if required.

Quirk. Granted; it says so in the advertisement. And did not they come to you, when, if it was not for me, they would have been accommodated at a genteel end of the town? Instead of which, I trudged 'em through the Strand, towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots and high collars, for fear of sore throats, to chew your tough chops in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell d—d lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was the disinterested, moderate man, to settle a proper premium between the parties? Why, I, to be sure.

Round. And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payment; or else we lock him in limbo; safe in the house of bondage. Now, your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why he gets duly elected, and I have a false return for my money.

Quirk. That's not the case here, you know.

Round. No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild-goose chase we have had here! Rammed into a post-chaise, with more expense than speed; gaping at hops, through a cursed small-beer country, and after two youngsters, who, by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edged with English insolvents. Calais is a King's-bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshalsea. A parcel of prodigal, web-footed spendthrifts come here, and take water like ducks—

Quirk. Yes, but they are lame ducks.

Round. While we, who have hatched 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

Quirk. Come, come, accidents will happen.

Round. And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr. Quirk? with your plaguy polioptic pate! a thick Symond's-inn skull, only fit to peep through a pillory. You must be sending me your two fine St. James's gentlemen. D—e! there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than in St. Giles's: all in a gang, too; knaves of clubs every one of them—and there my two youngsters, coaxed me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in the country, and rich old fathers, with fine crazy constitutions; charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism; sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put one in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you booby, to back it.

Quirk. Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and everybody says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

Round. Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and now he must go abroad, too; with a cursed consumptive pocket, I warrant: and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr. Scruple—

Quirk. But why call me in question? Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with 'em? and weren't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open-hearted? and then, when Random told you he'd take you to Shooter's-hill in his phaë-

Round. Psha! no such thing. [ton—

Quirk. And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk, if you did not stoop—

Round. Hush!

Quirk. Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and though I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

Round. Zounds! it's enough to drive one mad to think on't! You got the warrant backed by the Sheriff of Canterbury?

Quirk. Yes, by the Sub; and all may be repaired at last. We have traced 'em truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't served, we may nab 'em yet. Come along, old Round. We'll pump the waiters, sound our host, and success, no doubt, will crown our inquiries. Come along! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Dunder Hall.*

SIR DAVID DUNDER, LADY DUNDER, RANDOM, and SCRUPLE, discovered at breakfast.

Rand. We are most mortified, Sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

Sir D. Psha! Nonsense! Mustn't mind that.—T'other cup, eh? (*To Random.*) Always the case with my girls.—Lump o' sugar? (*To Scruple.*)

Scru. Not any.

Lady D. They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while Sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

Sir D. Be quiet, I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, though, I assure you: very like mamma.

Lady D. Oh, Sir David!

Sir D. Hush! The very picture of my dear Lady Dunder. Not so plump, perhaps; but all in good time.—Bit more mullin?

Scru. The young ladies, Sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplished a mother.

Sir D. Yes; like as three peas. My lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat. (*All rise.*)

Lady D. Why, people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first called out to move in a minuet; and always stand the head couples in a country-dance.

Rand. We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your ladyship's daughters must inherit—

Sir D. Be quiet. Asked everywhere, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover. Acted all the tragedy parts, too, at my friend Thing-em-hob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul: but Kitty was so cursed comical!—did Desdemona one night; gets killed, you know, by a bolster.

Scru. An agreeable amusement! Gentlemen's playhouses are much to be wished for.

Sir D. Fine fun, isn't it? We had a touch of dramatics once ourselves, at the hall here; gutted a kitchen, and filled it with fly-flaps. All gentlemen-players, you know.

Rand. A kitchen! And how did your players perform? [flat as the dresser.

Sir D. Players! Pokers! Empty as pots; and as

Lady D. Oh, fie! Sir David! You know, Sir Simon Squab came down from London on purpose; and everybody said his Romeo was charming.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true; forgot Squab. True, deary; fine, very fine, indeed, for a gentleman: his figure, to be sure, wasn't so cleverly cut out for the character. A fat, fubby phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, d—me! he croaked like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh? Look at the lawn?

Rand. Why, at present, Sir David—

Sir D. I know it—rather not. That's right: no nonsense: I hate excuses. Looks like rain; cursed cloudy; and all that. No ceremony here.

Scru. A little rest after a journey is—

Sir D. Right. By-the-by, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit—D'y'e know Kit Skurry?

Rand. Never heard of him.

Scru. Nor I.

Sir D. An odd, harum-scarum, absent, flighty fish. Old friend of ours; but a d—d quizz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

Lady D. I've heard Sir David mention—

Sir D. Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange *Scru.* Why it was rather— [style]

Sir D. Hush! Got into my coach; all alone, dull as hell, dark as the devil: so, to amuse myself, fell *Rand.* Entertaining, indeed! [fast asleep.]

Sir D. Very—I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubbed my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had crammed in a corpse.

Rand. It looked rather suspicious.

Sir D. Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

Rand. How did you behave?

Sir D. Sat still: frightened out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

Scru. And how did he explain?

Sir D. Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; popped into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and, as the hostler crossed the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be d—d to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it?

Lady D. Extremely. [love?]

Sir D. Yes, my lady laughed till she was ready to—Go to the farm, eh? Peep at the pigs?

Lady D. Lard! Sir David, how you tease gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road: your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true. No dinner without dressing. Won't walk? Well, do as you like: I leave you here with my dear Lady Dunder. (*To Lady D.*) Talk to 'em, deary, do; give 'em a sketch of the county. Some Dover scandal and Canterbury tales; quite in your way, lovey. She knows

Scru. Indeed! [all about you.]

Sir D. Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

Rand. That we are convinced of.

Sir D. I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people; see what's going on within and without; house and garden; farm and fire-side: look at the plate and the pantry; gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs, and the logs. Must go—d—d sorry: must mind my little cutter of cabbages; an idle, eating, cheating dog! and would sooner be d—d than dig. He's of no more use in the garden than Adam: for he steals every apple he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry-bush. [Exit.]

Scru. I hope we don't detain your ladyship from walking?

Lady D. By no means: Sir David's horse-walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise. I drive round the grounds in a whiskey, now and then; or a canter on a pony—

Rand. But, while Sir David is at his farm, your ladyship has probably your menagerie to attend. Is your ladyship fond of birds in that style?

Lady D. Oh! no, I prefer a little canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

Scru. No getting rid of her, I see. (*Aside.*) I wonder your ladyship has given up walking, too; the air of this garden is delightful.

Rand. Charming! And this lawn before the house here. (*Walking up to the glass-door with Scruple.*)

Enter KITTY, with flowers, HARRIET following.

Kitty. Oh! mamma, mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

Lady D. Hush! Kitty—Consider!

Kitty. Eh! what, company? Oh, lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! girl—Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce—

Kitty. La! mamma, you are so round about always. I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies. You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time. (*Random and Scruple come forward. Kitty goes up to Random,*

begins curtsying, looks in his face, drops the flowers, and screams.) Oh!

Rand. Ah! the young lady's taken ill.

Lady D. Mercy on me! Why, girl! why, Kitty! What's the matter with you? (*They put her in a chair.*)

Kitty. Nothing, mamma—nothing—but something that— [I believe.]

Rand. Something that was in the flowers, madam, *Kitty.* Yes, yes; a great— [you dropt 'em.]

Rand. A great wasp. I heard it buzz by me, as *Kitty.* Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has

so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected. (*Looking at Random.*)

Rand. How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

Lady D. And I to be without my smelling-bottle, too! Bless me! why, Harriet, you give no more assistance than—

Har. Excuse me, madam; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill—

Scru. Has quite affected Miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden.

Lady D. You're extremely kind, sir: go, my love. Poor, dear, sympathetic girl! The gentleman will assist you.

Scru. I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assured, madam. [Exit with Harriet.]

Rand. If your ladyship would favour us with a little hartshorn—

Lady D. Lard! that I should be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table. I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear; a little of Dalmahoy's pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant. [Exit.]

Rand. And now, my dear Kitty!

Kitty. (*Rising.*) Hush, hush! Lud! you have frightened me out of my wits: I have hardly breath to ask you a question. Where did you come from? who brought you here? how long do you stay? and who do you go away with?

Rand. I came from London; brought here by your father; stay till to-night; and go away with you, my angel. So much for question and answer.

Kitty. With me! You might have asked my consent first, I think.

Rand. Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities: your father knows nothing of me nor my friend; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation: but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find: we shall order a post-coach to the garden wall at eleven. Now, Kitty, if we could but find the outside of a certain chamber-door—

Kitty. Oh, gemini! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr. Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

Rand. No, but if Scruple and I were to venture.

Kitty. Oh! it would be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it: you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you. We won't—no, we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

Rand. Thanks, thanks! my dear, sweet, charming, bewitching, little—(*Embracing her.*)

Enter LADY DUNDER, hastily.

Lady D. Here are the salts,

Rand. That's right, madam; lean upon me: walking about will be of infinite service, I am certain.

Lady D. You're very good, indeed, Mr. Random. How are you now, Kitty?

Kitty. Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma.

Lady D. Ay, ay, I knew it would be soon over. Foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle! but,

come, we have troubled Mr. Random too much already: we'll take our leave, and dress for the day. To be alarmed at an insect, indeed!

Kitty. La! mamma, why not? [ship imagines.

Rand. Certainly, there's more in it than your lady—

Lady D. Well, well; you're very good—but—ha, ha, ha! Sir David will laugh finely at this: tottering in a chair, and—you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say.

Kitty. Well, I deserve to be laughed at, I see: foolish enough, to be sure. Come, mamma. (*Taking Lady D.'s arm, and looking urchly at Random.*) You won't forget the chair, I dare say, Mr. Random.

[*Exit with Lady D.*

Rand. So! this even exceeds my warmest expectations. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely, our success is certain: but he is so shilly-shally. D—n it, if he lets her reflect, we are lost. Women were never born for reflection; and whenever they have any, it's generally used to turn all our schemes topsy-turvy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to Dunder Hall.*
HARRIET AND SCRUPLE discovered.

Scru. Why, Harriet, why torture me with these needless objections?

Har. Needless! Good heavens! how can I accept your proposals? the delicacy, the consequences which may follow; the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister—

Scru. My life on't, are guided by honour; and the emergency, the occasion, everything conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have proposed is—

Har. In your present situation rash, even to madness: time, too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay—

Scru. Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation: you know my situation; know that, with prudence, (a virtue, which, I confess, I have hitherto neglected,) it may be essentially altered for the better: but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to; all convince me, if your regard continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet—

Har. Impossible! Press me no further, I beseech you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr. Scruple, which I should shudder to violate. [for you—

Scru. Absurd! Have not they proposed a match

Har. A detested one, I own: but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

Scru. Still, still, Harriet, this delay!—why take pleasure in tormenting me?

Har. It is not in my nature: bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic; for I have preferred happiness to splendour; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune: apprised of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, sir; nor strive to take advantage of a partiality, which would be ill-placed on one who would recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour.

Scru. Confusion! But I am to blame, madam; I have relied too much on that partiality, which I see cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable. (*Going.*)

Har. Unkind! ungenerous man! you, too, who read my heart; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me: but prudence urges your departure; go, then; I cannot, dare not, follow you: my actions are not at my disposal. Ah! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

Scru. Dear, sweet simplicity! Oh! Harriet, forgive my petulance; pardon a passion, whose warmth consumes all bonds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent for your sake, Harriet; and yet I must not lose you; but wish and wait for happier times.

Har. The time will come, assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

Scru. If he should hasten it? [ness.

Har. Why, then—Nay, nay, you know my weak—

Scru. Then I will be content; you must at last be mine. (*Taking her hand.*) Till then, I'll watch with anxious care about you; still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion; prudence, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

Har. Then keep it; (*giving the fan*) keep it as an emblem of your conduct; and when I claim it, which one day, no doubt, I shall, be it from difficulties removed or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

Scru. My lovely girl! Oh! may that day—

Sir D. (*Without.*) Hallo! girls! plague on't! why, where the deuce—[*Enter SIR DAVID DUNDER.*]—Oh! here you are! ah! got acquainted already—that's right: he's as pretty a promising sprig of a—what's he talking of? somewhat sensible—mentioning me?

[*David?*

Scru. We were just talking of you, indeed, Sir

Sir D. Like enough; what, you've got my young puss in a corner?

Scru. I was explaining to Miss Harriet, sir—

Sir D. I know it: isn't she an apt scholar! had it all from me; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject: harkye! Hal, got news for you—a letter

Har. About me, papa? [from London.

Sir D. Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace, and pin-money—made up the match; here it is, (*showing the letter*) as neat a mixture of love and law! nothing but harmony and business: just like a drum—all music and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you?

Scru. That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

Sir D. Pooh! pr'ythee, 'twon't be long; make us monstrous happy: Random and you now, eh? shall make no noise about it. Just a snug party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fiddler, and a hop in the hall.

Scru. May I ask the gentleman's name?

Sir D. Lord Sualts. D'ye know him?

Scru. His person only; which is by no means in his favour: his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short, too, Sir David.

Sir D. Ah! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five-and-forty come Lammas, I take it. [love.

Scru. Rather an advanced age to begin making

Sir D. Right; we shan't lose a moment: he has been making money, however, this long time; rich as a Rabbi.

Scru. Money, I fear, Sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

Sir D. No! what else?

Scru. The power of Cupid, sometimes.

Sir D. Curse Cupid! he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad!

Scru. And yet a stupid, old, ugly hnsband, is—

Sir D. I know it: like a heavy old-fashioned piece of plate—always handsome when he's rich.

Har. (*After reading the letter.*) Be here tomorrow! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected.

Sir D. Right! the best way in the world in these cases. All settled now, but the ceremony; that we'll finish as soon as possible. Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal! never stand trembling on the brink: dash away—one plunge, a slight shock, and business is over.

Har. But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

Sir D. Be quiet! I know it; married so myself,

Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear Lady Dunder, if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; come together as people dance minuets; I bowed, she courtseyed, and, egad! I had her by the left hand in a moment.

Scru. But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reason for wishing delay: if all husbands, indeed, had equal accomplishments—

Sir D. Eh! why something in that; men aren't all alike; everybody is not blessed with manner and style to—eh!—few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already, you know. So, as soon as he comes, why—

Har. Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to—

Sir D. Take time! Pooli, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My lord leaves London to-morrow; be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to—eh!—why, what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as— [of the—]

Har. The weather, sir; nothing more—the heat
Sir D. Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: we'll walk to the house, and—

Har. I attend you; but it has really so overcome me—I—almost want strength to follow you. (Embarrassed.) I want—

Scru. Your fan, madam?

Sir D. Ay, right: a few flaps in the face would bring her about in a second.

Scru. This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you?

Sir D. Eh! Did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

Har. Shall I, papa?

Sir D. To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think, at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a—carries it on purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

Har. If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it—(Hesitating.) [dam.]

Scru. With the utmost pleasure, believe me, ma-

Sir D. Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

Har. (Fanning.) How refreshing to the spirits!

Scru. Certainly; it is—it is a sign, Sir David.

Sir D. I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crack, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of. [had, papa.]

Har. (Fanning.) It would not be proper if you

Sir D. Like enough: but let's in, and open our budget: quite delight my lady with the news: she'll be in a terrible pucker. A fine fuss with preparations to-morrow, I warrant: up to the neck in beef, gowns, ducks, jewels, ribands, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. (Going out.) Soon have your swain kissing your hand. (Scruple kisses it.) Come along: soon settle this. Kitty will be coupled next. Cares are all over; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Ship Inn.

Enter PAUL PEERY, meeting ROUNDLEE & QUIRK.

Paul. I hope, gentlemen, you have everything to your satisfaction.

Round. I wish we had, with all my heart.

Paul. I am very sorry anything should happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—for people in post-chaises. (Aside.)

Quirk. Well, and how goes your house? are you tolerably full at present, eh, landlord?

Paul. Um! Full enough in the larder, your honour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons; and butcher's meat in abundance: mutton chops, lamb chops— [crum us with news.]

Round. D—n chops: we don't want victuals:

Quirk. But what company have you? Anybody of note now? Anybody that makes a noise in your house?

Paul. Let me see—first, there's my wife—

Round. Psha! we have nothing to do with your wife, man; we want an acquaintance or two.

Quirk. Ay, haven't you two—two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs? [parlour.]

Paul. Hum! there's a very old one in the back
Round. Oh, the devil!

Paul. Two young gentlemen indeed came down from London about seven this morning, and they—

Round. & Quirk. What? What?

Paul. Went away about eight, I believe.

Round. D—n! I thought so. [or—]

Quirk. But were they tall or short, or fat or lean,
Paul. Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one. Very inquisitive. (Aside.)

Round. (To Quirk.) The very clothes we heard at the hotel they sat out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

Quirk. Back.

Round. Let's inquire further, however. I suppose now, landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house? [of your's, I imagine?]

Paul. Certainly, your honour. They are friends

Quirk. Why, we should be glad to see 'em again, I promise you. Do you expect 'em back shortly?

Paul. Oh, yes; in a day or two, I make no doubt.

Round. Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it.

Paul. Nay, perhaps sooner. I guess where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

Quirk. Ah! at Calais, no doubt; or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr. Roundlee.

Paul. And from what I could gather from the servant, I make no doubt, but their occasions will make them come quickly to our town again.

Round. Rare news, Quirk: you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent fellow, landlord; I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again, egad! I—I begin to find my stomach returning; so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. Stingy scoundrel! (Aside.) Here, Lewis.—[Enter Waiter.]—Lay a cloth in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear? [into the harbour, sir.]

Wait. Very well, sir. There's the packet just put

Paul. Ha! anybody particular?

Wait. Mr. Random and another gentleman are

Round. Eh! Who? [coming up the quay, sir.]

Quirk. Random! Put back, by all that's lucky.

Paul. Odso! a rare customer! Run, Lewis. [Exit Waiter.] Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and—

Quirk. But stop and— [tlemen—and—]

Paul. And everything to your satisfaction, gen-

Round. We want to—

Paul. Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

Round. Plague of you—

Paul. And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen.—Coming! [Exit, bawling.]

Round. Huzza! rare news, Quirk. The luckiest hit in the world. They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash, at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an officer whilst we are at dinner and drinking a merry meeting. Come, my dear Quirk, we'll soon settle the business, I warrant; and then, after our hot post-chaise scamper, and I've made sure of my money, we'll travel back slowly, at our ease, in the Dilly. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Room in the Ship.

Enter OLD RANDOM, leaning on CARNEY.

Old R. Gently, gently, good Carney! The cursed sea breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move, at first setting off, than a post-horse.

Car. There, there! gently—and now Mr. Random, many welcomes to England again. We have been feeding on French air, like chameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a camel.

Old R. But I have a huge lump of cares on my back, notwithstanding.

Car. But health is the great thing to care about. Why you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

Old R. Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

Car. Think! I know it.

Old R. It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy—flesh without colour, and my face peeping through a parcel of wrappers—

Car. For all the world like a mummy.

Old R. How! why don't you see now—

Car. Oh! quite another thing, sir.

Old R. Another thing, sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout, and a cough.

Car. Very true, sir.

Old R. Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh! the south of France is the best physician in the world; if it can't cure, it seldom kills, and that's more than most doctors can say for themselves. Then the pleasant time we have passed together; In nursing myself, and you keeping me company, in my room, all the while I was sick, in a fine, charming, warm climate.

Car. Ay, happy days, indeed, Mr. Random. The walks too I enjoyed, in imagination, looking out of your window.

Old R. And so you'd wish to have walked out, and be d—d to you! taking your amusements abroad, whilst poor I was taking physic at home. Here's friendship for you! and a pretty return for the pleasure I found in keeping you close to my bedside all the day long. Lord, lord! what few folks feel for anybody but themselves. [yourself.]

Car. Nay, I'm sure I suffered as much as you did

Old R. Well, well; you are the best of the bunch, I believe—the only man I can agree with. What can be the reason of it, Carney?

Car. The similarity of our dispositions, no doubt; for I talk, eat, drink, and think, exactly as you do, Mr. Random.

Old R. Something in that, I believe; but what a singular, cruel case mine is, that with so many connections and a family to boot, I find such few proofs of people liking me. Plagued with a profligate dog of a son, too; who, because I have indulged in a few trifling pleasures myself, thinks that he must be uninterrupted in his vagaries. Zounds! getting children is worse than getting a fever; they keep an incurable heat in one's blood, and cost a devilish deal of money into the bargain. [hope?]

Car. But there is some prospect of a cure here, I

Old R. No, no—past recovery, I promise you. The dog will be deucedly disappointed to see me so stout again, I fancy. (*Coughing.*) Eh, Carney?

Car. Impossible, Mr. Random: I can't think him so depraved. I dare say he'll be overjoyed to see you. I am sure, for my part—(*pompously.*)

Old R. Ay, ay, you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means—at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so; but he—didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him everything, except my plate, and my pictures, and my houses, and my money! and see his ingratitude! You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions

Car. Where is he now? [in his life.]

Old R. Ratting all over the town, I suppose, with his friend Mr. Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits; laughing at every nan who has sense enough not to act and dress like himself; and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days. D—e, he's hardly fit for anything. What can I do with him, Carney?

Car. Um! Put him in the Guards, Mr. Random.

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. I hope I see you well, sir? your honour looks charmingly, since I had the honour of seeing you honour.

Old R. See there! How the alteration strikes strangers. (*To Carney.*) And any news, master Peery! anything stirring lately?

Paul. Nothing; except since your honour arrived—

Old R. Well, and what happened then! Anybody inquiring after me? Who is it?

Paul. Two very inquisitive people.

Old R. Oh! custom-house officers, I imagine.

Paul. No; they came from London: they've asked a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoiced to hear your honour's arrived.

Old R. Very civil of 'em. I see nothing particular in this, master Peery.

Paul. And I believe they have sent for a constable

Old R. For me, Mr. Peery? [for your honour.]

Car. Impossible! For what?

Paul. Um! perhaps they think his honour's a spy.

Car. Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

Old R. I apprehend that you are a blockhead! Runners! why I can hardly walk, and never spy anything without spectacles. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

Paul. I can guess at no other reason they can have for taking up you, who are just come from France—but perhaps your honour may remember some capital crime you have committed. I am sure, 'Squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a year, can never want money. [*Enter Bailiff and Follower.*]

Bai. Is your name Random, sir?

Old R. Well, sir, suppose it is?

Bai. Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Old R. The devil I am?

Bai. At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener, of London, for three thousand pounds.

Paul. The 'squire arrested for debt! it can't be.

Car. I should sooner suspect myself.

Bai. And Mr. Scruple here for the same sum. (*Slaps Carney's shoulder.*)

Car. Scruple!—Who, I?

Old R. Scruple! Dick's crony, by Jupiter! and I and poor Carney arrested for the dog's debts as soon as we set foot in England: a profligate! a scoundrel! I'll—One moment, if you please: come here, Peery; you see this business?

Paul. Plain enough. [mentions?]

Old R. Do you know of any Mr. Scruple he

Paul. Odso! it's the two young merchants, as sure as a gun, that Sir David carried off in his car-

Old R. Merchants! [riage this morning.]

Paul. Yes; and now I recollect, one called the other Scruple, sure enough.

Old R. Well, well, you see the mistake; you must be bail in this business.

Paul. Who, I! Lord, your honour!

Old R. Come, no words. Who is this Sir David you talk of? [lives hard by.]

Paul. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall—

Old R. Order a post-chaise. I'll drive there immediately. [o'clock.]

Paul. But it's so late, your honour. Past ten

Old R. No matter: I'll raise the house. Zounds! I'll raise the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of all this directly: and if you are shy about bail, why—I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, till I come back. [Mr. Random.]

Car. I'd rather keep your company, if you please,

Paul. Why, as it appears like a mistake, sir, and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate—and—

Old R. Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking?

Bai. We desire no better.

Old R. As to this Mr. What's-his-name? Mr. Roundfee, who is in the house, not a word of it to him, till I return; for particular reasons.

Paul. Everything shall be done to your satisfaction, sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

Car. Mercy on us! what an escape!

Old R. An escape! a scoundrel! an abandoned—What do you think now of all this, Carney?

Car. Think! Why, I—What do you think?

Old R. That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this: that my son's a blockhead to behave so; and that I'm a greater blockhead than anybody to suffer it. Zounds! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his face again. Come along, Carney: I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe: I'll unkenel him, I warrant you: I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him; d—e, I'll unget him,—that's, disinherit him: he shall rot in jail: rot me if he sha'n't; I'll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in Dunder-hall. Four chamber doors at equal distances: a chair placed against the farthest door on the right hand. RANDOM opens the second door on the left.*

Rand. So! all quiet: not a soul stirring. (*Comes forward.*) Sir David, good man, thanks to early hours, is snoring away in the next room to me. I heard him, like a high wind, through the cracks of the old family wainscot. He little dreams of what's to happen before he wakes. Where can Scruple be all this while? He promised to be on the watch, as soon as everything was silent; but he's so cursed slow, and backward in this business. If I were not pretty sure that one woman is as much as any one can manage, I should be tempted to take his nymph away without waiting for him. It's so d—d dark too, that there's no being certain of his door. The chair was a lucky thought; we should have made some confounded mistake without it, I believe. How the plague now shall I make him hear, without disturbing any one else?

Scru. (*Opens the farthest door on the left.*) Hist!

Rand. Scruple!

Scru. Random, is it you? [*as fast as a church.*]

Rand. Yes! Softly! all's snug. The baronet's

Scru. And his wife?—

Rand. Pickling, I believe, below stairs in the store-room. The old woman's head is so full of this nonsensical match Sir David has told her of, that she'll be up with the housekeeper, I find, three parts of the night, to make preparations for the wedding. [*never get out without her hearing us.*]

Scru. 'Sdeath! we shall be discovered: we shall

Rand. Pooh! never have done with your doubts and objections? [*weight.*]

Scru. Surely, her being up is an objection of some

Rand. Certainly, she's of great weight in the house; for which reason, she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we sha'n't come within a mile of her. But have you heard anything of Tiptoe?

Scru. No: do you expect him?

Rand. Yes: I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back gate of the garden. It's turned of eleven, too, I take it. Look what o'clock, will you?

Scru. Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

Rand. Odsso, I had forgot; but he'll be here presently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procured a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber; which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

Scru. Well, if he is but punctual—

Rand. Oh! you may depend on him: but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door, where they are in waiting. (*Feeling about.*) Their bed-chamber is beyond it; so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know.

Scru. Hadn't I better go with you?

Rand. No, no; stay here as an outpost: I shall

Scru. Gently, no mistakes now. [*soon be back.*]

Rand. Never fear. So, here's the chair.

Scru. Remember—caution's the word.

Rand. Ay, and expedition too. The house must divide, you know: so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. (*Taps; door opens, and he enters the women's chamber.*)

Scru. How awkward I feel in this business. It's the first time I ever entered into a scheme of this sort; and am now convinced that no man (thinks of running away, without being cursedly frightened. (*Tiptoe singing without*—"So great a man, so great a man, I'll be!"—) Hark! What's that? Ha! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief; and I dare say my unlucky stars (or rather the want of any stars at all) will direct me to Sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber; I must in, at all hazards. (*Goes into the same chamber.*)

Enter TIPTOE, with a dark-lantern, drunk.

Tip. Here I am at last. What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery. Umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters; d—n my masters! Scamper! scamper! scamper!—'Twon't do—No; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lantern I begged of the old boy at the inn—I was forced to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it to me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr. Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark. Umph! Gentlemen think no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But, softly, softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see; it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right, or to the left, curse me if I recollect. Stay—(*turning round, and counting the doors.*) One, two, three. D—e, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, (*taking the chair, and drawing it along*) when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, (*pointing to the doors,*) choose to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till any old acquaintance comes by. (*Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.*) Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps; Sir David, perhaps. I wonder if baronets ever snore. What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broken for not calling my master; and my bones broken, if I should happen to call anybody else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call nobody, egad! I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So, gently, steady. [*Exit, singing.*]

Scru. (*After a pause, opens the door.*) Once more everything is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery. I had best give Random notice of what has happened; that in case we are watched, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be—(*going to the door Random entered.*) Eh! no chair—'sdeath, this is Sir David's! A pretty blunder I should have made! (*Goes to the next.*) Oh, here it is at last. (*Taps at the door.*) What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented. I had better explain to him what has happened, in the inside of my chamber; for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now? (*Taps again; SIR DAVID opens the door in his bed-gown and night-cap.*)

Sir D. Well?

Scru. Hush! it's I.

Sir D. I!

Scru. Softly! softly! Zounds, you are so guarded! Follow me. Quick, quick! Only follow me, and you shall hear all. [*Exit into his own chamber.*]

Sir D. Follow me! D—d, if I do, though. Can't stir a step without running the risk of breaking m

nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dark with no name, a rascal to rob the house, perhaps—egad, it has put me all in a twitter.

Random comes out with a bundle.

Rand. Hist!

Sir D. Eh?

Rand. 'Tis I.

Sir D. So! here's t'other I. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Where are you? Here! hold this bundle. (*Thrusting it into his hands.*) Why, what makes you shake so? Are you cold here? [*cry out.* (*Aside.*)

Sir D. Zounds, a thief! He'll cut my throat if I

Rand. For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

Sir D. Like enough. Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

Rand. But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where you are now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end. I warrant you. [*Returs to the women's chamber.*

Sir D. That you will, a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away? The dog's given me a bundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought up for a new kind of burglary: cast for breaking into my own house, and hanged for robbing myself of property. My lady's locked up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old house-keeper; or gagged and ravished, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to—(*Feeling about.*)

Scru. (*Putting out his head.*) Hallo!

Sir D. Oh, the devil! There's one in every corner, a whole banditti playing at bo-peep. (*Aside.*)

Scru. Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you. [*deceive him.* (*Aside.*)

Sir D. The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll

Scru. Nay, this delay will—

Sir D. Hush!

Scru. What's the matter? Anybody coming?

Sir D. Yes, yes.

Scru. Ha! we are discovered. In, in! [*Goes in.*

Sir D. Now, if I could but crawl down this back stair-case—(*Meets Random coming out.*)

Rand. Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

Sir D. Zounds! it's the two merchants. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Our packing is all over.

Sir D. Indeed!

Rand. Our two fair ones both equipped for flight.

Sir D. My Harriet?

Rand. Yes, and my Kitty. They'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! and we've nothing to do but to lead them to the coach, and away as fast as love, money, and horses, can carry us. Didn't I tell you now, that your doubts were all nonsense? but, 'sdeath! you are so dull about it: our fears have so overcome you, that—Why a'n't you like me—all rapture, all passion?

Sir D. Hem! (*Agitated.*)

Rand. Ay, this is right, now! this is as it should be. But I'll go and bring them out. (*Going, turns back.*) Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think what a d—d clatter Sir David will make by-and-y. His fat fussy wife, too, cackling about the ouse, like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

Sir D. Old hen! D—e, I wish she had never sat to have brought such a brood. (*Aside.*)

Rand. And he, too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life?—But I'll go and conduct our charge.—By-the-by, has Tiptoe been

Sir D. No. [*here?*

Rand. Careless scoundrel! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for it. Now to deliver our damsels from the clutches of an obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead! to think to marry women to whom he pleases! No, no; whenever there's any forbidden fruit, it is not human nature to rest easy till it is tasted. (*Feeling for the door.*)

Sir D. Liquorish dogs! (*Aside.—Retires.*)

Scru. (*Coming out.*) Why, what could he mean! There's no noise: all's quiet as can be. Random.

Rand. Well!

Scru. Are you ready?

[coming.

Rand. Yes, yes; didn't I tell you so? We're

Scru. Well, well! Tiptoe has not been here.

Rand. Psha! plague, I know it! you told me so

Scru. Did I? when? [*already.*

Rand. Why, this instant. But you are in such a flutter, you can't remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope?

Scru. Bundle! what bundle?

Rand. That which I gave you just now.

Scru. Just now! not you, indeed! Why, you're in a flutter yourself.

Rand. Pooh, pooh! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room; the bundle that—

Scru. D—n the bundle! I never saw it nor felt it in all my life.

Rand. Now, how can you be so cursed obstinate! I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

Scru. Shook! your memory is shook, I believe.

Rand. Egad! I could have sworn I had given it to you. But we must not stand upon trifles, now: time's precious. (*Opens the women's door, and HARRIET and KITTY come out.*) This way, this way! Now, ladies, we attend you.

Kitty. Lud! it's as dark as pitch.

Rand. Never fear.

Har. Heavens! how I tremble.

Scru. Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

Rand. Well said, courage! well said, Cæsar, egad! 'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now, you spoil all. I'll bring you all through, I warrant you.

Har. I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits—

Rand. Vapours! vapours, from being in the dark; nothing else, believe me, madam.

Har. My mother, too—what will not she feel?

Scru. Nay, pursue this no further.

Kitty. Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant; rattling about Sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

Sir D. (*Behind.*) Be quiet—I know it.

Kitty. Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way!

Rand. Stay; take my arm. Come, madam. Scruple, arm in arm, all four, and then for our march.

Sir D. March! d—e, but I'll muster among ye, though—(*Aside.—Sir David comes forward between them. All arm in arm, Sir David in the middle.*)

Rand. So; thus linked, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow, too, that thinks of dividing us. (*Going, a bell rings.*)

Scru. Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

Har. Oh, mercy! we shall be seen.

Kitty. Lud! there's a light! Hide, hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma, as sure as I live.

Sir D. (*Aloud.*) No, no; stay where you are. Come along, my lady; a light will do us a deal of good.—[*Enter LADY DUNDLER, with a light.*] Servant, ladies and gentlemen. [*tlemen!*

Lady D. Mercy on me! Sir David—girls—gen-

Scru. Confusion!

Rand. Sir David!

Sir D. Yes, here we are—been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits: our burrows are all empty.

Lady D. Why, what's the meaning of—

Sir D. Be quiet—meaning? treachery—mean to bamboozle us. Dark night, rope ladders, garden gate, and Greta-green, that's the meaning of it.

Lady D. How! and is this the return for—

Sir D. Hush! ay, is this the return for my open, hospitable, generous—I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomach; crammed everything into you, but gratitude.

Lady D. And come here on purpose, I suppose, with a trumped-up story of—

Sir D. Trump! d—e, this will be their last trump, I take it. And you, too! (*to the women*)—You! (*to Harriet*) you that I intended to link to a lord; to go and give up a peer for a pedler; a merchant; a fellow that lives like a lobster by salt-water; a culler of pepper and spice; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pikipins; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American *Scr.* 'Sdeath! what is all this? [*markets.*]

Rand. If you'll give us leave, sir, to—

Sir D. Give! egad, you'd take leave without asking: French leave, if I had not been here; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammered together by a bare-breeched blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles!—But, zounds! I'll have satisfaction.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! my dear, cool your choler a little, Sir David.

Sir D. Be quiet. What! have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops and quiet country-meetings, for these twenty years, and now not rub off its rust in the oily guts of a couple of whale-catchers, for what I know to the contrary?

Old R. (*Without.*) Come along, Carney; late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe.—

Enter OLD RANDOM and CARNEY.

Heyday! the whole family collected. [*of it.*]

Rand. (*Aside.*) A pretty business we have made

Old R. I beg pardon for this intrusion; but if Sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion—

Sir D. I know it: see it all already. Fine occasion, indeed! And you, too, (*to Old R.*) act as accomplice, do you? an old fellow—Sham! What, you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counsellor's; squeezed over a tonpee, with a dapper tail peeping out between the ties.

Old R. How!

Car. My worthy old friend means, sir—

Sir D. Hush! he is an old one, is he? Means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

Lady D. I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

Old R. Run away! not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that—

Sir D. Did you! There they are. Take them away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you can match them against all Europe, egad!

Old R. So, you are two pretty gentlemen, are not you? And how dare you, sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? (*To Rand.*) Not content, neither, in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog! arrested

Car. Yes, and me, too. [*for them.*]

Rand. I am at a loss how to comprehend, sir—

Old R. But that rascal, that rogue, Roundfee, I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you, at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks, at large, all over the country

Sir D. Eh! be quiet. Cursed ungenteel, though, in you, if you are his father. Zounds! you have used me worse than they! Get yourself locked up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

Old R. I! I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

Sir D. Ah! family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance, too, if I'd let him.

Old R. How! what, attempt to—

Sir D. Be quiet! I am the injured party. Let

Lady D. No, Sir David, I'll— [*me speak.*]

Scr. To end all confusion, I'll speak.

Rand. What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all. (*Aside.*)

Scr. It is yourself, Sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

Rand. He beats me all to nothing. (*Aside.*)

Scr. Your unguarded kindness to strangers

might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see; characters which we never thought of assuming.

Sir D. Oh! d—n Paul!

Scr. Our invitation was unsought; and though our manner of requiting your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practised upon by men, unworthy your countenance, you have met with gentlemen.

Sir D. Here's two fine fellows! come into my house, going to carry off half on't on their shoulders, and then—I have met with gentlemen.

Scr. Our conduct, Sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters' way at Bath, and our continued affection (*I think I may answer for my friend*) may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune. Bestow but their hands, Sir David, and we shall be happy. [*too.*]

Sir D. Eh! zounds! something noble in that,

Lady D. But to think of carrying away our two dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale chits of the county.

Sir D. Hush! Handsomer! ay, and richer, too! with pockets full of money, housewives stuffed with bank-notes, and work-bags crammed with guineas.

Old R. Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

Car. I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr. Random.

Lady D. And what has the other gentleman to say for himself? (*To Random.*) [*neither.*]

Kitty. Indeed, mamma, we are not much to blame,

Rand. Love, madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may once have influenced your ladyship's susceptible bosom.

Lady D. Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence, that—

Rand. If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to Sir David for an union with his daughter, I hope my future conduct—

Old R. Um!—Why, as things are so, Sir David, and my connexions are pretty considerable, my estate pretty well known—

Car. A good six thousand a year. I have known my good friend here some time, and have had his property under my eye for these five years.

Old R. And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

Sir D. Is he?—Well, as matters are, and my lord might find a flaw here, (an ugly business not much to his liking,) I think we can but in honour be off; so, to prevent cursed country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that, I think we may as well, my lady. [*riot!*]

Lady D. As you think proper, Sir David.—*Har-*

Har. We are bound now, madam, both by inclination and duty, to follow your commands.

Kitty. Yes, mamma, we are both bound.

Sir D. Well, then—there there!—take one another—no words. [*life.*]

Rand. And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for

Old R. Remember Roundfee, though; there you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

Sir D. What! an usurer? D—e, let's duck him.

Old R. Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled with at leisure. Their blunders have left them to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you: fellows, whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion, when they are distressed themselves.

Sir D. I know it. But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon; no moping, melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be; and nothing ought to give any of us here so much pleasure as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces. [*Exeunt.*]

HERO AND LEANDER;

AN OPERATIC BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC JACKMAN.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

ABUDAH
DELAH

LEANDER
HYMEN

SOLANO
HERO

SAFRINA
MINERVA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Harvest-scene, at sun-rise, on the banks of the Hellespont.*

Turkish Husbandmen and their Wives at work. A perspective view of the castle of Abydos, in Natolia, or the Lesser Asia; the Hellespont appearing to divide the two countries.

Enter SOLANO, SAFRINA, HERO, labouring Men and Women.

Chorus. *All hail the cheerful god of day,
Parent of ev'ry human bliss;
Who (ere he wings his heav'nly way)
Salutes his Thetis with a kiss.*

Saf. *See how creation smiles around!
What melody enchants the grove!*

Hero. *'Tis there the voice of nature's found
Responsive to the note of love.*

Sol. *Well done, my lads; the morning seems to
low'r;*

*In yonder cloud, methinks, I view a show'r:
Bind up the corn, harness all the cattle,
And let the women quit their idle prattle;
Those lazy sluts are constantly a-gadding;
'Tis such as you that set the fellows madding.
Hero. Behold Aurora, with a blushing ray
And rosy fingers, spreads the infant day!*

SONG.—HERO.

*Ere yet Aurora chase the dews,
The lark his matin song renews;
And seems to chide the swains' delay,
To lose so sweet a part of day.
See, from the ground his mate arise,
And seems to mock our wond'ring eyes;
Still as she soars, her notes decay,
Till the faint warblings die away.*

Sol. *Well, Safra, what's the matter now?*
Saf. *There sits, alas! on gentle Hero's brow,
A settled grief.*

Sol. *Psha! I know the reason:
Hero's nineteen; and that, you know's the season
When females would be married, if they could.*

Saf. *Well, what of that? we are not flesh and
blood!*

SONG.—SAFRINA.

*When I was young, I danc'd and sung,
My heart was lighter than a fly;
No care my youthful bosom stung,
At ev'ry rout, pray, who but I?*

*At length, the urchin bent his bow,
The vagrant arrow hit the mark;
But Hymen, 'solv'd his skill to shew,
Cur'd poor Safra in the dark.*

Sol. *Well done, Safra! 'fore gad! we all can
tell,*

*There was a time you bore away the bell.
[Thunder. Exit Saf. and Hero.
Away, my lads—the storm is drawing near—
And save the produce of a fruitful year.*

*(Thunder and lightning.)
Well done, my boys! The clouds are all on fire;
A thunderbolt hath struck the village spire.*

*(Thunder, lightning, rain, &c.)
The hills are wrapt in stormy clouds on high,
And feel the dread convulsion of the sky;
Tempests arise, on fortune's ocean low'r,
And rolling billows lash th' affrighted shore.*

*(A Man, standing on a rock, cries out—)
Man. A ship, a ship! 'twixt sea and wind she
strives.*

Sol. *Fly all, fly all, and save the people's lives!*

SONG.—SOLANO.

*Alas! how chang'd the face of things!
Hark, hark! the howling tempest sings;
Ah! now the rebel winds she feels,
Toss'd on the billows, how she reels!*

*She's now a wreck, behold on high
Exp'od'd thunder rends the sky;
A dread convulsion moves the shore,
And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.*

The Crew now appear landing. LEANDER, *disguised.*

Welcome on shore, sir, whether friend or foe,
All are our brothers in this scene of woe. [you

Lean. Thanks to you, gentle friends; and, sir, to
Our constant prayers are ever, ever due;

May all the powers divine your labours bless,
And send you friends, if ever in distress! [youth;

Sol. What means that sigh? ah! tell me, gentle
You seem the child of honour and of truth:

Banish your cares, for see, the God of light
Dispels the gloom that wrapp'd the world in night.

Lean. Stern Boreas, frowning, now forsakes the
And smiling Nature visits us again; [plain,

Each tree its wonted foliage re-assumes,
And new-born zephyrs breathe around perfumes.

Where'er we turn to view our ravish'd eyes,
Luxuriant scenes of endless beauty rise.

SONG.—LEANDER.

*Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows;
While fancy draws the flat'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shews!*

*But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.*

Sol. Tell me, gentle sir, from whence you came;
Declare your sovereign, country, and your name;
Are ye from Notalia's rebel coast?
If that be so, 'twere better you were lost.

(*Trumpet without.*)

The chief is rous'd: behold him, great in arms;
Let Hero now subdue him with her charms:
From yonder mountain's brow he saw your sails;
Dreadful he is—a bashaw of three tails.

(*Music plays "See the conquering hero comes."*)

Enter ABUDAH, on an elephant, with guards.

Abu. What's this I see? A set of rascal minions,
Hanging together, like a bunch of onions.
I'll hang ye all; ay, scoundrels, before night,
If, on the instant, you don't quit my sight.

Sol. Dread sir, we have got some prisoners here,
That seem half dead already with their fear;
Shipwreck'd upon our coast, we sav'd their lives,
And here they are—

Abu. Say, have they any wives?
The women all are mine; yes, if twenty:
Although, indeed, I've petticoats in plenty.

Sol. We found no female, sir, among the crew.
Shall we discharge the men? pray, what say you?

Abu. Let them all breakfast,
Each a loaf of bread;
And then, let ev'ry prisoner—
Lose his head.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

*Have pity, great chief,
And send us relief;
We're all in a wretched condition.
Oh! spare our poor lives,
And we'll send you our wives:
Accept this our humble petition.*

(*Abudah alights.*)

Abu. Silence, rascals! I find you, then, can prate;
But, scoundrels, you shall know, my word is fate.
My sword shall treat the vultures with a feast;
Shall lay whole realms, nay, human nature, waste.

Sol. I told them, sir, how great you were in pow'r,
That with a single puff you'd rock a tow'r;
That you were ten feet high—Was not that right?

Abu. Ten feet, at least: five cubits—no, not
Yet ev'ry inch is made of proper stuff, [quite:
Tho' idle nature cast me in the rough.

SONG.—ABUDAH.

*Stand all aloof, ye paltry jades;
And you, ye filthy kuaves of spades!
How dare you look beyond those pales,
On me, who wear three thumping tails?
Don't you all know, that at a blow,
I'd send you to the shades below?
Begone, or else, I swear, oddsbobs!
I'll send you home without your nob.*

Enter HERO.

*But Hero now her form displays,
And strives to charm a thousand ways;
From head to foot new modes of dress,
Her various arts to please express:
I find I'm caught within the snare,
So I'll enjoy the am'rous fair;
As I'm a soldier great and stout,
This girl has turn'd me inside out.*

Lean. (*Aside.*) It is, it is my love! Ye gods, be
kind! [wind.

Hero. (*Aside.*) 'Tis he! I give my sorrows to the
Abu. What does the fellow stare at? Speak, you
The rascal seems as stupid as a log. [dog!

Lean. Spare your reproaches, sir; I'm ill at ease,
My life is your's, do with me as you please.

See, tear succeeds to tear—a passage seeks, (*aside*)
And, bursting forth, bedews her lovely cheeks.

Abu. No grumbling, sirrah! Charmer, let's re-
tire; (*Takes Hero by the hand.*)

The god of love shall fan the keen desire;
My body, blood, and soul, are all on fire. (*Going.*)

Lean. Monster, avant! Release the heavenly fair,
Or, by all the avenging powers, I swear—

(*Seizes Abudah.*)

Abu. Seize, seize the villain; drag him to the
block;

Or toss him headlong from the steepest rock.

No; off with his head. As I'm a sinner,
I'll have his knob, before I eat my dinner.

Hero. Mercy! oh! mercy, sir, as you are great!
Oh! save the youth; at least, suspend his fate!

Abu. Who is the vagabond?

Lean. Why, caitiff, hear!

So shall thy savage nature shake with fear:

Know, then, ingrate, from Abydos I came;

Still more—know thou, Leander is my name.

(*Throws off his disguise.*)

Now slip thy blood-hounds; 'dudge the savage rout;
I stand unmov'd.

Abu. Oh! now the murder's out!

Thanks to thee, prophet; thanks to thee again!

Speak not in his behalf, you sue in vain;

This is the squire, that braves the Hellespont,

And steals, at night, to madam Hot-upon't.

Zounds! I'll souse him in a tub of pickle;

And as to miss, her toby I will tickle.

Drag him away.

Hero. Great chief, be not cruel, but good as you're
brave,

Remember the hero but conquers to save.

Sol. Give life to the wretched, whose fate's in your
hand;

'Tis humanity graces and blesses the land.

Lean. I sue not for mercy, I stand here unmov'd,
Protected by virtue, by beauty, and love.

All. Look down, oh! ye gods! and let mortals now
prove,
The blessings that wait upon virtue and love.

Hero. Hear me, great sir! Oh! spare Leander's
Stand this request, and Hero is your wife. [life;

Sol. Say, will your actions with your words agree? They will, indeed. [cord?]

Sol. Then take her at her word.

Leau. I read my Hero's meaning in her eyes.

Abu. It is all flummery. By heaven, he dies! (Aside.)

Hero. Pardon me, sir, my love for you prevails; What girl can stand a bashaw with three tails?

SONG.—HERO.

*Oh! sir, be consenting, be kind, and relenting;
Release these poor creatures, and send them away;
Do but this, and you'll find*

How good-natur'd and kind

I'll prove to my spousee, by night and by day.

Oh! come now, sweet lover, a passion discover;

A sty little Cupid now lurks in that smile:

Ev'ry maid must surrender

To such a commander:

You've found out a way my poor heart to beguile.

Behold, like Apollo, his ringlets of yellow!

Behold, how like Mars, at this moment he stands!

His breath, too, discloses

The perfume of roses!

How plump his round cheeks, and how taper his hands!

Oh! come now, sweet lover, &c.

Abu. A pretty soul it is! Say, will you, miss, Give your bashaw the earnest of a kiss?

(*She kisses him.*)

'Tis done, 'tis done! you're pardon'd, rascals: go, I give you life, my love will have it so.

But if that poaching dog comes here again,

And braves my anger, as he braves the main,

I'll whip the rebel rascal till he's blind.

Beseece, then, scoundrels, now you know my mind.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

Happy, happy, happy day!

Ev'ry heart its homage pay.

CHORUS.—Turks.

Wake to harmony the voice;

Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice.

(*During this Chorus, Abu-dah mounts the elephant.*)

CHORUS.—All.

Happy, happy, happy day!

Ev'ry heart its homage pay.

Wake to harmony the voice;

Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter ABUDAH, SOLANO, SAFRINA, and HERO.

Abu. Come, come, Solano; methinks, we tarry; I shall be all a-gog, until I marry.

The loves in council sit, and from above,

Venus now calls me to the Paphian grove.

Sol. What says my gentle Hero, will you go?

Saf. Her heart seems bursting with its grief.

Hero. Heigho!

Saf. Divide your sorrows, Hero, give me part. Suppress that sigh, or else you'll break my heart.

SONG.—SAFRINA.

Alas! I press'd, with growing love,

This darling to my breast;

Not the most favour'd, e'en above,

Was more completely bless'd.

Dear innocent! her lovely smiles

Delight me but to view;

And ev'ry pang my Hero feels,

Her mother feels it, too.

Abu. I see she's coy, yet love is in her eye; he'll know her bashaw better by-and-by;

Come, Hero, I hope there's no repenting; The gods, my pretty chicken, are consenting.

SONG.—ABUDAH.

Gentle Hero, take my hand,

Love and life's at thy command:

Joys surrounding,

Sorrows drowning,

Bliss shall gladden all the land.

But if you refuse me,

And think but to noose me

In love's silken fetters,

And sneer at your betters,

By the gods, now, I swear,

From your bosom I'll tear—

No, stop—I'll do more,

I'll deluge the shore

With blood;

Till nature looks wild,

And before I retire,

I'll kindle a fire,

That shall toast you,

And roast you,

Man, woman, and child.

Saf. Oh! mercy on us! whither shall we fly?

Sol. He'll ravish you, perhaps.

Saf. No, first, I'll die. [*Exit with Hero.*]

Enter DELAH and Soldiers.

Abu. What's the matter, Delah?

Del. Dread sir, attend:

We've seen a sail—I'm sure she's not a friend—

Hovering on our coast; she's full of people.

I saw her first, great sir, from yonder steeple.

Abu. Rally my forces; instant line the strand;

They're rebel rascals, from Natolia's land.

[*Exit Delah. Hazza without.*]

Like Mars, I'll dart the javelin from my car,—

I scorn to wait, I'll meet the coming war.

(*Going; trumpet sounds without.*)

Sol. Fir'd by the sound, my genius bids me go, To share the conflict, and repel the foe.

SONG.—SOLANO.

Hark! the trumpet sounds afar,

The clam'rous harbingers of war;

Rouse, soldiers, rouse, to arms, to arms,

The call my beating bosom warms;

The foe insults our native shore,

And proudly mocks his conqueror.

AIR.

Oh! genius of this happy land,

Descend, and bless thy chosen band;

Give us to meet the daring foe,

'Tis liberty shall nerve the blow.

So, when the toils of war are o'er,

And meek-ey'd peace unlocks her store,

Each youthful hero then shall prove.

A sweet reward in faithful love.

Enter DELAH.

Del. Dread sir, a prisoner we have taken.

Abu. Off with his head! I'll make the fellow bacon.

Del. If you unhead him, sir, he cannot speak.

Abu. What horrid fear sits trembling on thy cheek?

Del. I find, Leander, sir, comes here to-night, To visit Hero, and secure her flight.

Abu. Death and the devil! this is news, indeed!

Oh! for Bellona's whip, to make him bleed!

He should be more than twenty months in dying,

'Twould make me smile, to see the rascal frying.

Sol. Suppose we seize him as he comes to-night, Waylay the villaio—nab him?

Abu. That is right.

You counsel well, Solano. Come away;

My soul's in arms, and eager for its prey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Night. The Hellespont in perspective. Leander is seen rowing himself over. A light appears in Hero's window, as a direction to her lover.*

Enter ABUDAH, SOLANO, and Soldiers.

Sol. Behold him, sir! his fate, alas! draws nigh, And forces e'en the tribute of a sigh. Like the dread genius of the deep, he steers, Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears.

SONG.—SOLANO.

Oh! see how he comes, how he moves thro' the gloom, Conducted by fate, and by love, to his doom! Oh! see the fond youth, to the shore now he bends, And quits his companions, his country, and friends; Regardless of danger, he darts through the wave, 'Tis nature commands him, and nature must save.

Abu. The fellow's got on shore, he'll soon be The light conducts him to my faithless fair. [here; Oh! here he comes! be silent all as death, Let not a creature speak above his breath.

Enter LEANDER.

Lean. Well, so far safe; I now must wait to see The bright perfection of a deity. Oh! do not, cruel love, my cares prolong! I'll wake my gentle Hero with a song.

SONG.—LEANDER.

Awake, my sweet Hero, my heart's dearest treasure, Leander now calls you to love and delight; 'Tis Hymen shall sanctify love's softest pleasure, Give our days all to joy, and to rapture the night. Awake, then, my charmer, and share the sweet blessing, The moments now fly me, alas! how distressing! Oh! think of our joys, when caress'd and caressing, Arise, my sweet Hero, love calls you away.

Hero. (Opens the window.) Oh! my soul's joy! thy cheering voice I hear, Like notes from seraphs, rushing on my ear.

Lean. Oh! come, my Hero, bless again my arms; My heart, still constant, beats with love's alarms. Danger could work no change, nor time remove The honest warmth of undissembled love. Haste, then, sweet fair, thy lover's transport meet, Fly to his arms, and make his bliss complete.

(*Hero shuts the window.*)

That heaven, from which no secret is conceal'd, But ev'ry wish and thought must stand reveal'd, Views not a love more pure, or truer mind, Amongst the various race of human kind; Where neither int'rest nor design have part, But all the warmth is native from the heart.

Enter HERO. (*Leander embraces her.*)

Oh! bless'd event! let's fly to yonder shore; We've met, my Hero, now, to part no more. Hail, happy groves, retreats of peace and joy, Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy.

Hero. Discharg'd from care, on unfrequented We'll sing of rural joys in rural strains; [plaints, No false, corrupt delights our thoughts shall move, But joys of friendship, tenderness, and love.

DUETT.—LEANDER AND HERO.

Lean. Come now, my sweet love, to the grove, The graces are waiting for you; Thro' roses and woodbines we'll rove, And kiss, as all true lovers do.

Hero. Oh! take both my hand and my heart, My lover I know he is true;

Till death shall direct us to part, We'll kiss, as all true lovers do.

Both. Adieu, then, to doubt, and despair, Fair virtue our loves will pursue; We'll know not a moment of care, But kiss, as all true lovers do.

(*They appear retiring to Leander's vessel, but are stopped by Abudah, Solano, Delah, and Soldiers.*)

Abu. Bind the villain. Oh! sir, you're caught again!

Knock off his head, and let me have his brain;

Now that my anger's rous'd, my rage is full, I'll make a punch-bowl of the rascal's skull.

MINERVA, in a clowl, attended by HYMEN, descends

Lean. Oh! now farewell to hope! My love, adieu! I die content, because I die for you. [care,

Hero. Oh! make his cause, ye Powers above, your Let guilt shrink back, and innocence appear! Support his soul, now death demands his prey, And smooth his passage to the realms of day.

Lean. May heaven still guard her, with peculiar And make her happy, as it made her fair! [care, May calmest peace her future days attend, And late may she to endless joys ascend!

Abu. Bring me a cauldron, hot as Alecto's kettle; First Medusa's snaky whip shall try his mettle. 'Sdeath! his blood I'll bottle, and in the dark pro-I'll sprinkle libations, to the furies round. [found,

(*Minerva and Hymen come forward.*)

Min. Cease, hell-hound! infernal monster, cease! I come, the blessed harbinger of peace, To join in Hymen's bands this constant pair; The youth deserving, and the virtuous fair; Their constancy and truth deserve my care.

(*A flourish of trumpets; they kneel, and Hymen joins their hands.*)

'Tis wisdom consecrates the sacred bands.

SONG.—HYMEN.

Sweetest pleasures never ceasing, Blessings, which the gods present, Joys with length of years increasing, Rosy health, and sweet content, Await the fair, and deck the youth, United in the bands of truth.

And when old Time, with solemn pace, Shall call to tell them, both must die; Touch'd, as he views their fond embrace, He'll bless them first, then pass them by. Sweetest pleasures, &c.

Abu. What, then, is all my greatness come to this? Am I, then, baffled by a paltry miss?

Your power, madam, certainly prevails; Wisdom, I find, pays no respect to tails.

Lean. Oh! thanks, eternal thanks, to you he given, Thou best and brightest ornament of heaven!

Min. Now strike the sprightly lyre; all care away, To mirth and joy we dedicate the day; I'll raise an altar to love's holy flame, Inscrib'd with Hero's and Leander's name.

FINALE.

Lean. Joy and pleasure now go round, Beauty's triumph is to-day; Ev'ry voice in chorus sound, This is Hymen's holyday. Dress a garland for the fair, Care and sorrow hither go; Daffodillies, Virgin lilies!

Hymen says he'll have it so.

Hero. Take my hand, you have my heart, Indeed, you've had it long ago; And now we'll never, never part: *Hymen says he'll have it so.*

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Saf. Cupid is a foolish boy, Once he try'd on me his bow; But I never felt a joy, Till Hymen said he'd have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Abu. Must I, then, give up the fair, And see them laughing at my woe; Live and lead a life of care? The devil, sure, would have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Sol. Observe, ye fair, the moral here: Let virtue in your bosoms glow; You then may bid adieu to fear: *Hymen says he'll have it so.*

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

[Exeunt.]

GIOVANNI IN LONDON;

OR, THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED:

AN OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.



Act 1.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DON GIOVANNI
DEPUTY ENGLISH
LEPORELLO
FINIKIN
POPINJAY

DRAINEMDRY
POROUS
SIMPKINS
MERCURY
PLUTO

CHARON
DEMONS
PROSERPINE
MRS. ENGLISH
MRS. LEPORELLO

MRS. DRAINEMDRY
MRS. POROUS
MRS. SIMPKINS
CONSTANTIA
SQUALLING FANNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Infernal Regions by fire and torch-light*
—DON GIOVANNI lying on the ground, in the
centre of the stage; FIREDRAKE standing over
him, flashing his torch.

DUETT and CHORUS.—FIREDRAKE, GIOVANNI,
and Demons.

AIR—"Fly not yet."

Fire. *Come along, 'tis just the hour,
When Demons have the greatest power
To feed the libertine's desires,
And make him burn with real fires,
So bring your flambeaux near.*

Enter Demons with torches, and female Furies with
wands twined with serpents.

Giov. *Oh pray! oh stay!
No log an I, your flames restrain;
Burn not yet, for oh! 'tis pain;
Then take your links away.*

Dem. *Nag! nag! Nay! nay!
We are like earth's gas-lights here,
We always burn when night is near,
Make light of it, we pray.*

CHORUS.—FIREDRAKE and Demons.

AIR—"Round about the May-pole."

*Round about the sinner, let us trot,
Scot,
Lot,*

Hissing hot!

*Turning,
Burning,
Torching,
Scorching,*

*Perplexing, vexing, and what not.
Round about the sinner, &c.*

(During this Chorus, the female Furies
dance round Giovanni—Demons flash
their torches.)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Pray Goody."

*Pray, Demons, please to moderate the fury of your
fire,*

*Nor flash those sparks of sulphur from each link;
Remember, I'm but flesh and blood, so kindly check
your ire,*

And, 'pon my soul, I'll treat you all to drink.

*Ply me,
Try me,
Prove me, ere you fry me;
Do not roast me
Pray, but toast me,
I'll soon find the chink!*

Pray, Demons, please, &c.

*Fire. Zounds, Don! you sing so sweetly, and
speak so civilly, that you'd wheedle the devil
himself, much more his imps. But you should ap-
prove this warm reception of ours; you know,*

when you was above, you always burnt for women, and surely you should not refuse to burn for them now you are below: however, to oblige you, Don, we'll be off. Good b'ye; come on, lads, we've plenty more to burn: you'll treat us with a glass when we come back? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. Honour! you shall each of you have a flash of lightning. [*Exeunt Furies and Demons.*] Thanks to Old Nick, they're gone; I save my skin this time, at all events; not but I'm singed, ay! like a Michaelmas goose, by these—I may spare my execrations; and yet, I've a little lightened my situation by making love to all the Devil-esses here; yes, love ever stands my friend—and see, to wile the sultry hours away, by all my hopes, a Fury comes: I can't say that I'm much enamoured of Furies: *n'importe*—I'm a man; she wears a petticoat, so here goes!

Enter SUCCUBUS. (Advances towards Giovanni, who makes love to her.)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—German Melody, by Kunzen, from "Die Weinsese."

Gentle Fury, see me languish,
And in pity quench my flame;
Lovely Brimstone, ease my anguish;
No tongue my warmth can name.

I burn, I burn,
Gentle Fury—yes!
Burn with a flame, I must not express.
Pretty devil,
Oh be civil!

I am scorching with love!
I'm on fire,
With desire,
Then a match let it prove.

She's won! the Fury's won! I must be civil to her. (*Aside.*) Give me a kiss, you pretty little devil, do. (*Kisses Succubus.*) Oh! the deuce! to spoil my recreation, here comes a little Tartar I have been amusing myself with; there'll be a precious row between them both! What in the old gentleman's name am I to do? (*Aside.*)

Enter TARTARUS, sees Succubus and becomes jealous; advances towards Giovanni, and reproaches him—Succubus becoming jealous in turn, does the same; they alternately pull him towards each other.

Sweet Brimstone! (*To Succubus, aside.*) Charming Tartar! (*To Tartarus, aside.*) Flour of the one, and, oh! cream of the other! (*They turn away angrily.*)—Out of the frying-pan into the fire, faith! (*Aside.*) What the plague shall I do to soothe them, and make up matters?

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"I've kiss'd and I've prattled."

I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty She-devils,
And changed them sans ceremonie;
But of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
Flour of Brimstone's the Fury for me.

(*Aside to Succubus.*)
Of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
Cream of Tartar's the Fury for me.

(*Aside to Tartarus.*)
(*Furies appear inclined to mollify.*)

Enter PROSERPINE, enraged.

Pro. And can Giovanni be so base, so mean-spirited, as to leave the infernal queen, the too-susceptible, too-trusting Proserpine, for such petty furies as these? I'll be revenged! What, ho! My faithful slaves, appear! (*calling*)—Tear these vile furies in ten thousand pieces!

Enter all the Fiends, flashing torches at each other. PLUTO descends on a fiery Dragon, and comes forward—Dragon ascends.—Infernal uproar.

Pluto. Zounds! here's a row! confound your tricks, be quiet, can't you? all by the ears! who has dared to raise this rumpus?

All the Fiends. 'Twas that base, perjured villain, Don Giovanni!

Pluto. Plague take that fellow; he's one too many for us; but when he first came amongst us, we were warned that he'd soon make the place too hot to hold us! Oh! he's by far too wicked to stay here; he'd very soon corrupt us all, there's no doubt of that! He has seduced my furies, nay, my better half: fatal confession for a tender husband, I actually caught the scoundrel kissing my Proserpine! What's to be done? I have it! to spite mankind, egad, I'll send him back to earth again; yes!—So, Giovanni, to the right about; turn out from our infernal regions, Don; or, egad, we'll turn you out, ay, neck and crop!

CHORUS.—Demons.

AIR—"Turn Out."

From our regions infernal turn out, turn out!
From our regions infernal turn out!
Since first here you came,
You've set hell in a flame,

So now, Don Giovanni, turn out, turn out!
So now, Don Giovanni, turn out!

A match for the Devil, turn out, turn out!
A match for the Devil, turn out!

For us, Don Giovanni,
You've prov'd one too many;
So, as quick as you can, Don, turn out, turn out!
As quick as you can, Don, turn out!

[*Pluto, Demons, Furies, &c. turn Giovanni out, amidst a variety of combustible matter.*]

SCENE II.—*The river Styx, by twilight. Entrance to the Infernal Regions, emitting flames, on one side. River Styx in the back ground.—MERCURY enters; calls CHARON, signs him to ferry over condemned souls; Charon exits in his boat—Mercury watches till the boat re-appears.—CHARON re-enters in boat with a well-known Lawyer from Finsbury Square, (not Florence,) and a Methodist from over the water.*

GLEE.—Condemned Souls.

AIR—Canadian Boat Song.

[Sung behind the scenes.]

Ply the oar, Charon, and speed the boat,
While o'er Styx' dusky waves we float—
Erebus' tide! the trembling moon
Will see us in purgatory soon.
But ere our souls from hence shall fly,
We'll raise our parting stake on high;
Row, Charon, row, the Styx runs fast,
The Devil is near, and the daylight's past.

Cha. Before you land, my souls, tip me my fare, and then I'll commit you to Mercury, who is such an obliging gentleman he'll band you in a twinkling to the Devil. (*Lawyer and Methodist give Charon money, and land.*) Here, Merky!

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Well, Cary, what fresh sport now? another cargo of souls from earth, eh? the more the merrier!—stop, sir, (*to Lawyer*) be good enough to tell me, what your honest soul was sent below for?

Law. I am a lawyer, from Finsbury Square.
Mer. That will do; of lawyers we have always *plus quam suff.* Not a term passes but plenty of your tribe are sent here to practice in our courts

below. Walk in, walk in, we've lots of room for you; and you, my methodical genius, (to *Merthodist*,) Erebus will always find room for one of your cloth. [*Mercury and Charon drive Lawyer and Methodist in; Mercury exits with them.*]

Cha. A good day's work; I've made a pretty penny this morning, and faith, I think my life's as good as any one's. (*Voices of all the Demons heard without.*)

"From our regions infernal, turn out, turn out,
From our regions infernal, turn out."

(*Charon to Mercury, who re-enters.*) Hey! Merky, what means that infernal shout?

Enter GIOVANNI, in double quick time, as if driven out by Furies.

Giovanni! yes, 'tis he, sure enough! pray, my good friend, what's all this row about?

Giov. Old Chary, how d'ye do? Merky, my lad, upon my soul, I'm very glad to see you: they've turned me out, 'tis fact, upon my honour; but, in a stave, I'll tell you all about it. (*During symphony of the following air, Mercury takes off his heel-wings, and leaves them on a bank.*)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Love among the Roses."

*Stern Plato sought th' infernal bow'rs,
With Proserpine to pass the hours,
'Midst pitch and tar, and fire and smoke,
The brilliant gas, and pleasant coke.
The Devils were at play, it sure is,
And found Giovanni 'mongst the Furies.*

*Oh, happy day! oh, joyous hour!
They kick'd Giovanni from their bower—*

Mer. Well?

Giov. Well, that's all; I'm not deceiving you; they've kicked me out, my boy, and here I am. Pray which is the nearest way to London, for I sup there to night; therefore, must wish you good day. Old Chary, turn your boat and ply your oar, and whisk me over to the other side, my lad.

Cha. With all my heart; but pay me my fare first, if you please: lug out your brass, you know I never give credit.

Giov. Plague on't, I've none—treating the fiends to drink, with hot and hot, has swallowed all my rhino.

Cha. Then here you stay. (*Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS, three condemned souls, call without "Cary! Cary! Cary!"*)

Cha. Heyday! another fare! three females! [*Charon gets in boat and exits. Mercury looks out.*]

Giov. Yes, and pretty fair they are too. What's to be done? I cannot pay this fellow; no matter, I must get away somehow. Here are Merky's wings; as I'm about to fly, I'll pocket them; they may be useful to me. (*Aside.*)

CHARON and the Ladies enter in a boat. Charon gets out.

Cha. My fare before you land. (*They give money; Charon and Mercury come forward. The Ladies beckon Giovanni to take boat with them.*)

Cha. (*Looks at money.*) A sovereign! that's a novelty: the first I've seen here. Merky, give me change.

Mer. (*Looks at money.*) Stay; let me see if it is a good one: there's a deal of smashing about, you know.

Giov. (*After taking Mercury's wings, jumps into the boat, and pushes it off.*) Huzza! we're off!

Cha. Heyday! that fellow's got into my boat. Stop, stop!

[*Charon and Mercury run up the stage.*]

Scene closes on the confusion.

SCENE III.—*A Street in the Borough: exterior of the Magpie and Punch-bowl public-house, by day-light.*

Enter MRS. DRAINEMDRY, MRS. POROUS, and MRS. SIMPKINS, with GIOVANNI.

Giov. So, here, my lovely souls, we are at last. Thanks to Merky's wings, we've travelled briskly enough; we've left the mail and steam-boat far behind us:—and this is London? (*Looks about.*)

Mrs. D. Yes, dear Don; and this is my house, the Magpie and Punch-bowl—you see the sign—my husband's face and mine are painted on it; he's famed for drinking punch, and I for chattering; so they call him the punch-bowl, and me the magpie. Order the best, you may command everything here.

Giov. Thanks. (*Kisses her.*) I'll repay you, love: you understand.

Mrs. D. Fie!

Giov. Faith! you've had a rare escape, you rogues! What were you condemned for? Come, confess the cause.

Mrs. D. Why, dearest Don, between you and me, I was sent down because I was a shrew.

Giov. And you? (*To Mrs. Porous*)

Mrs. P. Faith! I was sent for scolding, as well as she.

Giov. And, pray, what were you sent to old Nick for, my love? (*To Mrs. Simpkins.*)

Mrs. S. If I must tell you—though, really, it makes me blush—I was sent below for a slight faux faux, Don.

Giov. Oh, fie! you rogue.

Mrs. S. Nay, you should make some allowance for me; my husband is a tailor.

Giov. Oh! that's a different thing: a tailor, eh? I'll deal with him; I can pay his wife here. (*Aside. Laughing heard inside the public-house.*) Eh! some one comes.

Mrs. D. My spouse, as I live. (*Peeping in at the door.*)

Mrs. P. And mine. (*Peeping also.*)

Mrs. S. Mine, too. (*Peeping also.*)

Mrs. D. Let's stand aside, and watch them; they'll finely stare to see us here again; and will be rarely rejoiced, no doubt.

Giov. Don't be too sure of that. (*Giovanni, Mrs. Drainemdry, Mrs. Porous, and Mrs. Simpkins stand aside, the wives occasionally peeping at the proceedings of their husbands.*)

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS, with a jug, from the house.

GLEE.—DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

AIR—"Deadly Lively."

*We are three jolly widowers,
That have just lost our wives;
And ne'er, since we were bachelors,
So blest have been our lives.
They lie in yonder church-yard,
And there we'll let them be;
Peace to their souls! they're now at rest,
And so, for once, are we.*

Fol, dol, lol, &c.

Mrs. D. Mrs. P. and Mrs. S. (*Peeping from behind.*) Oh! the vile fellows! but they shall dearly pay for this. (*Leporello sings within.*)

Giov. (*Peeping.*) Here comes another! who's this fellow, eh?

Enter LEPORELLO, from public-house.

STAVE.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Galloping Dreary Dun."

*A master I had, a wicked and sly,
Amorous, fighting Don;
He's gone to the devil, and so won't I;
No, I'll take care of number one.*

Giov. (Peeping.) Eh! do I dream? surely I know that face—why, zounds! it is my rascal, Leporello!

Lepo. (To Drainendry, &c.) I must be off—

Simp. Don't leave us.

Lepo. I must go; my wife is sitting up for me: besides, she'll read me a curtain-lecture, if I don't.

Simp. Vell, and that's nat'ral, if you neglects her.

Lepo. Hum! You've no wife at home?

Porous. No, thank heaven! mine died last week: rest her soul!

Drain. So did mine.

Simp. And mine.

Porous. Well, then, let's have another pot of good brown stout to keep our spirits up. Come, here's old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Drain. Old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Simp. Old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Lepo. Old England! you'll excuse the liberty; my wife's not dead, you know.

Porous. Leporello, you have often, my prince of fellows, promised to tell us all about your master, Don Giovanni.

Lepo. Have I? well, then, as I'm in a merry humour, I'll be as good as my word for once.

Porous. I knew you'd not refuse us. I've oft heard of this devil of a Don.

Giov. (Aside.) Now for my character: I refused to give him one.

Lep. I shall be liberal with him.

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

Air—“Heigho! says Rowley.”

There liv'd in Spain, as stories tell, oh!

One Don Giovanni,

Among the girls a deuce of a fellow;

And he had a servant they call'd Leporello,

With his primo, buffo, canto, basso:

Heigho! said Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,

Did Don Giovanni;

He swore she was more sweet than manna;

Then into her window he stole to trepan her,

With his wheedle, tweedle, lango, dillo;

Oh! wicked Don Giovanni.

The Commandant her guardian true,

Caught Don Giovanni;

Says he, “You're a blackguard—run, sir, do;”

“I will,” says Giovee, and run him through,

With his carte-o, tierce-o, thrust-o, pierce-o;

When away run Don Giovanni.

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo:

Fie! Don Giovanni!

“I am running away, will you run away, too?”

Said he.—“Yes,” says she, “I don't care if I do,

With my helter, skelter, questo, presto;”

What a devil was Don Giovanni!

To a church-yard he came, being once at a loss;

Lost Don Giovanni!

Where the Commandant's statue sat on a stone horse,

Like King Charles's statue that's at Charing-cross,

With his saddle, bridle, falchion, trunchion.

“Will you give me a call?” said Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni, the statue wasn't slow:

Bold Don Giovanni!

“Will you sup, Mr. Statue?” said he:—it cry'd,

For you must sup with me in the regions below,

Off my brimstone, sulphur, coke-oh, and smoke-oh!”

“I'll be d—d if I do!” cry'd Giovanni.

Yet he was condemned; for, in spite of all he could say, they took him to old Nick, and there he's frying.

Giov. (Coming forward.) The deuce I am!

[Drainendry, &c. retreat, alarmed.]

Lepo. The deuce are you? Oh, lord! talk of the

deuce, you see, and he'll appear.—Who the plague's this? Why, surely, it can't be—Pray, sir, may I request you'll be so kind as just to say, if you're man, ghost, or devil? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. You are drunk, rogue.

Lepo. Oh! no, sir; you've sobered me.

Giov. Then, sir, acknowledge me this instant.

Lepo. To be sure it is he! no place can hold him, that's clear; but I'll not know him, or I shall pay dearly for it. (*Aside.*)—Acknowledge you, sir! I know you not; never saw you, sir. (*Advancing.*)

Giov. Not know me, rascal? (*Coming him.*) Do you know me now?

Lepo. Oh! yes, sir; these are striking proofs. Get him away; he intends some mischief, dear friends, to a certainty. (*To Drain. Porous, and Simp.*) But can you really be my worthy master? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. I am; acknowledge it; or I'll beat it into you, or beat it out of you, one of the two.

Lepo. Why, sir, he went to—yes, sir—legions of fiends took him post-haste to the infernal regions.

Giov. Well, what of that, scoundrel? And I'm come post from the infernal regions back again.

Drain. Come from the infernal regions! Oh! it's very clear he's an impostor; but we'll soon expose him. Here, neighbours! watch! (*Calling.*)

Giov. Stay, sir. (*To Drain.*) You had a wife?

Drain. Yes, sir, I had; but, (rest her!) she's departed this life, sir.

TRIO.—DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Air—From “Midas.”

Oh! what pleasure does abound

Now my wife is under ground!

Green turfs cover her, I'll dance over her.

Tol, lol, lol.

(They dance round while singing.)

Giov. I am sorry, messieurs, to disturb your mirth; but know, your darlings are not in the world below; as witnesses that I was really there, I've brought them with me here; and there they are, gentlemen. (*Points to, and turns up stage, when the wives rush forward; each seizes her respective husband.*)

SESTETTO.—Messrs. and Mesdames DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Air—“Deadly Lively.”

Mesdames DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

You cruel perjured villains!

Messrs. DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Oh, zounds, let go our hair!

Mesdames DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Disown your lawful wives, now, you scoundrels, if you dare!

Messrs. DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Our wives! a pretty joke—it is some hoax, that's clear,

Their bodies in the church-yard lie—

Mesdames DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Yes, but our souls are here.

All.

Tol, lol, lol, de rol, &c.

(The Men dolefully, the Women with great glee.)

Drain. Brought back our wives! he must be the devil himself, then. (*Calling.*) Neighbours, neighbours! Watch, watch!

Enter Neighbours.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

Air—“Oh! dear, what can the Matter be.”

Here, here, what can the matter be?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

What's all this hubbub, we pray?

TRIO.—Messrs. DRAINENDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Same Air.

*This fellow has come from the regions infernal,
And brought back our wives, who as dead were as
door-nail:*

*Disturbing our quiet with click-clack eternal;
To the round-house pray bear him away!*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

Same Air.

*Eh! what! brought back your wives to you?
Why not, mayn't he bring ours back too?
We'll not have with him aught to do;
Let those meddle with him that may.*

[*Exeunt Neighbours, hastily.*

Mrs. Drain. (To Mr. D. &c.) Now, sirs, I hope you'll own we are your wives; the rulers of the roast, yourselves and houses; you all acknowledge us to be your better halves.

Drain. Oh! yes, ducky—(embrace.) needs must when the devil drives. (*Aside.*)

Giov. (To Leporello, who implores pardon.) I pardon you, sir; and as a proof of it, take you into my service once more.

Mrs. Drain. To drink our hero's health, we'll tap a barrel, and have a jig and stave—hang fighting and quarrelling.

GLEE.—Omnes.

AIR—"Away with Melancholy."

*Away with fight and quarrel,
Black eyes, crack'd heads that bring;
Let us attack the barrel,
And jollily, jollily sing.—Tol, tol.*

*Let's drink, like hearty fellows,
Our country and our king;
Burn old King Rose's bellows,
And jollily dance and sing.—Tol, tol.*

[*Exeunt. The Ladies marching Giovanni off in triumph.*

SCENE IV.—*St. Giles's, by gas-light—Watchman crosses stage, crying "Past ten o'clock."*

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, with infant, from a house.

Mrs. Lepo. Past ten! where is my husband? as usual, getting drunk. Oh, drat the fellow! Ah, false Giovanni! to what have you brought Anna; who once you swore was sweeter far than honey.—(Child cries.) "Oh! rest thee, babe,"—True love, is sure a fable—"Oh! rest thee, rest thee,"—What can make my babe ill?

SONG.—MRS. LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Oh! rest thee, Babe"

*Oh! hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,
When thy sire from the ale-house, half drunk will
reel home.*

*Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you
For when he comes there'll be the devil to pay.*

[*Goes into the house.*

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

Giov. Now that you're sober, tell me, Leporello, when last I disappeared, what became of all my wives and ladies? Did they die in despair, or run away?

Lepo. Why, when you went, sir, to—

Giov. 'Sdeath! (*Angrily.*)

Lepo. I beg pardon!

Giov. Did I not tell you, sir, to be on your guard upon that subject?

Lepo. Well, sir; when you went—down stairs, their pretty eyes, of course, were filled with tears; and so I brought them all to England; as poor Donna Anna had waited so long, I took pity upon her myself, and married her; and we have a family—*entre nous*, sir, it was a devilish lucky miss for you.

Giov. But where's the charming bride I ran

away with? She's one I now should dearly love to toy and sport for half an hour with.

Lepo. The bride! Oh! the young love! The pretty creature! I'll tell you, sir; I'll just clear my voice first.

TRIO.—LEPORELLO, GIOVANNI, and SQUALLING FANNY.

AIR—"Young Love"

Lepo. Your love she lives in yon humble shed,
Where turnips selling,
And "greens, oh!" yelling,
She gets a daily bit of bread,
And wild and sweet is the life she has led;
Her stall has flourish'd,
Her burrow's nourish'd
The natives with savoy and beans:
For working folks must still be fed;
And pickled pork eats best with greens.

Fetches SQUALLING FANNY from her stall.

Giov. Zomds! what poor wretch is this I spy,
Who has come hither

Her sweets to wither;

Her beauty now is all my eye;

Plague on't! don't let the witch come nigh.

Fan. Dear Don Giovanni,
Don't scorn poor Fanny:

All day my greens for you'll I cry.

Giov. My once lov'd Fanny, cry away,
But not for me—no, faith—good b'ye!

DUETTO.—SQUALLING FANNY and LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Wapping old Stairs"

Fanny. Your Fanny has never been false she declares,
Since the man on the horse came and took you—

Lepo. Down stairs. (*Stopping her.*)

Fanny. When you vow'd that you still would continue the same,
And you gave me the reticule work'd with your name.

Then be constant and true, nor your Fanny forsake;

Still your cossacks I'll wash, and your negus I'll make.

S. Fanny. Nay, though I do ery my greens through Covent Garden, don't steel your heart against poor Squalling Fanny; but let's live o'er those charming days, my love, that once I passed with you in native Spain.

DUETTO.—FANNY and GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Guaracha."

Fan. Oh! remember the time in La Mancha's plains,

*I had just been to church to be wed,
When you swore that my bridegroom wasn't
burthen'd with brains;*

Giov. And clapp'd two huge horns on his head.
Oh! yes, then you were sweet as the breath of the south,

*And I thought you were truly a prize:
But now crying greens, Fan, has widen'd
your mouth,*

*Crack'd your voice, ay, and dimm'd your
bright eyes.*

(*Leporello waltzes Fanny off, and returns.*)

Lepo. I have waltzed her off, sir! You should not be surprised, Don, at the dears; consider, you have been—down stairs some time; and time, you know, makes wondrous alterations.

Giov. So it appears!

Lepo. It is vexatious enough—

Giov. And ludicrous, too; but, n'importe; where are the wives of the fishermen I shot?

Lepo. They're here, and still in the fish line, sir: one lives at Billingsgate, and t'other at Fish-street Hill. (*MRS. LEPORELLO sings within.*)

Lepo. That's Mrs. L.'s voice; she's nursing my little one; instilling into his infant mind the virtues of his father.

Mrs. L. Oh, rest thee, my baby, the hour will soon come,

When thy sire, from the ale-house, blind drunk will come home.

Master Lepo. (Within) Papa, papa!

Lepo. I am coming, Giovey. (Brings Master Leporello out.) Now isn't he a charming little fellow? He is such an anointed one; and has so many tricks, that we have called him after you, sir,—“Giovanni.” Come here, Giovey—the pretty creature! Now isn't he the image of his pa, sir? Giovey, tell your ma to come here, love—say, that she'll meet an old acquaintance, dear.

Master Lepo. It's no use, pa, taking messages to ma, she can't come—she's busy, frying sausages.

[Exit Master Lepo. into house.]

Giov. Never mind; is there no ball, no play I can go to, to pass away the time, and get a sweetheart, Leporello, eh?

Lepo. Where would you go, sir, with that queer dress on; people would think we were both in masquerade:—egad! there is a masquerade to night—but, if you'd be a beau, take a lesson from me:—

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—“Quite Politely.”

If in London town you'd live,

Quite politely, quite politely,

Let me, sir, this lesson give,

And be, complete, a beau, sir.

Cossacks you like sucks must wear,

In a Brutus cock your hair,

And wear of Wellingtons a pair,

To shine from top to toe, sir!

Tol de rol, &c.

You must get a pair of stays,

Like the ladies, like the ladies;

Through an eye-glass still must gaze,

And stare at all you meet, sir!

With sham collar hide your nose,

Wear false calves like other beaux,

And still a brazen front disclose,

With brass heels on your feet, sir.

Tol de rol, &c.

To the Opera you must go,

Don Giovanni, Don Giovanni,

And talk as fashionables do,

Most loudly while they're singing;

You must go to ball and play,

Drink, game, swear, and lie all day,

Protect some graceless chere amie,

Yourself to ruin bringing.—Tol de rol, &c.

You must visit, rave, and fight,

Betting on, sir, two to one, sir;

Four in hand to drive delight,

Like groom and jockey clever.

With your tailor debts contract,

In the Bench for three months pack'd,

Get out by the white-washing act,

And be as clean as ever.—Tol de rol, &c.

[Exeunt Giovanni and Leporello, dancing.]

SCENE V.—Leicester Square by a variegated light.

Masquerade.—Characters enter from different entrances.

CONSTANTIA and FINIKIN come forward.

Con. 'Tis no use teasing, Mr. Finikin.

Fin. Why, miss, are you not shortly to be mine?

Con. Never.

Fin. Your pa, miss, vows and swears you shall.

Con. I vow and swear I won't—Pa's own girl to a T.

Fin. But, my dear creature, I love—

Con. I know,—my thirty thousand pounds; but I'll have a man for my money.

Fin. Confusion!

DUETT.—CONSTANTIA and FINIKIN.

AIR—“Oh! thou wert born to please me.”

Con. Oh, thou wert born to tease me!

Fin. Nay, don't say so, my love.

Con. I'm sure you'll never please me.

Fin. I'll sure your pleasure prove.

Con. Oh! never, never!

Fin. Fie, miss.

Con. You cannot!

Fin. Pr'ythee try, miss!

Con. 'Twould be to little purpose, you namby pamby thing! [swing.]

Fin. Oh, cruel! from my tester I very soon shall

(Constantia and Finikin retire up the stage.

Pantomime business; at end of which, LE-

PORELLO comes forward.)

Lepo. An heiress! here'll be a catch for my master. Her cash will put everything to rights again. (Brings forward GIOVANNI, and points to Constantia.)

SONG.—LEPORELLO to GIOVANNI.

AIR—“See that pretty Creature there.”

See that pretty creature there,

Oh, how charming! oh, how fair!

Hug her, kiss her, sir, for zounds!

She's got thirty thousand pounds.

(Leporello, as by accident, treads on Deputy English's gouty toes, who, just at that moment, enters with Mrs. English in search of his ward Constantia; Leporello is beaten off by Deputy English, followed by Finikin and Mrs. English; Giovanni advances towards Constantia, makes love to her, and takes her up the stage. Giovanni and Constantia come forward.)

DUETT.—GIOVANNI and CONSTANTIA.

AIR—“Voulez vous dansez.”

Giov. Will you dance with me, dear ma'am'selle,

Cheer my heart, nor

Slight your partner?

I can quadrille and waltz as well,

La poule et la finale.

In the waltz our forms we'll twine,

Thine to mine, and mine to thine;

And all as sweet

Our hearts shall meet,

Should we in love's circle join.

Con. Willingly, sir, with you I'll dance,

Cheer your heart, nor

Slight my partner.

For ah! who could refuse to prance,

Requested so genteelly?

(Finikin advances to interrupt Giovanni, and begins setting to Constantia; Leporello seizes the tail of his coat, and dances him off the other way.)

Con. But may I believe you, sir?

Giov. Believe me!

AIR.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—“Gramachree Molly.”

Had I a heart for falsehood giv'n,

To you I should be true:

I sooner could be false to heav'n

Than to those eyes of blue.

(Giovanni and Constantia going, Leporello calls him aside.)

Lepo. (Coming from the crowd.) Oh! master, master! pray sir, leave her alone! Why, I have found out she's a ward in Chancery; and you know sir, if we treat the Court of Chancery with contempt, they'll clap us in the Fleet. Ay, for life, sir: getting into prison is worse than being down below, sir. You're married too; and if you marry her, they'll transport you for Polly Bigamy—But stay, you've four wives, that will save your bacon; they'll think that quite punishment enough for anything.

Giov. I'll brave the Fleet, and Botany Bay into

the bargain, to live for ever, dear Constantia's slave. Follow me, Leporello, (*Retire up stage.*)

Lepo. (Sees Mrs. L.) First, let me try whether this Spanish girl will follow me?

Enter Mrs. LEPORELLO, in a Spanish dress.

Mrs. L. There is my husband at his tricks, as usual. Now to entrap the rogue. (*Follows him, and mixes with crowd. Leporello brings her from the crowd, makes love, falls on his knees; she takes off her mask, slaps his face, all the characters laugh.*)

Enter FINIKIN.

DUETT.—LEPORELLO and FINIKIN.

AIR—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Fin. Oh! where, and oh! where is my own dear maiden gone?

Lepo. She's gone with Don Giovanni, and won't a maid return.

Fin. Then it's heigho! my heart, for she's left me all forlorn.

Torn from me! torn from me! Which way did they take her?

Lepo. They've gone to Long Acre, along with a baker. [*Exit Finikin. Giovanni and Constantia advance from crowd, and are going off, but are met by Deputy and Mrs. English, with Watchman; Giovanni and Constantia try to escape on opposite side, but are met by Finikin and Watchman; Giovanni and Constantia are parted; great bustle, and great noise; all the Masks in motion. Curtain falls on the confusion.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Chalk Farm, Primrose Hill, &c. by daylight; a clump of trees at the back of the stage.

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO, in modern dresses, the one as a dashing young Man of Fashion, of the present day; the other, a genteel Servant. Leporello carries a pair of pistols with him.

Giov. First on the ground, I see; that's as it should be.

Lepo. Dear sir, let me entreat you not to fight.

Giov. (Not attending to him.) I made a pretty job of it the other evening. I lost my girl, got locked up in the watch-house, and now am challenged here to fight her spark!

Lepo. Dear me, they must have very little brains, methinks, who take such pains to lose what few they have. (*Aside.*)

Giov. This challenge is the very thing I was wishing for. Below so long, I famously stand fire! 'Twas lucky I brought back that tailor's wife from Styx; for in my Spanish dress, 'tis very plain, I could not have come here; but, now—

Lepo. You're just the thing, sir; rare luck to get this fig out without dust; for we had neither money, faith, nor credit. [*chaise.*]

Giov. Porous to duty sends home my horse and

Lepo. What, Porous trust you? Well, I am astonished! But, hold! you brought his wife, sir, from—(*Giovanni checks him.*)—down stairs. The devil! it was nearly out again. (*Aside.*)

Giov. They're to be paid by bill, at three months. *Lepo. (Aside.)* Yes, yes; three months will pay for them, no doubt.

Giov. I've taken a house of Drainemdry, too, who will supply my wine and spirits.

Lepo. But should you fall to-day?

Giov. I shall be in the spirit line myself, and not stand in need of his assistance.

DUETT.—GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

AIR—"The Legacy."

Giov. If in death I should chance recline,
A patent coffin get me, do;

Or, else the resurrection men—

Lepo. Will cheat the devil of his due.

Giov. Bid all my sweethearts banish sorrow,
And get fresh lovers as soon as they will,
And try if you ten pounds can borrow.
To pay the undertaker's bill.

Should it so happen, I am done o'er;
Take the goods I have bought on trust,
Carry them to some broker's door,
And raise on them a little dust—
'Twill for my funeral sermon pay;
Then for your services so civil,
Here, Leporello, hear me say.
I'll give you—give you—to the devil.

Lepo. Thanks, sir; I'd give you to him if he'd have you. But no!—

Giov. Be quiet, sirrah, if you value your bones. Where is my rival? I begin to fear he will not come.

Lepo. Don't fear, sir; he is here.

Enter FINIKIN and POPINJAY.

Fin. (Aside to Popinjay.) You're sure that you sent for the officers?

Pop. Oh, yes! I went to Bow-street myself after them. [*late!*]

Giov. (To Finikin.) Your servant, sir; you're *Fin. (Aside.)* Late! I think, too soon. Dear, dear! I wish I were in Pimlico; anywhere but here.

Giov. I've waited, sir—but we'll to business at once, and make up for lost time.

Fin. Oh, sir! I can wait; I'm in no sort of hurry, I can assure you. Where are these officers? (*Aside.*)

Giov. Here, Leporello, measure the ground, eight paces. D'y'e hear, sir?

Lepo. Only eight paces?

Giov. No, sir; they are plenty.

Lepo. If I was going to fight, I'd have eleven-and-forty. (*Aside.*) Then, sir, you've quite made up your mind to have a pop at him?

Giov. Ay, sir; and at you, too, if you don't bestir

Lepo. Oh, lord! [*yourself.*]

Giov. (To Finikin.) Your second, sir, will help to measure the ground.

Fin. Oh! sir, assuredly; with a deal of pleasure. Where are these runners? Are there no means of escaping? (*Aside.*)

Pop. Measure the ground! I'd rather be measuring tape, a good deal. (*Aside.—To Leporello.*) Young man, as you appear to have a good understanding, pray step out as much as you possibly can.

Lepo. Don't young man me. One, two, three, four—jump; (*jumps*) five, six, seven, eight—jump. (*Measuring ground.*)

Pop. (To Leporello.) I beg your pardon, but really you've miscounted!

Lepo. Upon my honour, no; I've given full measure, you may depend on't.

Pop. Eh, your honour! I'm satisfied.

Giov. (To Finikin.) Now, sir, we wait for you.

Fin. You shan't wait long, sir; I'll attend you instantly.

Pop. This is a very awful moment!

Giov. (To Finikin.) Take your ground, sir.

Pop. Dear me! I'm terribly afraid that I'm about to swoon! Sir Fin, have you any hartshorn about you?

Fin. I have no hartshorn, but here's a little rose-water. (*Giving him a large bottle out of his pocket.*)

Pop. That will do quite as well. You like perfumes; which are you most partial to?

Fin. Just now, I think I should prefer—Lavender. (*Culling aloud.*)

Giov. (To Finikin.) Here are pistols, sir.

Fin. I'm extremely obliged to you; but if it makes no difference, we'll use mine. They're loaded with blank cartridge. (*Aside.*)

Giov. As you please, sir.

Pop. (To Giovanni.) You couldn't allow me to go home for a few minutes, or so, could you, sir?

Giov. Go home! when you're a second!

Pop. Oh, true! I'd forgot that.

Giov. (To *Finikin*, who has got behind a tree.) You've taken the wrong ground, sir.

Fin. Have I?

Lepo. This is your place. (To *Finikin*.) You can hit him here, sir, can't you? (To *Giovanni*.)

Giov. (To *Leporello*.) To a nicely. Throw the dead body into the Regent's Canal. I've ordered coffee for the survivor!

Pop. (To *Giovanni*.) I beg your pardon, sir; but will you have the goodness to wait till I get behind this bush: balls are apt to fly, you know. (Hides behind bush.)

Giov. (To *Finikin*.) Now, sir, it seems we're all prepared; therefore, I'll just try if I can give you satisfaction.

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"The black Joke."

*Our ground we have taken, our pistols we have,
We have nothing to do but the signal to give*

Of one, two, three—fire away!

So, dear sir, your best I'd advise you to do,

For if you don't wing me, faith, I shall wing you.

Now ready, sir, stand, take your pistol in hand,

For I'm going to sing out the word of command—

Hip—one, two, three—fire away!

(*Giovanni* and *Finikin* exchange shots. *Finikin*, *Leporello*, and *Popinjay*, all fall as if wounded.)

Giov. I'm safe! my rival has it, though, I think. Three at one shot! Eh! what the plague is this? Zounds! what has killed you, sir—a ball, or fear? (To *Leporello*.)

Leporello. A ball, I fear, sir; it passed through you, and, as I stood behind you, entered me. You're winged, sir, a'n't you?

Giov. Winged! Not I, faith.

Fin. I wish that I were winged, that I might fly! (Aside.) You're not hurt, Poppy! (To *Popinjay*.)

Pop. No, but I'm excruciatingly alarmed!

Fin. Then help me up.

Pop. (Helping *Finikin* up.) Why, you're as heavy as if you had a bullet in you.

Giov. Now, sir, we'll try with my pops.

Fin. With a deal of pleasure, sir; but I—

Pop. And I—

Lepo. And I—

Fin. We're satisfied!

Giov. If you are satisfied, sir, I can't say I am; but challenge you to have another shot.

Fin. Won't an apology do instead?

Giov. No, sir; apologies won't do sir: you, in writing, must give miss up.

Fin. With pleasure.

Pop. (To *Finikin*.) Can you write, sir?

Fin. A running hand.

Giov. Then it will be all right. Here, *Leporello*, bring the pen and ink.

Lepo. (Aside.) Yes, and I'll get a drop of something to drink, at the same time.

Giov. Stay, now I think of it, our coffee must be ready by this time; so you can give up the lady over that. This way—

Fin. Sir, I attend you. After you, sir.

(*Exeunt Giovanni and Finikin into Chalk Farm.*)

Lepo. (Following. To *Popinjay*.) This way—
Pop. No, this is mine. (Running off the opposite side.)

Lepo. Stop, that won't do, my fine fellow. (Runs after him, pulls him back by the tail of his coat; *Popinjay* falls; *Leporello* cocks a pistol at him; he hides his face under his neckcloth, and is led into house.)

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH and MRS. ENGLISH.

Deputy. Ah! here, indeed, we breathe the country air; a very rural spot, upon my life! Here's everything one can desire. So, here I'll enjoy myself.

SONG.—MR. DEPUTY ENGLISH.

AIR—"Oh! the roast Beef of Old England."

*I'll get me a pipe, and I'll get me a pot,
And in that rural box there, I'll sit and I'll sot,
And I'll not budge a foot till my dinner I've got
Off the roast beef of Old England,
Off the Old English roast beef.*

Enter GIOVANNI from the house.

Giov. Hum! *Finikin*'s got rid of—sick of fighting! He's given up all his right and claim to my dear Con, the sweetest girl in life. Eh! who is this? (Seeing *Mrs. English*.) Zounds, what a lovely creature!—your daughter. (To *Deputy*.)

Deputy. No, my wife!

Giov. Sir, I beg pardon, a sweeter wench I ne'er set eyes on. Wife to that old man! that can never suit; she must have a younger, she must have me. (Aside.)

Deputy. Well, wife, I'm going; you can look all about you. Do just what you like, I can do without you at present. [Exit into Farm.]

Giov. (Aside.) So can I without you, but not without her; a very Venus. (Advancing towards *Mrs. English*.) 'Tis charming weather, charming prospects here, all charming; but especially you. All's right! Come, that's well put; she smiles, I see. Madam, I'm young and fond; your husband's old. The sequel I desire needs scarce be named. (Aside.)

Mrs. E. I married, sir, for money, not for love. That tender passion I have yet to feel. But if it is what I have heard some say it is, I had much rather it would keep away.

RONDEAU.—MRS. ENGLISH.

AIR—"Love's soft Illusion."

Love's first intrusion,

With false delusion,

A sad confusion

Makes in the heart;

Maids for love sighing,

Pray send Love flying;

Or for man dying,

From rest you part.

Giov. Nay, by this kiss—(Kisses *Mrs. English*.)

Enter the DEPUTY and perceives him.

Her husband here, confusion!

Deputy. Kissing my wife! Now that's what I call civil. Your servant, sir; we must become acquainted: my name is English; I am well known on 'change. They say you're Don Giovanni, is it true? a foreigner and a very charming singer! I've often heard of you, though I never thought much of you till this introduction. I like music and foreigners, though I don't understand either of them; yet still on both I freely spend my cash. I like your servant, too, the funny dog; and while you're resident in England, Don, my services you freely may command.

Giov. Ten thousand thanks, sir! How shall I ever repay you? Perhaps, sir, you could lend me fifty pounds.

Deputy. With all my heart, give me your note of hand. (Shakes hands with him, and gives him notes.)

Lepo. Sir, master, Don, perhaps he'll stand my friend, and lend me two pounds. (Aside to *Giov*.)

Giov. Silence, sirrah!

Deputy. Now, then, let's off.

Mrs. E. Nay, ere we go, we'll hail Giovanni hero of our day.

DUO & CHORUS.—GIOVANNI & MRS. ENGLISH.

AIR—"The Tyrotese to Liberty."

Giov. Merrily every bosom boundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Now Giovanni's freedom soundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

*Here the pistol's balls fly more fleetly,
Here the syllabubs eat more sweetly,
Every joy Chalk Farm surroundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!*

Chio. *Merrily, merrily, oh! &c.*
Mrs. E. *Cheerily now from Hampstead's valley,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!
Over Primrose-hill we'll sally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!*

*If a charming girl won by bravery,
Sweeter be, than one kept by knavery,
Round Giovanni's pistol rally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!*

Chio. *Cheerily, cheerily oh! &c.*

[*Deputy English and Mrs. English depart, followed by Finikin, who has previously paid his respects to them. Giovanni gives Leporello a letter to give Mrs. English: they follow cautiously.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Deputy English's House. It is getting dark.*

Enter the DEPUTY and MRS. ENGLISH. Deputy sees her into the house, and then departs, telling her he's going to the club to smoke his pipe.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. So, Don Giovanni's fought for me, I hear; that is a sign he bears me still in mind; and though he is flirting with Mrs. English, that he is fond of me, I think I'm sure. I've heard an old proverb, which says, a reformed rake always makes a good husband; and to reform him, I've a scheme with Mrs. E. of which he'll little dream. But he is here; I'll stand aside and watch him. We've laid our snares so well, we must succeed. [Exit.]

Giov. Yes, here's the house; I've found it, though it is in the dark. He certainly may be called a spark who lights himself. Old English has gone out to spend the evening, left his wife for his club, so that's all right. Hist, hist! (*Calling at the Deputy's door.*) But then, Constantia, what a pang thrills through my heart. Could I but gain her hand! She's young and rich! She shall, she must be mine! But what am I about? I'll think of lovely Con some other time. Now for the signal.

NOTTURNO.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—*Copenhagen Waltz.*

*Pretty star of my soul! heaven's stars all outshining;
Sweet dream of my slumbers! ah! love, pray you rise!*

*Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,
To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.
To my anguish you are balm, to my pleasure you are bliss,*

To my touch you are joy, there's the world in your kiss;

*Day is not day with me, if your presence I miss,
Ah! no, 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.*

MRS. ENGLISH appears at the door of the house.
Mrs. E. Giovanni.

Giov. Yes.
Mrs. E. Come in, and make no noise.

Giov. I will, my love! Now, for ten thousand raptures. [Enters the house with Mrs. E.]

Enter LEPORELLO, with lantern and ladder.

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—*"Hey randy dandy, O!"*

*Giovanni is leading his usual life;
Hey, randy dandy, O!
He's come here to make love to another man's wife,
With his galloping randy dandy, O!*

*Three bottles he drank at a tavern to-day,
Hey randy dandy, O!
So it's odds, but there'll soon be the devil to pay,
With his galloping randy dandy, O!*

*I've brought him a ladder, and brought him a lamp,
Hey randy dandy, O!
For a notion I have, when he means to decamp,
That he'll find them devilish handy, O!
I don't know how it is, but I feel to-night,
Hey randy dandy, O!
So I'll go to the whiskey-shop down by the right,
And get a few quarters of brandy, O!* [Exit Leporello.]

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. He's caught! we have him! Oh! man, man, how weak you prove in love when woman tempts! But let me give the warning we agreed on. We plot for virtue and we must succeed.

SONG.—CONSTANTIA.

AIR—*"He loves and he rides away."*

*At Deputy English's door was seen
A libertine so gay,
The Deputy's lady let him in,
So winning was his lay.*

*Oh! gentle lady, list to one
Who knows he can betray:*

*Beware, beware of this false young Don,
Who loves, and then runs away.*

[*Knocks loudly at Mrs. English's door, and calls "Giovanni, Giovanni!" then exits hastily. GIOVANNI opens the door and comes forward. Mrs. English shuts the door on him unperceived.*]

Giov. Who's there? no one: it was Con.'s voice, I'm sure. It came, 'faith! devilish mal-a-propos. Well, I'll go back. (*Finds the door shut.*) Zounds! why, the door is fast. Holloa! hist, hist! plague on't, shut out at such a moment! Eh! where's the lantern? where is Leporello? and where's the ladder? Devil take the scoundrel! I've drunk too much; but, 'faith! could not refuse the glass offered by such a hand. The charming wench! she'll bless my love, no question. 'Twas cruel of her, though, to shut me out. Oh! here my rascal comes without his light.

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH.

Come here, you dog! I've had such luck this evening! (*Mistaking him for Leporello.*)

Deputy. (*Aside.*) Eh! who is this, the Don? the funny rogue! He takes me for his servant, Leporello. I'll listen to him; he seems very fresh.

Giov. I've been with such a charmer, and so Deputy. Who? [kind!]

Giov. English's wife.
Deputy. My wife! Death and the devil! But I'll hear more. (*Aside.*)

Giov. I've had such kisses! Listen.

Deputy. I mean it. (*Aside.*)

Giov. Envy me my transports.

DUETT.—GIOVANNI and MR. DEPUTY ENGLISH.

AIR—*"Chanson d'Amour."*

Giov. *I gave her kisses one,
Half afraid;
I gave her kisses one,
She frown'd, and cried, "Have done!"
But, "Go on," her pretty blue eyes plainly* [said.]

*I gave her kisses two,
Bolder grown;
I gave her kisses four—*

Dep. *Oh, zounds! I'll hear no more;*

I've heard too much already, Mr. Don.

Giov. Why, who is this? Would there was a light! Oh! here comes one; this will soon settle it.

Enter LEPORELLO, with ladder and lantern.

Lepo. (*Singing.*) *Like master's my spirits are now wondrous prime:*

*Hey! randy, dandy, O!
So the ladder and lantern will come just in time,
And he'll find them both devilish handy, O!*

Giov. What do I see? my villain, Leporello! Bring the light near, sirrah! Who is this other rascal? (*Leporello holds a lanthorn to Deputy's face; finds out who he is, and runs away.*) My friend, the Deputy, by all that's mischievous! [and wife.

Deputy. Yes, Don; who thanks you for himself *Giov.* Sir, I'm extremely sorry for the thing; and shall be glad to give you satisfaction. [name!

Deputy. Zounds! sir, what satisfaction can you *Giov.* Chalk-farm and pistols, sir, at half-past six.

Deputy. Chalk-farm and pistols, Don Giovanni! psha! A crim. con. action and ten thousand pounds. For only suppose now I got killed in this affair, where, let me ask, would be the satisfaction? I'll go a safer way to work; John Doe shall make you dearly pay for this *faux-pas*.

Giov. (*Singing and laughing.*)
I gave her kisses five,
Bolder grown;
I gave her kisses five,
'Tis as true as I'm alive—(*Laughs heartily.*)

Dep. 'Twere much better you had left her, Don, alone!

[*Exit Deputy into the house, greatly enraged. Exit Giovanni, laughing.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of Westminster-hall, in a new light.*

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA in counsellors' gowns and bands: Leporello with a wig and green bag.

Lepo. But tell me, miss, why are we disguised thus?

Con. Oh! 'tis a little bit of roguery.

Lepo. Of course; or else we need not be lawyers.

Con. As we mean to reform Giovanni thoroughly, it must be our endeavour to plunder and distress him all we can.

Lepo. Ay, like true lawyers; I'm quite of your opinion. But stop, my learned sister, where's my fee?

Con. You shall be well rewarded, never fear. We have persuaded him the Deputy has brought an action against him for crim. con., and we are to defend him. Poor Giovanni! But here he comes; thinking his cause is to be tried to-day. Let's stand aside. (*They retire.*)

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. In love, in law! I'm in a pretty hobble! My awkward trial, too, comes on to-day: there'll be the devil to pay!

Lepo. (*Aside to Con.*) He means us. (*Coming forward.*) Your servant, Don!

Giov. My lawyer!

Lepo. With your leave, as cause comes on to-day, we've come for fees.

TRIO.—CONSTANTIA, LEPORELLO, and GIOVANNI.

Air—"Soldier gave me one Pound."

Lep. Giovanni, give me one pound.

Con. Giovanni, give me two.

Lep. Trial it comes on to-day;

Con. And nothing we can do—

Lep. Unless you give a fee
Both to me—

Con. And me.

Both. For, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Lep. Giovanni, give me one pound.

Con. Giovanni, give me two. [*do.*

Both. For, oh! a brief without a fee will never, never

Con. Don't you know, the law—

Lep. Has clapp'd on you its claw?

Both. And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Giov. Lawyer, there is one pound, (*Gives Lep. money*)

Lawyer, there are two. (*Gives Con. money*)

And now I am without a pound,

Thanks to the law and you!

For, oh! I feel the law

Has clapp'd on me its claw;

And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Lepo. Now then, my learned brother, to the hall. English against Giovanni: it comes on first. I a rare philippic shall speak, sir. We lawyers like to talk about crim. con. We've bled him nicely! (*Aside.*) Come, my learned brother. Coke upon Littleton—Budge *versus* Fudge. Law'em and Claw'em ad big wig pretendum. Fee fo fum omnihus endless disputandum.

[*Exit with Constantia as to the court.*

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

Air—"The Woodpecker."

I knew by their wigs, that so greasefully curl'd

Adown their lank chops, that they wanted a fee;

And I said, if I had but a pound in the world,

These devils of lawyers would take it from me.

All was still in the court, not a sound did I fear,

But the bailiff quick tapping my shoulder, oh, dear!

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, as from court.

Giov. Have you a verdict?

Lepo. Yes, sir.

Giov. Name it; quick.

Lepo. Guilty: the damages ten thousand pounds.

Giov. Ten thousand pounds for nothing but a kiss! I think your English laws are somewhat strict. What would they say to such a thing in Spain?

Lepo. 'Twould have been twice as much but for my skill. It was in vain their counsel I overhauled. They went so far, Don, as to prove the fact.

Giov. 'Tis false!

Lepo. I cross-examined the chambermaid; but she swore positively, and to the point. We'll leave our bill of costs for the defence, and call for the amount when next we're at the hall. Good day! My learned brother, shall we trudge it? As I said in that cause of Fudge and Budge: "Botherum gatherem client Simpletoni, distressem pluckem executioni." &c. [*Exit with Constantia.*

Giov. Ten thousand pounds, and I'm not worth a shilling! In debt, in love, in law! undone Giovanni! I've only now to get in wine to be completely ruined.

Enter NOKES and STYLES. (Watching Giovanni.)

Nokes. This is our man, let me make the caption.

Styles. I will; but mind you take care of the fee.

Giov. A ruined wretch! ah! whither shall I wander? Who will provide Giovanni now a home?

Nokes. I will.

Giov. Kind friend!

Nokes. A snug one, in the Bench; where you may still enjoy your glass and girl. I'm glad I've

Giov. So an I. [*found you.*

Nokes. You know, of course, that you're my prisoner; so hand us out our fee.

Giov. Your prisoner, fellow! [*pounds.*

Nokes. Ay, Don, unless you pay ten thousand

Giov. Ten thousand pounds, dog! I can't pay one farthing.

Nokes. Oh! oh! Then you must go over the water, Mr. Giovanni.

DUETT.—NOKES and STYLES.

Air—"Over the Water to Charley."

Nokes. Over the water and over the bridge,

And into the King's Bench, Giovanni;

And over the water we now must trudge,

Or get in a coach, Giovanni.

Giovanni, you love ale and wine;

Giovanni, you love brandy;

Giovanni, you love a pretty girl,

Giov. As sweet as sugar-candy.

Nokes. *Then, sure, to pay you will not grudge;
You kiss'd the wench, Giovanni;
So over the water and over the bridge,
And into the Bench, Giovanni.*
[Exit Giovanni with Nokes and Styles.

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, watching them.

Lepo. They've got him, madam: well, he cannot grumble; having, like true lawyers, plucked him of his all, we leave our client to the bailiff. It is good practice for the court below.

Con. You must directly to the Bench. Go as his lawyer; proffer him advice; in my own dress I'll follow by-and-by.

Lepo. *(Calling after her.)* But, sir—ma'am—madam—miss, learned brother—sister—I go as his lawyer! what am I to say? Oh! no matter. Ecod! once I have had on this gown and wig, I begin to feel as legal as can be; at all events, like most of the profession, I'm sure I can say a great deal about nothing. "My lud and gemmen of the jury,—may it please your ludship, I am of counsel for the defendant in this case; and, my lud," &c. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Interior of the King's Bench, in its true light. SHIRK, SPUNGE, and other Debtors discovered; some walking about, others playing at rackets, &c.

CHORUS OF DEBTORS.

AIR—"Peggy of Derby, oh!"

Oh! laugh at the hour,
When, in John Doe's power,
The debtors to the Surrey College came.
Let's hasten to our play;
Three months soon will pass away.
That is life, after all, but a racket game?
Then, debtors, get your rackets,
And let us go to rackets:
Like a ball, we're up and down at fortune's smile—
the wench!

Like our balls, we here remain,
But, one day, to ease our pain, [Bench.
Like a bat, the Act will soundly knock us out of the
Shirk. Ay, ay, my boys, let's hasten to our play,
to leave work to our creditors.

All. Bravo! *(Loud cries outside, "Giovanni, Giovanni!")*

Enter GIOVANNI, conducted in by NOKES and STYLES.

Spunge. Giovanni, welcome to this sacred spot, where lawyers, bailiffs, duns aren't shew their faces! What, downcast! pshaw my dear Don, pour a glass of spirits down to keep your spirits up.

Giov. Spirits! why, they're forbidden.

Spunge. Well, then, tape. We find a way to evade the law, Don: rum Charley helps us: every morning a gallon of rum walks in within his wooden shoes. You'll pay your entrance, of course: 'tis usual, sir.

Giov. This place is well called college, since it supplies so much and various learning. But, zounds! I've not a note to treat these brothers.

Enter TURKEY, with a letter.

Turk. Here's a note for you, sir. [Exit.

Giov. Pshaw! I want some of Henry Hase. What's that? Constantia's hand! *(Reads.)* "Though you look me, I can't forsake you in the hour of want." A friend, indeed! "I have enclosed you a redoubtable fee; with this brief counsel, remember me." Or girl! ten pounds! this I never can forget: now I feel I am indeed a debtor. Here, you ladies! here, here is my entrance-money. *(Gives money: Debtors shout.)*

Spunge. You'll find here, Don, the best of company: all the great wits and authors are here. We have some players, too, of no mean note; and for gentlemen, we're full of them. We're not bound in living, neither; though prisoners, we're like princes here.

Giov. Well, for poor debtors that is very odd. Spunge. But I say, Don, as you're a stranger, I must talk to you about your chum.

Giov. My chum!

Spunge. Your bedfellow that is to be: but stop, you'd better leave it to my care.

Giov. Nay, if you please, I'll see to that myself. I have a little damsel in my eye, will come and—

Spunge. Oh! my dear Don, for shame! An easy blade this, I must try and babble him: he's got some money, 'twill be little trouble. *(Aside.)* My dear Don, let me put you on your guard while you are here; I speak quite disinterestedly: some of our brothers, I am sorry to say, are very apt to borrow and not return. I give you just a hint: it's not my way; I like to do as I'd be done by. You couldn't lend me a pound-note, could you?

Giov. With pleasure. *(Gives money.)*

Spunge. Zounds! I wish I'd asked for two. *(Aside.)* Depend on't, it shall be punctually repaid. Some day or other I may assist you: just now I happen to be rather short. You couldn't lend me a few shillings more?

Giov. Oh! yes. *(Gives money.)*

Spunge. I'm very much obliged; I am, indeed. Perhaps you'd like to read the newspaper? I'll go and fetch it. I must bleed him again. *(Aside.)* It must have come down from the upper rooms by this time; so you can see what's going on in town.

Giov. Alas! what is the town or world to me? In love, in limbo! when shall I get released? Constantia, love, now do I think upon thy charms!

AIR.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Robin Adair."

What's the gay town to me,
In the King's Bench?
Oh! when shall I get free
From the King's Bench?
Ah! still to joy and mirth,
Freedom it is gives birth:
Confinement's hell on earth,
In the King's Bench.

[Exit.

Enter SHIRK, SPUNGE, and Debtors.

Shirk. Pull up, pull up! a lawyer's at the gate: the fool's not aware, I dare say, how we serve gentlemen of his calling. We'll give it to the dog: but mind be steady, lads; go some of you and get the pump and blanket ready. [Exit Debtors.

Enter LEPORELLO, in a counsellor's dress, with a blue bag.

Lepo. I come from twelve and thirteen, Clement's Inn: I'm a lawyer! Is Giovanni, pray, within. But there's no fear of his being at home here; you gentlemen are not much given to ramble.

Shirk. Yes, he's at home; but before you can see him, we must bestow the lawyer's fee on you.

Lepo. Oh, certainly! give me my fee; I'll take anything.

Shirk. By rights, you should have six-and-eightpence; but two half-crowns are all the fee we give. [fools!]

Lepo. Well, two half-crowns. What a pack of

Shirk. Now your crown must be crack'd, ere you've two halves! So, ere we cool your courage with the pump, we'll try how high your ambition will carry you:—send you on a visit to the mao in the moon. Bring the blanket, boys!

Lepo. A blanket! zounds! they mean to murder me! Help, help, here! I'll indict you all for assault and battery!

[Shirk, Spunge, and Debtors, bring a blanket, and toss Leporello; he exclaiming all the time—"I'm no lawyer!" &c. They then hurry him off, crying—"To the pump!"]

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. No one arrived; not even Leporello to get me bail! ungrateful villain!

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Nel cor pui mi."

Hope told a flattering tale,
That I should soon get out;
But no one will give bail,
And of leg-bail I doubt.
The walls they are so high,
The keepers are so strict,
So, here three months I'll lie,
Then get out by the act.

If my dear Constantia, would but visit me—but can I hope it—

Enter POROUS, DRAINEMDRY, SIMPKINS, &c. creditors of Giovanni.

Bless me! who are these? Zounds, all my creditors. Whither shall I fly?

Drain. We've called to know, Don, what you mean to propose, and when you think it's likely Giov. Pay! [you can pay?]

Simp. Yes, you've surely something you can give us; I've no objection to take back my clothes.

Porous Let us have a part, Don, if you can't pay us all, and give us security for the remainder.

Giov. Zounds, how shall I get rid of these fiends? Ah, my Constantia!

Enter CONSTANTIA.

This makes amends for everything.

BRAVURA.—CONSTANTIA to Creditors.

AIR—"Cease your funning."

Cease your dunning,
Sergeant Running—
—ton shall set Giovanni free!
Then how soothing,
Owing nothing,
What a happy man he'll be!
Leaving roving,
True to loving,
True, he'll to Constantia be.

[Shirk, Sponge, and Debtors rush in and hustle off Drainemdry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors.]

Giov. How kind to visit a poor wretch like me.

Con. Alas! Giovanni, I'm as poor as you are; or else, believe me, I had paid your debts.

Giov. Dear, generous, constant, fascinating girl!

Con. But where in Fortune's name is Leporello all this time! Pray, have you seen any lawyer? (To SHIRK, who re-enters.)

Shirk. There was a fellow, ma'am, who called himself a lawyer, here just now, to whom, according to custom, we administered the discipline of the blanket: he is now undergoing the purification of the pump: I must go and see it duly performed. [Exit Con. Poor Leporello! But it can't be helped.]

(Aside.) Keep up your spirits, dear Giovanni; although you do owe so much, and have no money, there's a kind act, they say, will free you.

Giov. Anything, for love and liberty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Exterior of the Insolvent Court.

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, SIMPKINS, Cobbler, and other Creditors of Giovanni.

Drain. What, take the act, and cheat me of my money! a pretty swindler this Don Giovanni, upon my word!

Cob. He'll be my ruin! nothing can redeem me, upon my soul, unless he pays my bill.

Porous Why how much is it?

Cob. Fourteen and seven-pence, welting boots and mending— [pounds.]

Simp. Psha! that's a trifle; he owes me fifty

Drain. Pooh! he owes me fourscore—Oh! here he is.—[Enter GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and Bailiffs.]—You rogue!

Porous You swindler!

Simp. You cheat!

[pose you.]

Drain. But you sha'n't escape us, we will all oppress you. Be patient, I am willing to pay you all, but I am now reduced to my last shilling.

GIOVANNI'S ADDRESS TO HIS OPPOSING CREDITORS.

AIR—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

Duns that give Giovanni trust,
Duns doubt not I shall be just,
But take the benefit I must,
For 'tis for liberty!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the Bailiff grimly lour,
See approach the Sheriff's power,
Wriths and slavery.

Who would be a debtor, eh?
Who in the King's Bench would stay?
Who would be confin'd all day?

Let him prisoner be!
Who for the Insolvent Laws
Freedom's schedule freely draws,
Freeman stands in freedom's cause,
On to Court with me.

[Exit with Bailiffs.]

Drain. Come, friends, we'll all oppose him.

Simp. Ay, every man of us.

Cob. Oh, my poor bill!

[Exeunt Drainemdry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors.]

Enter LEPORELLO.

Lepo. I'll not oppose him, though he is in my debt; no doubt I shall get my wages some time or another; that's if the plot don't fail, which now we're trying. His long confinement must have tamed his roving by this time, and made him steady, or the devil's in it! If so, all will be well; if not, poor Miss Constantia!—I wonder if they'll grant him his discharge—(Noise without, and cries of "huzza!" and "shame, shame!")—Odsflesh! what means that clamour? zounds, they've cleared him! Oh, my dear master!

Enter GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and Creditors.

Drain. Shame, shame! you swindler!

Simp. Give me back my clothes.

Porous. I wonder that you dare to shew your face! [Exit, Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins.]

The Cobbler overcome by the immensity and utter hopelessness of his loss, makes several ineffectual attempts to express his feelings; but finding himself unequal to the task, retires plunged in grief.

Giov. I'll now make up for my temperance in the Bench; I'll revel, dance, sing, drink, game, swear, everything,—zounds! I don't know what I want do.

TRIO.—GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and LEPORELLO.

AIR—"John of Paris."

Giov. Three months in durance vile I pin'd,
By cruel creditors confin'd;
But hence with pain,
I'm free again,

Yes, free as is the wandering wind,
I'll love, I'll drink, I'll game, I'll fight,
I'll pass in bliss each coming night;
And taste whole ages of delight,
To make amends for fortune's spite.

Con. Giovanni welcome, once more free,
I'll leave you to your liberty;
But should you e'er

Again know care,
Perhaps you'll cast a thought on me.

Lepo. Giovanni now is free again;
Away with care, away with pain!
He still will rove,
He still will love,
And make amends for slavery's chain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Charing-cross, by a blue light. Equestrian statue of King Charles.

Enter LEPORELLO.

Lepo. Giovanni free, proves he is still Giovanni

he's ranging everywhere in search of petticoats. Oh! if we could but reclaim this libertine it would immortalize us—but how? ah! there's the rub. He is to meet me in Cockspur-street soon, by appointment; he must pass by this statue, so like the commandant upon his horse. I have it—in this blue light 'twill answer certainly: just so he looked who asked the Don to sup where he was supped on. I'll try it; there can be no harm in trying: the coast is clear; no one has observed me; so up I mount. Yes, royal Charles, you and I must, for once in our lives, ride and tie, as the saying is. A footstep—some one comes:—that air and gait!—Shine bright, ye lamps! it is Giovanni, past all doubt. Mum! all good spirits aid me! Giovanni once reformed, my fortune's made.

A Female crosses the stage hastily: enter GIOVANNI in pursuit.

Giov. That was a lovely girl I met just now; she's set me all on fire. Contound the wench! she went this way; I'll after her at once. (*Going.*)

Lepo. (*In a gruff voice.*) Hold!

Giov. What the devil's that?

Lepo. Bold man, 'tis I.

BALLAD.—LEPORELLO. (*Very ghostily.*)

AIR—"Barney leave the Girls alone."

Giovanni, leave the girls alone;

Giovanni, leave the girls alone;

For oh! your tricks move stock and stone;

Then quiet let them be.

Pluto, put the kettle on;

Pluto, put the kettle on;

To supper once I asked the Don,

I ask him now to tea.

Giov. Odsblood! what's this? the commandant here! How the devil has the fellow found his way round Spain? Yes, there's the stoney-hearted dog, striding that stoney-hearted beast, his marble horse. Instead of raking, I'd best go to praying, or he may delight and take me—

Lepo. (*In a hollow voice.*) Down stairs.

Giov. Oh, lord! good Mr. Statue, I'll amend. Thoughts of old times have made me devilish warm. Should I go down below again, I fear it would be long enough ere I got back again. Yes, I'll reform for dear Constantia's sake. Good b'ye, old Stoney! Morning will soon beam, so you'd better take yourself and your horse off. [*Exit.*]

Lepo. (*Descends from the statue.*) Ha, ha, ha! *Pluto*, put the kettle on; *Pluto*, put the kettle on; *Prossy*, take it off again, *Giovanni's* run away." I've frightened him a bit, I think. Why, hang it! we must have been in liquor: yet this blue moonlight, shining on the horse, I must say, is monstrous striking. Eh! here again!

Re-enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. It must have been delusion; but that I'll find out: no, here's the man and horse. (*Sees Leporello.*) Ah! Leporello, speak, what are you armed at, sirrah?

Lepo. (*Pretending to be dreadfully frightened.*) h! sir, the man from that stone horse has spoken. Has, upon my word, spoken to me, and said, that I was sent up stairs to fetch you—down again, if I didn't immediately reform. Look, sir, how firm suits I: be warned in time, sir, and list to reason.

Giov. I will, I will.

Lepo. You know, you're very poor; now, sir, and by, lives an old maid who rolls in riches, and so wants a husband; what do you say, sir, to a good estate? you will not have a chicken for your de, but what of that, sir, you'll be rich for life. *Giov.* It shall be so; lead on; my mind's made. I'll marry the rich old maid and repent at once. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Grand Saloon, by a fan-light.*

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, disguised as an old maid.

Mrs. L. I think this dress will do; this air and

manner will serve, at least, somebody to entrap. Should the Don come, I'll try if I can't win him; if he resists me now the deuce is in it.

SONG.—*MRS. LEPORELLO.*

AIR—"Nobody coming to marry me."

A maid at sixty-six,

Must not refuse a man;

But ah! not a soul can I fix,

Though, I'm sure, I do all that I can.

Oh, dear! what will become of me?

Dear, dear! what shall I do?

Nobody coming to marry me,

Nobody coming to woo.

Enter LEPORELLO, conducting GIOVANNI.

Lepo. There she is, sir; see what a valuable concern! Why, there's a thousand pounds in every feature. Her nose is worth five hundred, and her eyes—why, they are Jew's eyes, sir. Attack her, then, at once.

Giov. I will; and yet, I shrink: but why should I think on poor Constantia now? Now, for the first time, to make love for money. What a change for Giovanni is this! (*Music. Giovanni makes love to Mrs. Leporello in dumb show; she coyly yields to him; he has fallen on one knee; she sits upon it.*)

Mrs. L. Oh! Don, you're too polite, you are, indeed; and then you plead in such a tender way, I can't refuse you; no, dear Don, I can't. There is my hand, make me at once your wife.

Lepo. Take her at once: our fortune's made. Why, zounds! sir, how you stand! (*Aside to Giov.*)

Giov. Shall I, then, for the withered arms of age, leave the blooming charms of my young, my kind Constantia, because at fortune's frown, like me, she's poor? Perish the thought! No; if Giovanni must a husband be, still, as of old, it shall be "All for Love."

CONSTANTIA, DEPUTY ENGLISH, and MRS.

ENGLISH, appear in the back-ground, watching. I'll seek Constantia out; reform, repent; and make that charming, faithful girl my wife.

Con. (*Coming forward.*) My own, my tried Giovanni! know, to reward your love and constancy, Constantia still is rich and worthy of you. This lady, with her formal dress and air, was once your

Giov. Eh! Donna Anna? [*favourite.*]

Lepo. Not Donna Anna—Mrs. Leporello. (*Mrs. L. throws off the old maid's dress and appears as herself; Giovanni salutes her.*) Kissing my wife! I shall wear yellow stockings.

Deputy. Welcome, Giovanni!

Giov. The Deputy!

Deputy. Yes.

Giov. The trial—

Deputy. Was a hoax, played to try you; you must pardon all our tricks now that they're over, and join with us in wishing the support of our kind friends to a Libertine Reclaimed. (*Scene draws off at the back, and exhibits a splendid fancy Pavilion. Ladies and Gentlemen enter from all sides, in rich dresses. A grand display of fire-works takes place during the singing of the Finale. Giovanni's name appears in illuminated characters.*)

FINALE.

AIR—"Here's a Health to all good Lasses!"

Deputy. Here's success to Don Giovanni!

Fin. & Con. Here's success to Don Giovanni!

All. All success to Don Giovanni!

Though his follies have been many,
Here he makes amends at last.

Ladies. *Worthy patrons,*

Gentlemen. *Kindly shield him;*

Ladies. *Do not blame him,*

Gentlemen. *Pardon yield him.*

All. Here's success to Don Giovanni!

Though his follies have been many,
Overlook his errors past. [*Exeunt.*]

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SERGEANT
COUNTRYMAN

VILLAGERS
SOLDIERS

MOTHER
WIFE

SCENE I.—View of a Village, with a bridge. On one side, near the front, a cottage; on the other, at the foot of the bridge, an ale-house.

The curtain rises and discovers two Light-horse-men, supposed to be on their march, sitting at an ale-house door; with their arms against the wall, their horses at some distance. The Sergeant then passes with his party over the bridge, drums and fifes playing; and afterwards the Countryman, his Wife, and his Mother, come out from the cottage.

QUARTETTO.—Sergeant, Countryman, Mother, and Wife.

Serg. All gallant lads, who know no fears,
To the drum-head repair,
To serve the king for volunteers;
Speak you, my boys, that dare.
Come, who'll be a grenadier?
The listing-money down
Is three guineas, and a crown
To be spent in punch or beer.

Coun. Adds flesh! I'll go with him.

Mother. Oh! no.

Wife. Dear Joe!

Coun. Adds flesh! I'll go with him,

Mother. Oh! no.

Coun. Adds flesh! but I will;
So, hold your tongues still:
Nor mother, nor wife,
Tho'f they strive for their life,
Shall baulk't; an' my fancy be so.

Serg. Come, beat away a royal march,
Rub, rub, rub a dub;
Rub, rub, rub a dub;
Of no poltroons I come in search,

Who cowardly sneak
When the tongues of war speak;
But of noble souls, who death dare stand,
Against the foes of old England.

Coun. I'll be a soldier, so that's flat:

Mother. You won't, you won't.

Coun. I'll be dead an' I don't!
What would the teasing toads be at?

Mother. You graceless rogue!
Is your heart a stone?

Wife. I'm flesh of your flesh,
And bone of your bone.

Coun. Zounds! let me alone.

Serg. Drums, strike up a flourish, and follow n
now
All honest hearts and clever;
Free quarters and beer at the sign of ti
Plough:
Huzza! King George for ever!

[Some of the party go into the ale-house with ti
Light-horse-men.

Coun. Hip! Measter Sergeant!

Wife. Go, yourself destroy.

Serg. What says my cock?

Coun. Mayhop, I wants employ.

A lad about my soize, though, would na' do.

Serg. Ay, for a colonel.

Coun. And a captain, too?

Serg. For both, or either.

Coun. But, I doubts, d'ye see?

Such pleases are na' for the loikes o' me.

Serg. List for a soldier first, ne'er fear the res

This guinea—

Mother. Joe, his cursed gould detest.

Art not asham'd, an honest man to 'tice?
The king should knaw it.

Coun. Who wants your advice?

AIR.—Mother.

Out upon thee, wicked locust!
Worse in country nor a plague!
Men by thee are locust-pocust
Into danger and fatigue.
And the justices outbear thee
In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,
No, nor those that with thee league.
My son has enough at home,
He needs not for bread to roam;
Already his pay
Is twelvenpence a day,
His honest labour's fruits;
Then get thee a trudging quick,
For 'gad! if I take a stick,
I'll make thee repent,
When here thee wert sent
A drumming for recruits.

[Exit into the cottage.]

Re-enter Mother, with three little Children.

Coun. Then you won't go, and let a body be?

Serg. Zounds! is the woman mad?

Mother. Dawn't swear at me.

Wife. Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee? tell me, do:

Three babes we have, I work for them and you;
You work for us, and both together earn
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.

But, if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
We all shall shortly to the parish come;
And the churchwardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd;

Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

AIR.—Wife. (Taking a boy in one hand, and a girl in the other.)

Oh! could you bear to view
Your little Tom and Sue
Ta'en up by cross o'erseers?
And think that helpless I,
To give them, when they cry,
Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart,
With them and me to part,
For folks you know not who!
With richer friends than we,
And prouder you may be,
But none will prove so true.

[Exit with the Children.]

Serg. Comrade, your hand: I love a lad of soul;
our name, to enter on my muster-roll:

o justice Swear'em, then, to take our oath.

Coun. Hold, Sergeant, hold! there's time enough for both.

I've a moind to list, I'll list, d'ye see?
at some discourse first, betwixt yow and me.
souldier's life—

Serg. The finest life that goes;

ree quarters ev'rywhere—

Coun. Ay, that we knows.

Serg. Then, wenchies!

Coun. You've free quarters too with they;

irls love the red coats—

Serg. 'Gad! and well they may.

Coun. But when to foreign wars your men resort,

ghting—a battle—

Serg. 'Tis the rarest sport!

Coun. Tell us a little about that.

Serg. I will.

Wife. Don't listen to him, Joe.

Coun. Do you be still.

AIR.—Sergeant.

What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle;
Every heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying:
Just like sparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;
While the muskets prittle prattle.
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded.

What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Theen to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!

Re-enter Wife.

Mother. Call you this charming? 'Tis the work of hell.

Wife. How dost thou like it, Joe?

Coun. Why, pretty well.

Serg. But pretty well?

Coun. Why need there more be said?

But mayn't I happen, too, to lose my head?

Serg. Your head?

Coun. Ay.

Serg. Let me see: your head, my buck—

Coun. A leg or arm, too?

Serg. Not if you've good luck.

Coun. Good luck!

Serg. The chance of war is doubtful still;
Soldiers must run the risk.

Coun. They may, that will.

Serg. Why, how now, Joseph? Sure, you mean to jest!

Coun. I have thought twice, and second thoughts are best.

Show-folks with beastes to our village came,
And hung at door a picture of their game;
Bears, lions, tigers, there were four or five;
And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.

A gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me;

"For twopence, friend, you may walk in," says he;

But, 'gad, I was more wise, and walk'd my way;
I saw so much for nought, I would not pay.

To see a battle thus, my moind was bent;

But you've so well describ'd it, I'm content.

Serg. Come, brother soldiers, let us then begone:

Thou art a base poltroon.

Coun. That's all as one.

AIR.—Countryman.

Ay, ay, master Sergeant, I wish you good day;
You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay;
My stomach for battle's gone from me, I trow;
When it comes back again, I'll take care you shall know.

With cudgel or fist, as long as you list;
But as for this fighting,

*Which some take delight in;
This slashing and smashing, with sword
and with gun;
On consideration,
I've no inclination
To be partaker of any such fun.
I'll e'en stay at home in my village,
And carry no arms but for tillage;
My wounds shall be made
With the scythe or the spade,
If ever my blood should be shed.
A finger or so
Should one wound, or a toe,
For such a disaster
There may be a plaster;
But no plaster sticks on a head.* [Exit Serg.]

Wife. Then wilt thou stay, Joe?

Mother. Wilt thou, boy of mine?

Coun. Wife, give's thy hand, and mother, give us thine.

*Last night you dodg'd me to the alehouse, Jane;
I swore to be reveng'd—*

Wife. I see it plain.

Coun. I swore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in short,

To list ma, to be even with thee for't;

But kiss me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.

Wife. And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the alehouse more.

DUETT.—*Countryman and Wife.*

Coun. From henceforth, wedded to my farm,
My thoughts shall never rove on harm;
I to the field perchance may go,
But it shall be to reap or sow.

Wife. Now blessings on thy honest heart,
Thy wife shall bear an equal part;
Work thee without doors, she within
Will keep the house, and card and spin.

Coun. How foolish they, in love with strife,
Who quit the peaceful country life;

Wife. Where wholesome labour is the best,
And surest guide to balmy rest!

Together. That lot true happiness secures,
And bless'd, be prais'd, is mine and yours,
Content beneath the humble shed,
We'll toil to earn our babies bread;
With mutual kindness hear love's joke,
And pity greater, finer folk.

(*Here is introduced a Dance of Light-horsemen, Recruits, and Country-girls; after which, the Sergeant comes out, with a drinking glass in his hand, followed by the party, to the Countryman, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the dance.*)

Serg. Well, countryman, art off the listing pin,
Yet wilt thou beat a march?

Wife. Dear Joe! come in.

Mother. Hang-dog! begone, and tempt my boy no more.

Wife. Do, Sergeant, pray now—

Coun. Mother, wife, give o'er.

¶ *I see the gentleman no harm intends.*

Serg. I! heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends.

We've got a bottle here of humming ale.
'Tis the king's health.

Coun. And that I never fail:
Lord love and bless him, he's an honest man.

Serg. Lads, where your music?

Coun. Nay, fill up the can.

We'll drink the royal family.

Serg. So do;

King, queen, and all.

Coun. And Jane shall drink them, too.

FINALE.

Coun. Here's a health to king George, peace and
glory attend him,
He's merciful, pious; he's prudent and
just;
Long life, and a race like himself, heav'n send
him,
And humble his foes to his crown in the
dust.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Wife. Here's a health to the queen; gracious,
mild, and engaging,
Accomplish'd in all that a woman should
own;
The cares of her consort with softness
assuaging,
Whose manners add splendour and grace
to a throne.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Mother. Here's a health to the beautiful babes, whom
the nation
Regard as a pledge from the sire it re-
veres;
Heav'n shield the sweet plants from each
rude visitation,
And rear them to fulness of virtue and
years.

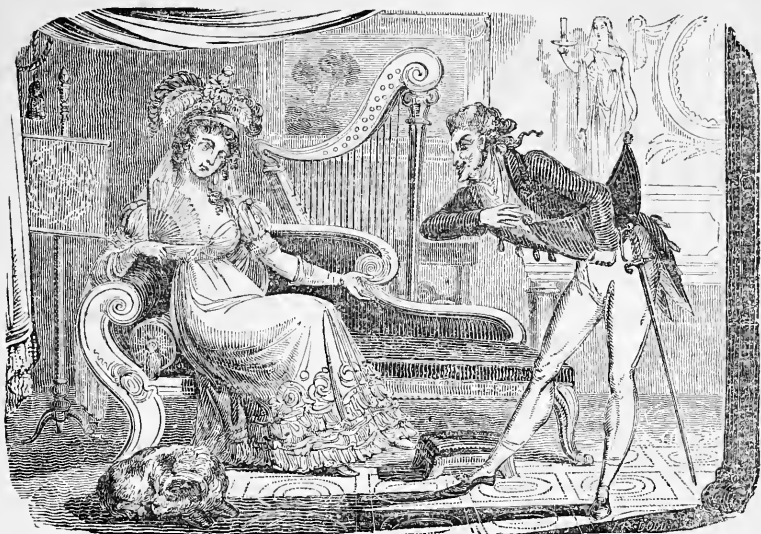
Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Serg. Here's success to his majesty's arms, ever
glorious,
And great may they be on the land and
the main;
As just is their cause, may they still prove
victorious,
And punish the rashness of France and
of Spain.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part
And joins the loyal strain. [Exeunt]

LOVE A LA MODE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES MACKLIN.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD
SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM

SIR CALLAGHAN O'BALLAGHAN
'SQUIRE GROOM

MR. MORDECAI
CHARLOTTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Sir Theodore Goodchild's.

Enter SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Nay, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian; even those who happen to be the objects must approve the justice of it.

Sir T. But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me? Will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule?

Char. Not at all, sir; the world will applaud the mirth, especially when they know what kind of overs they are; and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted castles, no poor ramsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals. Let me review my equipage of lovers: be first upon the list is a bean Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste.

Sir T. Ay, laugh at him as much as you will.

Char. The next is a downright English, Newmarket, stable-bred, gentleman-jockey; who, having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, and horses, and such like company, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, you have erused the 'squire with great exactness.

Char. Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian knight; whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither ex nor age: all dread, and all feel it.

Sir T. Yes, yes; his insolence of family, and lientiousness of wit, have gained him the contempt

and general toleration of mankind. But we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

Char. As such, sir, I always understand, and laugh at him. Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to turn every mortal into ridicule: even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for, while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises and sneers at my birth.

Sir T. That, Charlotte, is only to shew his wit.

Char. True, sir. The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian; a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy, sometimes, that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his school-master, and he furies his playfellows. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, fie! Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

Char. Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe, for I like his character extremely. Ha, ha!

Sir T. Well, well; notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you, he has gained the highest esteem in his profession. But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier, who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland and his friends? so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his profession: garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him. But he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

Char. Oh! I am in love with his warlike humour, I think it highly entertaining.

Sir T. As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

Char. Oh! sir, impossible! our day's sport, our plot, our everything, would be imperfect without him; why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall—Bra—Brall—Pray, guardian, teach me to pronounce my lover's name.

Sir T. Thou art a mad creature! Well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth: his name is Callaghan O Brallaghan.

Char. Oh, shocking! Callaghan O Brallaghan! Why, it is enough to choke one; and it is as difficult to be uttered as a Welsh pedigree. Why, if the fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. You may laugh, madam, but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here.

Char. Certainly; all but Squire Groom.

Sir T. Oh! you must not expect him; he is at York; he was to ride his great match there yesterday. Let me see: what is it o'clock! almost three. I will but just step to Lincoln's-inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return, I suppose your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

Char. Sir, a good morning. [Exit Sir T.]

Mordecai. (*Sings Italian without.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Mordecai, madam.

Char. Shew him in. [Exit Serv.]

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. (*Singing an Italian air, and addressing Charlotte fantastically.*) Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! Here let me kneel and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport, breathe my last. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Softly, softly! You would not, surely, breathe your last yet, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Why, no, madam; I would live a little longer for your sake. (*Bowing very low.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha! You are infinitely polite: but a truce with your gallantry—why, you are as gay as the sun; I think I never saw anything better fancied than that suit of your's, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Ha, ha, ha!—a—well enough: just as my tailor fancied. Ha, ha, ha! Do you like it, madam?

Char. Quite elegant! I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau better than Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Oh! dear madam, you are very obliging.

Char. I think you are called Beau Mordecai by everybody.

Morde. Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

Char. Nobody more; for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But, do you know that I have heard of your extraordinary court, the other night, at the opera, to Miss Sprightly?

Morde. Oh, heavens! madam, how can you be so severe? That the woman has designs, I steadfastly believe; but as to me—oh!

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, you must not deny it, for my intelligence is from very good hands.

Morde. Pray, who may that be?

Char. Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Morde. Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town: besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O cuor mio! How can you think so?

Bating his scandal, dull, dull as an alderman after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! surfeiting, surfeiting!

Morde. The man, indeed, has something droll, something ridiculous in him; his abominable Scotch accent, his grotesque visage almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, his strange, inhuman laugh, his tremendous periwig and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricaturely risible in it, that—ha, ha, ha!—may I die, madam, if I don't take him for a mountebank doctor at a Dutch fair.

Char. Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, madam.

Char. Shew him up. [Exit Serv.]

Morde. Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? He is worse to me, madam, than assafetida, or a tallow-chandler's shop in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news-writer's: madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him company: but that is *entre nous, entre nous*.

Sir A. (*Without.*) Randol, bid Sawney be here wi' the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM. (*Mordecai runs up to embrace him.*)

Ha, ha, ha! my chield o' circumcision, gie's a wag o' yer loof; hoo d'ye do, my bonny Eesraelite?

Morde. Always at your service, Sir Archy. He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. (*Aside.*)

Sir A. Weel, Mordecai, I see ye are as deilgeen in the service o' yer mistress as in the service o' yer leuking-glass, for yer face and yer thoughts are a' turned upon the ane or the ither.

Morde. And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will ever retain its usual politeness and good-nature.

Char. (*Coming forward.*) Ha, ha, ha! Civil and witty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most obedient (*Courtesies.*)

Sir A. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I didna observe ye; I hope I see yer ladyship weel. Ah! ye look like a deiventy. (*Bowing awkwardly and low.*)

Char. Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

Sir A. Weel, madam, I see my friend Mordecai here, is determined to tak' awa' the prize frae us a'! Ha, ha, ha! He is tricked out in a' the colours o' the rainboo.

Char. Mr. Mordecai is always well dressed, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Upon honour, he is as fine as a jay. Turn about, mon, turn about; let us view yer finery stap along, and let us see yer shapes; he has a bonny march wi' him; vary weel, vary aleeant Ha, ha, ha! Guid troth! I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in a' my life. (*Admiring Mordecai's dress.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Morde. You are very polite, sir.

Char. But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

Sir A. Ah, ah! guid faith wull he! I hae brought him along wi' me.

Char. What is he in the house?

Sir A. Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye maun ken, that, like the monarchs o' auld, I never travel noo without my feul.

Char. Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

Morde. Let's have a slice of him.

Sir A. Jauntly, jauntly; no' so fast! he's no' in right order yet.

Char. How do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Madam, as we came hither, I cooncelled him to write a love epistle to you, by way o' introduction till his courtship: he is noo about it below stairs, in ten minutes ye may look to see an amorous billet, sic as hae nae been penned sin' the days o' Don Quixote. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Oh, charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

Sir A. Gude faith! madam, he has done that already; for he has composed a jargon that he ca's a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he terms you. Mordecai, you have heard him sing it.

Morde. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Madam, we had him last night at the tavern, and made him give it to us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from hence to West Chester.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ye have a deevilish deal o' wit, Mordecai.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

Morde. Madam, your servant: I will leave Sir Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

Char. You are not going, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Madam, I am only going down stairs to see if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and if he be, to have a laugh at him before dinner, by way of a whet; that's all, madam; only by way of a whet.

Sir A. But, barkye! Mr. Mordecai, not a seelable o' the letter.

Morde. Oh! never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as secret as a spy. [Exit.]

Sir A. What a fantastical baboon this Eesraelite maks o' himsel'! The fallow is the mockery o' the hale nation.

Char. Why, to say the truth, he is entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Oh! yes, he is ridiculous, therefore, very usefu' in society; for wherever he comes there maun be laughter. But, now, madam, if ye please, a word or twa o' oor ain matters: ye see I dinna pester ye wi' flames, and darts, and sighings, and lamentations, and freevolous protestations, like yer silly lovers in a romance; for ye ken I always speak my thoughts wi' a blunt integrity: madam, I love you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, all the world allows you sincerity, which is the most valuable quality a friend or a lover can possess.

Sir A. Vary true, madam; therefore, I cannot help gi'ing ye a bit o' advice concerning these fallows about ye, wba ca' themselves your lovers. 'Squire Groom, doubtless, is a man o' honour, and my vary gude friend, but he is a beggar, a beggar; and, touching this Mordecai, the fallow's walthy, 'tis true; yes, yes, he is walthy, but he is a reptile, a mere reptile! and, as to the Irishman, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fallow's weel enough to laugh at, but I wad hae ye look about ye there; for ye ken that yer guardian is his uncle, and, to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon yer fortune in that quarter, depend upon it.

Char. Very possible, Sir Archy, very possible; or a woman's fortune, I believe, is the principal object of every lover's wish.

Sir A. Madam, yer observation is very orthodox, a truth, as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, 'Squire Groom, and sic like fallows; but men o' honour—men o' honour, madam, hae ither principles. I assure ye, lady, the tenor o' my affection is nae for your pecuniar, but for the mental graces o' yer aul, and the deevine perfections o' yer body, which are, indeed, to me a Peru and a Mexico.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

Sir A. Madam, I speak upon the veriey o' mine honour; beside, madam, gin ye marry me, ye wull marry a man o' sobreey and economy: 'tis true, I m not in the high-day o' blude, yet, as the poet ings, 'far frae the vale o' years,' not like our young

flashy whipsters, that gang aff like a squib or a cracker on a rejoicing night, in a noise and a stink, and are never heard o' after.

Char. You are certainly right, Sir Archy, the young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

Sir A. They are baubles, madam; absolute baubles and prodigals; therefore, ye should preponderate the matter weel before ye mak' yer election. Consider, madam, there is nae scant o' walth or honour in oor family. Lady, we hae, in the house o' Macsarcasm, twa barons, three viscounts, sax earls, ane marquise, and twa dukes, besides baronets and lairds oot o' a' reckoning.

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. What gars ye laugh, madam?

Char. I beg your pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! —I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha!—to think what a number of noble relations I shall have.

Sir A. 'Faith! wull ye, madam; and ither guess families than ye hae in this part o' the world. Odswns! madam, there is as much difference betwixt our nobeility o' the north, and your's o' the south, as there is between a hound o' blude and a mangrel.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, how do you make out that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Why, madam, in Scotland, a' oor nobeility are sprung frae monarchs, warriors, heroes, and glorious achievements; now, here in the south, ye are a' sprung frae sugar-hogsheads, rum-punches, woo'-packs, hop-sacks, earn-bars, and tar-jackets; in short, ye are a composition of Jews, Turks, and refugees, and o' a' the commercial vagrants o' the land and sea; a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! We are a strange mixture, indeed; nothing like so pure and noble as you are in the north.

Sir A. Oh! naething like it, madam, naething like it; we are o' another kidney. Now, madam, as ye yoursel' are nae weel propagated, as ye hae the misfortune to be a child o' commerce, ye should endeavour to mak' your espousals into ane o' oor auncient noble families o' the north; for ye maun ken, madam, that sic an alliance wull purify yer blude, and gie ye a rank and consequence in the world that a' yer pelf, were it as muckle as the bank o' Edenbrough, cou'dna purchase for ye.

Char. Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word, your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Here he is; he is coming, madam; he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

Char. I hope he is not going away.

Morde. Troth is he, madam; he is impatient to be with the army in Germany.

Sir C. (Within.) Is Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

Serv. (Within.) Yes, sir.

Sir C. (Within.) Then, I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

Enter SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.

Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning. (*Salutes Charlotte.*)

Char. Sir Callaghan, your humble servant. I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

Sir C. Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it began again: a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

Sir A. Well, but, Sir Callaghan, just as ye entered the apartment, the lady was urging she should

like it mightily, gin ye wad favour her wi' a slight narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

Char. If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, don't ax me.

Char. Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press anything that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebuts a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skirmages; it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a

Char. How so, sir? [battle.

Sir C. Why, madam, there is so much doing everywhere, there is no knowing what is done anywhere; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling everywhere; and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind; and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir A. As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

Char. Admirable! and very entertaining.

Morde. Oh, delightful!

Sir A. Mordecai, ask him some questions; to him, to him, mon; hae a little fun wi' him; smoke him, smoke him; rally him, mon, rally him. (*Apart to Mordecai.*)

Morde. I'll do it, I'll do it; yes, I will smoke the Captain. (*Apart.*) Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

Sir C. Sir?

Morde. I say, sir, how many might you have killed in any one battle?

Sir C. Kill! Hum! Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Ha! are you answered, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Yes, yes, sir, I am answered. He is a devilish droll fellow; vastly queer.

Sir A. Yes, he is vary queer. But ye were vary sharp upon him. Odsuns! at him again, at him again; have another cut at him. (*Apart.*)

Morde. Yes, I will have another cut at him. (*Apart.*)

Sir A. Do, do. He'll bring himself intill a d—d scrape presently. (*Aside.*)

Morde. (*Going to Sir C. and sneering at him.*) He, he, he! But, harkye! Sir Callaghan—he, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, if I were a general—

Sir C. You a general! 'Faith! then, you would make a very pretty general. (*Turns Mordecai about.*) Pray, madam, look at the general. Ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Oh! my dear Mr. Mordecai, be advised, and don't prate about generals; it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field late and early, a great many frosty nights and scorching days, to be able to eat and drink, and laugh, and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other; and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being high-priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr. Mordecai, and go and mind your lottery-tickets, and your cent. per cent. in 'Change-alley.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! He hath tickled up the Eesraelite: he has gien it the Moabite o' baith sides o' his lugs.

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, sure, you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you must have gone through.

Sir C. Oh! to be sure, madam; who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

Morde. Ha, ha, ha! That is an excellent bull. Death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence, I hope, how do you make death being a reward?

Sir C. How! Why, don't you know that?

Morde. Not I, upon honour!

Sir C. Why, a soldier's death in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Very well explained, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America come to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died in the field of battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Char. You are right, Sir Callaghan; his virtues, and those of his fellow-soldiers in that action, will be remembered by their country while Britain or British gratitude has a being.

Sir A. Oh! the highlanders did gude service in that action; they cut them, and slashed them, and whapt them about, and played the vary deevil wi' them, sir. There's nae sic thing as standing a highlander's Andrew Ferara; they will slaughie aff a fallow's head, at a dash slap: it was they that did the business at Quebec.

Sir C. I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you, your countrymen are good soldiers; ay, and so are our's, too.

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you, I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account. Come, Mr. Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

Morde. Madam, I attend you with pleasure: will you honour me with the tip of your ladyship's wedding-finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant: your's, your's; look here, here. [*Exit with Char.*]

Sir C. I find he is a very impertinent coxcomb, this same bean Mordecai.

Sir A. Yes, sir, he is a d—d impudent rascal!

Sir C. I assure you, I had a great mind to be upon the *qui vive* with him, for his jokes and his mockeries, but that the lady was by.

Sir A. Yes, he is a cursed impudent fellow! Because he is suffered to speak till a man o' fashion at Bath and Tunbridge, and other public places, the rascal always obtrudes himself upon ye. But, Sir Callaghan, hae ye written the letter to the lady?

Sir C. I have not.

Sir A. Hoo happened that, mon?

Sir C. Why, upon reflecting, I found it would not be consisting with the decorums of a man o' honour, to write to a lady in the way of matrimonial advances, before I had first made my affection known to her guardian, who is, you know, my uncle; so, I have indited the letter to him instead of the lady, which is the same thing, you know.

Sir A. Ha, ha! Exactly, exactly: for, so ye do but write about it, ye ken, it matters not to whom

Sir C. Ay, that is what I thought myself: so here it is. (*Takes out a letter.*) "To Sir Theodore Goodchild."

Sir A. Ay, let us have it: I warrant it's a bonny epistle.

Sir C. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—As I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be consisting with a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel."

Sir A. That's an excellent remark, Sir Callaghan, an excellent remark, and vary new.

Sir C. Yes, I think it is a good remark. (*Reads.*) "Therefore, I thought proper, before I proceeded an

further, (for I have done nothing as yet,) to break my mind to you before I engage the affections of the young lady." You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the place like a soldier, *à la militaire*, as we say abroad, for I make my approaches regularly to the breast-work, before I attempt the covered way.

Sir A. Excellent! that's excellent!

Sir C. Yes, I think it will do. *(Reads.)* "*For as you are a gentleman, and one that knows my family by my father's side, which, you are sensible, is as old as any in the three kingdoms, and older, too; so, I thought it would be foolish to stand shilly-shally any longer, but come to the point at once.*" You see, Sir Archy, I give him a rub; but by way of a hint about my family; because why, do you see? Sir Theodore is my uncle only by my mother's side, which is a little upstart family, that came in with one Strongbow, but t'other day—lord! not above six or seven hundred years ago; whereas, my family, by my father's side, are all the true old Milesians, and related to the O'Flaherty's and O'Shaughnesses, and the Mac Launchlins, the O'Donnaghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geogaghans, and all the tick blood of the nation; and I myself, you know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is the oldest of them all.

Sir A. Ay, ay; I believe ye are o' an ancient family, Sir Callaghan; but ye are oot in one point.

Sir C. What is that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Whar, ye said ye were as auncient as any family i' the three kingdoms.

Sir C. Faith! then, I said nothing but truth.

Sir A. Hut, but, hut awa'! mon! hut awa'! ye muna say that; what the de'il! consider our families i' the north; why, ye o' Ireland, sir, are but a colony frae us, an ootcast, a mere ootcast; and as such ye remain till this hour.

Sir C. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is the Scotch account, which, you know, never speaks truth, because it is always partial: but the Irish history, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Shannaghan O'Brallaghan, and he says, in his chapter of genealogy, that the Scotch are all Irishmen's bastards.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! bastards! Do ye mak' us illegitimate, illegitimate, sir!

Sir C. Faith! I do: for the youngest branch of our family, one Mac Fergus O'Brallaghan, was the very man that went from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands; so that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bastards, of course, you know.

Sir A. Harkye! Sir Callaghan, though yer ignorance and vanity wad mak' conquerors and ravishers o' yer auncesters, and harlots and Sabines o' oor mither's, yet, ye sall prove, sir, that their issue are a' the children o' honour.

Sir C. Harkye, harkye! Sir Archy, what is that ye mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

Sir A. Sir, I denounce ye baith ignorant and vain, and mak' yer maist o't.

Sir C. Faith! sir, I can make nothing of it; for they are words I don't understand, because they are what no gentleman is used to; and, therefore, you must unsay them.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! eat my words? a North Briton eat his words?

Sir C. Indeed, you must, and this instant eat them.

Sir A. Ye sall eat first a piece o' this weapon. *(Draws.)*

Sir C. Poo, poo! Sir Archy, put up, put up; this is no proper place for such work; consider, drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and ought always to be done in private: we may be prevented here; but if you are for a little of that fun, come away to the right spot, my dear.

Sir A. Nae equivocation, sir; dinna ye think ye

hae gotten beau Mordecai to cope wi'. Defend yersel; for, by the sacred honour o' Saint Andrew, ye sall be responsible for makin' us illegitimate, sir, illegitimate!

Sir C. Then, by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oh! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers of May. *(They fight.)*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh, bless me! gentlemen, what are you doing? What is all this about?

Sir C. Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great-grandmother.

Char. His great-grandmother!

Sir C. Yes, madam; he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of her's.

Char. Grandmother! Pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

Sir A. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hale nation.

Sir C. I am sure, if I did, it was more than I intended; I only argued out of the history of Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'Brallaghans.

Sir A. Weel, sir, sin ye say ye didna intend the affront, I am satisfied. *(Puts up his sword.)*

Sir C. Not I, upon my honour; there are two things I am always afraid of: the one is, of being affronted myself, and the other, of affronting any man.

Sir A. Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Char. That is a prudent and a very generous maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray, let me beg that this affair may end here: I desire you will be the friends you were before this mistake happened.

Sir A. Madam, yer commands are absolute.

Char. Sir Callaghan—

Sir C. Madam, with all my heart and soul. I assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least intention of affronting or quarrelling with you. *(Offers to embrace.)*

Sir A. *(Starting from him with contempt.)* Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Sir C. Oh! the curse of Cromwell upon your proud Scotch stomach! *(Aside.)*

Char. Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you are come to a right understanding: I hope 'tis all over.

Sir A. I am satisfied, madam; there is an end on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell ye as a friend, ye should never enter intill a dispute about leterature, heestory, or the antequity o' families, for ye hae gotten sic a wicked, awkward, cursed jargon upon yer tongue, that ye are never inteelligible in yer language.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it you.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Weel, that is droll enough, upon honour! ye are as gude as a farce or a comedy: but ye are oot again, Sir Callaghan; it is ye that hae the brogue, and not me; for a' the world kens I speak the sooth country sae weel, that wherever I gang, I am always ta'en for an Englishman: but we wul mak' judgment by the lady which of us twa has the brogue?

Sir C. Oh! with all my heart! Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

Sir C. I am sure I could never perceive it.

Char. Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel; you both speak most elegant English: neither of you have the brogue; neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, madam, and Sir Theodore desires your company. *[Exit.]*

Char. I'll wait on him. Gentlemen, you will come. *[Exit.]*

Sir A. Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, dinna let us drap the design o' the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

Sir C. Are we friends, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Pooh! upon honour am I; it was a mistake.

Sir C. Then give me your hand: I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, gentlemen. *[Exit.]*

Sir A. Come along, then, Sir Callaghan; I will bring ye and the lady together after dinner, and then we sall see hoo ye'll mak' yer advances in love.

Sir C. Oh! never fear me, Sir Archy: I will not stay to make a regular siege of it, but will take her at once with a *coup de main*, or die upon the spot; for, as the old song says, Sir Archy:

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,

In love or in battle, in love or in battle;

We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,

Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle:

By day and by night, we love and we fight,

We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender;

The foe and the fair we always take care

To make them surrender, to make them surrender.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM and CHARLOTTE.

Sir A. Odswuns! madam, step intill us for a moment, ye wull crack yoursel wi' laughter; we hae gotten anither feul come to divert us unexpectedly, which, I think, is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

Char. Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. 'Squire Groom, madam; but sic a figure, the finest ye ever beheld: his little half-beuts, black cap, jockey dress, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he rid the match yesterday at York. Anteequity, in a' its records o' Greek and Roman folly, never produced a senator, visiting his mistress in so complete a feul's garb.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous! I thought I had done wondering at the mirror of folly; but he is one of those geniuses that never appear without surprising the world with some new stroke.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Oh! madam—ha, ha, ha!—I am expiring! such a scene betwixt your two lovers, 'Squire Groom and Sir Callaghan! they have challenged each other.

Char. Oh, heavens! I hope not.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! That's gude, that's gude! I thought it would come to action. Ha, ha, ha! That's clever! now we sall hae ane o' them penked. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. How can you laugh, Sir Archy, at such a shocking circumstance?

Morde. Don't be frightened, madam—ha, ha, ha! don't be frightened; neither of them will be killed, take my word for it, unless it be with claret, for that's their weapon.

Char. Oh! Mr. Mordecai, how could you startle one so?

Sir A. Oh! I am sorry for that: gude faith! I was in hopes they had a mind to shew their prowess before their mistress, and that we should hae a little Irish or Newmarket bluid spilt. But what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai?

Morde. Their passion for this lady, sir. 'Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper, which the knight gallantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart; which was gallantly received and swallowed by the 'Squire—ha, ha, ha!—and out-braved by a fresh daring of three pints: upon which I thought proper to decamp; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Oh, monstons! they will kill themselves.

Morde. Never fear, madam.

Groom. (*Within, hallooing.*) Come along, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan! hoics, hoics! hark forward, my honeys!

Morde. Here your champion comes, madam.

Enter 'SQUIRE GROOM, drunk.

Groom. Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for I sat up all night, on purpose to set out betimes; but, about one o'clock, last night, at York, as we were all d—d jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bumper, borrowed my watch to set his by it—there it is, look at it, madam, it corrects the sun; they all stop by it, at Newmarket—and so, madam, as I was telling you, the drunken block-head put mine back two hours on purpose to deceive me; otherwise, I would have held fifty to one, I should have been here to a second.

Char. Oh! sir, there needs no apology: but how came you to travel in that extraordinary dress?

Groom. A bet, a bet, madam: I rid my match in this very dress yesterday; so, Jack Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and some more of them, laid me a hundred each, that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam. Ha, ha, ha! Don't you think I have touched them, madam? eh! I have taken them all in, eh! haven't I, madam?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. You have, indeed, sir. Pray, what time do you allow yourself to come from York to London?

Groom. Eh! time! Why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-three seconds; sometimes three or four seconds under; that is, to the Stones'-end, not to my own house.

Sir A. No, no; not till yer ain hoose, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no; only to the Stones'-end; but then, I have my own hacks—steel to the bottom—all blood—stickers and lappers every inch, my dear, that will come through if they have but one leg out the four. I never keep anything, madam, that is not bottom; game, game to the last: ay, ay, you will find everything that belongs to me game, madam.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, he is game, game to the bottom. There, walk about, and let us see yer shapes. Ha! what a fine figure! why, ye are sae fine a figure, and hae sae gude an understanding for it, it is a pity ye should ever do onything a' yer life but ride horse-races. Dinna ye think he's a cursed idiot, Mordecai? (*Apart.*)

Morde. (*Apart.*) Hum! he is well enough for a 'squire. Ha, ha!

Groom. Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy man? you know I love you; may I never win a match if I don't.

Char. Oh! sir, I am convinced of your passion; I see it in your eyes.

Sir A. Weel, but 'Squire, ye hae gi'en us nae account hoo the match went.

Char. What was the match?

Groom. Our contribution. There are seven of

us: Jack Buck, Lord Brainless, Bob Rattle, (you know Bob, madam; Bob's a d—d honest fellow!) Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Roger Bumper, and myself. We put in five hundred a-piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight. The odds, at starting, were six and seven to four against me, the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one; for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have ridden was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

Sir A. That was unlucky!

Groom. Oh! d—d unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half-mile, madam, you might have covered us with your under-petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam—ha, ha! I shall never forget it—poor Bob went out of the course, and ran over two attorneys, an exciseman, and a little beau Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath; a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate-coloured pliz, just like Mordecai's. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, but were d—y disappointed when they found he had only broken a leg of one, and the back of the other.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. And how did it end, 'Squire? Wha wan the subscription?

Groom. It lay between Dick Riot and I. We were neck and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground; made running every inch; but, at the first loose, I felt for him—found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pulled up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to Pond to lay it on thick—had the whip-hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind, thus—snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left; but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so, within a hundred yards of the distance-post, poor Dick knocked up, as still as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round. Ha! took the odds.

Sir A. Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of excellence oor nobility are arrived at in the art of sporting; I believe we excel a' the nobility in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I'll do: I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of bounds, ride a match or a fox chase, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each, and I say done first.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Why, I ken ye wull, and I wull gang yer halves. Why, madam, the 'Squire is the keenest sportsman in a' Europe. Madam, there is naething comes amiss till him; he wull fish, or fowl, or hunt; he hunts everything; everything frae the flae i' the blanket to the elephant in the forest. He is at a' a perfect Nimrod; are ye not, 'Squire?

Groom. Yes, d—e, I'm a Nimrod, madam; at all, at all; anything, anything. Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred; nothing in it; won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

Sir A. By above half a horn's length! that was hollow, indeed, 'Squire.

Groom. Oh! devilish hollow.

Sir A. But where is Sir Callaghan a' this time?

Groom. Ob! he's with Sir Theodore, who is o'king him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir A. Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I ae laid a scheme to hae a little sport wi' Sir Callaghan; now, if you wull stap behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and ye sall hear him make love as fierce as ony hero i' a tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir A. Then do ye retire, madam, and come in till him, as if ye came on purpose. I'll fetch him in an instant.

Char. I shall be ready, Sir Archy. [Exit.

Sir A. Get ye behind, get ye behind, gentlemen. [Exit.

Groom. Ay, ay; we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy. An Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Morde. Something very like it, I dare say, 'Squire. Let us retire, here they come. [Exeunt.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM and SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Speak bauldly, man; ye ken the auld proverb, "Faint heart—"

Sir C. That is true—"never won fair lady." Yes, I think now I have got a humper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an *éclaircissement*.

Sir A. Ay, that's right, mon! stick to that, she wull be wi' you in a twinkling. Yer servant, I wish ye gude success. [Exit.

Sir C. Sir Archy, your servant. Well, now, what am I to do in this business? I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of war: I strive to keep her out of my mind, but can't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn-hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Sir Callaghan, your servant.

Sir C. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon for not seeing of you sooner; but I was speaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

Char. Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

Sir C. Why, lookye, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows and fine speeches, but in an academy where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country-dances without the owner's leave, just as the fortune of war directs: therefore, madam, all that I can say to you is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war; that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to devilish hard duty; and if you don't believe me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, among all your symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

Sir C. Pray, what is that, madam.

Char. A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself, in the true Irish taste.

Sir C. Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

Char. Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, don't ax me; it is a foolish song; a mere bagatelle.

Char. Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns, of your mistress; for, by your poetry, I shall judge of your passion.

Sir C. Then, madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse. Hem, hem! Fal, la, la! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice. Now, madam, I tell you before-hand, you must not expect such fine singing from

me as you hear at the opera; for, you know, we Irishmen are not cut out for it like the Italians.

SONG.

*Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.
With my ful, lal, lal, &c.*

*Ten times in each day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprise,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.*

*Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see;
She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then, pr'ythee, my Charlotte, abuse not your charms,*

Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms:

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is excellent; nothing can surpass it but your singing.

Sir C. Lookye, madam; to come to the point, I know I can't talk fine courtship, and love, and nonsense, like other men; for I don't spake from my tongue, but my heart; so that if you can take up your quarters for life with a man of honour, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian soldier, now is your time, I am your man. What do you say, madam? Come, speak the word boldly, and take me to your arms.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Don't be so violent, Sir Callaghan; but, say a lady were inclined to do herself the honour of going before a priest with you, I suppose you would have so much complaisance for your mistress, as to quit your trade of war, and live at home with her, were she to request it of you.

Sir C. Why, lookye, madam, I will deal with you like a man of honour in that point, too, and let you into the secret. I have received the king my master's money (and a brave king he is, I assure you) for above seventeen years, when I had none of my own; and now I am come to a title and fortune, and that he has need of my service, I think it would look like a poltroon to leave him: no, madam, it is a rule with me, never to desert my king or my friend in distress.

Char. Your sentiment is great, I confess. I like your principles; they are noble and most heroic, but a little too military for me. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Sir C. What! does she decline the battle? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, though; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her into action, why, then, I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM and MORDECAI.

Morde. Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

Sir A. Your conjecture is very right, Mr. Mordecai; 'tis a' o'er wi' him! he is undone! a beggar, and so is the girl.

Morde. You astonish me.

Sir A. It is an unexpected business; but 'tis a fact, I assure ye. Here he is himself. Poor devil! hoo dismal he looks.

Enter SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD and an Attorney.

Sir T. You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr. Atkins?

Attor. I am, Sir Theodore; and am extremely sorry for the accident.

Sir T. I am obliged to you, sir; you do but your duty. The young lady is that way, sir; if you will

step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit Attorney.*] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy; this is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit for company; I must go and open it myself to poor Charlotte. [*Exit.*]

Morde. But, pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this?

Sir A. 'Faith, Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars; but it seems, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, (his partner, and joint-guardian over this girl,) are baith bankrupts; and, as the lawyer that is without there confirms, have failed for above a hundred thousand pounds mair than they can answer.

Morde. But how is this to affect the young lady?

Sir A. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in chancery, that she had wi' the company for above forty thousand pounds, has been determined against her this very day; so, that they are a' undone. Beggars, beggars!

Morde. I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour.

Sir A. Oh! sir, ye dinna ken the law. The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter SIR THEODORE and CHARLOTTE GOODCHILD.

Char. Dear sir, be patient, and moderate your sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it. Pray, bear up.

Sir T. For myself I care not; but, that you should be involved in my ruin, and left fortuneless; your fair expectations of a noble alliance blasted; your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury—

Char. It cannot prove so bad, sir. I will not despair, nor shall you; for though the law has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely.

Sir A. Wull ye! ye may as weel rely upon the assistance o'the philosopher's stone. What the devil, wad she marry me to tinker up the fortunes o'broken citizens. But I wull speak till them, and end the affair at once. (*Aside.*)—I am concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Char. If all the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me, were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen.

Sir A. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger o' ill tidings, but a' oor connexion is at an end. Oor house hae heard o' my addresses till you; and I hae had letters frae the dukes, the marquises, and a' the dignitaries o'the family, remonstrating, nay, expressly prohibiting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' ony thing sprung from a hog's-head or a counting-house. I assure ye my passion for ye is mighty strang, madam; but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Char. No more; your apology is baser than your perfidy. There is no truth, no virtue in man!

Sir A. Gude troth, nor in woman neither, that has nae fortune. But here is Mordecai: now, madam, a wandering Eesraelite, a casualty, a mere casualty, sprung frae annuities, bills, bubbles, bears, and lottery-tickets, and can hae nae family objections. He is passionately fond of you; and till this offspring of accident and manmon I resign my interest in ye.

Morde. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but—

a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered; and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business: besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

Char. No apology, sir. Begone! I despise you and your apology.

Enter 'SQUIRE GROOM.

Groom. Hoies! hoies! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore? I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

Sir T. It is too true; but I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

Groom. Harkye! Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case; but I hear her wind is touched; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a cursed long course; devilish heavy and sharp turnings. It won't do; can't come through, my dear; can't come through.

Sir A. I think, 'Squire, ye judge very nicely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

Morde. Well observed, Sir Archy. Snap him, snap him, madam! Hush! he's here.

Enter SIR CALLAGHAN O'BALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Ha! my gude friend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss yer hand. I hae been speaking to the lady wi' a' the eloquence I hae: she is enamoured o' yer person, and ye are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hand.

Sir C. By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

Sir A. Come, come, madam; true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gie him yer hand at once.

Char. No, sir; I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart; though my fortune is ruined, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

Sir C. Fortune ruined! Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the import of this language mean?

Sir T. The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of Fortune's wheel, the lady's station is reversed: she who, some hours since, was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest: this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule, and I suppose will cool the fervency of your's.

Sir C. Sir Theodore, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress.

Sir T. Sir?

Sir C. When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I loved her 'tis true; but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I looked upon myself as an unequal match to her; but now she is poor, and that it is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

Sir T. Generous, indeed, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend, which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.

Sir T. Here, take her, sir; she is your's, and what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

Groom. What?

Morde. How's this?

Sir A. Gently! hush! softly! he is only taking him in, he is taking him in! the bubble's bit!

Sir T. And had she millions, your principles deserve her: she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes.

Sir C. Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest? By my honour, I don't know how to understand one word you say. First, she has a fortune, then she has no fortune; and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.

Sir T. Sir, I am serious.

Sir C. And, pray, what are you, madam? Are you serious, too, or in joke?

Char. Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am your's.

Sir C. By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you, not only for life, but for death, too! which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

Sir T. I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of my feigned bankruptcy, and the pretended ruin of the lady's fortune: it was a scheme devised to detect the illiberal, selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts; a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shewn itself proof against the time's infection.

Sir C. 'Faith, then, it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution; for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love. (*Kisses her.*) Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here; double-distanced. Zounds! she has run a crimp upon us.

Morde. She has jilted us confoundedly.

Sir A. By the cross o' St. Andrew I'll be revenged; for I ken a lad of an honourable family, that understands the ancient classics in a' their perfection; he is writing a comedy, and he sall insinuate baith their characters intill it.

Morde. And I will write a satire upon her, in which she shall have an intrigue with a life-guard's-man and an opera-singer.

Groom. I can't write; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail, d—e!

Sir C. Harkye! gentlemen, I hope you will ax my leave for all this. If you touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a feather of the squirrel's tail, or if you write any of your nonsensical comedies or lampoons, I shall be after making bold to make a few remarks on your bodies. Ha! I have an excellent pen by my side, that is a very good critic, and that can write a very legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir A. Hoot awa! hoot awa! Sir Callaghan, dinna talk in that idle manner, sir; oor swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of ither men. But this is nae time for sic matters; ye hae got the lady, and we hae got the willows. I am sorry for the little Girgishie here, because he has bespoken his nuptial chariot and a' his leeveries; and, upon honour, I am very sorry for my gnde friend the 'Squire here; the lady's fortune wad hae been very convenient till him, for I fancy he is fetlock deep in the turf; and, upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has missed being matched intill the house of Macsarcasm, which is the greatest loss of a'

Sir C. The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play, where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE MAID OF THE OAKS;

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BURGOYNE.



Act II.—Scène 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR HARRY GROVEBY
OLD GROVEBY
OLDWORTH
DUPELEY

HURRY
PAINTER
DRUID
SHEPHERDS

LADY BAB LARDOON
MARIA
SHEPHERDESSES
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEBY and DUPELEY, meeting.

Sir H. Dear Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks! Friendship, I see, has wings, as well as love.

Dupe. Your summons found me the day after my arrival. Next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the *fête champêtre*. Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue.

Sir H. You have pursued but their shadows; here they reign, in the manners of this new Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet maid of the Oaks.

Dupe. Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw.

Sir H. The business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupeley is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

Dupe. The devil it is! What, a young fellow of

your hope and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, pr'ythee, tell me who she is?

Sir H. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: his character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Old. To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. (*To Dupeley.*) Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whose merit he has discerned and loved for its own sake: such nuptials should recall the ideas of a better age: he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplished critic.

Dupe. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I

am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord! sir, come down to the building directly; all the trades are together by the ears; it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon; they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honeysuckles; one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash; a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a creamed apple-tart; and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about them. Mercy on us! my *fête* has turned this poor fellow's head already; he will certainly get a fever.

Hurry. Get a favour, sir! why, there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more. Lord ha' mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head. If you loiter longer, sir, they will all be at loggerheads; they were very near it when I came away. [*Exit.*]

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment.

Dupe. Who is she, pray?

Sir H. Oh! she's a superior! a phenix! more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels. She is an epitome, or rather a caricature, of what is called very fine life, and the first female gamester of the time.

Old. For all that, she is amiable: one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding, though she is an example that neither is proof against a false education, or a rage for fashionable excesses. But when you see her, she will best explain herself. This fellow will give me no rest.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Rest, sir! why, I have not slept this fortnight: come along, sir; pray, make haste; nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honest Hurry.

[*Exit with Hurry.*]

Dupe. Pr'ythee, Sir Harry, how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir H. By mere chance: suffice it that I came, saw, and loved. I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth insisted upon a probation of six months' absence—it has been a purgatory!

Dupe. I should like to see the woman that could entangle me in this manner. Shew me but a woman from an Italian princess, to a figurante at the French opera; and, at the first glance, I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

Sir H. And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that I am more likely to be imposed upon than yourself?

Dupe. Upon every one I have seen and heard; but, above all, upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another. Now, I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir H. I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

Dupe. Ay; but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pa-

mela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, and she that picks your pocket in Covent-garden, are one and the same creature for all that; I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first. Oh! do but try them by the principle I have laid down, you'll find them as transparent as glass.

Sir H. My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

Dupe. Rhapsody and enthusiasm! I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven. But what says your uncle, old Groveby, to this match?

Sir H. 'Faith! I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what must be his answer.

Dupe. Oh! he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars.

Sir H. He has all the prejudices of his years and worldly knowledge; the common old gentleman's character—you may see it in every drama from the days of Terence to those of Congreve; though not, perhaps, with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord! sir, I am out of breath to find you; why, almost everything is ready except yourself; and madam Maria is gone to the grove, and she is so dressed, and looks so charming!

Sir H. Propitious be the hour! Here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress. [*Exit.*]

Dupe. Oh! I shall be time enough: Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation. What is going forward here? (*Approaches the side scene.*)

Hurry. Hold! sir, not that way; my master lets nobody see his devices and figaries there.

Dupe. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hurry. Doing! as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope nobody hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out. Lord! such doings! Here, this way, your honour.

Dupe. But, barkye! honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hurry. Stand still, sir! Lord, sir! if I stand still, everything stands still; and then what a fine shampeter should we make of it! (*Restless.*)

Dupe. Who is this maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hurry. A young lady, sir.

Dupe. I thought as much.

Hurry. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifullest, modestest, genteelest, never-to-be-praised-enough, young creature in all the world!

Dupe. And who is her father, pray?

Hurry. It is a wise child that knows its own father. Lord bless her! she does not want a father.

Dupe. Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

Hurry. Nor when he is dead neither; everybody would be glad to be her father, and everybody wishes to be her husband; and so, sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and everywhere. (*Bustles about.*)

Dupe. Shew me to my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

Hurry. Bless your honour for letting me go; for

I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me. This way, this way, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Oaks.*

MARIA discovered sitting under a tree.

SONG.—MARIA.

*Come, sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.*

*Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.*

Come, sing, &c.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Old. Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

Maria. My mind is incapable of reserve with you: the most generous of men is on the point of giving his hand to you—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless, but as the creature of your bounty and cares; this title gives me a value in my own eyes, but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed. What am I to interpret from your smiles?

Old. Everything that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live! the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sun-shine, and would expire if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

Enter LADY BAB LARDOON.

Lady B. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you. Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your *fête*; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what everybody understands, and nobody can explain! then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expense where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here. Laugh where you must, be candid where you can. I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals or politeness of the company, and, at the same time, sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame-worthy.

Lady B. Oh! quite the contrary; and I am sure it will have a run: a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas to an Italian opera.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEBY.

Sir H. I come to claim my lovely bride; here at

her favourite tree I claim her mine: the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble.

Lady B. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness; and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge attachment like your's, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life; but that, you know, is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts, in our way, are absolutely reduced to two: to plague a man, and to bury him.

Sir H. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

Lady B. Nothing but the *fête champêtre* could have effected it; for I set out in miserable spirits; I had a horrid run before I left town. I suppose you saw my name in the papers?

Sir H. I did; and, therefore, concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Maria. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab!

Lady B. To be sure; have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

Maria. Not that I know of, and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

Lady B. Oh! but you will have it; the *fête champêtre* will be a delightful subject! To be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abused the third; you can't imagine how amusing it is:—“We hear a certain lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost, at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas. *O tempora! O mores!*”

Old. (*Laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is the concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's?

Lady B. His, you may be sure: a dab of Latin adds surprising force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really, I don't see such a great matter in this; why should you suppose anybody applied this paragraph to you?

Lady B. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italics: “It is said, Lady B. L.'s ill success still continues: it was observed, the same lady appeared at court, in a *riband collier*, having laid aside her diamond necklace.” (*Diamond in italics.*) At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: “Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same, and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ancles.”—But, hark! I hear the pastoral's beginning. (*Music behind.*) Lord! I hope I shall find a shepherd.

Old. The most elegant one in the world; Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

Lady B. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir H. The very same: I wish you would undertake him; he thinks himself quite an overmatch for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

Lady B. Oh! is that his turn? What, he has been studying some late posthumous letters, I suppose? 'Twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow! Where is he?

Sir H. He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side the grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

Lady B. I'll attend him there in your place. I have it: I'll try my hand a little at *naïveté*; he never saw me; the dress I am going to put on for the *fête* will do admirably to impose upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his graces, and his *usage du monde*.

Sir H. My life for it, he will begin an acquaintance with you.

Lady B. If he don't, I'll begin with him: so come along, and we'll make our experiment immediately. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden-gate.*

Hurry. *(Without.)* Indeed, sir, I can't. Pray, don't insist upon it.

Enter OLD GROVEBY, booted and splashed, pushing in HURRY.

Grove. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think—

Hurry. Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands; he's going to be married. What would the man have?

Grove. I shall mar his marriage, I believe. *(Aside.)* I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hurry. Are you so, sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so? This way, good sir. It was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle: no offence, sir. If you will please to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly. I am sorry for what has happened; but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one. *[Exit.]*

Grove. Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without anybody's knowing anything about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, with your leave, or by your leave: if he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum, I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Grove.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress. But what strange person is coming this way?

Enter OLD GROVEBY.

Grove. Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman; if I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Maria. Indeed, sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call anybody to you, sir?

Grove. Not for the world, fair lady. This is a most lovely creature! *(Aside.)*

Maria. Who can this be? *(Aside.)*

Grove. I find, madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Maria. Yes, sir; a very splendid one, by the appearances.

Grove. A very foolish business, to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelvemonth.

Maria. I hope not, sir. Do you know the parties?

Grove. One of them, too well, by being a near relation. Do you know the bride, young lady?

Maria. Pretty well, sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day. *(Confused.)*

Grove. Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know something about her: but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Maria. I am, indeed, partial to her; everybody is too partial to her; her fortune is much above her deserts.

Grove. Ay, ay, I thought so: sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think, then, she does not deserve so good a match?

Maria. Deserve it, sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grove. What a sensible, sweet creature this is! *(Aside.)* Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age: you sincerely think, then, that this is a very unequal match?

Maria. Indeed I do, very sincerely.

Grove. And that it ought not to be?

Maria. Ought not to be, sir! *(Hesitating.)* Upon my word, sir, I scarce know how to answer your question. *(Confused.)*

Grove. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections: nay, I feel them so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

Maria. *(Astonished.)* Indeed, sir!

Grove. Ay, indeed, am I: a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far. I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine.

Maria. Your nephew, sir?

Grove. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Maria. But consider, sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

Grove. She ought to suffer, a designing baggage! Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with you; and if he had, there had been some excuse for his folly.

Maria. But, sir, pray, let me plead for him.

Grove. Nay, nay; my nephew, as you hinted at first, is a very silly fellow; and, in short, it is a d—d match.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEBY, who starts at seeing his Uncle.

Maria. I cannot stand this interview. *[Exit.]*

Grove. Oh! your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby! So, you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you? But where is the old fox that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir H. Mr. Oldworth, sir, knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent without your's.

Grove. I have but a short word to say to you: give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir H. Let me entreat you to see her first.

Grove. I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half-an-hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-hall, and have my *champêtre* wedding, too.

Sir H. You are at liberty, sir—

Grove. To play the fool, as you have done: her own friend and companion told me she was underserving.

Sir H. That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

Grove. I don't know her name.

Sir H. Where did you see her?

Grove. Here, here.

Sir H. When, sir?

Grove. This moment, sir.

Sir H. As I came in, sir?

Grove. Yes, sir, yes; she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir H. Dear sir, that was Maria herself.

Grove. Maria! what?

Sir H. Maria, the maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grove. And she is the person you are going to marry?

Sir H. I cannot deny it.

Grove. If you did, you ought to be hanged: follow me, sir, follow me, sir; shew me to her this moment.

Sir H. What do you mean, sir?

Grove. What's that to you, sir? she has bamboozled you and I, too, and I will be revenged.

Sir H. But, dear sir—

Grove. Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment till I have seen her; either follow me or lead the way, for I must, I will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she, too, that I am—Zounds! I'll shew you what I am; and so, come along, you puppy, you!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Flower-garden.

Enter LADY BAB LARDOON, dressed as a Shepherdess, OLDWORTH following.

Old. Hist, hist! Lady Bab! Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

Lady B. Not for the world; you see I am dressed for the purpose. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made. Away, away!

[*Exit Oldworth. Lady B. retires.*]

Enter DUPELEY.

Dupe. Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by-and-by, like two pheasants in pairing-time. (*Observing Lady B.*) Ha! is that a dress, now, for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy-hunting; but what a neck she has! how beautifully Nature works when she is not spoiled by a d—d town stay-maker! what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish. (*During this observation, he keeps his eyes fixed upon her; Lady B. looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naïveté, presents it to him.*)

Lady B. You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir; it is much at your service. (*Offers the flowers and courtesies awkwardly.*)

Dupe. Oh! the charming innocent! my wishes extend a little further. (*Aside.*) A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

Lady B. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet! pray, smell 'em; they are charming sweet, I assure you, and have such fine colours!—La! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think. (*Simpers and looks at him.*)

Dupe. Exquisite simplicity! (*Aside.*) Ah! I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Lady B. Lack-a-daisy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dupe. By a certain instinct I have; for I have seen few or none of the sort before: but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

Lady B. Situation!

Dupe. Ay, what are you?

Lady B. I am a bridesmaid.

Dupe. But when you are not a bridesmaid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

Lady B. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employed, dance upon a holyday, and eat brown bread with content.

Dupe. Oh! the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes, and pastorals. What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of *champêtre*! 'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. (*Examines him.*) And pray, what may you be! for I never saw anything so out of the way in all my life. He, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

Dupe. I, my dear—I am a gentleman.

Lady B. What a fine gentleman! Bless me, what a thing it is! Ha, ha, ha! I never saw anything so comical in all my life. Ha, ha, ha! And this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much.

Dupe. What is the matter, my dear? is there anything ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

Lady B. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dupe. And as loving as sparrows.

Lady B. I know you are very loving—of yourselves. Ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that flock but never pair.

Dupe. Why, you are satirical, my fairest: and have you heard anything else of fine gentlemen?

Lady B. Yes, a great deal more: that they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and, at last, run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcass, and an empty pocket:—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dupe. (*Surprised.*) Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

Lady B. (*Resuming her simplicity.*) My name is Philly.

Dupe. Philly!

Lady B. Philly Nettle-top, of the vale.

Dupe. And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady B. Oh! I learnt it with my catechism. Mr. Oldworth has taught it to all the young maidens hereabout.

Dupe. (*Significantly.*) So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming innocence, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

Lady B. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dupe. And how is that, pray?

Lady B. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord! you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful; but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dupe. Well said, rural simplicity, again! Well; but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure: my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady B. (*Fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

Dupe. (*Aside.*) Oh! this will do without an annuity, I see.

Lady B. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, hy-and-by; there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed! I should as soon be in love with the figure of the great mogul at the back of a pack of cards: if she has anything to do with hearts, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket: no, sweet Philly; thank heaven, that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms; here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips. (*Struggling to kiss her.*)

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Oh! Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship—Lord! I thought they never kissed at a wedding till after the ceremony. (*Going. Dupeley stares; Lady B. laughs.*)

Dupe. Stay, Hurry; who were you looking for?

Hurry. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopped her mouth.

Dupe. Who—what—who? This is Philly Nettletop.

Hurry. Philly Fiddlestick! 'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you: do you think I don't know her because she has got a new dress? [*Exit.*]

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady B. No, no; Philly Nettletop.

Dupe. Here's a d—d scrape! (*Aside.*)

Lady B. In every capacity, sir, a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the great mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion. (*With a low courtesy.*)

Enter OLDWORTH and SIR HARRY GROVEY, laughing.

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct—

Sir H. From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole; I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

Lady B. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travelled man for you; and I think I have given a pretty good account of him. (*Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.*)

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Sir H. Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you: Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit: my old uncle Groveby—

Lady B. Of Gloomstock-hall?

Sir H. The same; and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against the marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I must hide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation so well entitled to be consulted. Which way is he?

Sir H. I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand: 'gad! I sha'n't get her away from him, without your help.

Enter OLD GROVEBY with MARIA under his arm.

I was coming to seek you, my Maria.

Grove. Your Maria, sir! my Maria: she will own me, if you won't; there, sir, let her teach you your duty. (*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir H. to the bottom of the stage.*)

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you; but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and

situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Grove. Sir, I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me; but I'll be even with him; he sha'n't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good sir, you are not serious that he has offended you.

Grove. I am serious, that I have found another inheritor for Gloomstock-hall; I have got a niece worth twenty such nephews. (*Maria and Sir H. approach.*) Ay, you may look, sir, but she shall have every acre of it. (*Taking Maria by the hand.*) Mr. Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us; I shall not quit your *champêtre*, I assure you.

Old. Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day: my hopes and wishes are accomplished! my long-projected joys are full, and I will proclaim them! Come to my arms, Maria; I have a father's right; and my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Maria. How, how, sir?

Old. Excuse me, brother, madam, all: my story is very short, Maria; the hour of your birth made me a widower, and you a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother—to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest is the common lot attending it; these reflections induced me to conceal your birth.

Maria. How blind have I been! benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unrenitting tenderness. Oh! sir, expect not words; where shall I find even sentiments of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not your's before?

Old. To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds like your's, than any acquisition of fortune; that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir H. Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me; long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

Lady B. Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Grove. Regale! Egad! I don't know what to call it; he has almost turned the *champêtre* into a tragedy, I think.

Old. My worthy friend, I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses; you never saw such a sight; they are, for all the world, like the Turks and Prussians; do but look at 'em, how they come prancing along through the grove. I never saw anything so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical! Lord! I wonder anybody will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again! this is shampeter, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Grove. My friend Hurry is in the right; Harry, come and help to dress me; for, till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among them.

Sir H. I'll wait upon you. My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age.

Old. My heart is now disburthened, and free to entertain my friends: come, Maria, let us meet them, and shew in our face the joy of our hearts:

will your ladyship and Mr. Dupeley assist us?

[Exit Sir H.]

Lady B. Oh! most willingly, Mr. Oldworth.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Gentlemen, nobility, ladies, and gentry, you are all wanted in the temple of Venice to—but I'll not say what, that you may be more surprised; and if you are surprised here, you'll be more surprised there; and we sha'n't have done with you there neither: pray, make haste, or you'll get no place.

[All crowd off but Oldworth, Old Groveby, Dupely, and Lady Bab.]

Dupe. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours; should my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition would be still to follow her.

Lady B. I am no convert; my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practise, or even to contemplate it as I ought; but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

Grove. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

Dupe. To those charms I owe my conversion; and there wants but the hand of Lady Bab to make Oldworth's Oaks distinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

Lady B. Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands: after the life we have led, six months' probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Lady Bab, confer the gift when you please; but my *fête champêtre* shall be remembered as the date of the promise: and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A grand Saloon.

Enter Masqueraders, with all the Characters in the piece.

FINALE.

Shepherd. Ye fine-fangled folks, who, from cities and courts,

By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.

Cho. Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes;
To the blessings of love, kind seasons, and health,
Is devoted the feast of the Oaks.

Cho. No temple we raise, &c.

Shepherdess. From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,

The villagers hasten away:
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
To compensate the toils of the day.

Cho. From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the ploughman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the feast of the Oaks.

Cho. The milk-maid, &c.

Shepherd. The precept we teach is contentment and truth,

That our girls may not learn to beguile;
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile.

Cho. The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
Shall poison the feast of the Oaks.

Cho. No serpent approaches, &c.

[Exeunt.]

LOVERS' QUARRELS; OR, LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN:

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM "THE MISTAKE" OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, BY T. KING.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

DON CARLOS
SANCHO
LOPEZ

LEONORA
JACINTA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

Don C. I tell thee, I am not satisfied; I am in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

San. And yet, methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don C. It may be so; I can't tell: but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least, they make a fool of you.

San. I don't believe a word o'n't. But, good faith! master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face; 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it; men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you till, indeed, I am quite tired of it, sometimes: and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once a fortnight.

Don C. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs: women often appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shews upon the favours I seem to receive

from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No; I would fain see some of his jealous transports; have him fire at the sight of me; contradict me whenever I speak; affront me wherever he meets me; challenge me, fight me—

San. Run you through the body.

Don C. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease to leave mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease: when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we not care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Don C. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broken his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him: indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates for ever: and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I am not so great a philosopher as you may be, nor (thank my stars!) so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth o'n't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter JACINTA, with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta, my dear!

Jac. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

Jac. Oh! sir, I am glad I have found you at last.

I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor—

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found; if you had looked for him where he was, 'twere ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Don C. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? who sent you after me?

Jac. One, who is never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my lady.

Don C. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able: the blessing's too great to be my lot; yet, 'tis not well to trifle with me: how short soever I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity: I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are? Methinks, she's pretty well above board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log? (*To Sancho.*)

San. No, forsooth, pert! I am not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward; if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of your's, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. Oh, oh! you men are mighty simple in love matters, sir! when you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing, to bring her on again; attack her with reason, and a sour face! Egad! sir, attack her with a fiddle; double your good humour; give her a ball; let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light.

Don C. Say no more: I have been to blame, but there shall be no more of it.

Jac. I should punish you justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought to you: but I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

Don C. (*Reads.*) "*If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome: 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.*"—LEONORA." Then I shall be what man never was yet. (*Kissing the letter.*) Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news; I could adore thee as a deity. (*Embracing Jacinta.*)

Jac. True flesh and blood, for all that.

Don C. (*Reads again.*) "*And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience can make you.*" Oh! happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to you for this welcome message? Alas! I want words; but let this speak for me, and this, and this,—(*Giving her his ring; watch, and purse.*)

San. Hold, sir! pray, leave a little something for our board-wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. (*To Jacinta.*) Shall I ease you of this? (*Offering to take the purse.*)

Jac. No; but you may carry that, sirrah. (*Giving him a box of the ear.*)

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don C. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress that I am not able to say

myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don C. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough: but I must begone; success attend you with the old gentleman! Good b'ye, sir! [*Exit.*]

Don C. Eternal blessings follow thee!

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full. [*Way!*]

Don C. Is not that Lorenzo's man coming this

San. Yes, 'tis he; his man and confidant, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Don C. Some questions I must ask him. Call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez! hem!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay. (*Going.*)

San. You can, indeed, sir. (*Lays hold of him, and places him between Don C. and himself.*)

Don C. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going—

Don C. I guess where; but you need not be so shy of me any more; thy master and I are no longer rivals. I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I live, then, to see my master and you friends again?

San. Yes, and what's better, thou and I shall be friends, too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed; I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery housewife: so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest? I am afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don C. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart is already another's. I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broken my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the most joyful news I have heard a long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman; and, good faith! it often went to the heart of me to see you so abused. "Dear, dear," have I often said to myself, when they have had a private meeting just after you was gone—

Don C. Ha!

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. (*Apart to Don C.*)

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, "What wicked things are women! and what a pity it is they are suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-o'-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns, and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase!" I say, I have said to myself—

Don C. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways: sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given

Don C. In hell!

Lop. Sir?

Don C. Speak, fury! what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union; the kiss of consummation.

Don C. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir.

Don C. There is not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue hath uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I believe there is not.

Don C. Why, then, didst thou say it?

Lop. Oh! only in jest, sir.

Don C. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I, at present, sir.

Don C. Speak, then, the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows; and be turned off as soon as I've done.

Don C. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don C. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know.

(Aside.) Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to you; let this obtain my pardon. *(Giving him money.)* Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don C. And yet, thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak, then; have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may, probably, be a married man.

Don C. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir; and I believe he'll say so, too, in a twelvemonth.

Don C. Oh, torment!—But give me more of it. How—when—to whom—where? [pantry.]

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the

Don C. Look to't if this be false; thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I have only to say that I am a very unfortunate, middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune; I am, at present, troubled in mind; despair all around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

*I, therefore, will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly round.*

[Exit.]
San. Base news, master.

Don C. Now my insulting rival's snile speaks out. Oh! cursed, cursed woman!

Enter JACINTA.

Jac. I am come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don C. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne! Go, thank her with my curses; fly, and let them blast her while their venom's strong.

[Exit.]
Jac. Won't you explain? What's this for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-faced iniquity, crocodile of the Nile, siren of the rocks? Go, carry back the too-gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

*We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;
And thy mistress may go to the devil with thee.*

[Exit.]
Jac. Am I awake? I fancy not: a very idle dream this. Well, I'll go and talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

SCENE II.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Madam, you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence!

Jac. You see I am as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be. Never was letter received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after, I came with a message worth a dozen of it, never was wretch so handled: something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I haven't a word to say for him. I am afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my shameless that attends him: we are bit, by my troth! and, haply, well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, madam, they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with them.

Leo. Well; let him laugh, let him glory in what he has done, he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affection for him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end, for there are times when the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired at this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon, I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which heaven avert!) a glance of weakness in me, call to my memory the vile wrongs I have borne, and rouse me to revenge them. [Exit.]

Jac. Madam, never doubt me: I am charged to the mouth with fury; and if ever I meet that false rogue, that tatterdemalion of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears—Now heaven prevent all hasty vows; but when next I see him, let him swear or pray; let him bounce or swell; may I be carried a virgin to my grave if I don't try all I can—to make it up with him. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

Don C. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What, though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated you?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. "Madam, my master begs ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview." "Begone, you rascal, you!" "Madam, what answer shall I give my master?" "Tell him he's a villain!" "Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment." "Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window!" and away she went to her devotions.

Don C. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir; and, on my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Don C. Ungrateful woman! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of heart so justly:

alarmed! As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No. [to clear her?]

Don C. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations?

San. No.

Don C. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Don C. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished: she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks; and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Don C. Let children kiss the rod that slays them; let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Don C. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men, hoo! Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. (*Shewing a cudgel.*) Subject Jacinta, look about you, Sir, were you ever in Muscovy? the women there love the men dearly: why? because (*shaking his stick*) there's your love-powder for you. Ah! sir, were we but wise and stont, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way, indeed, to bring matters about with them! we are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are likely to succeed, truly!

Don C. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that is to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne. [*Exit.*]

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order: for I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn: and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman is, by comparison, do you see? (for nothing explains things like comparisons.) I say, by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits it brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the bulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanes—um—like—in short, a woman is the devil. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Oh! my dear madam, how I rejoice to find you support this noble spirit of resentment!

Leo. Be assured, Jacinta, it can end but with life. What! after all my tender frankness, nothing could have happened to excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I should contradict it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Oh! madam, I haven't a word to say for him, and my sweet swain is just as bad. As I live, madam, yonder they come! But if Don Carlos should beg your pardon, you'll never grant it?

Leo. If I do—

Jac. That's brave! (*They retire.*)

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

San. Yonder they are, sir, lying in wait; but let us shew ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Don C. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities: I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds—for may the joys of one fly from me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution—I'll never see you more.

San. Bon!

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for it.

Jac. Very well!

Don C. You did, imperious dame, you did! how base is woman's pride! how wretched are the ingredients it is formed of! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be condemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued!

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you I am, indeed, ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don C. 'Tis well; extremely well, madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly: I thank you for it, from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again, don't; for if I do—

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve—trod upon.

Don C. Give me patience—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don C. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers, bit from bit; rather be broiled, like martyrs, upon gridirons—but I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye, sir.

Don C. (*To Sancho.*) Come along. (*Going, returns.*) Yet once more before I go, lest you should doubt my resolution, may I starve, perish, rot, be dead, d—d, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I from this moment change one word or look with you. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Content: come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don C. Yet one word, madam, if you please; I

have a foolish bauble I once was fond of. (*Taking her picture from his breast.*) Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir; I have a bauble, too, I think, you may have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake. (*Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it to him.*)

Don C. Most thankfully: this, too, I should restore you, it was once your's. (*Giving her a table-book.*) By your favour, madam, there is a line or two in it I think you once did me the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. (*Reads.*)

*"You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart;
Whether I give you mine or no,
With your's, methinks, I'd never, never part."*
Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them. (*Pulls out a table-book, and reads.*)

*"How long soe'er to sigh in vain,
My destiny may prove,
My fate, in spite of your disdain,
Will let me glory in your chain,
Eternally to love."*

There, sir, take your poetry again. (*Throwing it at his feet.*) 'Tis not much worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don C. I believe I can return the present, madam, with a pocket-full of your prose: there. (*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*)

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behind-hand with you. (*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*)

Jac. And there, and there, sir. (*Throwing the rest of the letters at him.*)

San. Ods my life! we want ammunition; but for a shift—there, and there, you saucy slut, you! (*Pulls a dirty pack of cards out of his pocket, and throws them at Jacinta; they then close, he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part; she running to her mistress, he to his master.*) How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of shewing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don C. I scorn it. Oh! Leonora, Leonora! a heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos, Carlos! I have not deserved this usage.

Don C. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go hen, tyrant, make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah! Carlos, little do you know the tender movement of that thing you name: the heart where love presides admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don C. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, I, conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret very frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shews itself with more respect than your's has done.

Don C. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily argues a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate: if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it: our separation will do justice on us.

Don C. But since we are ourselves the judges of our actions, what if we inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage you to sin again.

Don C. And if it should—

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the leasing exercise of mercy.

Don C. Right; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don C. Then, thus let us fall upon it, thus let us fall upon it for ever!

[Carries off Leonora, embracing her.]

Jac. Ah! woman; foolish, foolish woman!

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jac. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jac. I'd sooner tear my eyes out! Ah! that she had a little of my spirit in her!

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all rock, very marble.

Jac. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you! if one would try you; but to prevent any humiliaties, and shew you all submission would be vain; to convince you that you have nothing but misery and despair before you, here, take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I made you with it.

San. Nay, if you are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents: there, take thy tobacco-stopper, and—

Jac. Here, take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in it, that you made such a vapouring about yesterday; tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-bafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jac. And there's thy pretty pocket scissors thou hast honoured me with, they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless 'em!

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love, at dinner, t'other day, made you cut your fingers. There. (*Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.*)

Jac. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these? you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel, you! There, take 'em; there. (*Takes her garters off, and flaps them about his face.*)

San. I have but one thing more of thine: (*shewing his cudgel*) I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that you may have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again, with the rest of them. (*Lifts it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.*)

Jac. Ah! cruel Sancho! now beat me, Sancho, do!

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self. (*Throws away his stick, and embraces her.*)

Rather let infants' blood about the street,
Rather let all the wine about the cellar,
Rather let—Oh! Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome.
How foolish are the great resolves of man!

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can;
When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,
Their goodness I must needs return with mine:
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms!

Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms.

Re-enter DON CARLOS and LEONORA.

Don C. Well, I see you have followed our example, Sancho.

San. Yes, sir; like master, like man.

Don C. From this good day, then, let all discord cease:

Let those to come be harmony and peace.
Henceforth let all our different interests join,
Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as blest as she will
mine, } *[Exeunt.]*

THE TWO MISERS;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.

BY KANE O'HARA.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GRIPE
HUNKS
LIVELY

OSMAN
ALI
MUSTAPHA

GUARDS
HARRIOT
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The great Square. At the right corner, in front, Gripe's house; some paces backward, a large quadrangular pyramid; at the left corner, in front, stands Hunks's house; in its side, facing the audience, are two windows, the lower defended by iron bars from top to bottom. To the left, in front, near Hunks's house, is a draw-well, surrounded by a low breast-wall, whereon are fixed two strong posts, with a cross-bar at top to support a large pulley.*

LIVELY appears at Hunks's upper window.

Live. (Hems and coughs repeatedly, as signals to Harriot.) Hem, hem! She does not hear me, sure: I'll sing, then.

AIR.—LIVELY.

At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,

His Philomela cheers:

So love, whom spies o'erawe by day,

Casts off, at night, his fears. (Listens.)

Hush! No; all quiet; her window still shut. Ah! her uncle's within. (*Listens.*) Eh! no; try again. Hem, hem! (*Sings louder.*)

At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,

His Philomela cheers.

(HARRIOT attended by JENNY, shews herself at Gripe's window; she opens it, and in a low voice answers, singing to the latter strain of the same air.)

*Har. Love, though disguis'd by fears all day,
By night unmask'd appears.*

Live. My Harriot! your uncle's gone, then?

Har. Gone—and your's?

Live. Gone, too. Shall we down into the square?

Jenny. Hist, hist! some one's coming. I protest, Mr. Lively, your uncle Hunks. Retire, retire, and let him pass. (Lively retires, shutting his window. Harriot and Jenny keep their's half shut, watching Hunks's motions.)

Enter HUNKS slowly from the left side, stops now and then, peeping round.

Hunks. A murrain seize the inventor of these tell-tale lamps! the very bane of all clandestine enterprise! Why, here, 'tis as light as day, now. I'fecs! we might as well have no night at all. Then those d—d janizaries, everlastingly patrolling and prying. Vexation upon vexation! However, 'tis, luckily, rather latish, and this a solitary quarter. Who knows? I may chance to execute my scheme still. (Sees Gripe at a distance.) Pah! what interloper now! (Steps aside to observe.)

Jenny. (At the window, seeing Gripe.) So! here comes t'other skinflint, Gripe himself. Away, miss, away.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. (Drawing forth a large bunch of keys.) Such a gull! Ha, ha, ha! Bled so freely! but, no tick; no, no, the rooks would not tick. Pise—

on it! he has had a devilish tumble! Well, well; speed the plough; his loss, my gain. Twenty per cent. premium, and two per cent. by the hour: no bad tontine.

AIR.—GRIPE.

*Let the novice depend on his luck,
On the science the gambler profess'd;
What pigeon soever they pluck,
With his plumes I shall feather my nest.
They sting, they ding,
They swear, they tear,
While sung I look on and sit still:
For well I trow,
Blow high, blow low,
Each puff will bring grist to my mill.*

*A bird in the bush, we are told,
Is pretty enough to the view;
But I think, when I look on my gold,
That one in the hand is worth two.
For birds will fly,
But what care I,
While thus I can hold 'em at will?
Blow high, blow low,
They never shall go;
But come and bring grist to my mill.*

[Unlocks his door in a hurry, goes in, and shuts it.

Hunks. (Coming forward.) Gossip Gripe! Well, he's housed. And now to reconnoitre my scene of action. *(Surveying the pyramid accurately.)* Here, then, it is, underneath this pyramid, that they have deposited the carcass of his muffiship; and along with it, all his gold, his plate, his diamonds, his—Oh! Hunks, Hunks! what a treasure were here now! Acapulco!

AIR.—HUNKS.

*My dear treasure always nigh me,
Night and day my strong box by me;
Still to spy it,
Try it,
Eye it,
Feel
And kneel,
And deify it.*

*Oh! what transport to behold!
What delight to chink my gold!
Mahomet's a scurey prophet,
His fool's paradise, I scoff it.
Think to gull folks with his hours!
Beggar wenches without dowries!
Had he feign'd his heav'n of pelf,
I'd ha' been a Turk myself.*

Live. (Opens the window softly.) Pest seize him! will he never be gone? [*Aside. Shuts the window.*

Hunks. (Again surveying the pyramid.) No child's play to make a breach here; must get help, i'fecks! Gripe! yes, the very man; but he—he'll be for going snacks; well, better give half than lose all. Ay, ay; and here he comes, just in the nick.

Re-enter GRIPE, from his house.

Gripe. (To himself, while locking the door.) Safe bind, safe find; forage abroad, but guard at home. Pise on't! how I loiter! [*Pockets the keys: as he is hobbling away, Hunks calls after him.*

Hunks. Gripe! Gossip Gripe!

Gripe. (Just looking back with a nod.) Good night. Can't stay.

Hunks. A moment. Lord, man! what's your hurry?

Gripe. (Coming back.) Hurry! Why, Squander, the young merchant, fallen in at hazard yonder with some knowing ones, is fleeced, done up to the last shilling, so I'm fetching him a supply: two hundred pieces.

Hunks. And at what interest?

Gripe. Pise on it! a mere nothing: two per cent. Hunks. Are you turned fool? Two per cent!

Gripe. Ay, by the hour.

Hunks. Oh! cry you mercy! But, gossip, (with a mysterious air) I—observe that pyramid: yesterday, in a vault beneath that pyramid, was interred the late mufti—

Gripe. Well, peace be with him!

Hunks. Ye-s, and his rhino with us! for you must know, that here in Smyrna, when a mufti dies, they bury all his riches with him; they do, i'fecks!

Gripe. Indeed! in that case, 'twould scarce vex a man to die.

Hunks. It does mitigate, to be sure.

Gripe. (After a pause.) All his riches buried with him! *(Eyeing the pyramid, then eagerly to Hunks.)* Pise on it! gossip, here were a venture now! eh!

Hunks. And yet, I have my scruples. Is it not a sin, think you, to disturb the ashes of the dead? But, then, the price is so great.

Gripe. We're to go halves.

Hunks. A sacrilege, eh!

Gripe. Not if we go halves.

RECITATIVE.

Gripe. Indeed, had he a Christian been,

Hunks. Oh! ay, had he a Christian been,

Gripe. Nice casuists might, perhaps—

Hunks. Might what?

Gripe. Pronounce it sin.

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. But a vile Turk, and a mufti, too.

Hunks. Yes, Turk, and mufti, too.

A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Gripe. A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Let's take—

Hunks. Let's seize on all he left.

'Tis lawful spoil,

Gripe. Not sinful theft.

Hunks. 'Tis lawful spoil, not sinful theft.

(They shake hands, and are going off, when Lively appears at his window.)

Live. Rot 'em! will they sleep here? Ah! he saw me. (Shuts the window.)

Gripe. (Turning hastily.) Ha! somebody at that window, methought.

Hunks. My hopeful nephew, 'tis like. A scape-grace! but, i'fecks! I shall soon rid my hands of him; I'll shut him up in a mad-house.

Gripe. An excellent scheme! Ay, ay; clean straw and a dark cell. The scoundrel flirts with my niece, too; but, by your leave, I forbid the bans there. They'd instantly call us to account for their fortunes.

Hunks. They would; and be ever gaping, gaping at ours. Come, come along with me, to get the implements for our enterprize.

Gripe. Can't you as well step for them yourself? One business must not obstruct another; I'll but carry my spark this cash, just hard by, and be back presently. (As the two Misers are going off, Harriot appears at her window attended by Jenny; they make signs of great joy, then retire as descending into the square. In the meantime Lively unscrews a bar of his window, leaps down, and runs to meet Harriot. Jenny withdraws to watch.)

DUETT.—HARRIOT and LIVELY.

Har. They're gone, and our flames we may freely reveal.

Live. What transport, in this precious moment I feel!

My Harriot!

Har. My Lively!

Live. *My Harriot!*

Har. *My Lively!*

Live. *In vain they our hearts would dissever;
I love, and will love you for ever.*

Har. *In vain they our hearts would dissever.*

Live. *For Harriot I live, and for Harriot would die.*

Har. *Ah! Lively, I swear, and this heart cannot lie,
I will ne'er be but your's.*

Live. *What! never?
Nor ever will I be but your's.*

Har. *What! never?*

Live. *No, never will I be but your's.*

Har. *Though Gripe locks his doors,
(Points at the door open.)*

Live. *Though his window Hunks grates,
(Points to the unscrewed bar.)*

Har. *Love loves to make fools of such wary grey
pates.*

Live. *Love loves to o'erreach such designing bald
pates.
Deign love, then, to guide us—*

Har. *For ever;
Nor suffer these grubs to divide us.*

Live. *Oh! never.*

Har. *Deign love, then, to guide us, for ever.*

Live. *They shall not divide us: no, never.*

Jenny. (Rejoins them.) Well, my dears, since upright love is your motive, and downright matrimony your end, I think I must even beat about to bring you together.

Live. *But when, dear Jenny, when?*

Jenny. Sooner, perhaps, than you imagine. Miss has an aunt in Dublin, Lady Mildmay; her heart and house are open to you.

Live. *Why aren't we gone, then? What stops us?*

Jenny. Stops! What stops many an hopeful project!—lack of cash. *(Looks archly at him.)* Are you flush, sir? *(He shakes his head sorrowfully.)* So I thought; and, therefore, hold it bad policy to leave all miss's fortune, all her mamma's effects, in Gripe's clutches. Cheer up, however; a lucky crisis may come, and trust me for not letting it slip.

Live. *Infernal muck-worms! 'Sdeath! I grow wild with resentment; but you, my love, you seem quite unconcerned.*

Har. *Pardon me, dear Lively, I feel the utmost contempt of their depravity, mixed with a kind of pity for my uncle's foible; but (takes his hand and looks fondly at him) the truth is, that—*

AIR.—HARRIOT.

*At thy presence, vengeful passion,
Envy, hate, and indignation,*

*From this tranquil bosom fly:
Wealth, by gold, let miscreants measure;
Be but Lively's heart my treasure,
Gripe will be less rich than I.*

Jenny. In, in; get ye in; here's Gripe a-coming.

Har. *My uncle! Oh, lud! I shall die in a fright.
(Runs into the house with Jenny, who locks the door.)*

Live. *Plague welcome him!
(Leaps in at his window, and replaces the bar.)*

Re-enter GRIPE, walking leisurely, with a parchment bond in his hand.

Gripe. Here's the bond, stamped and all. Servant, kind Mr. Squander! Will you any more rouleaus at the same discount? He, he, he! I ha'

trotted it up: two hundred pistoles, at two per cent. by the hour, will amount, in six months, (with interest upon interest,) to about twenty thousand pounds sterling. Good, good! Pise on it! I'll have an execution in petto; then smash go his magazines, his town house, his villa; all mine, all mine. Come, come; upon the whole, no dear purchase. *(Pulls out a bunch of keys, and unlocks his door, leaving the key in the lock.)* Jenny, Jenny! I say.

Jenny. (Above at the window.) Sir?

Gripe. Fetch hither my supper, hussy!

Jenny. Your everyday supper, sir?

Gripe. Yes; and the bottle of Cyprus wine. *(Exit Jenny. Gripe takes a turn in the square towards Hunks's house.)* I have made too good a day's work of it to grudge myself wine at night.

Live. *(Softly opening the window.)* What is he muttering there? *(Aside.)*

Gripe. A lucky day has this been both to Hunks and me; and, to-morrow, he'll finish this glorious work by getting that nephew of his shut up for life.

Live. *How, how! The infamous wretch! Shnt up for life, indeed! I shall give him the slip though.*

(Aside, and withdraws, shutting the window.)

Gripe, retreating towards his own door, is met by JENNY, carrying a morsel of bread, a phial-bottle half full of wine, and a small glass, on a pewter-plate.)

Jenny. Here, sir.

Gripe. What's Harriot doing? *(Eating, and holding the glass to be filled.)*

Jenny. Waiting for you. We have not supped.

Gripe. Well, you may *(sips)* go to bed. Mufti! *(To himself.)*

Jenny. Best go in doors, sir.

Gripe. (Walks to and fro, munching and sipping.) No. Warm rogues, you mufties! *(Aside.)* I sha'n't come home to-night, mayhap. *(Holds out the glass to be filled.)* A plum, at least. *(Aside.)*

Jenny. (Staring at him, and not filling.) Why, sir, 'tis wine; wine, sir.

Gripe. Eh! Pise on't! I wasn't minding. Here, lock up; *(gives her the glass, and remnant of bread)* this for to-morrow. Oh! a mint! a mine! the Indies! I fly, I fly. *(Hurries away, leaving his keys.)*

Jenny. (Looks after him.) Quite frantic, I declare; *(going in)* and has forgot—nay, as I'm alive, he has—*(Runs in with the things, then seizes the keys, and calls aloud.)* Mr. Lively! Miss Harriot! *(They look out.)* Come down, come down. *(They disappear. Jenny turns over the keys.)* Ay, this is the key of his den; this of the iron-door to his closet; and this—

Re-enter HARRIOT and LIVELY.

See here, my lambkins! the crisis is come; Gripe has forgotten his keys. See; he said he should not be at home to-night. But there's no trusting to that: so, while I step in, stay you here, and watch. I'll not return empty-handed, I promise you.

Live. *'Faith! my dearest Harriot, 'twas high time: do you know, that my vile uncle is plotting to get me confined?*

Har. *Confined! on what pretext?*

Live. *Madness, I suppose. But let him catch me if he can. The tables are now turned, and our escape secured past prevention.*

Har. *I am on thorns to embark. My heart presages we shall be happy in Europe.*

Re-enter JENNY, on her arm a basket crammed full, in her hand a band-box, a casket, and parcels of paper wrapped up in an apron.

Jenny. Joy, joy! the deeds! the chattels! I have them all. *(To Harriot.)* Now, take wing, like two turtle-doves. *(Recollecting.)* Hang it! I forgot.

Here, these. (*Delivers them in a hurry.*) Be careful of the contents; I'll be back immediately. [*Exit.*]

Har. Oh, mercy! what a load of finery! Come, Lively, let's sit down, and lay them all in order. (*They sit on the wall of the draw-well, placing the apron and basket between them, then range the parcels out of the one into the other.*) And first, this bundle of bonds, I suppose, at bottom.

Live. Next, this band-box in the corner—so; and here, on this side, the casket of jewels.

Har. Stay; let me just take a peep. Oh! Lively, such noble brilliants!

Live. With what delight shall I see my angel wear them! Ah! Harriot, how enchanting is that look! while your eyes thus tenderly shoot into mine, 'tis perfect ecstasy! (*Embraces her.*)

Har. How now, sir? what liberty? (*Resentfully. Takes her hand off the basket to repel him; the basket and apron fall into the well; she screams.*) Oh! heavens! the basket's dropped into the well.

Re-enter JENNY, who overhears Harriot, and screams.

Jenny. Heavens and earth! into the well! (*Lively turns away in confusion.*)

Har. A silly youth! with his hoydenish pranks.

Live. I was sure she had hold of it; so, in my transport—

Jenny. Transport! nonsense! Yes, yes; we're finely on our way now! Lovers, lovers! say I; wretch that I am.

Live. Patience, Jenny; can't I go down for them?

Jenny. Egad! that's true; and, by my troth, so you shall, Mr. Transport.

Har. Into the well? (*Alarmed, and runs to look down into it.*)

Jenny. La! what are you so afraid of? 'tis really not deep; and, besides, has been dry this long while.

Live. (*Looks up at the pulley.*) Ay, but where's the rope?

Jenny. We can take the rope and bucket off Gripe's well. Come, let us in a bit for the present; the patrolle will be going their rounds, and they must not surprise us.

[*Exeunt into Gripe's house, shutting the door.*]

The Guards' march is played. Enter ALI, at the head of the Janizaries, marching in file. They halt in the middle of the square.

Ali. Don't you observe, lads, the nocturnal stillness of this city, ever since our corps has mounted guard here?

Osman. True, Captain; everybody allows it.

Ali. (*Struts importantly.*) Let's keep it up, then. Harken to your orders. Hem, hem! To you, Osman, for this night, I consign half the corps, and half the city, westward: you, Mustapha, with the remainder, follow me. This square shall be our place of rendezvous.

Mus. In faith, noble Captain, a masterly manoeuvre.

Ali. Now take heed all: let your march be orderly and silent. One thing more: I have intelligence of a tavern hereabout, where, in mockery of our holy law, wine is privily sold to the true believers. Those quarters I shall beat up; and, if the wine be good, secure it for our secret service. Whisker of Mahomet! there's nothing like maintaining strict order and discipline. Make ready, march!

AIR.—Turkish March.

The guards their midnight rounds begin,
Let all retire; let cease all din:
Home, home, without delaying,
No murmur; no gainsaying:
Hush! high and low degree;
So wills our lord cadi.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter GRIPE, walking circumspectly about the Square, peeping and listening.

RECITATIVE—GRIPE.

If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well, it were done quickly.

Th' attempt, and not the deed, confounds us—strictly.

The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures, Then—we shall both be Cressus's—if victors. I'll fetch Hunks. (*Ponders.*) May I trust him on this job?

Besides, the rigour of these Turkish laws! To swing; forfeit my wealth! Ay, there's the rub Must give us pause.

AIR.

What a cursed hole I'm in,
Yet must on through thick and thin:
If my gossip, Hunks, should peach,
I'm within the cadi's reach.
After all, 'tis a crack rope venture;
He the vault alone shall enter.
His shall be the art of thieving,
Mine but that of bare receiving.
'Gad, if I ben't sharp and sly,
He'll clup flatt'ry to my eye. [*Exit.*]

Enter from Gripe's house, LIVELY, with a large rope in his hand, JENNY with a bucket, and HARRIOT following.

Live. Escape? ay, sure, nothing to stop us; there's a ship sails in the morning: her captain is my acquaintance, and has engaged to take us on board.

Har. Lucky though, that my uncle stays abroad all night.

AIR.—HARRIOT.

Like the tuneless linnnet gay,
Long I sported in the May,
And echo heard my cheerful call;
I just could tattle,
Chirp and prattle;
I just could sing, and that was all.
But now I perch, and plume, and pride,
And more than tattle,
Chirp and prattle,
I now can sing, and love beside.

Live. Yes, we shall be under sail ere missed. (*Mounts on the breast-wall, and slips the rope into the pulley.*) Oh! 'gad, how gaily we shall live in Ireland upon the funds of this well. (*Leaps down, and hands the rope's-end to Jenny.*) Ireland, my Harriot! that's your true female Paradise. There you'll all be queens, empresses, sultanas—eh! Jenny?

Jenny. Ay, ay. Well, this is secured; all's ready. (*Hangs the bucket over the wall.*)

Live. Come, then, down I go.

Har. But, harkye, are you sure there's no danger?

Jenny. Danger!—Why, the well is quite dry, I tell you. (*Lively sits upon the wall, and puts his feet in the bucket, while they lay hold of the rope.*)

TRIO.—HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.

Har. Hold the rope fast—hold faster. (*To Jenny.*) For you I'm in pains, my dear. (*To Lively.*)

Live. Why should you dread disaster? Kind love is my guide, never fear.

Har. I would it were past!
Now, now hold fast. (*To Jenny.*)

Live. *The worst is past.*

Jenny. *I do hold fast.*

Har. *La! I'm in a terrible fright.*

Live. *Now down I go. (Gradually disappears.)*

Jenny. *So, so, so, so.*

Live. *And the motion's slow.*

Har. *Have a care below.*

Live. *You've nothing to do but hold tight.*

Jenny. *We all shall be made by this night.*

Har. *Ah! now he's quite out of sight.*

Jenny. *The basket, pray save it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I have it.*

Har. *I'm glad he has got no hurt.*

Jenny. *The casket, don't leave it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I've pick'd 'em both out of the dirt.*

Jenny. *Next find the cloth. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I'll get it.*

Har. *Deuce take ye both! I'm fretted.*

Live. *All's safe—and now let us retreat.*

Jenny. *Now let us retreat.*

Har. *Let us retreat.*

Don't loiter thus;

For I'm in fuss,

For fear we be caught in the street.

(Jenny turning about, sees Gripe and Hunks at a distance.)

Jenny. *Who are these two, coming yonder?*

Har. *Coming yonder?*

Good lack! our uncles!

Jenny. *Your uncles, I swear.*

Har. *What brings 'em home so soon, I wonder?*

Old Nick must sure have conjur'd 'em there.

Jenny. *Nick take the troublesome pair.*

Live. *Hawl, hawl away, hawl.*

Har. *Hush, hush, do not hawl.*

Jenny. *He will ruin us all.*

Live. *I'm ready; what makes you delay?*

Har. *Our uncles are coming this way.*

Jenny. *There's company coming this way.*

Har. *We're forc'd to retire.*

Live. *Blood and fire!*

Jenny. *Have patience, squire.*

Har. *We're surely caught, if we stay.*

Live. *You'll keep me here till 'tis day.*

Jenny. *Excuse this little delay.*

(Harriot and Jenny escape into Gripe's house, and shut the door.)

Enter HUNKS, carrying a lantern, followed by GRIPE, carrying a ladder and an iron crow: as they advance, LIVELY, in the well, continues calling to Harriot and Jenny.

Live. Hawl, hawl away, hawl!

Hunks. (Hearing the voice.) Eh! what are you muttering, gossip?

Gripe. Nothing I.—Wasn't it you that spoke?

Hunks. No. (Lays down the sledge near the well, Gripe throws down the crow.)

Gripe. Oh, pise on't! (Groans.) this d—d ladder has broken my back. (Goes to set it up beneath the deep window of the distant house.)

Hunks. What matter, man?—No gains without

pains, i'fecks. Now, how set about this job? (Takes the lantern to examine the ground.)

Gripe. Why, this whole front is but one single stone. (Examines it likewise.)

Hunks. Just hit it with your sledge. (Claps his ear to it.)

Gripe. Well, how does it sound? (Strikes gently in several parts.)

Hunks. Hollow, Hollow. This must be the entrance, i'fecks, gossip, and that same stone we must force out. (Takes up the sledge, and Gripe the crow.)

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. *Now, gossip, now, gossip, strike home.*

Hunks. *And you too, good gossip, strike home.*

Gripe. *We'll soon make a breach in this tomb.*

Strike it harder, I warrant 'twill come.

Hunks. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *'Twill come.*

Both. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *Once more.*

Hunks. *Once more—the mortar is crumbling.*

Gripe. *'Tis crumbling—I now see the joint.*

'Tis tumbling.

Hunks. *'Tis tumbling. Stick to the point.*

Both. *Let's stick to the point.*

Gripe. *Pray hand me the crow.*

Now double your blow.

Hunks. *I will strike while you pinch.*

Gripe. *It comes.*

Hunks. *It comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *Now strike—it comes.*

Hunks. *Now pinch—it comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *It totters.*

Hunks. *It totters.*

Both. *To fall it begins.*

Gripe. *Look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Look to your shins.*

Gripe. *Look, look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Zounds! look to your shins.*

(The stone tumbling with noise, shews the entrance of the vault, defended by an iron portcullis. They meanwhile throw aside their tools, and embrace exultingly.)

Gripe. So! that task's finished, and the treasure's our own.

Hunks. (Turning to the pyramid.) Finished! yes, to be sure; rarely finished! Why, there's a huge iron grate still. Stay. (Takes the lantern to examine.)

Gripe. No trifling hoard for certain, so firmly barricaded. (Aside.)

Hunks. Oh! we may compass it yet. Here's a groove, you see, shows 'tis a slider. Hold this. (Presents the lantern.) I'll try to lift it. No, i'fecks, I a'n't strong enough; lend me a hand.

Gripe. (Sets down the lantern, and goes to assist him.) Now, lay to o'your side. That's it; let's raise it quite up.

Hunks. There it goes; high enough, if we had something to clap under it.

Gripe. Bear it up, while I run for the crow. (Having fixed it.) Let go now; it can't fall.

Hunks. That's clever, i'fecks! Stay; is the vault deep? Why, (*Takes the lantern, and looks down.*) our ladder was needless; here's a little staircase.

Gripe. All the better. Now then, down wi' ye; you have the lantern.

Hunks. Here, gossip, take it you, and go down yourself.

Gripe. A tomb—I—troth, gossip, I'm afraid I should never get alive to the bottom.

Hunks. (*Snatching the lantern from him.*) Psha! poltroon, give it me; I'll go down myself. (*Going to the pyramid, turns to Gripe.*) But take notice, I'll ha' the larger share.

Gripe. Go down, go down, man; we'll settle that afterwards.

Hunks. (*Entering the pyramid.*) I'fecks, I'm all in a flutter too; hut then the treasure—ay, that keeps me up. (*Goes down.*)

Gripe. (*At the mouth of the vault to Hunks below.*) Well, are you at bottom? Is there much? Throw up to me whatever you find.

Hunks. (*Below.*) Find! I'fecks, I find nothing; but this Turk's cloak. (*Throws out a caftan.*)

Gripe. (*Impatiently.*) Pise on it! what has the booby flung up here! (*Examines it.*) A pretty rag, wot. (*Going nearer to the vault.*) The gold, the diamonds, man! That's all you need mind.

Hunks. There, there's a multi's cap for you. (*Throws out a turban.*)

Gripe. Mufti yourself, sirrah! (*Stamps on the turban, leans into the vault and bawls.*) What the devil are you about? The gold, I say; the jewels. Are you mad?

Hunks. No such gear, i'fecks; not a jot else, unless you'll ha' the corpse.

Gripe. Oh, ho! you want to keep all, do you? These your tricks? Ay, I suspected as much.

Hunks. Why, step down yourself, and see. I give you my oath.

Gripe. Your oath! you worthless dog.

Hunks. Hey! This to me? you old curmudgeon. *Gripe.* Yes, you may well talk, you shabby, swindling scoundrel! but, sirrah, you shall—

Hunks. Stay, rascal! stay till I come up and break your bones. (*The light of the candle begins to reappear, and with it Hunks in a rage. Gripe suddenly takes out the crow that supported the grate, which falls at once, and shuts in Hunks.*)

Gripe. My bones; ha, ha, ha! you will, jail bird.

Hunks. (*Vainly labouring to raise the grate.*) The treacherous villain! Why, sirrah! you don't mean—

Gripe. (*To himself.*) Gulled! defrauded! nay, exposed to the gallows! and, (*Kicking the turban and robe.*) and all for—for this tripury. (*Flinging them into the well.*)

Ali. (*Behind.*) Who's there? Stand, ho!

Hunks. Mercy on us! 'tis the patrol! Harkye, *Gripe*, if I be caught I'll impeach you; I will, i'fecks.

Gripe. Pise on it! so he may. (*Aside.*) Hush, hush, dear gossip! Pho, man, I was but in jest. Do, run down again quick, and hide your lantern. When they are passed I'll come and release you. (*Wheeling.*)

Hunks. (*Retiring.*) At your own peril, cut-throat! be assured I'll not swing single. (*Hunks retires into the vault; Gripe hurries to his own door, where, searching in all his pockets, he misses his keys; the Janizaries are heard approaching tumultuously.*)

Gripe. My keys! undone! robbed! beggared! (*In consternation.*) Oh! they're coming! what shall I do? Pise on it! stay, I'll even mount that ladder—my last shift—skulk in the bollow of the window; perhaps they mayn't see me. (*Climbs up in haste, and stands in the window.*)

Enter ALI, with four Janizaries, half drunk, each carrying two bottles and a drinking cup; and OSMAN, with the party: they are surprised at the intoxication of their comrades, but, getting from them each one bottle, they fall to guzzling in long draughts. During the symphony of the ensuing Catch, a faint light glimmers from the vault.

CATCH.—ALI, MUSTAPHA, and Janizary.

Ali. }
Must. } Fill every lad his cup,
Jan. }

Ali. Fill it a bumper.

Jan. Mine's a thumper.

Must. Drink it up.

(*Ali drinks, making a noise in his throat while swallowing, viz.*)

Ali. Wi—ne.

Must. }
Jan. } Swill 'till mellow! honest fellow.

Ali. I don't leave one drop in mine.

(*Mustapha drinks, making the same noise.*)

Must. Wi—ne.

Ali. }
Jan. } Swill till, &c.

Must. I don't leave, &c.

(*Janizary drinks, making the same noise.*)

Jan. Wi—ne.

Must. }
Ali. } Swill till, &c.

Ali. }
Must. } Let drones pour on

Must. } Their dull Coran,

Jan. } While we're laughing,

Jan. } Gaily quaffing.

Ali. Rosy wine.

(*Ali's men lay aside their bottles and cups, and then come back. Osman and his party sit down continuing to drink; one of Ali's men seats himself close to the Draw-well, leaning his elbow on the wall; two others place themselves near him, sitting. Ali and Mustapha stagger forward.*)

Ali. And yet, this devilish liquor parches one up. (*Hiccups.*) By Mecca, my stomach's a coal of fire.

Must. And mine boiling oil, by Omar! But see! here's a well; let's draw some water, (*Hiccups.*) 'twill quench us.

Ali. Right; and the rope's in the pulley, too. (*They lay hold on the cord, and begin to pull. The other three drunk, fall asleep.*) Now, both together.

Must. (*Looking toward the pyramid.*) Eh! bless me! don't I see a light from yonder monument? and a hole broken in the front, I think.

Ali. D—d heavy, this same water. (*Tugging the cord.*)

Must. Nay, but look! if I have eyes—(*Still looking to the pyramid.*)

Ali. Pho! confound ye, pull away. Visionary! 'Cause the mufti was buried there, you're afraid he'll rise and eat you, eh? (*Looking towards the pyramid, and pulling with all his might.*) See! what can you see? Were I to see the devil, I'd no more matter—(*Lively drawn up in the bucket, while their heads are turned aside, appears dressed in the Mufti's turban and robe, with the basket on his arm; he lays hold on one of the posts with his left hand, and springs upon the wall, giving, at the same instant with the right hand, a hearty box on the ear to the sleeping Janizary next to him, who, in a fright tumbles upon his comrade; they, struggling to rise, obstruct each other. Meanwhile, Ali and Mustapha, pulling hard, and not*

being longer resisted by *Lively's* weight, suddenly fall; letting go the rope, the bucket falls.)

Live. (Standing on the breast-wall, bellows out.) Boo! miscreants! hoo!

Janizaries. Oh, oh! the mufti! the devil!

Ali. (Coming up in terror.) Accursed wine! A judgment! our prophet's vengeance! (Runs off. *Mustapha* and *Osman* with his party rise in a fright, and running away, throw down the ladder.)

Janizaries. The devil! the mufti himself at our heels! Run, run.

[*Exeunt. Hunks* alarmed, comes up to the grate.

Gripe stands trembling in the window.

Live. (Upon the wall.) Ha, ha! I think I have scared the rascals. (Leaps down.)

Gripe. Save us! A spectre! I shall tumble headlong.

Live. (Aloud at *Gripe's* door.) Jenny! Jenny! come down, 'tis I. (Gazing joyfully at his basket.)

Jenny. (Within.) Mr. *Lively's* voice, I vow. Quick, quick, Miss.

Gripe. (Astonished.) Benedicite!—Pise on it! I'll make off—Distraction! my ladder thrown down! and the cadi—posting hither.

Enter *HARRIOT* and *JENNY*, running.

Har. Is it you, my dear sir? (She and *Jenny*, frightened at the Mufti's habit, run back, screaming.) Ah, ah!

Live. (Overtakes them.) Stop, stop! don't squall! What ails ye? (Throwing off the turban and robe.) 'Tis I—*Lively.* (They stare.)

Gripe. How? *Lively!* (Amazed.)

Hunks. My nephew! he'll help me out, i'fecks.

Har. (Coming to herself.) Lud! how you frightened me—that strange disguise. (To *Lively.*)

Jenny. (Springs at the basket on his arm.) This is safe, however; and now, my loves, for Europe, ho!

Live. Ay, ay, now or never. (All hurrying off.)

Hunks. *Lively!* (Lively starts and looks back.)

Gripe. (From the window at the same time.) *Harriot!* (Harriot starts.)

Har. (Fainting.) Our uncles! good heavens!

Jenny and *Live.* (Supporting her.) Away, away, away! (Going.)

Hunks. Ah! *Lively*, can you forsake me thus?

Gripe. My dear *Harriot!* won't you stay and help me? (Harriot and *Lively* stand amazed; *Jenny* bursts into a fit of laughter.)

Jenny. Ha, ha, ha! was ever sight so ridiculous? Ha, ha! Look at 'em! this owl in his cage, and that dried mummy in his niche! Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. Dear niece, come and take me down. (To *Harriot.*)

Live. How got you there? (To *Gripe.*)

Hunks. Take me out first. (To *Lively.*)

Live. What brought you there? (To *Hunks.*)

Har. Haste, my dear *Lively*, to relieve them.

Jenny. What, set them free without conditions? No, no; make terms first; bind them now, you'll never have them at such another hold.

Gripe. Niece, my dear niece, do but persuade your favourite gallant there to help me down, and I'll restore every shilling of your fortune.

Jenny. And give your consent to her marriage with him?

Gripe. Ay, with anybody.

Jenny. So much for the gentleman above stairs; now what says the gentleman below.

Hunks. Anything, anything. I'll render up my trust.

Jenny. Make your nephew your whole and sole heir?

Hunks. Willingly.

Jenny. And you both swear to keep your words?

Gripe and *Hunks.* We swear.

Jenny. Never to go from your agreement?

Gripe and *Hunks.* Never.

Jenny. Or we deliver you over to the Cadi for perjury.

Gripe and *Hunks.* And his janizaries shall carbo-nado us.

Har. Enough. *Jenny*, there's a ladder; I'll raise it; and do you relieve one, while I attend the other.

Gripe. Pise on't! girls, don't be in such a hurry. —(*Harriot* and *Jenny* rear up the ladder to *Gripe*; *Lively* goes to assist *Hunks.*) Pise on't! Girls, make haste—I'm in such a tremor—the cadi—(Scrambles down.)

Hunks. Quick, quick, dear lad—up with it! I'll help—(To *Lively.*—The grate is raised; and *Hunks* stepping forth, claps it down again; he embraces *Lively.*)

Gripe. (Pushes down the ladder, and comes forward.) Lord be praised, I'm once more on terra-firma!

Hunks. (Advances, capering for joy.) Huzza! I'm disentoined. Ah! gossip! we who thought to have been so rich! (Shakes his head at *Gripe.*)

FINALE.—*HUNKS, GRIPE, HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.*

Hunks. 'Tis past—now, gossip, let's count our gains,
We've had our labour for our pains.

If henceforth e'er I'm caught,
Gold-finding in a vault,
You may keep me there,
I vow and swear,

I'll own it my own fault. (To *Gripe.*)

Gripe. 'Tis you, y' old devil in human shape!
Who beguiled your gossip into this scrape!
Who his greedy hopes cajol'd,
Wi' your mufti's heaps untold;
Your golden dreams
Of ingots, gems—

To hell you'd trot for gold. (To *Hunks.*)

Hunks. My love of gold I for ever renounce.

Gripe. And my avarice I lay aside at once.

Hunks. } To my { nephew I } restore,
Gripe. } To my { niece I now }

Hunks. } My love, } and give my ore,
Gripe. } Her own, }

Hunks. } My mind's at rest.
Gripe. } While they are blest,
We never can be poor.

Live. } With duteous gratitude thus I bend. (Kneels)
Har. } In the parent happy to find a friend.

To shield you from annoy
Shall be our sole employ.

Gripe. } Content.

Hunks. }

Jenny. Of this event,
Genteels, I wish you joy,

Hunks. } But there's one treasure, whereof we still
Gripe. } Must misers be, which is—

Ali. Your good will.
(To the audience.)

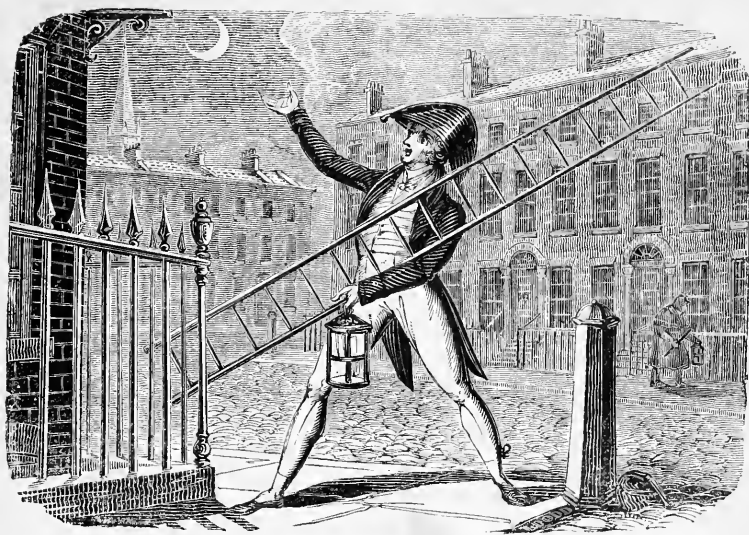
Har. } Such welcome guests to bring,
Live. } We'll strain both voice and string.
Jenny. }

Ali. With a twinkum twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing.

Chorus. Such welcome guests to bring,
We'll strain both voice and string,
With a twinkum, twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing. [Exeunt.]

THE APPRENTICE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

WINGATE
DICK
GARGLE

SIMON
SCOTCHMAN
IRISHMAN

CATCHPOLE
WATCHMEN
CHARLOTTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Enter WINGATE and SIMON.

Win. Nay, nay, but I tell you I am convinced; I know it is so; and so, friend, don't you think to trifle with me; I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel; and if you don't discover all, I'll—

Simon. Dear heart, sir, you won't give a body time.

Win. Zookers! a whole month missing, and no account of him far or near! Sirrah, I say he could not be 'prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him, without knowing his haunts and all his ways; and then, varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

Simon. My master Gargle and I, sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town this morning to inquire for un; and so in my way I thought I might as well call here.

Win. A villain! to give his father all this trouble. And so you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

Simon. Not a word, sir, as I hope for mercy; though, as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as anything, master, the gipsies have gotten hold on un; and we shall have un come home as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but crusts and water for six-and-twenty days.

Win. The gipsies have got hold of him, ye blockhead! Get out of the room. Here you, Simon!

Simon. Sir.

Win. Where are you going in such a hurry? Let me see; what must be done? A ridiculous

numskull, with his d—d Cassanders and Cloppatras, and trumpery; with his romances, and his Odyssey Popes, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat! Zookers! I'll not put myself in a passion. Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gargle, and tell him I want to speak with him; though I don't know what I shall send for him for; a sly, slow, hesitating blockhead! he'll only plague me, with his physical cant and his nonsense. Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

Simon. Yes, sir.

[Exit.

Win. This fellow will be the death of me at last! I have been tormenting for him all the days of my life, and now the scoundrel's run away. Suppose I advertise the dog? Ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead, why then he tricks me out of six shillings; my money's flung into the fire. Zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion; let him follow his nose; 'tis nothing at all to me: what care I?

Re-enter SIMON.

What do you come back for, Simon?

Simon. As I was going out, sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

Win. Let me see it. The gipsies have got hold of him; ha, ha! What a pretty fellow you are! ha, ha! Why don't you step where I bid you, sirrah!

Simon. Yes, sir.

[Exit.

Win. Well, well, I'm resolv'd, and it shall be so. I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven; and when the blockhead comes, I may do as I please, ha, ha! I may do as I please. Let me see—he had on—

slidikins, what signifies what he had on? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him. Hey! what a plague have we here? (*Mutters to himself.*) Bristol—a—what's all this? (*Reads.*) "*Esteemed friend,—Last was twentieth ultimo, since none of thine, which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present, is to inform thee that thy son came to our place with a company of strollers, who were taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail.*" Zookers! I'm glad of it—a villain of a fellow! Let him lie there. "*I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is consigned to thy address, being the needful from thy friend and servant,* EBENEZER BROADBRIM."

Wounds! what did he take the fellow out for? A scoundrel, rascal! turn'd stage-player—I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there?

Re-enter SIMON.

Simon. I met my master over the way, sir. Our cares are over. Here is Mr. Gargle, sir.

Win. Let him come in, and do you go down stairs, you blockhead. [*Exit Simon.*]

Enter GARGLE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work—Dick's turn'd vagabond!

Gar. He must be put under a proper regimen directly, sir. He arrived at my house within these ten minutes, but in such a trim! He's now below stairs; I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.

Win. Death and fire! what could put it into the villain's head to turn buffoon?

Gar. Nothing so easily accounted for: why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly poring over plays, and farces, and Shakspeare.

Win. Ay, that d—d Shakspeare! I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in Warwickshire. I never read Shakspeare. Wounds! I caught the rascal myself, reading that nonsensical play of Hamlet, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds. A fine example, Mr. Gargle.

Gar. His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bless my heart! she was as innocent as water-gruel, till he spoiled her. I found her the other night in the very fact.

Win. Zookers! you don't say so? caught her in the fact?

Gar. Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

Win. Oh, is that the fact you mean? Is that all? though that's bad enough.

Gar. But I have done for my young madam; I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

Win. Lookye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face. Let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.

Gar. Sir, I have found out that he went three times a week to a spouting-club.

Win. A spouting-club, friend Gargle! What's a spouting-club?

Gar. A meeting of 'prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect their business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

Win. You don't say so! a spouting-club! Wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gar. Ay, mad indeed, sir: madness is occasioned

in a very extraordinary manner; the spirits flowing in particular channels,—

Win. 'Sdeath! you're as mad yourself as any of them.

Gar. And continuing to run in the same ducts—*Win.* Ducks! d—n your ducks! Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

Gar. Dear sir, be a little cool; inflammatories may be dangerous. Do, pray, sir, moderate your passions.

Win. Pr'ythee be quiet, man; I'll try what I can do. Here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. "Now, my good father, what's the matter?"

Win. So, friend, you have been upon your travels, have you? You have had your frolic? Lookye, young man, I'll not put myself in a passion. But, death and fire, you scoundrel! what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I am your father?

Dick. "A little more than kin, and less than kind." (*Aside.*)

Win. Ha, ha! what a pretty figure you cut now! Ha, ha! why don't you speak, you blockhead? Have you nothing to say for yourself?

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself! What an old prig it is! (*Aside.*)

Win. Mind me, friend, I have found you out; I see you'll never come to good. Turn stage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month, ha, ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples; remember, I tell you so.

Dick. A critic, too! (*Whistles.*) Well done, old Square-toes. (*Aside.*)

Win. Lookye, young man, take notice of what I say: I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane, with a brush and black-ball, I'd make my own fortune again. You read Shakspeare! Get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a shilling on any stall: best book that ever was written.

Dick. Pretty well, that; ingenions, faith! Egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters. (*Aside.*)

Win. Can you tell how much is five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound? Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound. Ay, ay, I see you're a blockhead. Lookye, young man, if you have a mind to thrive in this world, study figures, and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.

Dick. "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!" (*Aside.*)

Win. Mind the scoundrel now.

Gar. Do, Mr. Wingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly: I'll touch him gently. Come, come, young man, lay aside this sulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

Dick. "Oh, Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!"

Win. What does the fellow say?

Gar. He relents, sir. Come, come, young man, he'll forgive.

Dick. "They fool me to the top of my bent." 'Gad, I'll um 'em, to get rid of 'em—"a truant disposition, good my lord." No, no, stay; that's not right—I have a better speech. (*Aside.*) "It is as you say; when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies, we are ashamed and sorry: and yet, the very next minute, we rush again into the very same absurdities."

Win. Well said, lad, well said. Mind me, friend; commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth. Death and fire! but I won't put myself in a passion. 'Tis my regard for you makes me speak;

and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

Dick. Without doubt, sir. *(Stifling a laugh.)*

Win. If you want anything, you shall be provided. Have you any money in your pocket? Ha, ha! what a ridiculous numskull you are now! Ha, ha! Come, here's some money for you. *(Pulls out his money and looks at it.)* I'll give it to you another time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.

Dick. "Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?"

Win. Zookers! you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business, than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broken upon your arm, and be tumbling upon carpets.

Dick. "I shall, in all my best, obey you," daddy.

Win. Very well, friend, very well said; you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you: but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go home to your business; and mind me, young man, let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a laced waistcoat; you scoundrel, what right have you to wear a laced waistcoat? I never wore a laced waistcoat! never wore one till I was forty. But I'll not put myself in a passion; go and change your dress, friend.

Dick. I shall, sir—

"I must be cruel only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

Cocker's Arithmetic, sir?

Win. Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic—study figures, and they'll carry you through the world.

Dick. Yes, sir. *(Stifling a laugh.)* *Cocker's Arithmetic!* *[Exit.]*

Win. Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

Gar. Ay, sir, you know the world. The young man will do very well; I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter.

Win. Yes, but I'll touch the cash; he sha'n't finger it during my life. I must keep a tight hand over him. *(Goes to the door.)* Do ye hear, friend? Mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately. Friend Gargle, I'll make a man of him.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. "Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barbarossa require me here?"

Win. What's the matter now? Barossa! Wounds! What's Barossa? Does the fellow call me names? What makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

Dick. "That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!"

Win. The fellow's stark staring mad; get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room, *(Dick stands in a sullen mood.)*

Gar. Come, come, young man, everything is easy; don't spoil all again; go and change your dress, and come home to your business. Nay, nay, be ruled by me. *(Thrusts him off.)*

Win. I'm very peremptory, friend Gargle; if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him. Well, but now I think of it, I have Cocker's Arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house; I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him. Friend Gargle, your servant.

Gar. Mr. Wingate, a good evening to you. You'll send him home to his business?

Win. He shall follow you home directly. Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound! multiply the numerator by the denominator! five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and—a—a—carry one. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter DICK and SIMON.

Simon. Lord love ye, master; I'm so glad you're

come back. Come, we had as good e'en gang bome to my master Gargle's.

Dick. No, no, Simon, stay a moment; this is but a scurvy coat I have on; and I know my father has always some jemyiny thing lock'd up in his closet; I know his ways. He takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

Simon. Hush! he'll hear us; stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

Dick. *(Goes to the door, and listens.)* No, no, no; he's going down, growling and grumbling; ay, say ye so? "Scoundrel, rascal! Let him bite the bridle. Six times twelve is seventy-two." All's safe, man; never fear him. Do you stand here; I shall despatch this business in a crack.

Simon. Blessings on him! what is he about now? Why, the door is locked, master.

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the lock; you shall see me do it as well as any Sir John Brute of 'em all. "This right leg!"

Simon. Lord love you, master, that's not your right leg.

Dick. Pho! you fool, don't you know I'm drunk? "This right leg here is the best locksmith in England; so, so." *(Forces the door and goes in.)*

Simon. He's at his plays again. Odds my heart, he's a rare hand! he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him. The old codger must not smoke that I have any concern; I must be main cautious. Lord bless his heart, he's to teach me to act Scrub. He began with me long ago, and I got as far as the jesuit before a went out of town:—"Scrub!—Coming, sir. Lord, ma'am, I've a whole packet full of news; some say one thing, and some say another; but, for my part, ma'am, I believe he's a Jesuit, that's main pleasant; I believe he's a Jesuit."

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. "I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?"

Simon. No, master; we're all snug.

Dick. This coat will do charmingly. I have bilked the old fellow nicely. In a dark corner of his cabinet, I found this paper; what it is the light will show. *(Reads.)* "I promise to pay"—Ha!—"promise to pay to Mr. Moneytrap, or order, on demand,"—'Tis his hand; a note of his; yet more. "The sum of seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and seven-pence, value received, by me. London, this 15th June, 1755." 'Tis wanting what should follow; his name should follow; but 'tis off, because the note is paid.

Simon. Oh, lud! dear sir, you'll spoil all. I wish we were well out of the house. Our best way, master, is to make off directly.

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this coat. Simon, you shall be my dresser; you'll be fine and happy behind the scenes.

Simon. Oh, lud! it will be main pleasant; I have been behind the screens in the country.

Dick. Have you, where?

Simon. Why, when I lived with the man that shewed wild heastices.

Dick. Harkye, Simon! when I am playing some deep tragedy, and "cleave the general ear with horrid speech," you must take out your white pocket handkerchief and cry bitterly. *(Teaches him.)*

Simon. But I haven't got a white pocket handkerchief.

Dick. Then I'll lend you mine. *(Pulls out a ragged one.)*

Simon. Thank ye, sir.

Dick. And when I am playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out, *(teaches him.)* for I shall be very pleasant. Tol-de-rol. *(Dances.)*

Simon. Never doubt me, sir.

Dick. Very well; now run down and open the street-door; I'll follow you in a crack.

Simon. I'm gone to serve you, master.

Dick. To serve thyself; for, lookye, Simon, when I am manager, claim thou of me the care of the wardrobe, with all those moveables, whereof the property-man now stands possessed.

Simon. Oh, lud! this is charming; hush! I am gone. *(Going.)*

Dick. Well, but harkye, Simon, come hither. "What money have you about you, master Matthew?"

Simon. But a tester, sir.

Dick. A tester! that's something of the least, master Matthew; let's see it.

Simon. You have had fifteen sixpences now.

Dick. Never mind that, I'll pay you all at my benefit.

Simon. I don't doubt that, master, but mum.

[Exit.

Dick. Thus far we run before the wind. An apothecary! make an apothecary of me! What, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar, or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes! to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality! No, no; it will be much better to be pasted up in capitals: "The part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared on any stage before!" My ambition fires at the thought. But, hold! mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt? hissed, pelted, laughed at; not admitted into the green-room. That will never do. Down, busy devil, down, down! Try it again: loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes.—"Dear colonel, is not he a charming creature?"—"My lord, don't you like him of all things?"—"Makes love like an angel!"—"What an eye he has!"—"Fine legs!"—"I'll certainly go to his benefit." Celestial sounds! And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print-shop, in the character of Macbeth: "This is a sorry sight." *(Stands in an attitude.)* In the character of Richard: "Give me another horse; bind up my wounds." This will do rarely. And then I have a chance of getting well married. Oh! glorious thought! By heaven, I will enjoy it, though but in fancy! But what's o'clock? It must be almost nine. I'll away at once: this is club-night. Egad! I'll go to them for awhile: the spouters are all met; little they think I'm in town; they'll be surprised to see me. Off I go, and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter. Poor Charlotte! she's locked up, but I shall find means to settle matters for her escape. She has a pretty theatrical genius. If she fly to my arms like a hawk to its perch, it will be so rare an adventure, and so dramatic an incident!

"Limbs do your office, and support me well;
Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can."

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Spouting Club.*

The President and Members seated.

Pres. Come, we'll fill a measure the table round. "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Come, give us a speech.

Scotch. Come, now, I'll gee you a touch of Mochbeeth.

I Mem. That will be rare. Come, let's have it.

Scotch. What dost leer at, mon? I have had muckle applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Reegceede, and now I intend to do Mochbeeth; I seed the dagger yesterneet, and I thought I should ha' killed every one that came in my way.

Irish. Stand out of the way, lads, and you'll see me give a touch of Othollo, my dear. *(Takes a cork, burns it, and blacks his face.)* The devil burn the cork! it won't do it fast enough.

I Mem. Here, here, I'll lend you a helping hand. *(Blacks him. Knocking at the door.)*

Pres. "Open locks, whoever knocks."

Enter DICK.

Dick. "How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags! what is't ye do?"—"How fare the honest partners of my heart?"—"What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?"—"Arrah! my dear cousin Mackshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?"

Irish. Ow! but is it mocking you are? Lookye! my dear, if you'd be taking me off—don't you call it taking off?—by my shoul, I'd be making you take yourself off. What, if you're for being obstrepous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea.

Dick. Nay, pr'ythee, no offence: I hope we shall be brother-players.

Irish. Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Irish. Othollo, my dear; let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em; though, by my shoul, myself does not know but I'll be frightened, when everything is in a hubbub, and nothing to be heard but "Throw him over!"—"Over with him!"—"Off, off, off the stage!"—"Music!" Ow! but may be the dear craters in the boxes will be lacking at my legs; ow! to be sure, the devil burn the look they'll give 'em!

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face. *(Aside.)*

Scotch. Stay till you hear me give a specimen of elocation.

Dick. What, with that impediment, sir?

Scotch. Impediment! what impediment? I do not leesp, do I? I do not squeent; I am well leem'd, am I not?

Irish. By my shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timbered myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy.

Scotch. I'll give you a specimen of Mockbeeth.

Irish. Make haste, then, and I'll begin Othollo.

Scotch. "Is this a dagger that I see before me," &c.

Irish. *(Collaring him.)* "Willain, be sure you prove my love a whore," &c. *(Another Member comes forward with his face powdered, and a pipe in his hand.)*

Mem. "I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—"

Irish. You my father's spirit! My mother was a better man than ever you was.

Dick. Pho! pr'ythee! you are not fat enough for a ghost.

Mem. I intend to make my first appearance in it for all that; only I'm puzzled about one thing, I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience.

Watch. *(Behind.)* Past five o'clock, cloudy morning!

Dick. Eh! past five o'clock! 'sdeath! I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte. I have staid too long, and shall lose my proselyte. "Come, let us adjourn." "We'll scour the watch: confusion to morality! I wish the constable were married. Huzza, huzza!"

All. Huzza, huzza!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter DICK, with a lantern and ladder.

Dick. All's quiet here; the coast's clear; now for my adventure with Charlotte; this ladder will do rarely for the business, though it would be better if it were a ladder of ropes—but hold! have I not seen something like this on the stage? yes, I have, in some of the entertainments. Ay, "I do remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells!"—this is my master Gargle's; being dark, the beg-

gar's shop is shut. "What, ho! apothecary!" "But, soft! what light breaks through yonder window? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair sun," &c.

CHARLOTTE appears at a window.

Char. Who's there? My Romeo?

Dick. "The same, my love, if it not thee displease."

Char. Hush! not so loud; you'll waken my father.

Dick. "Alas! there is more peril in thine eye."

Char. Nay, but, pr'ythee, now; I tell you, you'll spoil all. What made you stay so long?

Dick. "Chide not, my fair; but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart."

Char. As I am a living soul, you'll ruin everything; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you. *(Going.)*

Dick. No, no; not so fast, Charlotte; let us act the garden-scene first.

Char. A fiddlestick for the garden-scene!

Dick. Nay, then, I'll act Ranger. "Up I go, neck or nothing."

Char. Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits. Don't come up; I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder. I have settled everything with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give a farthing for it without the ladder, and so up I go; if it were as high as the garret, up I go.

Enter SIMON, at the door.

Simon. Sir, sir; madam, madam—

Dick. Pr'ythee, be quiet, Simon; I am ascending the high top-gallant of my joy.

Simon. An' please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop; I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow.

Char. That will do purely; and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me.

[Exit from above.]

Simon. Master, leave that there, to save me from being respected.

Dick. With all my heart, Simon.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh lad! I'm frightened out of my wits: feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats.

Dick. 'Tis an alarm to love: quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, &c.

Watch. *(Behind.)* Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning!

Dick. "Is that the raven's voice I hear?"

Simon. No, master, it's the watchman's.

Char. Dear heart, don't let us stand fooling here; as I live and breathe we shall both be taken: do, for heaven's sake, let us make our escape.

Dick. Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together.

Together to the theatre we'll go,
There to their ravish'd eyes our skill we'll shew,
And point new beauties—to the pit below.

[Exit with Charlotte.]

Simon. And I to sweep my master's shop will go.

[Exit into the house.]

Enter a Watchman.

Watch. Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning. Heyday! what's here? A ladder at master Gargle's window! I must alarm the family. Ho! master Gargle! *(Knocks at the door.)*

Gar. *(Above.)* What's the matter? How comes this window to be open? Ha! a ladder! Who's below there?

Watch. I hope you an't robbed, master Gargle?

As I was going my rounds, I found your window open.

Gar. I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks. Take away the ladder; I must inquire into all this. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIMON, like Scrub.

Simon. "Thieves! murder! thieves! popery!"

Watch. What's the matter with the fellow?

Simon. "Spare all I have, and take my life!"

Watch. Any mischief in the house?

Simon. "They broke in with fire and sword; they'll be here this minute."

Watch. What, are there thieves in the house?

Simon. "With sword and pistol, sir."

Watch. How many are there of them?

Simon. "Five-and-forty."

Watch. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to go. *[Exit.]*

Enter GARGLE.

Gar. Dear heart, dear heart! she's gone, she's gone! my daughter, my daughter! What's the fellow in such a fright for?

Simon. "Down on your knees; down on your marrow-bones, down on your marrow-bones."

Gar. Get up, you fool, get up. Dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation.

Enter WINGATE.

Win. So, friend Gargle, you're up early, I see; nothing like rising early; nothing to be got by lying in bed, like a lubberly fellow. What's the matter with you? Ha, ha! You look frightened.

Gar. Oh! no wonder. My daughter, my daughter!

Win. Your daughter! What signifies a foolish girl?

Gar. Oh! dear heart, dear heart! out of the window—

Win. Fallen out of the window? Well, she was a woman, and 'tis no matter; if she's dead, she's provided for. Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night—here it is, friend Gargle; take it, and give it to that scoundrel of a fellow.

Gar. Lord! sir, he's returned to his tricks.

Win. Returned to his tricks! What, broke loose again?

Gar. Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

Win. Carried off your daughter! How did the rascal contrive that?

Gar. Oh! dear sir, the watch alarmed us awhile ago, and I found a ladder at the window; so, I suppose, my young madam made her escape that way.

Win. I'll never see that fellow's face.

Simon. Secrets, secrets!

Win. What, are you in the secret, friend?

Simon. To be sure, there be secrets in all families; but, for my part, I'll not speak a word, pro or con, till there's a peace.

Win. You won't speak, sirrah? I'll make you speak. Do you know nothing of this numskull?

Simon. Who, I, sir? He came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.

Win. You saw him, then?

Simon. Yes, sir; saw him, to be sure, sir; he made me open the shop-door for him; he stopped on the threshold and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an ouzel.

Win. Like an ouzel? Wounds! what's an ouzel?

Gar. And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter.

Enter a Porter.

Win. Who are you, pray? What do you want?

Por. Is one Mr. Gargle here?

Gar. Yes. Who wants him?

Por. Here's a letter for you.

Gar. Let me see it. Oh, dear heart! (*Reads.*) "To Mr. Gargle, at the Pestle and Mortar." Slid-ikins! this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.

Win. Let me see it, Gargle. (*Reads.*) "To Mr. Gargle, &c.—Most potent, grave, and reverend doctor; my very noble and approved good master—That I have ta'en away your daughter, it is most true; true, I will marry her—'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." What, in the name of common sense, is all this? "I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that: yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing." What can the fellow mean? "For time may have yet one fated hour to come, which, winged with liberty, may overtake occasion past." Overtake occasion past! no, no; time and tide wait for no man. "I expect redress from thy noble sorrows. Thine and my poor country's ever.—R. WINGATE." Mad as a March hare! I have done with him; let him stay till the shoe pinches, a crack-brained numskull!

Por. An't please ye, sir, I fancy the gentleman is a little beside himself; he took hold on me here by the collar, and called me villain, and bid me prove his wife a whore. Lord help him, I never see'd the gentleman's spouse in my born days before.

Gar. Is she with him now?

Por. I believe so; there's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

Gar. My daughter, to be sure.

Por. I fancy, master, the gentleman's under troubles. I brought it from a spunging-house.

Win. From a spunging-house?

Por. Yes, sir, in Gray's-inn-lane.

Win. Let him lie there, let him lie there; I am glad of it.

Gar. Do, my dear sir, let us stay to him.

Win. No, not I; let him stay there. This it is to have a genius. Ha, ha! A genius! Ha, ha! A genius is a fine thing, indeed! Ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Gar. Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spirits. Do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate hoy.

Por. Yes, sir; 'tis in Gray's inn-lane. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Spunging-house.

DICK and Bailiff discovered at a table, and CHARLOTTE sitting in a disconsolate manner by him.

Bail. Here's my service to you, young gentleman. Don't be uneasy; the debt is not much. Why do you look so sad?

Dick. Because captivity has robbed me of a just and dear diversion.

Bail. Never look sulky at me; I never use anybody ill. Come, it has been many a good man's lot; here's my service to you: but we've no liquor; come, we'll have t'other bowl.

Dick. "I've now not fifty ducats in the world, yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

Bail. What do you say? You've fifty shillings, I hope?

Dick. Now, thank heaven, I'm not worth a groat.

Bail. Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that; you must get bail, or go to Newgate. Who, do you think, is to pay house-rent for you? Such poverty-struck devils as you sha'n't stay in my house. You shall go to quod, I can tell you that. (*A knocking at the door.*) Coming, coming! I am coming. I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night. Not worth a groat! You're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house. You shall go to quod. [*Exit.*]

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte; never mind

this. Come, now, let us act the prison-scene in the Mourning Bride.

Char. How can you think of acting speeches when we're in such distress?

Dick. Nay, but, my dear angel—

Enter WINGATE and GARGLE.

Come, now, we'll practice an attitude. How many of 'em have you?

Char. Let me see: one, two, three—and then, in the fourth act, and then—Oh, gemini! I have ten, at least.

Dick. That will do swimmingly. I've a round dozen myself. Come, now begin; you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you. Now mind. (*They stand in attitudes.*)

Win. Only mind the villain. (*Apart to Gargle.*)

Dick. "Oh! thou soft fleeting form of Linda-mira!"

Char. "Illusive shade of my beloved lord!"

Dick. "She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy!"

Win. You lie, you villain, you sha'n't be happy. (*Knocks him down.*)

Dick. (*On the ground.*) "Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine!"

Gar. So, my young madam, I have found you again.

Dick. "Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold. She is my wife; our hearts are twined together."

Win. Sirrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body. (*Strikes him.*)

Dick. "Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move 'em: children must be wretched."

Win. Get off the ground, you villain; get off the ground.

Dick. 'Tis a pity there are no scene-drawers to lift me.

Win. 'Tis mighty well, young man! Zookers! I made my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat-hospital, and give him all I have. Lookye here, friend Gargle, you know I'm not a hard-hearted man. The scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; so, d'ye see? I won't hang him; I'll only transport the fellow: and so, Mr. Catchpole, you may take him to Newgate.

Gar. Well, but, dear sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and if you let the young man be ruined, my money must all go into another channel.

Win. How's that? Into another channel! Must not lose the handling of his money. (*Aside.*) Why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man. If the blockhead would but get as many crabbed, physical words from Hyppocrates and Allen, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery—ha, ha! I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.

Dick. "And must I leave thee, Juliet?"

Char. Nay, but, pr'ythee, now, have done with your speeches. You see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up. (*Apart to Dick.*)

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I don't care if I do. (*Apart.*) Sir, you shall find, for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.

Win. Very well, that's right.

Dick. And since we don't go on the stage, 'tis some comfort that the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts, And most assume what's foreign to their hearts; Thus life is but a tragi-comic jest, And all is farce and mummery at best. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TAILORS;

OR, A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER:

A BURLESQUE TRAGEDY, IN THREE ACTS.



Act III.—Scene 5.

CHARACTERS.

FRANCISCO
CAMPBELLO
PEARCEY
HAGGLESTONON
REGNIADES
ABRAHAMIDES
BERNARDO

CHRISTOPHORIDES
HUMPHRYMINOS
BARTHOLOMEUS
ISAACOS
JACKIDES
ZACHARIDES
RALPHO

TIMOTHEUS
PHILOPPOMENOS
DOROTHEA
TITILLINDA
TINDERELLA
MOPPERELLA
BLOUSIDORA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Tailor's Work-Shop.

ABRAHAMIDES discovered.

Enter BERNARDO and BARTHOLOMEUS.

Abr. Welcome, Bernardo! Now, what say our friends?

Bern. Great Abrahamides, the chief of all,
Who led th' embattled tailors first to war,
Success attends you to your utmost wish:
Behold the brave Bartholomeus is come,
Willing to hear, and aid your utmost aim.

Abr. His mein is noble, and bespeaks the tailor;
Not of the dunghill and degenerate race,
But such as the brave Elliot led to battle.
Will he not bend before a master's frown?
Or flow dissolving in a tankard's tears?

Bern. Injurious thought!

Bart. To ease you of your fears,
I will retire; you'll one day know me better.

Abr. Forgive me, stranger, if, in caution old,
I fear to trust appearance ev'n like thine.

Whence and what art thou? [breath;

Bart. In Wapping's distant realm I drew my
Where long my father held his peaceful sway.
Fir'd with the love of liberty and beer,
Urg'd by Bernardo's friendship, I am come
To offer aid: if aid, so mean as mine,
Can aught avail a cause so great, so just!

Abr. Say, who thy sire?

Bart. The old Bartholomeus.

Abr. Thrice happy omen! Welcome to my arms,
Thou generous son of that brave man I lov'd:
We oft in early youth together work'd,
On the same board together cross-legg'd sat;
In summer cucumbers, in winter cabbages,
Together eat. Oft at the skittle-ground—

Bern. Consider, sir, this time admits no pause
For friendship's softer ties: One hour, perhaps,
Decides our utmost fate! [youth,

Abr. Well urg'd, Bernardo. Say, thou generous
How stands thy state? speak, if in peace or war?

Bart. In peace profound with all the neighbouring
Nor that alone; for amity's strict league [chiefs.
Unites us all. Far on the adverse coast,
As far as Redriff's ample range extends,
Great Christophorides resides in state.

While northward, to Whitechapel's awful mount,
The great Humphryminos, renown'd in arms,
Leads the tremendous sons of Spitalfields.

Bern. What are your numbers, and how disciplin'd? [arms.

Bart. Full fifteen hundred men complete in
Abr. A goodly band! Now, gallant stranger,
By good intelligence I'm well inform'd, [hear!
The tyrant masters meet in close divan,
At the Five Bells. Part of their dark design
Is known, the rest conceal'd: But, I've ta'en care
To place Isaacos, with a chosen band,

Instructed to discover, or disturb
 Their inmost councils from their destin'd aim:
 Be it thy care to haste Humphryminos
 And Christophorides to this night's council;
 While each subaltern chief prepares the men.

Bart. I will, brave chief. Where is the council held? [yard.

Abr. Why, at the Orange-tree, in White-hart-
Bart. 'Till then, farewell!

Abr. Nay, quick! be Mercury;

Set feathers to thy heels, and fly like thought,
 From them, to me again!

Bart. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.

Bern. Spoke like a sprightly tailor!

Abr. A gallant youth!

Bernardo, ere the midnight clock has struck,
 Be thou with me; some doubts perplex my breast
 Which this night's council must or clear or cure. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Francisco's house.

Enter FRANCISCO and DOROTHEA.

Dor. Francisco, stay! unkind Francisco, stay!
 Nor let thy Dorothea plead in vain:
 Consider, love, thy swaddled legs, thy gout, and
 all thy pains.

Fran. Cease, Dorothea, to perplex my breast
 With idle fears: Whene'er my duty calls, [me:
 Thou know'st, nor gout, nor rheumatism can stop
 Cease then to ask for what I must deny.

Dor. True, I'm a woman; therefore full of fear;
 But, tho' my body's weak, my mind is noble,
 For that is full of thee: On thee I gaze,
 Watch every virtue, catch the kindling flame!
 Cease then to tax thy Dorothea's heart
 With idle fears; those fears are all for thee!
 Oh, but this night absent thyself from council,
 And Dorothea then will ask no more!

Fran. It cannot, must not be.

Dor. Cannot? must not?

Fran. Ah, no!

Dor. And yet there was a time, my Franky,
 When Dolly might obtain a greater suit:
 If she but look'd as if she had a want,
 Thy penetrating eyes, and generous heart,
 Watch'd every look, prevented every wish:
 There was a time, when in the afternoon,
 As you prepar'd to take your usual nap,
 No pillow pleas'd but Dorothea's breast;
 When to the last your eyes would gaze on her,
 'Till poppy sleep oppress'd them; she with joy
 Strook'd thy lank cheeks, and lull'd thy soul to rest:
 But, ah! that time (I know not why) is past.

Fran. Oh, peace! thou fair upbraider, chide no
 more! [thee;

Thou know'st my heart still glows with fondness for
 But, go I must: The fate of all the trade
 Depends on this night's council; 'tis decisive:
 Campbello, the great father of the trade,
 With his own hand hath summon'd. Absence now
 Would cast reproach on all my former fame!

Dor. Oh! didst thou know but all, thou would'st
Fran. What means my love? [not go.

Dor. Alas! I fear to tell.

Fran. Keep me not on the rack! Perplex no
 But tell me all! [more,

Dor. Wilt thou not chide me then?

Fran. Chide thee, my love?

Dor. Oh! smooth that angry brow,
 I'll tell thee all. Last night, I had a dream!

Fran. A dream! a dream!

Dor. Nay, hear me, ere you blame!

Methought you took me in a one-horse chaise,
 Unto the Star and Garter, Richmond-hill.
 Placid and pleas'd, we had a charming ride:
 But, while we gaz'd on the rich prospect round,
 Sudden, methought, I stumbled; anxious fear

Urg'd me to catch at thee—at thee, my love,
 My best support—but thou, alas! wert gone!
 When, lo! far off, the bottom of the hill,
 I saw thee rising from the watry Thames,
 All dripping wet! with eager haste I ran:
 As I drew nigh, what words can paint my fears,
 When I beheld blood trickling down thy face:
 At that sad sight, I wak'd with horror!

Fran. Wet?

Dor. Dripping wet!

Fran. And bloody too?

Dor. All a gore blood! and from that hour to this,
 Remembrance chills me with the very thought!

Fran. Trust me, my love, my heart recoils with
 fear!

Dor. Oh, seize the happy omen! stay at home!
 I'll send a message, that you're sick in bed.

Fan. What, for a dream? no; it shall ne'er be
 said,

A dream could awe a master-tailor's soul!
 Besides, inform me, what's this dream to me,
 More than the world in general?

Dor. Gallant man! (Fon. going.)
 Yet, stay, Francisco, stay!

Fran. Thou plead'st in vain!
 How would St. Clement's sons, renown'd in art,
 And their proud dames, (whose mantuas sweep the
 ground,

With heads made up of wool, and rumps of cork)
 Attain the lustre of Francisco's name,
 Should it be known, a dream could e'er deter
 Him from his duty! no; come what come may,
 I'm fix'd to go; for 'tis our council-day.

Dor. Oh, rigid virtue! more than stoic pride!
 Since then thou wilt go, leave not thy cloak behind:
 Screen thy lov'd self, thy Dolly's dearer half,
 From the dank dew, and each unkindly fog:
 Sure rigid honour does not that forbid.

Fran. In that, and every thing that's free from
 Francisco lives but to oblige his Dolly. [shame,

Dor. 'Tis kindly said! Who waits without?
 come in!

Enter MOPPERELLA.

Forth from the clothes-press, fetch the red roquelean.
 (Mopperella goes out, and returns with a roquelean.)
 And now, one parting kiss! one more! farewell!
 Remember well—Hold, hold, my boding heart!
 Whate'er Francisco's fate, his Dolly suffers!
 Oh, my Francisco!

Fran. Oh, my Dorothea! [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—A Room at the Five Bells.

CAMPBELLO, HAGGLESTONON, PEARCY, FRAN-
 CISCO, REGNIADON, &c. in council.

Camp. My friends, a set of worthy men you are,
 Prudent, and just, and careful for the trade.
 In various meetings, and with long debate,
 With no small toil, at length it was resolv'd,
 This night's conclusive meeting crowns the whole:
 Whether by open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate: Who can advise, may speak!

Hag. 'Tis true, this point demands our utmost
 And since no generous usage can restrain [care;
 Those sons of riot, harsher means be tried!
 For if their insults you unpunish'd bear,
 A train of horrid ills will soon ensue,
 Even to the ruin of our antique trade.
 Therefore, by my advice, be forthwith rais'd
 A large subscription, plac'd in proper hands,
 Which may let loose the merciless stern law
 To hunt the slaves, like hell-hounds, thro' the
 world! [plan.

Pear. Much I approve great Hagglestonon's
 United firmly, we have nought to fear:
 But if in our own body should be found
 Some hollow bosoms, men who, void of shame,
 Prefer ignoble ease to glorious toil,

And meanly with their rude demands comply;
Should there be such (as worthy cause I have
To fear there are) where is your remedy?
To what end serves the patriot's honest toil,
If silken slaves of ease thus bar success?
Ills such as these who could prevent or cure?
Reg. That can I.

Sage Latitatos, learned in the law,
With much sound wisdom prov'd, that not alone
The rebels who demand, but all who give
More than the stated price assign'd by law,
Are liable to prosecution deep.
Be it thy care, oh, father of the trade!
Thou sage Campbello, with thy utmost strength
And speed, to forward Hagglestonon's plan:
Spare no offender! then we soon shall know
Our friends from foes; as all the wise prefer
An avow'd enemy to a doubtful friend.

Fran. Rude am I in speech, and little skill'd
In soft persuasive arts; but yet I trust
By facts my injur'd character to save.
Nor need I now relate, oh, tailors here,
The services which I have done the trade;
They are all known; arts such as these I leave
To them, who think that boasting gives them honour.
Yet some, in justice to myself, I must—
When, at the time of general mourning, all
To Bedfordbury, and to White-hart-yard,
Straight ran in crowds, with haste to intercept
Each other's men, submitting to their terms,
Stepp'd not I forth, and check'd the rude barbarians?
Who was it first propos'd this very plan?
Was that the action of a doubtful friend?
Who call'd the general meeting in the Strand?
Ye came, 'tis true; but what did ye effect?
Ye spent the time in noisy vain debates.
Seeing you wavering, and irresolute,
With honest scorn, I cater'd for myself:
What could I do? Say, if a baron sends
To me for cloaths, what must I leave him clothless?
Or, if a duke, who pays me nobly, sends
For a rich birth-day suit, what, must I say
I can't afford to pay my journeymen?
Oh, inconsiderate, ungrateful men!
Little I thought, that after all my toils,
From early youth down to decrepid age,
Reproach should ever stain my honest fame;
Less, it should come from Percy's flippant tongue.
'Tis true, I gave more than the law allows;
So have you all: if you call that a crime,
From guilt like that not even Percy's free.

Pear. Who dares name guilt, and with a Percy's name?

Fran. That dare I!

Pear. You know your age protects you;
Your safety else you would not bazard thus.

Fran. Safety from thee?

Camp. Hold, hold, my noble friends!

Restrain your fire, check this impetuous rage,
Nor let these sparks be kindled into flame.
Percy, be dumb, and learn respect to age!
Thy worth, Francisco, still will be remember'd,
Long as the tailor's business has a being.
Think not, thou venerable man, that words,
Hastily dropp'd in council, point at thee;
For whosoever strives to wrong thy fame,
Will find the dart recoil upon himself. [fame,

Reg. Ere I would wrong the great Francisco's
I my right-hand forget to hold the needle!

Whate'er I spoke was for the common good:
The ill was general, fatal the effect.

Which to prevent was the utmost of my aim.

Pear. Forgive me, sage Francisco, if rash youth
'orget respect, so due to age like thine.

Fran. Oh, great Regniades, and Percy too,
'orgive my warmth, if, when my fame's attack'd,
ly swelling heart e'en bursts with indignation!
or what is dearer to a tailor's soul?
cknowledgment like this restores my love:

I am no Scythian, nurs'd with tiger's milk,
But yield with joy to friendship's softer tie.

Camp. Ay, this is right! Say, shall I put the question?

Is it resolv'd, that one and all unite?

Omes. All, all; all nine, as but one man.

Camp. Well have ye done, well ended long de-
Synod of tailors, like to what you are! [bates,
Yet, ere we part—

(A noise is heard, of breaking windows and shouting.)

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Haste, gentlemen! my worthy masters,
For all the journeymen are up in arms, [run!
Caps, hats, and brick-bats fly about the street,
And knock down every master that they meet!
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ABRAHAMIDES solus.

Abr. With what unequal tempers are we form'd!
What tho' adorn'd with splendour, arm'd with
Obedient tailors tremble at my nod; [power,
Tho' at each club the chair of honour's plac'd
For me alone; what tho' on every slate,
My name stands foremost—still I am unhappy:
I groan beneath the complicated pangs
Of love and of ambition! Ye jarring pair,
Why do you join to rack a heart like mine?
Yet why should love be e'er denied the brave?
Is there no way to reap the fruit of both?
Conceal my love, ambition yet may thrive:
Come, plausive Prudence, neither vice nor virtue,
Yet worth them all; pale-fac'd Hypocrisy,
Lend thy smooth smile to hide my close design:
And, friendly Caution, with thy timid eye,
Watch, lest some spy should dog me to my haunt.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—Tittillinda's Lodgings.

Enter TITTILLINDA and BLOUSIDORA.

Titt. Still must I mourn, for ever mourn my fate,
Oppress'd by fortune, and a slave to love!
Oh, would but fortune smile, love yet might bless
Our future days, and Abrahamides
Fill these lov'd arms, with joys unutterable.
Instead of that—

Blous. Torment thyself no more!

Think what you are, your present happiness;
Great Abrahamides is still thy slave.

Titt. In vain you urge me to forget my woes.

Blous. How many ladies, in your situation,
Would think themselves completely blest to see
An Abrahamides sigh at their feet;
One who, by general voice of all the Flints,
From his sole merit was elected chief.

Titt. True, Blousidora, merit such as his

Might gratify a woman's utmost pride:

Great is his merit; greater still his love.

Sure I shall ne'er forget that fatal day,

When at the Court of Conscience first we met:

Urg'd by hard creditors, oppress'd by foes,

Obedient to the summons there I came;

Full thirty shillings was the vast, vast debt:

Friendless, unknowing in the quirks of law,

While the brow-beating justices insult,

Forth from the crowd there stepp'd a gallant youth.

Whose form might claim attention even from queens!

He ask'd the sum; then fifteen shillings paid,

(His whole week's wages) and subscrib'd a note,

By weekly payments to discharge the rest.

Blous. Oh, gracious youth! But tell me, hapless

Was he till then unknown? [fair,

Titt. His name, his form,

'Till that blest hour, were utterly unknown.

Forth from the wond'ring crowd he led me home;

Then order'd dinner, and some brandy-punch;

Enquir'd my name, my state, sooth'd all my griefs

Then urg'd his passion in so soft a strain!

What could I do? my Blousidora, say!
Could I refuse the gentle generous youth?

Blous. While he is faithful, why should you complain?

Titt. Have I not cause? my Blousidora, say!
While cruel fortune frowns, he can't support me;
My father's doors are ever shut against me:
Whene'er that thought occurs, my spirits sink,
And my whole soul goes forth in sighs and tears!

(Weeps.)

Blous. Here comes the chief.

[Exit.]

Enter ABRAHAMIDES.

Abr. In tears, my Tittillinda?

Lift up thine eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.

Titt. My Abrahamides!

Abr. Yes, Tittillinda,

Thy faithful Abrahamides is come,
To sooth thy sorrows, cheer thy drooping spirits.
But why these tears? why, with heart-rending sighs,
Heaves thy sad bosom? Is there aught on earth,
Within my power, I would not do to serve thee?

Titt. Oh, generous youth!

Abr. Trust me, my love, I fear'd
Some rude unfeeling bailiff was the cause
Of thy sad tears. But, most of all I fear'd,
You pin'd for pleasures I could not afford!

Titt. Oh, no! all pleasures centre in thy arms.

I envy not the fair, whose happier fate
Nightly affords to go to Sadler's Wells;
Or to White-Conduit-house, where butter'd loaves
Assuage their hunger; and to cool their thirst,
Sweet-sliding syllabub affords its aid:

Free be their joys, joys once, alas, my own!

Nor yet unhappy Tittillinda's fate,

While Abrahamides continues love.

Abr. Oh, my soul's joy, if Fortune crown our arms,
My Tittillinda shall no longer mourn:

A few short hours will soon decide our fate.

When next we meet, I'll raise thee to an height,

Shall gather all thy gazing neighbours round,

To wonder who the devil plac'd thee there.

But if we ne'er meet more—

Titt. What means my love?

Abr. Be ignorant, till thou applaud'st the deed.

Titt. I seek to know no more than you reveal.

Yet, ere thou goest, drink some generous punch,
To cheer thy drooping soul.

Abr. Short be our joys,

Whene'er our duty calls. But come, my love;

If Fate but favour us, our future days

Shall roll in peace, in luxury, and ease, [pease.]

And all be crown'd with punch, with pork, with }

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Francisco's house.

Enter DOROTHEA and MOPPERELLA.

Mop. Cease, my dear mistress, cease these
fruitless tears,

Nor let the canker grief destroy thy beauty.

My master never later stays than ten,

But he sends word.

Dor. Oh, you mistake me quite!

Far other sorrows load my throbbing breast.

Mop. What other sorrows can disturb you now?

I'm sure no woman in the parish goes

Or better fed, or better drest than thou,

Or takes more pleasure in a handsome way.

Dor. Happiest of tailors' ladies sure am I;

Ungrateful were it to deny the truth.

'Tis true, Francisco drives but with one horse,

Nor envy I those ladies drive with two;—

But, Mopperella, as you talk of eating,

Say, is the sparrow-grass got ready yet?

Mop. The water's boiling, and the toast is made;

But Betty says she will not put the grass

Into the saucepan, till my master comes.

Dor. Betty is careful.

Mop. Then, dear madam, say,
Since you confess that you enjoy all pleasure,
A country-house, and town, a one-horse chaise,
White Conduit-house, and every joy beside,
Why do you grieve thus?

Dor. True, my Mopperella,
I have a country-house in Lambeth-Marsh,
Genteelly furnish'd; nor need fear, when drest,
The envious glance of Madam Sarcenet's eye:
Yet, for all this, I am unhappy still.
I know not why—but, ah! my boding heart
Presages ill from this night's fatal coucail. [out?]

Mop. What, do you grieve because my master's
Oh, grieve no more; he will be back to supper.
Madam, was I in your place, I protest,
I should be merry as a grig all day.

Dor. Thou hast no husband, Moppy! if thou hadst,
Thou wouldst not prattle at this idle rate:
How can a single woman ever feel
Those little fears, that nice uneasiness,
Which so distinguish every prudent wife?

Mop. Madam, tho' single, yet I can pronounce,
If I was married, I should love my husband;
But tho' I lov'd him, yet I would not fret
When he was out—unless he stay'd all night.

Dor. Stay out all night? Hold your irreverent
tongue! (Knocking.)

Your master comes! I know his knock—begone!

Bid Betty hasten supper: Well I know,
When he returns, he's hungry and fatigu'd,

Enter FRANCISCO with his head broken, led by a
Waiter.

Fran. Here, Robin, here's a tester!

Dor. What do I see!

Oh, speak, Francisco! ease me of my fears!

Fran. Be not alarm'd, my love; but lend thy arm,
To prop my feeble steps.

Dor. Run for a surgeon!

Fran. Hast thou no sticking-plaster here my love?

Dor. I have, my love; and Hung'ry water too.
How art thou now?

Fran. Better; much better, love;

Only a little faint with loss of blood.

Dor. No wonder, love: Did'st thou not faint
before? [ness!]

Fran. A tailor's soul bears all with equal firm-

Dor. But say, my love, how hap'd this dire
mischance!

Fran. Why, in the middle of our long debate,
The journeymen, assembled all in arms,
With stones broke every window: Then, whilst I
Endeavour'd to oppose (the rest being old)
Myself alone amidst an host of foes,
Oppress'd by numbers, senseless fell to earth,
'Till Robin pick'd me up, and led me home.

Dor. Where was thy Dolly then, to bind thy head?

But now my dream is out, my fears are gone!

Why wouldst thou go, against thy Dolly's warning?

Fran. Who can control his fate? All must submit;

Monarchs, and tailors, must submit to fate.

Dor. That's true. Then let me put thee now to bed,
And rest, perhaps, will heal thy smarting wounds.

Fran. I will; and in the morning soon will get

A judge's warrant for that rascal Isaac.

Dor. Isaac? who's he?

Fran. Why, our late foreman; he

Was at their head.

Dor. Then trounce him well, my love!

But come, get thee to bed; and then—

Fran. What then?

Dor. I'll make my love some whey.

Fran. And so you may. (Fram. is led out.)

Dorothea alone.

For Isaac get a warrant? I'm undone!

What can I do? Ha! when he's fast asleep,

I'll send for Isaac, give him instant notice,
That he may shun the danger. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber and Ale-house.*

ABRAHAMIDES and BERNARDO meeting.

Abr. Oh, faithful friend, sole partner of my coun-
Thy early industry proclaims thy heart. [coils,

Bern. None yet arriv'd? what means this dull
delay? [come,

Abr. 'Tis yet too soon; therefore I bid thee
To share the troubles that disturb my breast.

Bern. Is this a time, oh, chief, to harbour fear,
When our long-labour'd scheme is near its birth?

Abr. Mistake me not: So cold a guest as fear
Ne'er found admittance into this firm breast.

I fear and doubt of others.

Bern. Who? explain! [meetings,

Abr. Hast thou not mark'd, in all our various
Some fearful hearts, still wavering and weak!

Bern. Whom do you mean?

Abr. Pale Zachariades,
Envious Philippomenos, I fear;

Ralpho's cold heart; Timotheus' addle brain!

Bern. Why do you doubt them?

Abr. Oh, I know them well:

On the same board together oft we've work'd;

Oft have I seen them with an abject eye,

Tremble before the tyrant master's frown,

And crouch beneath the foreman's weak dominion.

Bern. If thus you doubt, 'twere better to prevent
The ills you fear, than wait in vain their cure.

Abr. That's my design.

Bern. Shall I secure them, then?

Abr. Not yet, with open force: With deeper art,

We'll make their fears the rulers of their fate.

Involv'd in guilt, they'll then have no retreat,

But must go forward. This night's hostile act

(I know Isaacos will do his duty)

Commences war; no hopes of peace remain.

Bern. Have you yet heard from great Isaacos?

Abr. Yes, my Bernardo, that the blow is struck:

That done, they all dispers'd, but will attend

Their several duties here. In the mean time,

Be it thy care to watch those heartless Dungs;

Inform the leaders of the eastern climes,

Redrill, and Wapping, of our honest fears,

That when we've singled out these half-made souls,

Should we not bring them to the paths of honour,

Then, like a limb diseas'd, we'll lop them off.

Bern. Bravely resolv'd, my chief. But sure 'tis

That we repair to council. [time

Abr. Let's go in. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Club-Room.*

BERNARDO, CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMI-
NOS, BARTHOLOMEUS, ZACHARIADES, PHILIP-
POMENOS, and RALPHO, in council; ABRAHA-
MIDES in the chair.

Abr. Oh, gallant men, chief pillars of the trade!

For the last time we meet to fix the plan

Of future action. 'Tis well known to all,

Some timid Dungs (unworthy of the name

Alike of tailor or of man; from whom

Opprobrious proverbs rise to hurt our fame)

Meanly descend to work for half-a-crown.

Whilst this continues, all our schemes are vain:

What's to be done?

Hum. Great Abrahamides,

Permit a man, unskill'd in council sage,

Yet from plain facts, that have been, thence conclude

What may be. When the weaving sons of silk,

Oppress'd with debts and hunger, rose in arms,

They had divisions then, as we have now:

What did they do? whenever they found a man

Doubting or falt'ring, him they strait compell'd:

Hence, soon a formidable band arose,

And all the sister trades were forc'd to join.

Lo! their example points us out the way. [found

Bart. And since, among such numbers, will be

Some dastard Dungs, let chosen bands be plac'd

To storm the masters' houses where they work;
And at the midnight hour, when sunk in sleep,
Break all their windows, frighten all their wives;
While others shall assault each house of call,
Smash all their slates, and plunder every box:
'Till by experience, they are taught to know
No private safety can depend on aught
But on the common good. We want not men,
Nor chiefs to lead them.

Zach. Measures such as these,
Could we insure success, would gain our ends.
The Dungs are numerous, and, tho' so base
To dread the noble toil of glorious war,
Yet that same baseness may defeat our valour.

It is well known, before these fatal broils,
The Flints and Dungs in friendly intercourse
Together work'd, together friendly drank;
Hence all are known, his name, his habitation,
His house of haunt, and each particular:
Should we proceed to force, as is advis'd,
With informations they would straight repair
To Sir John Fielding; whose fierce myrmidons,
At unexpected moments, might entrap
Singly our chiefs, and throw them into gaol.

Bern. And if they do, they cannot hang us, sure!
Breaking of windows is not capital.

Zach. But plundering boxes is.

Bern. That we'll avoid.

Zach. Think on the Riot Act.

Bern. Ere that is read,

All our swift-footed Flints, as swift as ducks,

Will soon elude their search.

Zach. But when asleep,

Can they escape? may they not then be ta'en?

Bern. Suppose they are, is there a man so base,

Who fears for such a cause, to live in gaol,

When from each box they will be well supplied

With beef, with cabbage, cucumbers, and porter.

Fear, more than wisdom, dictates gentler means.

Abr. Bernardo, you forget!

Bern. I stand reprov'd. [knows

Zach. Fear! fear, Bernardo? sure he but little

Firm Zachariades, who doubts his courage.

Bern. Curs'd be the man who doubts it! Well I

Thro' every purlieu of long Drury-lane, [know,

And Covent-garden, has thy prowess shone;

And White-hart-yard is wanton at thy name,

Nor is thy matchless hardiness unknown;

For, while the slaves of ease repose on down,

Oft on the flinty pavement hast thou laid,

Hush'd by the murmuring kennel to thy slumbers.

I meant not to reproach, but only raise

Thy well-known courage to support our cause.

Phil. His courage none can doubt; and since all

Are free, with freedom will I speak my mind:

I own I think with Zachariades,

That gentler means at first should be propos'd,

To win as friends, rather than treat as foes.

Chris. No generous means will ever win a Dung;

Their sordid souls are lost to every sense

Of kindness, or of honour; force alone

Can e'er prevail on them. Ye have my voice.

Enter ISAACOS.

Abr. Welcome, Isaacos! what's the news with
thee?

Isaacos. At first I strove with subtle art to gain
Full information of their dark design;

Sounded the waiters; but I found it vain,

For their own prentices secur'd the door:

That known, resolv'd at last to give no time

For future schemes, my troops I quickly form'd,

And in an instant, at the signal given,

A cloud of brick-bats darken'd all the air,

Smash'd every window, deafen'd every ear:

Sudden they gaz'd; at the next onset fled,

Rout upon rout, confusion worse confounded!

Hats, wigs, and bottles, pipes and tailors, lay

In one promiscuous carnage! Soon all fled,
Save those whom wounds or gouty limbs detain'd.
Great Hagglestonon, prostrate on the earth—
Abr. White-liver'd tailor!

There let him lie, and be the earth on him!
Isaacos. With him, Regniades, Francisco, fell.
This done, we all dispers'd, and all are safe.

Abr. Conduct like this deserves our public thanks.

Omnès. To great Isaacos our thanks be paid!
Isaacos. Oh, you o'er-rate my services too much;
All I can boast, is to have done my duty.

Abr. Thus, by one brave and daring bright example,

You see how vigour will insure success:

And, Zachariades, I trust, will own,

On that alone depends our future hope.

Zach. I meant not to oppose the public voice,
But freely gave my thoughts.

Abr. Then we conclude,
With hostile vigour to compel the Dungs.

All. All; all resolve!

Abr. In Covent-garden, ere to-morrow's dawn,
We'll muster all our troops; there let each chief
Attend for further orders. Good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Abr. and Bern.*]

Abr. What think'st thou now, Bernardo? Didst thou mark
The pallid Dungs?

Bern. I did; and saw that fear
Shrunk their cold hearts, and wither'd every nerve.

Abr. They have not hearts to enter into guilt;

Them I can never trust: some safer way
Must, then, be found to rid us of our fears.

Bern. Ay; but what way?

Abr. Put powder in their drink.

Bern. What dost thou mean? gunpowder?

Abr. No, nor James's powder:—excruciating
jalap!

Bern. Ha! jalap! [bowels,

Abr. Gripe-giving Mercury will reach their
And render them unfit for active deeds.

Bern. True; that will do. Where is it to be got?

Abr. Know'st thou no lean apothecary?

Bern. No.

Abr. Then buy it at a common chemist's shop.

Bern. If we should give too much?

What if the powder should not work at all?

Abr. Suppose it should not?

Hast thou, Bernardo, gone with me so far,

Trod every step, and shar'd in every honour,

And start'st thou at a paltry accident,

Which may or may not happen?

Bern. Doubt me not.

But you remember what the bakers did,

Out of mere fun, and too much jalap given?

Abr. Their comrade died, and they absconded.
Well!

And what of that? Mark me, Bernardo, well:

Consider well the precipice we're on;

For should we fail, be sure that thou and I

To public justice the first victims fall.

Bern. No more! thou hast convinc'd me; I am
resolv'd. [stop now,

Abr. Yet, hear! shall we, when rais'd thus high,

When one step higher crowns our utmost hopes?

Nay, more—but this is for thy private ear—

If we succeed in this, I have a plan

Will free us ever from base servitude,

And we'll be masters in our turn, Bernardo.

Bern. Oh! worthy to deceive and awe the tailors!

I'll go this instant, (for I know their haunt,)

And, under fair pretence of reconciliation,

We'll drink together; just ere the tankard's out,

I'll mix the drug, and leave them to their fate.

[*Going.*]

Abr. A lucky thought. Yet, hear, Bernardo.

Bern. What dost thou say, my chief?

Abr. Fall half an ounce!

Bern. Depend upon it they shall have enough;
It shall not be a thimble-full.

Abr. Oh! noble daring! Think on the reward:
If we succeed, we're masters for ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Zachariades's Lodgings.

Enter ZACHARIADES and TINDERELLA.

Tind. Why, look you, Zachariades! 'tis vain
To talk to me; my children shall not starve.

Zach. I prythee, woman, hold thy peace; no
more! [speak.

Tind. I will not peace, while I have breath to
Oh! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then would I rattle thee with such a peal,

Thou shouldst comply, or never shouldst have rest.

Zach. Nor have I now, or ever shall.

Tind. Oh! shame!

There's not a meeker-temper'd woman breathes

Than Tindarella, all the parish knows.

But 'tis enough to make a parson swear,

To see a man run headlong into gaol,

And starve his children, and as good a wife

(Tho' I declare it) as man ever had.

Zach. As good a wife! ay, and as gentle, too.

Tind. Ay, gentle, too! What, I suppose you'd
have

Some meek, insipid thing with folded arms,

Would stand or curt'sy, and say yes or no,

As you would have her? No, i'faith! not I.

I do my duty, you should think on your's.

Zach. Why, what the devil ails the woman now?

Is not three shillings better far, thou fool,

Than half-a-crown a day?

Tind. What's half-a-crown,

Or what's three shillings, if you go to gaol?

Who will maintain your wife and children, then?

Zach. Each friendly box will yield a weekly aid.

Tind. But what if you should be confin'd for
years?

The box would soon be tired. See, hither come

Your masters with a warrant.

Enter HAGGLESTONON and REGNIADES.

Zach. Let them come!

Hag. Well, Zachariades, to you we come,

As to a man whose regularity [lose

Has long been known. Say, wherefore, would you

Your reputation thus, to join with those

Whom gentle usage never can restrain? [acts

Reg. Why will you mingle with such men whose

Are all against the law?

Zach. Why should not I,

As well as others, have my wages rais'd?

My work's as good as theirs.

Hag. Suppose it is,

You know the price is fix'd; what is your due

Is duly paid. Whoe'er offends the law

Will feel, too late, the weight of all its pains.

Tind. Did not I say so?

Zach. Woman, hold your peace!

Tind. No, I will not. Sirs, give me leave to
speak— [friends,

Hag. Hold! let me speak. We now are come as

Out of regard to your known worth, to save you

From all its penalties; for be assur'd,

Whoe'er is ta'en will most severely suffer.

Zach. I shall not more than others.

Tind. Yes, you will.

Reg. Ay, that you will: consider well, your wife,
Your children.

Tind. Think on that! your children, wife!

Zach. What would you have me do? If I comply,

The Flints will straight molest; nor wife nor child,

Nor e'en myself, were safe.

Reg. Oh! never fear

Those lawless rascals: we will safe protect

Both you, and all the rest that with you join.

Enter TIMOTHEUS.

Tim. Oh, Zachariades!

Zach. Well, what's the matter?

Tim. Poor Philippomenos is almost dead!

He be arriv'd at home, a cold fit seiz'd,
And cruel vomits shatter'd all his frame.

Zach. Whence could it come?

Tim. I know not; but he fears

Some foul play shewn, when late he drank with you
And with Bernardo. I must run for help. *[Exit.*

Zach. Foul play! we all drank; it cannot be.

Tind. Yes, on my life it can.

These are your Flints, your heroes! these the friends
You only trust; and when you are in gaol,
They'll poison you, to save their pension'd box.

Zach. Ay, that may be.

Reg. You see what faithless men

You are engag'd with: now consider well,
If peace, or safety, e'er can harbour there. *[ters,*

Zach. My very worthy and approv'd good mas-
With pleasure, to my duty I return;
And so would more, did not their fears prevent;
But since you promise us your firm support,
I'll seek the others, and consult them straight.

Hag. Continue firm, and doubt not our support.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Covent-garden.

*Enter ABRAHAMIDES, ISAACOS, BARTHOLOMEUS,
CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMINOS, and others.*

Abr. Welcome, ye Flints, deserving of the name!
Ye meet like men who would command success.

Say, gallant leaders of the eastern bands, *[ters?*
Where are your troops, and how dispos'd your quar-

Bart. Mine are all ready, eager for the fight,
And my head-quarters fix'd with utmost care,
Up at the Goose and Gridiron, Paul's Church-yard.

Abr. Where thine, brave Christophorides?

Chris. Why, at the Bell, in Doctors' Commons.

Abr. Where thine, Humphryminos?

Hum. Safe at the Hog in Armour, in Chick-lane.

Abr. Right well dispos'd! Oh! gallant, brave
allies!

Matchless as will your glory be hereafter,
'Tis not for me—But see, who comes in haste!

Enter BERNARDO:

Bern. Oh! noble Abrahamides, this time
Calls loud for action, and admits no pause:
The Dungs are all in arms, and vow revenge
For murder'd Philippomenos. Their troops
In Lincoln's Inn fam'd fields, in firm array,
Are led by Zachariades; who means
To attack you here, before your forces join,
Unless prevented.

Abr. Ay, this looks like war!

By heaven, the news alarms my tailor's soul!
But say, which way do they direct their march?

Bern. I hear, thro' Serle-street they direct their
course,

Then thro' Shire-lane, and by St. Clement's Church.

Abr. By heav'n, all this falls out beyond my hopes!
Haste thou, Isaacos, with thy well-known cares,
March with thy small detachment thro' the Strand;
Watch well their motions, and straight send me
word. *[Exit Bern.*

Should they attack you, you'll be well sustain'd!

Isaacos. Should they attack Isaacos, they'll meet
A welcome that will scarce deserve their thanks. *[Exit.*

Abr. I doubt it not, for thou'rt a Flint of fire!
You Christophorides, from Doctors' Commons,
You one small column, thro' those narrow courts
That from Blackfriars to the Temple lead, *[walks*
March on your troops; and in the King's-Bench-
Directly form, and wait for further orders. *[Exit Chris.*

Now, great Bartholomeus, from Paul's Church-yard
March in firm phalanx straight down Ludgate-hill,

And Christophorides at Temple-bar
Will join your troop. *[Exit Bart.]* While you,
Humphryminos,
Up Holborn-hill direct your secret march, *[while,*
And wait upon their rear. *[Exit Hum.]* Myself the
With the main body, will attack their front.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Oh, chief! the gallant Jack—

Abr. Eternal silence seize that vulgar tongue!

Harry sounds well; the warlike Harry, noble!

But Jack, vile Jack—degrading monosyllable!

Mess. What shall I call him, then, oh! chief?

Abr. Henceforth,

Jackides be his name.

Mess. Jackides, then,

With all his troops revolted from the Dungs,
Is now without, and waits your further orders.

Abr. Admit him instantly.

Mess. I will this moment. *[Exit.*

Enter JACKIDES, with a broomstick.

Abr. Oh! brave Jackides, welcome to my arms!
Hibernia's gallant son, thy happier isle,
Unhurt by luxury, its courage keeps; *[beer,*
While Britain's youth surcharg'd with beef and
Degenerate from their fathers, mourn in vain
Their antique spirit to Ierne fled.

Jack. Great Abrahamides, I cannot spake,

But I will tell you how the matter stands:
At three o'clock they call'd me out of bed,
At little Phalim's, where I lodge; I rose,
Went with M'Carty, and my Irish boys;
Each of us took a broomstick in our hands,
Thinking the masters were refractory;
But when he came—what do you call his name?
Pale—

Abr. Zachariades.

Jack. Ay, Zack; the same:

He prated much, and bother'd all our brains,
And said, at last, the masters would support us.
The devil burn the masters, and the Dungs!
Then straight M'Carty, little Phalim, I,
And all our Irish boys, came off to you.

Abr. M'Carty! Phalim! tell me, are they firm?

Jack. Firm! ay, as brick-bats: they're good fel-
lows both,

As ever trotted bog. Set them to work,
And then you'll see what pretty boys they are.

Abr. 'Tis not their courage, or their truth, I
doubt:

But wish to know their characters in war. *[came;*
Jack. Why, little Phalim from the White-boys
I and M'Carty, from our earliest youth,
Among the boys of Liberty and Ormond,
Were train'd to arms. *(A shout.)*

Enter a Messenger, in haste.

Abr. Well, what's the business?

Mess. The brave Isaacos demands your aid:

Close by St. Clement's church he stood, unhurt,
The shock of numerous Dungs, 'til, from the courts,
Numbers outnumbering number pouring forth,
O'erpower'd his little band.

Abr. Jackides, then,

Haste with Hibernia's legion to his aid.

Jack. Ay, that I will. Fear not; my Irish boys
Shall bring you presently a good account
Of all these bastard brats, these dastard Dungs.

Abr. Brothers, and partners in this glorious toil,
'Tis not for me to rouse your courage now:
Be but yourselves, and I can ask no more.
Consider well, no common cause demands
Your present aid, and forces you to arms:
The daily sixpence is no trivial point.
What are these timid Dungs, whom you oppose?
Are not their spirits by oppression broke?
And shall the Flints, like them, e'er sink to slaves?
Dishonour blast the thought! Remember, too,

Fame, fortune, honour, all are now at stake.
Oh! let these noble thoughts swell all your hearts,
New-string your arms, add weight to every blow.
Draw all your bludgeons, brandish them in air;
Hazza! the word, Newgate, or victory! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Francisco's house.*

Enter DOROTHEA and ISAACOS.

Dor. Must thou, then, go? Alas! how swiftly fly
The hours of love! Must I, then, be condemn'd
To the dull poison of a husband's arms?

Isaacos. Oh! I could ever gaze upon that form,
But cruel Fortune otherwise ordains;
It cannot, must not be! Oh! cursed fate,
That gave thy beauty to Francisco's arms!

Enter FRANCISCO, behind.

Fran. Either I dream, or, sure, I hear some man
Conversing with my wife. What do I see?

Dor. Cursed, indeed! but, ah! what could I do?
Condemn'd to servitude, which suits but ill
With Dorothea's spirit; soon I found
The dotard lov'd; I watch'd his hour of weakness,
And, by a well-feign'd coyneess, fix'd him mine,
Then made him what he is: you, from that hour,
Who always had my heart, have shar'd my joys.

Isaacos. Ay, joys, indeed! pleasures unutterable,
If not embitter'd by these anxious fears.

Dor. By fears embitter'd! What's thy meaning?
speak! [thee:]

Isaacos. Mistake me not; my fears are all for
Should it be known, thou art, alas! undone;
And much I fear Francisco should awake. [speed:]

Dor. Why, that is true. Now, then, retire with
For morning dawns. Remember what I told thee;
Haste, and preserve thyself and friends. [me]

Isaacos. I will. But say, my fair, can you inform
Whose names, beside my own, are in the warrant?

Dor. Bernardo, Abrahamides.

Isaacos. 'Tis well.

Ah! generous mistress, doubly am I bound

By love and gratitude for ever to thee!

Farewell! may all good angels ever guard thee!

Dor. Retire, my love; and when the danger's past,
You shall not fail to hear from Dorothea. [*Exeunt.*]

Fran. [*Comes forward.*] 'Tis as I thought! why
did I ever marry?

Fool that I was, who vainly hop'd to find
That want of fortune might be well supplied
By love, and by obedience. Oh! vain hope,
To think that gratitude can ever bind
A servile mind! But what can now be done?
If I betray suspicion, she'll grow insolent.
What can I do with him? A beggar sued—
The proverb's stale! A cuckold! ha! a cuckold!
Cuckolded by a journeyman! Damnation!
Couldst thou not, partial fate, when thou ordain'd
I should be cuckolded, by a nobler hand
Inflict the shame? perhaps, I then had found
One drop of patience; and a verdict gain'd,
Had amply paid me for my loss and shame:
Instead of that, to be a fixed mark
For all the parish now to point and stare at!
By heav'n, I'll be reveng'd! but how? how? Right!
His name is now inserted in the warrant;
And when in gaol, I'll buy up all his debts,
And keep him there; and, to torment him more,
I'll bribe the gaoler. Beware, Isaacos!
Thou soon shalt feel the vengeance that awaits
An injur'd tailor's honour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Tittillinda's Lodgings.*

Enter TITTILLINDA and BLOUSIDORA.

Titt. 'Tis needless, Blousidora: while you darn
Those stockings, I will mend this ruffled shirt;

For well I know you have your hands full all,
In this so general wash. And now for thinking!
[*Sits down.*]

Perhaps, ere now, the fatal moment's past,
And either Abrahamides and I
Are doom'd to misery, or completely blest.
Fain would I hope, but still am check'd by fear;
And yet, who knows? Fortune, perhaps, may smile.
Then Tittillinda once again will shine;
Be ever clean, and ever smartly dress'd;
And fear no more those prudish, prying eyes,
Which smile contempt, yet envy me my joy.
Here comes my love!

Enter ABRAHAMIDES, hastily.

Abr. Oh! Tittillinda, all our hopes are lost!

Titt. Forbid it, love! what, could the Dungs
prevail?

Abr. Eternal curses seize their coward hearts!
Prevail they do; but not by valour's arm.
This is no time to tell thee now, my love;
For their fell blood-hounds hunt me at the heels.

Titt. What can I do?

Abr. Hast thou no secret place,
Where I may lay conceal'd till danger's past?
Home I can ne'er return.

Titt. Oh! yes, my love;
Within that room a secret closet stands,
That will escape the search of keenest eyes.
Thither retire.

[*Voices without.*] We must and will come in!

Abr. By heav'n, they're here!
The blood-hounds now have trac'd me to my lair.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Two Constables, &c.

Titt. Well, what's your business?

1 Con. Madam, we are come
In search of a fell murderer; who, we are told,
Has taken refuge here.

Titt. I know of none.

2 Con. Denying him is vain; for he was seen
To enter here.

Titt. Whom do you mean?

1 Con. Why, Abrahamides.
You know him well.

Titt. I do; and what of that.

For twice three days I have not seen him here.

2 Con. We cannot lose our time: if you refuse
To yield him up, why, then, we seize on you.

Titt. I yield him up! No! were he here, indeed,
My life should pay the forfeit ere I'd yield him.

2 Con. Then seize her!

Titt. Stand off!

Enter ABRAHAMIDES, and knocks him down.

Abr. Hell-hounds, stand off! Behold the man
you seek!

1 Con. Then seize on him!

Titt. Stand off! Barbarians, hold!

Let me once more enfold him in these arms,
And take one long, one last farewell!

Abr. Oh! cease;

Nor vainly struggle with our froward fate.
Lead to my dungeon.

1 Con. Bring him along!

Let's have no whimpering here.

Titt. Hold! one moment hold,
'Till I have caught him once more in my arms!

2 Con. Tear them asunder!

Titt. Oh, Abrahamides!

Abr. Oh, Tittillinda!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter FRANCISCO, led by ROBIN.

Fran. Oh! I am grip'd! The working jalap runs
Like thro'-go-nimble thro' my twisted guts!

Robin. How fierce his fever is!

Fran. Oh! what a change of torments I endure!
A red-hot goose runs hissing thro' my bowels:
Oh! for a peck of cucumbers to cool it!
'Tis death's bare bodkin! Give—give me a chair,
And cover me all over, for I freeze;
My teeth chatter, and my knees knock together!

Robin. Have mercy, heav'n!

Fran. And now I burn again!

A tailor's hell! The war grows wondrous hot!
See, see the Flints! Isaacos, too! I know him
By his ragged coat and unmow'd beard. Avaunt!
I'll throw a cabbage at his head! With that
Last blow I've brought him down. Oh! for
A fire as big as at the Bedford Arms! [legg'd!
The shop-board moves! the needles dance cross-
The thread's entangled! Oh! cabbage, cucumbers;
Cab—cab—bage—bage—Oh! (*Dies.*)

Robin. There fell the pride and glory of all
tailors! (*Beckons on two Servants.*)
Bear him off.

(*As they prepare to carry him, he starts up.*)

Fran. No, I won't trouble you; I'll walk off.

Robin. Then take the chair off. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Newgate.*

ABRAHAMIDES discovered.

Abr. Why, what is man? how vain are all his
schemes!

But now, the leader of a gallant band;
And now, condemn'd to ignominious death.
Hard fate! perversely hard! to be cut off
Just at the time when fortune was in reach.
So when, thro' life, some favourite plan's pursued,
With toil and perseverance down to age,
Just as we hope to reap the fruit of all,
In steps the fell anatomy, and breaks
The bubble. Be it so! Since I must die,
No dastard fear shall stain my honest fame.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. A stranger, sir, without, desires to see you.

Abr. A stranger! Who can it be?

Gaoler. I know not;

But he will speak, he says, to none but you.

Abr. Admit him, then. [*Exit Gaoler.*] Who can
this stranger be?

But here he comes.

Enter Gaoler, and BERNARDO in a chairman's coat.

Abr. Whence, and what art thou?

Bern. We are not alone.

Abr. Leave us, honest friend. [*Exit Gaoler.*]

Well, what's your business now? and say, who art
thou?

Bern. Hast thou forgot me, then?

(*Discovers himself.*)

Abr. How's this? Bernardo?

Welcome, thrice welcome, ever faithful friend!

But say, what urgent business brought thee here?

Death, instant death, attends discovery. [*form.*]

Bern. Think'st thou, that death, in whatsoever
Could e'er detain Bernardo from his friend?

Abr. Oh! generous man! too generous Bernardo!

Much, much I wanted to behold my friend;

But still I fear, while danger hovers round thee.

What fit return can thy unhappy chief

E'er make for such fidelity as thine?

Bern. Thou wrong'st me, Abrahamides, to think
My friendship ever trod in interest's path.

Abr. Ah! well I know thy uncorrupted faith.

Yet, oh! my friend—

Bern. Why bursts that aching sigh?

Abr. Tell me, Bernardo; is it fitting, he,
Who, by the general voice of all the Flints,

Was chosen chief, should be expos'd at Tyburn?

And at the gallows die a shameful death?

Bern. What means my gallant friend?

Abr. Does this become

Whom tailors follow'd, and the Flints have lov'd?

Bern. What's to be done? Shall I attempt a rescue?

Abr. No. If thou ever held'st me in thy heart,
Revenge my fall!

Bern. I would; but how for means?

Abr. Thou may'st remember, in a happier hour,
I told thee of a plan to free us both
From servitude.

Bern. Thou didst; but these late broils
Depriv'd me of the right.

Abr. 'Tis true, they did.
What dost thou think of me?

Bern. As of a man
I love and honour much.

Abr. Ill should I deserve
That character, if I could e'er permit
My friend to lose th' advantage I can't share.
Mark me!

Bern. I will.

Abr. Thou know'st, as well as I,
How many thousands, gaily dress'd, in town,
With aching hearts lament their dwindled purse.

Bern. Know it! ay, well.

Abr. Thou also know'st, my friend,
What blistering blows those tyrant masters bring.

Bern. Blistering, indeed! and the complaint is now
As general as just.

Abr. Now could you contrive
To undercharge them, as in other trades,
Would you not thrive?

Bern. Ay; but consider well
The length of credit they are forc'd to give.

Abr. I do. That plan you are not to pursue;
Low be your price, and ready cash your terms.

Bern. Ay, that may do. But how for capital?

Abr. For that I have provided. Well you know,
The tailor's trade no ample fortune needs:

Soon as the suit's bespoke, the cloth you buy;

When made, deliver'd, and the cash is paid.

Bern. I understand you. Yet some capital,
Though small, is wanting for the workmen's pay.

Abr. 'Tis true; nor shall you want.

Bern. But where to gain?

There lies the point.

Abr. I'll tell thee. Well thou know'st,

Ere cruel fortune sunk me thus to earth,

As chief, the box was ever at my nod:

This trust of right to every chief belongs:

And since a few short hours will close my fate,

Some future chief must then supply my place;

And who so fit as thou?

Bern. Oh! generous chief!

Thy partial fondness much o'er-rates my worth.

But, then, what envious rivals may oppose—

Abr. Oh! there are none that can deserve thy
fears;

The gallant leaders of the eastern climes,

Tho' brave in war, in policy unskill'd.

Besides, I know they doubt, and turn their eyes

On me to fix their choice; thou art the man:

The public box supplies thy capital.

But, oh! my friend, remember, when you've reach'd

This envied pinnacle of tailors' greatness,

Never to violate the public faith.

On that firm base alone your power will stand:

The account is monthly; ere that time returns,

From the first profits you repay the box.

Bern. By heav'n, this plan exceeds my utmost
hopes!

Yet, oh! my heart recoils, when I reflect

My friend cannot enjoy the bright reward.

Abr. Revenge is all the recompense I ask.

Here is the plan digested into form; (*gives a paper*)

The different price allix'd to different suits.

In every paper quickly advertise;

You'll soon have custom. Ere few years are past,

You'll be establish'd firm in fortune's track,

And shake the tyrants' profit, drain their purses;

For ready cash will bear you thro' the world.

What says Bernardo? wilt thou advertise?

Bern. In every paper, morning, weekly, nightly,
Till it shall run like wildfire thro' the land.

Abr. Then Abrahamides contented dies!
Ye claret-drinking tyrants, ye shall feel me,
E'en from the grave! Your children yet unborn
Shall curse the day that injur'd Abrahamides!

Bern. By heav'n, they shall! and, to my latest
hour,

Thy wrongs shall in my memory live green.

Abr. Thanks, my Bernardo. One word, and then
farewell!

I charge thee, by our present common danger,
By our past friendship, by your future hopes,
By all that can affect a generous tailor,
If you should have success, preserve from want
The hapless Tittillinda! oh! remember,
Thy dying Abrahamides requests it. [hopes,

Bern. Oh! doubt it not. Should fortune blast my
By work, at least, I can preserve from want
Thy hapless fair.

Abr. Oh! thanks, thou generous friend!

For ever, and for ever, now farewell!

Bern. For ever, and for ever, oh! farewell,
Thou first of friends, of heroes, and of tailors!

[Exit.

Enter CHRISTOPHORIDES, HUMPHRYMINOS, BAR-
THOLOMEUS, and JACKIDES.

Hum. Oh! gallant man, chief pillar of the Flints!

Bart. Wapping will stand aghest, and Redriff
mourn

Thy lamentable fall.

Abr. Cease your vain griefs:

I won't forgive that friend who sheds one tear.

As Abrahamides has ever liv'd,

So he is now resolv'd to die—a Flint.

Jack. Upon my shoul, he is a gallant fellow!

Abr. I thank you for this last mark of your
friendship;

And now from each will take a last farewell.

But some I miss: where is Isaacos?

And where Bernardo?

Chris. They are both proscrib'd,
Therefore absconded. In this doubtful state,
(When thou shalt be no more) we know not where
To fix our choice; and, therefore, are we come
To know whom thou wilt name to fill thy place.

Abr. The worthiest.

Chris. Who can determine that?

Abr. Your own free choice.

Hum. That will be doubtful still,
Where merit's equal; and your voice alone
Will put an end to every private claim.

Abr. Consider well the task which you impose:
Where all are worthy of the name of Flints,
Whom can I name, but I affront the rest?

Bart. Oh! no: so much we rest upon your truth,
Your honesty, that we're determin'd all,
Both to obey and to support the chief
Whom you shall recommend.

Abr. 'Tis a hard task;

Yet, ere I speak, answer what I demand.

All. We will.

[honour?

Abr. Have I e'er swerv'd from duty, or from

Hum. Oh! no.

Abr. Say, have I e'er deceiv'd you?

Chris. No.

Abr. Has private friendship ever biass'd me?

Bart. No.

Abr. Have I e'er violated faith?

Or with rapacious hand e'er wrong'd the box?

Hum. Oh! no: and, therefore, do we want thy
voice,

To nominate a chief.

Abr. Fain would I waive

This last hard task. What think you of Bernardo?

All. It is enough. Bernardo be the man.

Long live Bernardo! he's our future guide. [well.

Abr. And now, my friends, take each a last fare-

But, oh! remember, never let the Flints
Sink to base slavery. Tho' now oppress'd,
In happier days they yet may rise again.

In the meantime, with utmost industry,
Use every art to gall the tyrant masters. [find

Bart. We will. But, oh! brave chief, we grieve to
The last sepulchral honours are denied thee:
No friend can wait to close thy dying eyes,
Or lay thy clay-cold corse in hallow'd earth.

Jack. What, are the slaying rascals, then, to
have him?

Bart. Too sure, they must.

Jack. De'il burn me if they shall!

There's little Phalim, I, and all my boys,
Will rescue him from out their butchering hands.

Abr. Let them, then, do their worst; for where-
so'er

One bone of Abrahamides shall hang,

Know, there still Abrahamides shall awe them.

Hum. Oh! gallant chief! worthy a happier fate!

For ever now we take our last farewell.

Abr. Live and be happy, and farewell for ever!
[Exeunt all but Abr.

Enter TITTILLINDA.

Titt. Stand off! hold off your hands! 'tis all in
vain;

See him I must. Oh, Abrahamides!

Abr. Ah! Tittillinda! wherefore art thou come?

Titt. Unkindly said! Canst thou deny me, then,
Once more to see, once more within my arms
To press thee close, ere yet we part for ever?

Abr. Mistake me not: still art thou rooted here.
Check those sad tears, lest they unman me, too.

Titt. Have not I cause? When thou art gone for
ever,

Oh! where shall hapless Tittillinda go?

No friend to sooth her sorrows, share her grief,
Or shield her from unfeeling bailiffs' hands.

Abr. Oh! cease; nor with vain fears disturb thy
breast;

Thy Abrahamides has taken care

At least from want to save his Tittillinda.

My friend Bernardo, when from danger free,

Has power and will to serve thee.

Titt. What of that?

What power, what will, can ever make me blest?

Since thou wert taken, sleep has fled my eyes:

Last night, I had a mack'rel for my supper,

But, ah! whilst thou wert absent, could not eat.

Thus will it be, on each succeeding day;

At breakfast, dinner, supper, shall I miss thee.

Abr. Oh! cease, my love; nor with these fruitless
tears

Lament in vain what cannot be redress'd!

But since each moment I expect my fate,

Ob! let me be prepar'd. Say, hast thou brought

The linen with thee?

Titt. I had quite forgot.

Here is the cap; and here the shirt; a ruffled one.

But oh! what change has cruel fortune made!

What pleasing thoughts amus'd me while 'twas
mending!

I fondly hop'd, but, ah! I hop'd in vain,

This ruffled shirt had been thy Sunday's shirt,

And not a winding-sheet to shade thy corse.

Abr. Thanks to my love, for this last generous
care!

Undaunted, now, I will my fate defy.

Since I shall soon with kings and princes lie,

I with this shirt will make a shift to die. [Exit.
(Tittillinda faints.)

Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. From these sad scenes this certain truth
you'll draw,

Great is the danger to offend the law;

Since nor his conduct, bravery, nor truth,

Could from the gallows save the tailor youth.

[Exeunt.

THE WATERMAN;

OR, THE FIRST OF AUGUST:

A BALLAD OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

BUNDLE
TUG

ROBIN
GARDENERS

MRS. BUNDLE
WILELMINA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Garden, where several Gardeners are at work; some digging, &c.; others, together with several Women, tying up bundles of asparagus. BUNDLE and TUG seated under a tree, at breakfast upon cold roast beef; a tankard of beer upon the table.

*Labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on;
Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.*

Bundle. This, now, is my delight; to sit at breakfast while the men work. Come, honest Tom, let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up: her raking so in London, (where, between you and I, she stays a devilish deal longer than while she sells the sparrow-grass,) keeps her abed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle, I have oftentimes thought to myself, that it was a wondrous kind of thing how it came to pass, that you two agree so badly; when out of all the four-and-twenty hours, you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bundle. Ah! Thomas, Thomas! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allowed to get drunk once a-day, without being called to an account

for it; but, between you and I, she is the arrantest—

Mrs. B. (Within.) What are you all about there? Where's your lazy, idle master?

Bundle. You hear she has begun to ring her usual peal. This is the way, the moment she is up!

Tug. And I believe she seldom leaves off till she goes to bed. Does she, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. No, nor then neither. Everything must be her way, or there's no getting any peace. As soon as the marketing's over in town, away she and her favourite Robin trudge to the two shilling gallery of one of the play-houses, where they have picked up such a pack of d—d nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only obliged to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now; for, then, you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bundle. Oh! when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for anything else.

Tug. Why then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same play-house business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Wilelmyny.

Bundle. Ay, there was another of her freaks: she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays; and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing, if we did not call the girl Margery.

nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but we must give her the name of Wilelmina. 'Tis such a d—d, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars; for here she comes!

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr. Bundle, that I must be such an eternal slave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your cologuing companions are besotting and squandering away your time with your guzzling, and everything goes to rack and manger! I that am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, tame creature; that never scolds, nor riots, nor dins your faults in your ears; but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb.

Bundle. You are a very good wife to be sure, my dear, a little inclined to talking. If you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in the world.

Mrs. B. What a provoking creature!—Tongue!—But this comes of marrying such a scum of a fellow? one that you may throw away all the tenderness in the world for, before it makes any impression upon him. But it serves me right; for 'tis very well known what great offers I refused upon your account!

Bundle. I don't know how it should be other-wise than well known, my love; for I generally hear of it about six times a-day.—But, my dear, don't you think it will be necessary to give orders, about loading the cart against you go to London?

Mrs. B. Sir, I shall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miss Wilelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to see the rowing-match this afternoon, and afterwards, there is to be a hop at Mr. Wick's, the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to settle the preliminaries about my daughter's wedding: and I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week; for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, ben't you some how or other afraid, that, what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket?

Mrs. B. I don't direct my discourse to you, sir: but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will! I'll assure you, indeed!—Such a fellow as you!—a nasty, idling, scurvy rapsallion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life; sotting in one ale-house, and sotting in another! And shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs. B. Oh! the villain!—Why, you vile, wicked—

Bundle. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion? you, you know, who are such a tame creature; one that never scolds nor riots.

Mrs. B. I'll riot you all to some tune, I will; therefore, Mr. Bundle, unless you would have me sue for a separate maintainance—mind what I say—next time I go to London, I shall take Robin with me to Doctors'-Commons, and nothing but your consent to his marrying your daughter, shall ever make me look upon you again.

AIR.—MRS. BUNDLE.

*My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say—
Did I e'er out or scold you?
But spite to wreak,
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out;
On me, who am
Like any lamb—
Oh! I could tear your eyes out.* [Exit.]

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this?

Bundle. Why, I'll tell you what, honest Thomas; for me to contradict her, would be much the same thing as for you to row against wind and tide.

Tug. Why, then, that would be bad enough, Master Bundle.

Bundle. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you; and all I can say to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and as perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries miss, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bundle. Ah! Tom, Tom! the wisest of us may be deceived.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it. A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would put up a sail with the wiod and tide both in his teeth!—But here comes Miss Wilelminy. If she marries me, I'll see if I can't get her to change her name.

Enter MISS WILELMINA.

AIR.

*Two youths for my love are contending in vain;
For do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain.
Which, which is the man
That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, or who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?
Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;
Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault;
To a different man
They each have advis'd me to yield up my heart:
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan:
Which, which is the man?
Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth:
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,—
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?*

Tug. Take my advice, miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wilel. Oh! you brute, did you hear me?

Tug. Why, miss, suppose if I did, you aren't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

Wilel. My mind! Why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said anything in favour of you?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you

can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wilel. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin! as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisments, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well-behaved as he, however.

Wilel. What, yourself, I suppose? Do you know, your odious creature! that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similies to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wilel. Oh! hold your filthy tongue! Did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow-drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning,—what would you say, then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, miss, that's all in his way.

Wilel. Then he writes verses! Oh, dear me! the author of the opera book in the parlour window, is a fool to him for writing. Oh! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wilel. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you?—Why, then, I have.

Wilel. Oh, dear! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, miss: I'll sing it to you, if you please.

AIR.—TUG.

*And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriar's Bridge us'd for to ply?
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,*

*Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,*

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

*What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.*

And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering;

*But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.*

*And yet but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel, so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall:*

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,

*He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow.
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?*

Well, miss, how do you like it?

Wilel. Like it! why it's the very moral of yourself! If you had not passed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-stairs, you could never have written such a song.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wilel. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me. To be sarlain, you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half-an-hour than he'll stand to in half-a-year. I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, miss, for that: my heart lies in the right place; and, as we say, 'tis not always the best-looking boat goes the safest.

Wilel. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wilel. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have anything to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel; that the very sun, moon, and stars, are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo, I don't understand?

Wilel. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, miss; if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be sarlain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses: I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man-of-war; for I could never bear to stay here, if you was married to another.

Wilel. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, miss.

Wilel. Well, that would be charming! Oh! how I should doat upon it, if I were to hear them cry through Battersea streets—"The unfortunate Sailor's Lamentation for the Loss of his Mistress!"

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man-of-war.

AIR.—TUG.

*Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.*

*But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.*

*Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry—"Poor Tom!"*

[Exit.

Wilel. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures. Die for me! if I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting anything civil from them.—But here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Miss Wilelmina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you, how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer

upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand, this evening, at the hop.

Wilel. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Robin. What inclination, miss! Ask the plants why they love a shower? Ask the sun-flower why it loves the sun? Ask the snow-drop why it is white? Ask the violet why it is blue? Ask the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'Tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, how gallant you are!

Robin. Oh! my Wilemina, thou art straighter than the straightest tree! sweeter than the sweetest flower! Thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honey-suckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps, heaven in your eye, in every gesture—Oh, dear!

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, you have said that so often—

Robin. Well, you never heard me say this in your life. Now, mind: my heart is for all the world just like a hot-bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warmed by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wilel. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing?

Robin. Pretension, miss! Because my love is as boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows, as a sweet-briar is full of thorns.

Wilel. But I am afraid, if I were foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Robin. Forget you, miss! 'tis impossible! Sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed forget to rise, leaves to fall; sooner shall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilemina.

Wilel. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Robin. Resisting, me, miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stocked with love, as a flower-garden is stocked with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choked up with the brambles of despair.

Wilel. That would be a pity, indeed.

Robin. So 'twould, indeed, miss.

Wilel. Do you really love me, then?

Robin. Love you!

AIR.—ROBIN.

*Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly-oak to grow,*

*Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries;
But, pr'ythee, teach me not to love.*

*Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,*

*Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries
Taste like berries,*

When Wilemina I forget. [Exit.

Enter BUNDLE.

Wilel. Oh! papa, are you there?

Bundle. Hush, hush! speak softly! You have not seen your mother, have you?

Wilel. No.

Bundle. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilemina, my dear.

Wilel. What, upon the old subject, I suppose.

Bundle. Yes; but I would not have her bear us.

Wilel. Oh! she is safe enough, scolding the men in the garden.

Bundle. Oh! that will take her some time.—Well, have you seen, Thomas?

Wilel. Yes, I have seen him, and a most deplorable figure he cuts. I believe by this time he has entered himself on board a man-of-war; that so as the history-book says, he may put an end to his existence and my cruelty together.

Bundle. Why, did he say he would?

Wilel. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him; and how could he do any less?

Bundle. Why, the girl's distracted! But this comes of gadding about with your mother. If you had listened to my advice, I would no more have suffered you to put on such ridiculous conceited airs—Why, you and your mother are the laughing-stock of the whole place: I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my penny-worth in a morning, but a'l the folks are full of it.

Wilel. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the rest of the people of Battersea, that's all.

Bundle. Genteeler! Do you call it genteel, then, to take a pleasure in being pointed at? But I'll not bear it; therefore, hear what I have to say, or—

Wilel. Why do you tell me all this? Why don't you speak to my mamma? 'Tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you know you don't care to contradict her yourself.

Bundle. Not dare to contradict her!

Wilel. No, papa; you know she will have her own way; and since she has desired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful?

Bundle. What, then, you owe no duty to me, I suppose?

Wilel. Indeed I do; and if I could see that you owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you willingly.

Bundle. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas?

Wilel. I can't, indeed.

Bundle. And for no other reason, but because your mamma insists upon your marrying Robin?

Wilel. No other.

Bundle. Very well; I'll settle the matter: she shall do as I please; and if she were to come across me now—

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. What then, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. My dear!

Mrs. B. What could have conduced you to raise your voice to such a pitch? I hope you had not the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's infections; and, above all, I hope you was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority.

Wilel. Poor papa, how he looks! (*Aside.*)

Bundle. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-will, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs. B. Scurvy creature!

Wilel. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bundle. I can't help it.

Wilel. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me; I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bundle. So thou couldst but unmarry me, I'd

consent to your marrying whoever you pleased.

[Exit.

Mrs. B. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your infections to Robin.

Wilel. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs. B. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful! Which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideas, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspeare, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittillions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high breeding?

Wilel. Very true, madam; but then, Mr. Thomas is such a sweet young man.

Mrs. B. He!

Wilel. So good-natured!

Mrs. B. The Vandil!

Wilel. So honest!

Mrs. B. Low creature!

Wilel. Such an immensity of love!

Mrs. B. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilelmina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then, I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin, or else I'll disinherit you from any share in the blood of my family the Grogams; and you may creep through life with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles. [Exit.

AIR.—WILELMINA.

*Too yielding a carriage
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way:
You're shunn'd, if complying,
But you're lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.*

*A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.*

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

BUNDLE discovered.

Bundle. What shall I do with this perverse girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. However, all things considered, I don't know whether I should not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him single. For my own part, were I to choose whether I would keep my wife or have the plague, on my conscience I should run the risk of the last. But, mercy on us! here she comes: 'tis a strange thing that I never mention the word plague but she's at my elbow.

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Mr. Bundle—I shall be very cool, sir.

Bun. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs. B. What the devil is the reason that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bundle. My dear!

Mrs. B. I say, sir, how comes it to pass, that in spite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave so monstrously shameful as to oblige me to put myself in these here passions?

Bundle. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs. B. Don't provoke me: you think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr. Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty—I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet, if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think—

Bundle. My dear—

Mrs. B. I won't hear a word.

Bundle. Have a moment's patience now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs. B. I won't have patience; nor I won't be convinced: 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bundle. Go on, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh! how I am used! I could hang myself for vexation. (*Crying.*)

Bundle. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the first place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father desires her, was it as you say; in the next, I desired her to give her consent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but she refused me.

Mrs. B. Why, this is worse than t'other: first use me ill, and then result me: for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that she promised you to marry Thomas.

Bundle. And she told me, with her own mouth, she had promised you to marry Robin.

Mrs. B. What am I to think of this?

Bundle. Even what you please, my dear; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter WILELMINA.

Mrs. B. Here she comes herself, we shall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, speak ingenuously now; did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin?

Wilel. I did, madam.

Mrs. B. There, Mr. Bundle! And, pray, what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because papa had persnaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs. B. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after all this!

Bundle. Pray, hear me one word.

Mrs. B. I won't hear a syllable.

Bundle. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wilelmina, come here, child, speak ingenuously; did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas?

Wilel. I did, sir.

Bundle. There, Mrs. Bundle! And, pray, what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because my mamma had persuaded me to marry Robin.

Bundle. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs. B. Why, you little dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bundle. Indeed, my dear, there is something—

Wilel. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma: when first you proposed Robin to me, and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, till one or the other had given me some proof beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband; the first that does shall have me; and though I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

AIR.—WILELMINA.

*In vain, dear friends, each art you try,
To neither lover's suit tickl'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.*

*Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd,
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love;
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall wrongly prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.* [Exit.

Bundle. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs. B. Say! why, that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been educated by me.

Bundle. Oh! I am afraid it's her having been educated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs. B. What do you stand muttering there about? 'Tis you she may thank for all these mean notions: if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-toué, she would despise the idea of consulting her heart about marrying; such low mechanical stuff has been out of fashion a long time since among people that know how to bemean themselves.

Bundle. Well, but, I suppose, you intend to let her do what she pleases.

Mrs. B. No, sir; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let anybody rule but myself.

Bundle. You never let anybody rule but yourself, my dear; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs. B. None of your sneers, sir: but I see into the bottom of all this: 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me; but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff; and she shall marry the man I have chosen for her, or—in short, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

[Exit.

Enter TUG.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bundle. What, you saw my wife with me? she is the most agreeable, it must be confessed.

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantankerous with you now.

Bundle. No; her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the same, I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantankerous, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilelmina? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she?

Bundle. But she has, though; and refused to marry you, too.

Tug. Ay, ay? why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bundle. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I: a parcel of absurd stuff! she has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe; but there was

something well enough too in what she said, if she's sincere; but the Lord help those that trust too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say?

Bundle. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet; but that she'll marry the first that does anything to deserve her.

Tug. Does she? why, then, 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bundle. Why so?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body speak to her now?

Bundle. I am going in, and I'll send her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bundle. Only see the difference between us: you are all agog to be married and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man were to take up the trade of unmarried folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bundle. More money! [Exit.

Tug. Yes; but I hope I sha'n't have such a crank and humoursome piece of stuff to deal with as you have: I don't know, not I, but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others: 'tis my mind, miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two; and if so, I would not give my little Robin three-pence for his chance; for I know as well as can be that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all: but here she comes.

Enter WILELMINA.

Wilel. Heyday! why, I thought you were gone on board a man-of-war before now.

Tug. Why, no, miss, I an't yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occasion; if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wilel. Oh! you unkind creature! to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure, I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what everybody deserves.

Wilel. Oh! till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wilel. Indeed you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you—

Wilel. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say anything about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wilel. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and see the sight.

Wilel. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr. Thomas! but you talk of trying to deserve me; why did you not make one among the watermen, and so win the coat and badge yourself?

Tug. Well, never you mind anything about that: will you accept of my proffer of the room?

Wilel. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to

do anything with an intent to please you, that you could bring yourself to look upon me with kindness?

Wilel. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why, then, I assure you, if ever you should be agreeable to marry me, you should be as happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

AIR.—TOM TUG.

*Indeed, miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.
There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue;
But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.*

*False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.* [Exit.

Wilel. There's great honesty about this poor fellow—Here comes t'other: I see I must choose soon, or there will be no peace for me.

Enter ROBIN.

So, Mr. Robin, what news have you?

Robin. News, my angel! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mists that hang on thy beautiful face; just for all the world as the sun clears away the showers in the month of April.

Wilel. Indeed! I should be glad to hear it.

Robin. You can't think how you will be overjoyed.

Wilel. Shall I? Why don't you tell it me, then?

Robin. Well, then, miss, I'll keep you no longer in suspense: your mother is determined that we shall be married to-morrow morning.

Wilel. What, whether I will or no?

Robin. Whether you will or no! How can you help it? don't I love you better than the ivy loves oak? better than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries? I love you better—

Wilel. Hold, hold, Mr. Robin; 'tis necessary, in this case, I should love you a little.

Robin. And don't you? Hear this, you blooming jonquils, and lose your sweetness! turn white, you roses; and you lilies, red! each flower lose its fragrance and its hue, and nature change, for Wilelmina's false!

Wilel. Indeed, Mr. Robin, you have such winning ways! that pretty speech has half persuaded me to consent.

Robin. Has it?

Wilel. It has, upon my word.

Robin. Jonquils smell sweet again! roses and lilies keep again your colour! and every flower look brighter than before, for Wilelmina's true!

Wilel. How dearly do you love me, Mr. Robin?

Robin. Why, miss, the passion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up; but it spreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you destroy it till you saw down the trunk and all.

Wilel. That's as much as to say that you'll love me as long as you live.

Rob. The very thing. Lord! how sensible you are, miss!

Wilel. Really, Mr. Robin, you are so gay and agreeable—

Robin. An't I, miss? So everybody says: only think, then, how you will be envied! Well, then, I'll step to your mamma, and tell her what has passed; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go down to-morrow for the ring and licence.

AIR.—ROBIN.

*Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.*

*The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Shreds to keep close the straggling tree;
The knife to prune, to dig the spade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.*

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Well, Robin, have you reformed her what I ordered you? What, I suppose you have been a fool now: there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world! I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion I am not easily pacified.

Wilel. Let me understand you, madam.

Mrs. B. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wilel. I wonder, madam, you should be uneasy on that account: he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs. B. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say anything against it?

Wilel. So far from it, madam, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will.

Mrs. B. And have you consented to have him, then?

Robin. She has, madam.

Mrs. B. Then thou art my child again. Mr. Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing-match.

Wilel. And will you forgive my former disobedience, madam?

Mrs. B. Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wilel. I am obliged to you, madam; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you are.

Mrs. B. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are easily understood. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room at the Swan.

MRS. BUNDLE, ROBIN, and Company discovered.

Mrs. B. Do, Robin, step and see after Wilelmina: what can become of the girl?

Enter WILELMINA.

Robin. She's here, madam.

Mrs. B. Come, my dear, you'll lose the sight; they tell me that the rowers have set out from the Old Swan some time.

Wilel. They are very near, surely; for see what a number of boats are come in sight!

Mrs. B. Oh! I can see them very plain. How many is there?

Wilel. One, two, three, four; I think I can count five.

Mrs. B. That smart young man will certainly win it; how clean and neat he looks!

Wilel. Here he comes; his boat perfectly flies.

Mrs. B. Oh! he'll win it.

Wilel. He has won it already, madam; he's past the stairs.

Robin. See, he jumps on shore!

Wilel. And see, he's coming this way! Surely, 'tis not—

Enter BUNDLE, TUG following.

Bundle. Here's your Thomas for you! he's coming! I told you he'd be the first to do anything to deserve you. Here he is.

Wilel. And was it you that won the coat and badge?

Tug. 'Twas, indeed, miss.

Wilel. And what made you—

AIR.—TUG.

I row'd for the prize,

To receive from those eyes

A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile:

But lest I should lose,

And you, for that fault, your poor Tom should refuse,

My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.

When we came to the pull,

How I handled my scull!

'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us;

There was never a boat's length between us,

But the Swan once in view,

My boat how it flew!

And verily believe 'twas all thinking of you.

Wilel. Thus, then, I reward you. (*Gives him her hand.*)

Robin. What is all this?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow, and you are knocked out of your chance.

Wilel. Is not he a sweet fellow, mamma? How neat and clean he looks!

Mrs. B. Wilelmina, don't put me in a passion.

Wilel. I have no intention, madam, to do any such thing.

Mrs. B. Why, you impudent slut! have not you deceived me? deposed upon me? promised me to marry this young man, and now—

Wilel. Indeed, madam, you must excuse me; but, in so serious a matter, I thought it of much more consequence to consider myself than you. Besides, I was so situated that I must have disobliged either you or my papa; for whenever I gave you a promise I gave one to him; and had your choice appeared to me the most likely to make me happy, I should not have hesitated a moment in refusing his.

Robin. My hopes are all blighted, then, I find.

Mrs. B. I said all along that it was a contrived thing between you; but, Mr. Bundle, you shall smart for it.

Bundle. My dear, you know I am a man of an easy temper and few words; but I am pretty firm in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well; but if you are resolved to carry your folly to such a height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved it shall not be for nothing: therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to scolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be separated from you.

Mrs. B. Why, I am thunderstruck!

Bundle. I expected little less; but am resolved, depend upon it: however, to let you see that you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like; do what you please, so you let me be quiet: in short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and I make an agreement, from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wilel. Dear mamma, it is impossible for anything to be fairer.

Bundle. Come, come, she must have a little time to think of it; but she'll agree to the terms, I'm sure of it: and now let us think of nothing but pleasure; and as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say, let us make it the merriest.

QUARTETTO.—TUG, BUNDLE, MRS. BUNDLE, and WILELMINA.

Tug. Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,

That I am true, believe me;

Or, next time that I row to town,

May wind and tide deceive me!

By this here breeze

My heart's at ease,

Now dances at high water;

My labour's o'er,

I've gain'd the shore,

And, free from fear,

Am landed here,

With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

Mrs. B. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,

Since thus you think expedient;

If of the past you'll not complain,

Henceforth I'll prove obedient.

Folks us'd to cry,

A tartar I

Had prov'd, and you had caught her;

But now shall raise

Each voice in praise,

Through all her life,

Of the gard'ner's wife,

As well as of his daughter.

Bundle. My child, you've fairly won my heart,

You took no counsel from us;

But, prizing love, and scorning art,

Preferr'd your honest Thomas:

'Twas wisely done,

Shake hands, my son,

Love's lesson you have taught her:

And now, my dear,

Be but sincere,

I do not fear

There'll e'er appear

So good a wife and daughter.

Wilel. And now, good friends, pray take my part,

I kept them to their tether;

For I had sworn my hand and heart

Should always go together.

From fops and beaux

A maiden chose

An honest heart that sought her;

See her appear

On trial here;

This very night,

If she was right,

Applaud the gardner's daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE ROMP;

A COMIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS:

ALTERED FROM "LOVE IN THE CITY," BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN SIGHTLY
OLD COCKNEY
BARNACLE

YOUNG COCKNEY
MISS LA BLOND
PRISCILLA TOMBOY

PENELOPE
NEGRO GIRL
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Grocer's Shop with a counting-house, to which there is an ascent by steps; a glass door with curtains, which opens to a back parlour.*

YOUNG COCKNEY discovered in the counting-house, writing, and men behind the counter weighing tea, &c.; near the front, PRISCILLA TOMBOY and PENELOPE are seated at work.

CHORUS.

*Hail, London, noblest mart on earth,
Unrivall'd still in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts have birth,
And industry ne'er toils in vain.*

Young C. (Comes forward.) Come, pray, ladies, go somewhere else with your work; is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop? Who do you think can come into the shop when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Pris. Ay, mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you? Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-

basket, we will take out the canvas, and begin the flowers immediately.

Young C. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool; I want to put it behind the counter.

Pris. I won't give it you.

Young C. If you won't, miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

Pris. There, take your stool; you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured—*(Throws it at him.)*

Young C. Look there now, did you ever see anything so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations. You know you was turned out of Hackney boarding-school for beating the governess and knocking down the dancing-master. I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors. But you are not got among your blackamoors now, miss.

Pris. Indeed, Miss Penny, it is very hard he should invent such stories of me; if you believe me, I never touched the governess in all my life.

Pen. Upon my word, I wish you two would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Young C. Then why does she play such tricks?

Pris. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you; nor never shall, that's more; I have told you so a hundred times.

Pen. I swear one would think you were husband and wife already.

Pris. I his wife! I would as lief be married to the old-clothes-man; indeed I should not like to be called Mrs. Cockney.

Young C. Why not? Mrs. Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I hope.

Pris. No, it is not as good a name.

Young C. Yes, it is; but that's not as you please, that's as my uncle Barnacle pleases. He is to be in town to-day; I can tell you that for your comfort; and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pris. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Young C. There, by Gog and Magog, she says she does not care for my uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod in pickle for you, miss.

Pris. I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say nothing more, ecod! I'll throw something at you.

Pen. Nay, nay; kiss and be friends.

Pris. I won't kiss him: I would spit in his face first.

Pen. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee!

Pris. I will not, Miss Penny; he never lets me alone: but I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he is not well thumped for his impudence, I won't stay in the house; that's what I won't.

Young C. Look there again now. Well, 'tis all over then; I won't say nothing no more. See how she frowns! Lord! there's no such thing as jesting with you: I was not in earnest; I was not, upon my honour and credit.

AIR.—YOUNG COCKNEY.

Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely;

Faith and truth, I love you dearly:

Psha! nay, never look so queerly,

But at once let's kiss and friends.

For the future we'll endeavour

To deserve each other's favour.

Zooks! shake hands: why, now, that's clever;

And here all our quarrel ends.

[*Exeunt Young C. and Pen.*]

Pris. Quasheba, Quasheba! bring down my work.

Enter QUASHEBA.

Why don't you make haste?

Quas. Is, missy; here, missy. (*Lets the work-bag fall.*)

Pris. See how she lets it fall! take it up again. Here, thread my needle. Where are you going now? Stand behind my back. (*Sits down to work, and sings.*)

AIR.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Ye maidens, all, come listen to my ditty,

And ponder well the words which I shall say;

A damsel once there dwelt in London city,

Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her guardian cross, would fain have had her marry

A grocer's 'prentice living in Cheapside;

But he with her his point could never carry,

For sooner than consent she would have died.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,

And never fickle nor false-hearted prove,

Nor let old folks on your affections trample;

For what's the world compar'd to one's true love?

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. I observe you are always singing that song.

Pr'ythee, where could you pick up such stuff? It seems to be a great favourite of your's.

Pris. Why, so it is: for what do you think? I made it myself; I did, upon my—

Pen. Oh, fie! miss, don't swear.

Pris. Lard! you are mighty percize! Quasheba, get out; I want to talk with Miss Penny alone:—no, stay, come back; I will speak before her: but if ever I hear, hussy, that you mention a word of what I am going to say to any one else in the house, I will have you horsewhipp'd till there is not a bit of flesh left on your bones.

Pen. Oh! poor creature!

Pris. Psha! what is she but a neger? If she were at home in our plantations, she would find the difference; we make no account of them there at all: if I had a fancy for one of their skins, I should not think much of taking it.

Pen. I suppose, then, you imagine they have no feeling?

Pris. Oh! we never consider that, there. But I say, Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you: I hate your brother worse than poison; I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him; but if he is left my guardian, and I am sent over to London for my education, I don't see any right he has to choose me a husband though.

Pen. And, pray, what is it you dislike in my brother?

Pris. Why, I don't know; I don't like him at all; there's nothing gay or agreeable in him: besides, you know, he will be but a grocer; and why should I marry a tradesman, when I can have a gentleman?

Pen. Can you?

Pris. Yes, 'faith! can I; and one of the sweetest, prettiest gentlemen you ever set your two good-looking eyes on: quite another thing from your brother, with a fine bag and sword. I dare swear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

Pen. And, pray, what is this gentleman?

Pris. You saw him once; yes, you did. Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blond's shop the other day, when you were buying your pompadour and green ribbons; and I asked you if you did not think him a handsome man, and you said you did? Don't you remember?

Pen. I believe I remember something of it.

Pris. Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole affair is settled between us; and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a secret, indeed.

Pris. Ay, and I can tell you a secret about you, too. You are to be married to some very great lord your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town. But shall I tell you now, who I hate as bad as your brother? I hate your cousin, Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarse voice. She's always at me: "Miss, hold up your head; miss, that is not polite; miss, don't lollop." Ecod! last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

Pen. Well, but, my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman? You don't design to run away with him?

Pris. No, I don't; I have written a letter to him to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I am sure my uncle will not consent.

Pris. Why, then, I will run away with him. I don't think, Miss Penny, but if he were to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit. Besides, I would not

marry your brother on another account. There is poor Miss La Blond, the milliner over the way; he has been courting her a matter of a twelvemonth, and though she's come of French distraction, there is not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pris. Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me; I am neither in leading-strings nor hanging-sleeves; and I don't want him to leave me anything, and why should not I please myself? and, what's more, I will, too.

AIR.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

*Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;
So let him—the peevish curmudgeon!*

*Egad! if you mind me,
As stout you shall find me,
As he is bluff.*

*The captain has won my heart,
And who shall my humour thwart?*

*I like him, and love him;
And, since I approve him,
I'll have him, and that's enough.*

*I'm sick when I think of your brother,
And was there on earth ne'er another,
He should not my mind subdue;*

*To wed him they may force me;
But then he'll soon divorce me;
For, 'faith! he shall sing cuckoo.* [Exeunt.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY and BARNACLE, meeting OLD COCKNEY.

Young C. Oh, la! papa, here's my uncle Barnacle.

Old C. Odso! is he, indeed? Brother, you are welcome to town. Son Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barn. Stay, hold, young man. Who do you belong to?

Young C. La! why, don't you know me, uncle? I am your nephew.

Old C. Ay, don't you know Watty? my son Walter?

Barn. Why, this is not your son Walter?

Young C. Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

Barn. Upon your honour, sirrah! And who told you you had any honour? What has a shopkeeper to do with honour? I had no honour when I was a shopkeeper. I knew you were always a conceited, idle young rascal. But who taught you to swear, and put all that flour and suet on your head?

Young C. Oh, lord! uncle, don't spoil my hair.

Old C. Don't, brother, don't; he is going among young ladies.

Barn. He's going to the devil. But you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney; you had better not provoke me. I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

Old C. Well, well; he shall: don't be in a passion. Step in, child, and take off your things, do; there's a good boy.

Young C. La! papa, upon my honour—

Barn. Again, sirrah! Bring his every-day clothes and his fustian sleeves here into the shop; I will have him strip before my face.

Old C. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

[Exit Young C.]

Barn. Upon his honour, indeed! Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to a don't know who. Tradespeople are out of their senses now-a-days; no sooner are they a little above the world but they must have

town-house and country-house; every night running junketting to gardens and play-houses; and, in a year or two, there is eighteen-pence in the pound for their creditors.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY with an apron on.

Young C. Well, now, uncle?

Barn. Ay, now you are something like; but why a ruffled shirt? I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday; and, come here, what's that I see at your knees? a pair of paste buckles? Why, sirrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the highway for all this. Give them me out directly; I will have them. (*Young C. delivers them up.*)

Young C. But you'll let me have them again, I hope.

Barn. No, I won't. And now let his frippery be sold at Rag-fair; I should like to see it swinging under an old-clothes-man's penthouse.

[Exit Old C.]

Young C. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Barn. I will not, sirrah. And look at yonder door: how can you expect to have customers come into the shop, while you keep your door in such condition? When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door. Here, Richard, have you never a shovel in the house? Give him a shovel. (*Servant brings a shovel.*) There, sirrah, take this shovel, go to work; and, when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

AIR.—BARNACLE.

You silly old ass,

To come to this pass:

At fifty your follies begin you!

Art mad, or in drink?

For my part, I think

The devil himself has got in you!

And you, master fop,

Go stick to your shop,

And shew yourself handy and willing;

Or else, do you see?

Take this much from me,

I'll cut you both off with a shilling. [Exit.

Young C. I won't scrape the door; I wish I may be burned if I do. Here, Richard, give that shovel to the porter, and let him do it. To be set out in this trim before everybody! But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will; and put them on in spite of him. My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him: but he shall not make a fool of me. No, no, I am too wise for that.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Cockney's house.

Enter PENELOPE, followed by MISS LA BLOND, carrying a band-box.

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours, for we expect our company early in the evening. And, pr'ythee, let me see you sometimes. Where was you on Sunday? We were in expectation all day that you would have stepped over to us.

La Blond. And, upon my word, so I intended. But in the morning I went to the gallery at St. James's, to see the court go to chapel, for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her majesty's caps for Mrs. Iscariot, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fish-street-hill. In the evening, Ensign Scald, of the Middlesex militia, took sister Sukey

and I to the Dog and Duck, and coming home we called in, for a little fun, at the Quakers' meeting.

Pen. But, pray, my dear, let me ask you, is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late?

La Blond. Oh, la! Miss Penny, as if you did not know: Master Watty has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

Pen. Upon my word, this is the first I have heard of it.

La Blond. However, Miss Penny, it is not that vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place. The other night, at Mile-end assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog. I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company: I was there with Miss Fly-blow, a great butcher's daughter in Newgate-market; I'm sure she will have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune; and we came in Mr. Deputy Dumplin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY.

Young C. Sister, they want the key of the beanfet, to get the spoons and the silver candle-sticks.

Pen. Oh! brother, come here. How is it you have affronted Miss La Blond? She tells me you have behaved very ill to her.

Young C. Who, I behaved ill to her? Lord! Miss La Blond, I wonder how you can fib on a body so. I'll be judged by anybody in the world: I am sure I have not spoke a word to her I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more shame for you.

La Blond. Oh! pray, don't scold him, Miss Penny: Master Watty may speak or let it alone, just as he pleases. But, perhaps, sir, you think I don't know the reason of all this. There's a West Indian fortune in the house: I am below your notice now; but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine. *[Exit.]*

Young C. Do you know, sister Penny, that she has given it out all over the town that I am sworn to her on a book; and if I am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinson Crusoe.

Enter OLD COCKNEY and a Maid-servant, and afterwards PRISCILLA TOMBOY, in a hoydening manner.

Old C. Come, Margery, let us see how you have settled the things for the company: have you dusted well, and swept? no cobwebs, nor slut's corners! have you put candles in all the sconces? Come, Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to set out the silver coffee-pot, and best set of burnt china on the tea-table.

[Exeunt Pen. and Maid.]

Young C. When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for a partner?

Old C. Let me consider—

Pris. Miss La Blond, to be sure.

Old C. Miss Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; she is a very great fortune. But I must go and order card-tables in the next room. *[Exit.]*

Pris. Oh, lard! Watty, see here if I have not tore my gown.

Young C. I am glad of it.

Pris. And why are you glad of it?

Young C. Because I am. Who sent for you up stairs?

Pris. Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

Young C. My unole Barnacle! I do not believe it.

Pris. I am sure but he did though; he called a bit agone at the shop, and said he'd be here himself presently.

Young C. Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

Pris. I will, if I like it.

Young C. You sha'n't, miss.

Pris. Master Watty, why don't you go to see poor Miss La Blond? The folks say she is going mad for love of you: I am sure you ought to marry her.

Young C. I am sure I won't, though: I would let her go to Bedlam first.

Pris. Ecod! I believe she is only making game. *(Runs off.)*

Young C. I am determined she shall not dance to-night for her assurance. I will go this moment and tell my papa of her, that I will. *[Exit.]*

Enter BARNACLE and SIGHTLY.

Barn. Business with me, sir! Well, sir, come this way, and let me hear it: I don't know that ever I saw your face before.

Sight. I don't believe you ever did, sir; but if you will have patience—

Barn. And suppose I don't choose to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dragooning here, good Captain; you are in the city of London, sir; we are not apt to be put under military execution here.

Sight. Sir, I don't understand you.

Barn. None of your rudeness to me, sir; I have been understood by your betters; but, I suppose, you are disbanded, and want to raise money upon your half-pay. Well, I won't deal with you: I have lost money enough by the army. I have a note-of-hand by me from one of your captains for four pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

Sight. But, sir, my business is of a very different nature. There is a young lady, who, I understand, is under your care; and, if you will please to read that letter—

Barn. Ha, ha, ha! A letter from the young lady herself to you, I suppose, sir; desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her. So, then, you are a fortune-hunter. What servant-maid in the neighbourhood, now, have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money? And, if you succeed, how much commission, how much brokerage?

Sight. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Barn. Well, sir, and what then, sir? Have you got any money in the funds, Captain? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

Sight. Sir, I must tell you—

Barn. And, sir, I must tell you—What, I suppose, because fighting is your trade, you come *à la* *et armis*, to cut my throat. If that's the case, I must call for assistance. Here, John, Thomas, Richard!

Sight. Upon my word, Mr. Barnacle—

Barn. Well, and upon my word, too, sir; I believe my word will go as far as your's, if you go to that. What, do you come to affront me in my own house? Do you know, sir, that you have treated me with great ill-manners? The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me; and shall a puppy—

Sight. Puppy, sir!

AIR.—CAPTAIN SIGHTLY.

*Look you, sir, your years protect you,
No vain terrors need affect you,*

*Scorn alone from me you'll meet;
But, in pity, I advise you,
Lest another should chastise you,
Learn with gentlemen to treat.
For the lady, free she chose me;
Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice:
And, however you oppose me,
Know, I dare maintain her choice.* [Exit.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY.

Barn. This is an incendiary; we shall have an ill-spelt letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the area, threatening to burn the house. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

Young C. Call that fellow back.

Barn. Call him back yourself.

Young C. Captain, Captain! come back, come back.

Re-enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY.

Sight. Well, what do you want?

Young C. My uncle wants to speak to you.

Barn. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Young C. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Enter PRISCILLA TOMBOY and PENELOPE.

Barn. I'll put an end to this affair directly. Captain, if you please, I want to speak with you again one moment. Come here, Miss Prissy; did you ever see this young gentleman before?

Pris. Yes, to be sure, I did.

Barn. Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

Pris. Yes, but I did though.

Barn. And where did you get acquainted with him, mistress?

Pris. Why, if you must know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's house.

Barn. A friend's house! A friend of your's, indeed!

Pris. Yes, a friend of mine; and he is my choice; and, if you do not give your consent, why, I will marry him without it.

Barn. Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Pris. I know what you are going to do: you are going to lock me up; but I don't care. (*Cries.*)

Sight. Pray, sir, do not use the young lady ill on my account.

Barn. *Sirrah, leave the house this minute,
Or I'll send to my Lord Mayor.*

Sight. *Sir, I want not to stay in it;
Wherefore do you rave and stare?*

Pris. *You may lock me up in prison,
But I mind not that a straw.*

Young C. *Her'n the fault is more than his'n.*

Pen. *Uncle, brother, pray, withdraw.*

Barn. *To bring up a romp's the devil!*

Sight. } *Did you ever hear the like?*
Pris. }

Barn. *Captain, pray, sir, be so civil—*

Young C. *Hold, sir, hold! you must not strike.*

Barn. *Life and death! I'm out of patience,
And I will at nothing stick;
So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,
'Gad! I'll play you all a trick.*

Young C. } *Stick at nothing! pray, sir, tarry;*
Pen. } *What is it you mean to do?*

Barn. *'Sblood! you dog, you slut, I'll marry;*

Pen. *Marry!*

Young C.

Marry!

Pris.

You, sir?

Sight.

You!

Barn.

*Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you;
Take a wife, and get an heir.*

All.

{ *Heaven to your senses bring you!*
{ *Ah! dear uncle, have a care.* [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A little Yard and Garden behind Cockney's house.

Enter PRISCILLA TOMBOY, taking a letter from her pocket; MISS LA BLOND following.

Pris. Here, this way; come into the yard here. I am afraid to speak or move in the house, I am so watched. Here is a letter for the Captain: you will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked: excuse my spelling, too; and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La Blond. Never fear; I shall take it to his lodgings myself: but it seems your guardian did not behave well to him this morning; Master Watty, too, was unmannerly; and he swears vengeance against him.

Pris. With all my heart; let him beat him while he is able to stand over him. But there's a rare bustle within. The old man swears that Watty shall not have me now, and he is going to send me back to the West Indies directly: he is, 'faith! He is gone to Deptford to speak to a captain of a ship; but I will not go back to the West Indies for him. And what do you think I have done? I have persuaded Watty that my love for the Captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

La Blond. A sham! How could you do that?

Pris. Oh! very easily, by flattering him up: by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs, you may make him believe anything.

La Blond. Well, Miss Prissy, I am sure I wish to see you happy with all my heart; but I am not acquainted with the family of the Cockneys; and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make such a fuss about you as they do.

Pris. Oh! I know that well enough. They are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they shall lose my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to-night; where, they say, folks may be married in spite of any one.

La Blond. Go off with him to Scotland?

Pris. There, now she is jealous. (*Aside.*) Hush! speak softly. It is agreed between us, that we are to go out together as soon as it is dark. Don't you think that the Captain could hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from Watty? He shall not have much trouble, for, ecod! I will be willing enough to go; and if he does but bluster and swear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to say a word.

La Blond. Take you from him?

Pris. Why, 'tis the only way to get me; if it is not done to-night, it's odds if the old man will not send me off to-morrow.

La Blond. Let me consider a little.

Pris. What are you thinking of, Miss La Blond?

La Blond. Why, look you, Miss Prissy, this is a very serious affair, and should be well weighed before anything is done in it. But I will go with your letter to the Captain.

Pris. Ay, do, my dear; and when I am married

to the Captain, you may have Watty yourself, if you like it; and I dare say, one day or other, he will be an alderman. But, stay, let me go this way, and do you go that; for if they see us together they may suspect. Miss La Blond, desire the Captain to bring his servant along with him; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he shall, when I am married to his master, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing. *[Exit Miss La Blond.]*

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY.

Young C. Miss Prissy, Miss Prissy, I want to speak to you.

Pris. Well, what do you want?

Young C. Why, Miss Prissy, I have been thinking of what you were saying to me; and, if I were sure you would not return to any of your old tricks—

Pris. Why, to be sure, Master Watty, I have been a very sad girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

Young C. Perhaps, Miss Prissy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thousand pounds; her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratcliffe-Highway; and if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

Pris. Indeed, I do not doubt it.

Young C. But you are for an officer, it seems; and I don't see that they are a bit cleverer than other people. I believe I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them; besides, what is a little outside shew? If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now, it's odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chaise.

Pris. I don't care for the Captain; I wish you would not mention him at all: I am ashamed whenever I think of him.

Young C. So you ought, miss.

Pris. I know I ought, but I was bewitched: I am sure I have been crying about it like anything; only see, Watty, how red my eyes are.

Young C. Ah! fudge! that is no crying; you have been putting an onion to them. But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk. Don't you think these clothes become me, Miss Prissy? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Pris. You look very jenny in them, I am sure.

Young C. Why, I think they shew the fall of my shoulders. I have a very fine fall in my shoulders; have not I, Miss Prissy?

Pris. Yes, indeed have you.

Young C. Well, but there's one thing as perhaps you did not know. If you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune; so that I am taking you hap at a hazard; and if he should not forgive us afterwards, I shall have you to maintain; which will be very hard upon me.

Pris. Oh! but he will forgive us; besides, if you go with me to Jamaica, I'll raise the niggers for us; it's only beating them well, giving them a few yams, and they'll do anything you bid them.

Young C. Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourself while I step in. Miss Prissy, don't you think our going off will be in the newspapers? We hear that a great Vest Indian fortune has lately eloped with the son of an eminent grocer in the city! And when we come back, Lord! I warrant there will be noise enough about us. *[Exit.]*

Pris. Quasheba, Quasheba, Quasheba!

(The negro girl appears at the window, and throws out the things her mistress calls for; which she puts on as fast as she gets them.)

Quash. What, missy?

Pris. Throw out my hat and my shawl. I will

be ready in a minute; he shall not wait for me, I warrant him. How purely I have managed it! If the Captain does but meet us now—Watty thinks, as sure as anything, I will go off with him. He is the greatest fool that I ever knew. But suppose the Captain does not meet us, must I go off with Watty? Ecod! I will not: I will bawl out in the street, and say he is running away with me. Let me see now, have I got all my things? have I forgot nothing?

AIR.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

*Dear me, how I long to be married,
And in my own coach to be carried!*

*Beside me to see,
How charming 'twill be!
My husband, and, may be,
A sweet little baby
As pretty as he.
Already I hear
Its tongue in my ear:
Papa, papa!
Mamma, mamma!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!*

*Oh, gracious! what calling,
What stamping, what bawling,
When first I am missed by the clan!
Miss Molly will chatter,
Old Squaretoes will clatter;
But catch me again if they can.* *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Ludgate-hill, with a view of St. Paul's church.

Enter CAPTAIN SLIGHTLY and MISS LA BLOND.

La Blond. Captain Slightly! Mercy on us! how you frightened me!

Slight. Well, you see I am a true soldier, at my post, and ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Bell Savage inn; if so, we cannot be better stationed than here.

La Blond. But I say, Captain, when you have got Miss Tomboy, where do you think to take her?

Slight. To Scotland directly, my girl.

La Blond. No, no; that will never do. She shall go and lie at my aunt's to-night; and, in the morning, I am certain we will hit upon a plan to get Mr. Barnacle's consent to your marriage.

Slight. Well, my dear, I will leave everything to you: I am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.

La Blond. Hush, hush! I hear them coming; hide yourself for a few minutes. *(They retire.)*

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY and PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Pris. La! Master Watty, you hurry so fast; I vow I must stop and rest myself, so I must; I am as tired as anything.

Young C. Why would you not let me call a hackney-coach, then? But I tell you it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highwaymen on the road near London.

Pris. Well, stay a moment, then, till I tie my swash.

Young C. Well, then, tie your swash.

Pris. It was you that was so long before you came out. Oh, la! there are two great big men standing at yonder corner. I won't go any farther, Master Watty.

Young C. What's the matter with you, Miss Prissy? La! you frighten me out of my wits.

Pris. Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone. Never fear, I won't leave you. *(Gives him the end of her shawl to hold, and*

while he is looking another way, she runs off with Captain Sightly.)

Young C. If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along.

[Discovers the trick, and runs after them.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Miss La Blond's aunt's house.*

Enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, PRISCILLA TOMBOY, and MISS LA BLOND. The Captain fastens the door.

Young C. (Without.) Miss Prissy, I know very well you are here; I saw you here with your Captain. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Miss La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

Sight. What the devil shall we do now?

Pris. (To Sight.) Say I am not here.

Sight. I tell you, sir, she is not here.

Pris. I tell you, sir, she is not—

Young C. (Without.) Ah, ah! I see you, miss, through the keyhole.

Sight. What shall we do?

Pris. Let him in: who's afraid? Come in, Master Watty; who cares for you? *(She opens the door.)*

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY.

Young C. And who cares for you? Will you come home, Miss Prissy?

Pris. No, I won't. I wish, Master Watty, you would make yourself scarce.

Young C. Well, miss, you will be made to repent of this.

QUARTETTO.—*PRISCILLA TOMBOY, CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, YOUNG COCKNEY, and MISS LA BLOND.*

Pris. *Get you gone, you nasty thing, you;
Do you think I care for you?*

Young C. *I will go, and shortly bring you
Those shall make you dearly rue.
And to you, sir, I'll bring two, sir.*

Sight. } *Who, sir? who, sir? who?*
Pris. }

Young C. Never mind, no matter who.

Sight. *If that here you longer tarry,
You may chance away to carry
That you will not like to bear.*

Pris. *You'll well be beaten.*

Young C. *What, you threaten?*

Pris. *Captain, draw your sword and swear.*

Sight. *'Sblood and thunder!*

La Blond. *Stand asunder.*

Young C. *Let him touch me if he dare.*

Pris. *Master Watt, I'll tell you what,
Home you had much better trot.*

Young C. *Will you go with me or not?*

Pris. *Trot, Watt, I will not.
Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.*

[Priscilla puts herself in a boxing attitude, and beats Young Cockney off. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Inside of Cockney's house.*

Enter BARNCLE, YOUNG COCKNEY, and PENELOPE.

Barn. I say I will not see her; let her go from whence she came. I shall write her friends in Ja-

maica word, by the next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her; and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me with a young fellow that nobody knows.

Young C. Do so, uncle; and I wonder she has the impudence to come back, after staying out all night.

Barn. And I wonder, sirrah, you dare have the impudence to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room: it is all your doings.

Pen. Well, pray, dear sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

Young C. She can say nothing for herself, sister Penny; and I believe Miss La Blond was concerned along with them, however fair she may carry it.

Pen. Well, uncle, will you condescend to see this mad girl?

Barn. Where is she?

Pen. Above, in my chamber; she is afraid to come down without your permission. She seems really sorry for what she has done, and, perhaps, things may not be so bad as they appear.

Young C. Oh! I warrant they are bad enough.

Barn. I'll break your bones, you dog.

Young C. For what?

Barn. Bid that girl come hither. *[Exit Pen.]* But, here, take this stick, I will not trust myself near her with it, lest I should do her a mischief. *(Gives his cane to Young C.)*

Enter PRISCILLA TOMBOY and PENELOPE.

Barn. Oh! Madam Run-away—

Pris. Don't be angry, pray, don't, and I'll tell you—

Barn. Hussy, what made you go out last night?

Pris. Why, it was Master Watty made me; we were going to Scotland to be married.

Barn. To Scotland! Oh! you dog, Walter!

Young C. Well, it was she herself proposed it.

Pris. Suppose I did; you know, when I was in the house I never could be at rest for you; he was always making love to me.

Young C. I make love to her! I never spoke a civil word to her in all my life.

Barn. Hold your tongue, sirrah. But I say, where have you been all night? Let me hear that.

Pris. You'll be angry.

Barn. Tell me the truth.

Pris. Why, the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yesterday, met me and Master Watty in the street, and so he took me away from him; and—but why did little Watty take me out?

Barn. Ay, it's very true; it's all your fault, sirrah. But where did he take you?

Pris. To his lodgings: for he said he loved me, so he could not live without me; and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

Barn. Kill himself! you wicked girl!

Pris. I knew you would be in a passion about it.

Barn. Hark you, hussy, I have but one question more to ask you: are you ruined or not?

Pris. Oh, dear! He, he, he!

Barn. You impudent—

Pris. Little Watty makes me laugh.

Barn. And so you and the gentleman passed for man and wife?

Pris. Why, I'll assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said he would rather lie in the street than incommode me; and I, seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me.

Barn. And so you—

Pris. Why, he said he would be civil to me;

and I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise two or three times.

Barn. Get you gone, hussy!

Pris. I knew now this would be the way.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Captain Sightly, sir, desires to speak to you.

Barn. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Pris. Sir, if you will please to speak to Watty.

Young C. Sir, please to speak to Prissy.

Barn. Have done, you couple of devils.

Enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY and MISS LA BLOND.

Sir, I'm informed that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot; that you have seduced this girl—

Pris. Well, why don't you say we are married?

Barn. In a word, Captain, I am informed my hopeful ward here has passed the night at your lodgings: answer me upon your honour; is it so or not? for in that case I must even give her to you.

Sight. You ask me upon my honour?

Barn. Ay, I do, sir.

Sight. Then, sir, I will not give it in a falsehood for my interest; the young lady is perfectly innocent, and this only a scheme to incline you to consent to our marriage.

Pris. Oh! you fool!

Barn. Hold your tongue, impudence! You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deserving of her than my own relation; therefore, I give her to you; and let this teach you for the future to use candour on all occasions.

Pris. Oh! my dear guardian! (*Runs and kisses him.*)

Barn. You spoil my wig. Let me hear no more of you. Hark you, child, (*to Miss La Blond*) do you think if a husband were thrown in your way,

old enough to be your father, that old Nick would not tempt you? you understand me.

La Blond. Sir, I think I should make him a good wife.

Barn. Say'st thou so, my girl? Well, then, I will marry you myself to-morrow morning. Ladies and gentlemen, you are heartily welcome: pray, salute the young bride and bridegroom. And now let us forget all past bickerings and misunderstandings, and be as merry as music and good cheer can make us.

FINALE.

Young C. Hear, city youths, this friendly rhyme,

'Tis worthy well attending;

Oh! go not on, your precious time

In vain delights mis-spending.

Bucks, bloods, and smarts, reform your ways,

Leave dancing, venching, gaming, plays;

First get the cash, then cut a flash,

Nor be ashamed of mending.

Sight. I have been naughty, I confess,

But now you need not doubt it,

I mean my follies to redress,

And straight will set about it.

'Tis modest sweetness gives the grace,

To birth, to fortune, and to face:

That charm secure, will long endure,

And all is vain without it.

Pris. And now our scenic task is done,

This comes of course, you know, sirs,

We drop the mask off ev'ry one,

And stand in statu quo, sirs.

Your ancient friends and servants we,

Who humbly wait for your decree;

One gracious smile to crown our toil,

And happy let us go, sirs. [*Exeunt.*]

THE MOGUL TALE;

OR, THE DESCENT OF THE BALLOON:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

THE MOGUL
JOHNNY

DOCTOR
EUNUCHS

LADIES
FANNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Mogul, adjoining to the seraglio.*

Enter First and Second Ladies.

1 *Lady.* Who do you think is the emperor's favourite now? whilst I continued his favourite myself, I had no occasion to make any inquiry.

2 *Lady.* You may be the emperor's again: as to me, I shall never enjoy his favour. But here she comes.

Enter Third Lady.

3 *Lady.* So, here you are musing and plotting mischief against me, because the Sultan loves me: well, the woman who possesses his heart is sure to have every woman in the seraglio against her; but there was a time when you was kind to me. *(To the first Lady.)*

1 *Lady.* Yes, my dear Sophy, when you was in distress; and I assure you, that if ever that time should come again, we will be as kind again, and love you as well as ever.

3 *Lady.* You think so: however, our sex are seldom kind to the woman that is so prosperous; their pity is confined to those that are forsaken—to be forsaken and ugly are the greatest distresses a woman can have. *[Exit.]*

1 *Lady.* Let her go; a good-for-nothing, happy creature! however, by some accident, she is the favourite now, perhaps some of us may become favourites soon—Sister, what's that? *(Looking up.)* I tremble all over!

2 *Lady.* I am afraid it is a great ravenous bird coming to devour us: is it a fowl? Perhaps it is the chariot of some of the gods of the Gentoos.

1 *Lady.* Oh! no, it cannot be a bird, it has no wings. Perhaps this is our prophet Mahomet coming to earth again, and this is his chariot: it is: they are gods, I see their heads. *(Balloon descends.)* Let us not be afraid, if they bear the shape of men, (as gods, they say, mostly do) let us face them.

2 *Lady.* Oh, dear heart! stay—I never saw a god in all my life; and yet, if they come in the shape of men, why, I don't think I should be so much afraid of them neither. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter JOHNNY, FANNY, and Doctor.

Johnny. Oh dear! oh dear! The devil take all balloons, I say! what a cursed confounded journey we have had of it! Fan, come out: where the devil are we, after all? in Scotland, Denmark, or Ireland, or Norway, or limbo? It is devilish hot! *(Fans himself with his hat.)* Why, Fan! where are you, Fan?

Fanny. I'm here, Johnny. Oh, lard! I am so glad to set my foot on Christian ground again.

Johnny. Christian ground, you fool! why, we're in limbo: it must be limbo, or Greenland. Doctor, what say you? it is Greenland, is it not?

Doctor. Why, man, Greenland is cold; quite the reverse of this climate; this is either east, west, or south, but which I cannot tell. I am sure it is not north, by the heat; other conclusions I draw from other causes: I know we are a thousand miles from our native land, from the swiftness of our machine's motion, and the length of time we have been in it; another conclusion is, that not knowing the paths we have come, we know not where we are. I know only that we are in a close walk of trees, with houses at a distance: we may be amongst people who pay no regard to genius, science, or invention; but may put us all to death, taking us for three witches that ride in the air.

Fanny. Oh, lard! put us all to death! Is all our fine ride in the air come to this? Oh, lard! oh, lard!

Johnny. Ay, Fan, and how the people clapped and buzzed when they saw us mount in the air! They little thought they should not see us again—'gad! that was the reason, may be, that they seemed so glad: for my part, I was so pleased with my journey, I was almost out of my wits for joy; I did not think that we should have more than a couple of hours ride. I thought we should have been picked up in Essex, Derby, or Kent, or Middlesex, or thereabouts; but the devil a bit! the Doctor, with all his magic, could not stop it when it was set a-going.

Doctor. I own I am shocked at our adventure.

Johnny. Well, here we are after all; but where, the Lord only knows!

Doctor. Do you appear lighter? I am much more heavy than in my natural element.

Johnny. Ay, Doctor, like a fish out of water.

Doctor. I do not speak to you of elements.

Johnny. I am sure, Doctor, I wish you hadn't brought us out of our element.

Doctor. Your soul and body are composed of one element, and that is earth, and your wife is all water.

Fanny. Ay, Doctor, with now and then a spark of fire.

Johnny. D—e! Doctor, you are all air, and yet you have not enough of it to take us back neither.

Doctor. I may be able to fill that machine again.

Johnny. I wish you would fill our bellies in the meantime; upon my soul, I am half-starved.

Doctor. The pure air we breathed while so many degrees above the earth, supplied every want.

Johnny. No, not it, Doctor; you know you eat heartily of the ham and chickens, and drunk more of the wine than Fan and I.

Fanny. That he did.

Doctor. That was only by way of experiment; I had no wants, I assure you.

Fanny. Lard, Doctor! no wants!

Doctor. None there.

Fanny. Why, yes, you had; you know you wanted to kiss me when you thought Johnny was asleep.

Johnny. Zounds! stand back; yonder is a fine lady coming.

Enter First Lady.

1 Lady. Are you gods?

Fanny. She speaks to us.

1 Lady. Then, you are gods?

Johnny. Gods, ma'am! no, we are three poor devils.

1 Lady. Devils! avaunt!

Fanny. Don't go to send us back again; we have had enough of it, I assure you.

1 Lady. Be ye gods or devils, in these shades you must not remain a moment.

Johnny. Why where the devil are we?

1 Lady. In the dominions of the Great Mogul.

Fanny. The Great Mogul!

Johnny. The Great Mogul! Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. Oh, oh, oh!

1 Lady. In the seraglio of his favourite concubines, where no mortal but himself dare approach in human shape, except our wretched sex, and eunuchs, who are our guards.

Johnny. Eunuchs! Lord, madam, they are of no sex at all: we have often heard, madam, of the Great Mogul. Why, Lord! he can't be jealous of me; and as to the Doctor, there, he is nobody; it is all over with him, he has no longer any inflammable air about him, either in his balloon or himself; it's all gone, isn't it, Doctor?

Fanny. I am very faint. I am sure it is near a month since we left Hyde-park-corner.

1 Lady. Hyde-park-corner!

Fanny. Yes; just by the turnpike going to Knightsbridge.

Johnny. And after sailing a month like a poor schoolboy's kite, we are thrown into the jaws of that d—d cut-throat dog, the Great Mogul.

1 Lady. What do you say?

Johnny. I didn't mean your Mogul, madam.

1 Lady. You must take care what you say; you are my fellow-creatures, and you are brought here by this strange machine—take care, the Mogul's eunuchs are constantly on the watch. The time draws nigh when they will enter this dwelling; be prepared to give an account of yourselves, who, and what you are, and substantial excuses for your being found here, or you assuredly die in misery.

Johnny. Doctor! why, d—e! Doctor, what's the matter with you? you are shipped, Doctor, d—e! I say what's the matter with you? Contrive something to say to the Great Mogul.

Doctor. I cannot contrive anything.

Fanny. You contrived the balloon, and be hanged to you! and you contrived to get us here, now contrive to take us back again.

Doctor. At present I cannot, all my inflammable air is gone.

Johnny. I told you so; it's all over with him, and with us, too, I fear.

Fanny. Oh! dear Johnny, what will become of us? what will become of us?

Johnny. Come, don't cry, Fan; we shall see our children again, never fear.

1 Lady. As to that female, she has nothing to apprehend for herself; she will be saved from death, and most likely be exalted to the embraces of the Great Mogul.

Fanny. I had rather not, madam, if it is all the same to you.

1 Lady. I only speak of what is probable: but prepare an excuse; I must call here the eunuch and inform him of what has happened, or we shall be greatly suspected, and punished with you.

Johnny. Pray, madam, are these eunuchs a good sort of gentlemen?

1 Lady. They are severe, but they do but their duty. They obey their master, who meant them to be severe; if possible, make them your friends, by all means. [Exit.

Johnny. Doctor, what shall we do? what the devil shall we do?

Doctor. I shall fare the worst; the Mogul will consider me as some important personage, some capital conspirator, perhaps, and I have no doubt but he will arrest me, and flay me alive.

Johnny. And I have no doubt but he'll arrest me, too.

Fanny. Ay, he will eat us all alive. You would come, Johnny.

Johnny. And you would come, Fauny.

Fanny. That was because you should not come alone, Johnny.

Johnny. Zounds! stand back; there's a d—d black fellow coming! I'll say I am a woman in nan's clothes.

Fanny. Oh! no, don't, Johnny; who knows but the Great Mogul will fall in love with you?

Enter First Eunuch.

I Eunuch. What are you, that float in air? you must appear before the Great Mogul, to answer with your lives for this audacity. Who was that being that brought you here?

Johnny. He, that being there, the Doctor.

Doctor. Must the woman go, too?

I Eunuch. Yes.

Johnny. Oh! sir, we'll follow you. [*Exit Eunuch.*] D—n it! Doctor, this comes of your carum-scarum things. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Garden.

Enter the Mogul.

Mogul. Admirable! incomparable! most excellent! In a retreat of the gardens I saw the wretches all; overheard their conversation. We were amazed at the miraculous manner of their arrival, but such acts I knew had been lately discovered in Europe. I am resolved to have some diversion with them.

Enter First Eunuch.

Where are those Europeans?

I Eunuch. My liege, the slaves, the sailors of the air, wait your pleasure.

Mogul. What are their situations on this new occasion?

I Eunuch. Horror and dread.

Mogul. Aggravate their fears as much as possible; tell them I am the abstract of cruelty, the essence of tyranny; tell them the divan shall open with all its terrors. For though I mean to save their lives, I want to see the effect of their fears; or in the hour of reflection, I love to contemplate that greatest work of heaven, the mind of man.

[*Exit.*]

I Eunuch. Happy for these adventurers is the serene temper of the Mogul. My friends, (*to the other Eunuchs*) lose no time to put the commands of our master into immediate execution. Here they come. Retire, my friends.

[*Rest of Eunuchs exeunt.*]

Enter JOHNNY, FANNY, and Doctor.

Unhappy man, I pity you! I was once in Europe, and treated kindly there: I wish, in gratitude, I could do anything to serve you; but the Mogul is sordid-minded, and cruel, and, at present, inexorable.

Doctor. Then is our situation desperate.

Fanny. It's all over with us.

Johnny. Ay, 'tis all Dicky with us. Harkye! you have been in Europe?

Fanny. Pray, Mr. Blacky, were you ever in England?

I Eunuch. Yes, I was; I love the country.

Johnny. Then you must love an Englishman; help us out of this hobble, my dear Blacky, and I'll tell you what, I'll do anything to serve you—I'll give you my vote for candidate, and whatever you please to bid me.

I Eunuch. The Mogul is only to be wrought

upon by his fears, now if you can alarm him with the danger of taking your lives—

Johnny. How the devil can we alarm him, surrounded as he is with thousands, and we are but three of us.

I Eunuch. He will be in the divan immediately, be firm and hold before him; seem to know yourselves of consequence; seem to have no fear, and that will alarm him.

Fanny. Sir, we are very much obliged to you.

Johnny. Thank you, my dear Blacky, a thousand times. (*Trumpets sound.*)

I Eunuch. The divan is opening; now mark, and practise all I say, and put forth all your fortitude.

Scene draws and discovers the Mogul on his throne; Slaves and Eunuchs attending.

Mogul. Let those who refused the presents I demanded, be impaled; the nabob who refused his favourite wife, be burnt alive; and let the female who broke my favourite dish, and thereby spoiled my dinner, be torn to pieces.

Doctor. Horror absorbs my faculties!

Johnny. Oh Lord, oh Lord! what shall we do?

Mogul. Where are those bold, audacious ones, those Europeans?

I Eunuch. Most gracious sovereign, behold the man on whom your anger is raised, and for whom your racks are preparing, comes ambassador from England, which he likewise inhabits, to ask of you his way to the Persian dominions, where he's to meet some legions of warriors. Inhabitants of a new machine, invented for the use of man, called, called—what is it called? (*Apart to Doctor.*)

Johnny. (*Apart to Eunuch.*) Called a balloon.

I Eunuch. Called a balloon. The king, his master, is now within two days' journey of your mighty realm, in his way to the Persian dominions, which he means shall feel the force of his vast power, for injuries received; but will not stop here to refresh himself and his mighty army on the right of your kingdom, without your permission, which he solicits by this his noble ambassador.

Mogul. Why was not this explained on his first arrival?

I Eunuch. An accident happening to the machine in which he was conveyed, it unfortunately fell into a place forbidden; fear of your displeasure forbade him to announce himself.

Mogul. Who is this king that thus addresses me as his equal? Take down the roll and read it, that the ambassador may know who and what I am.

I Eunuch. (*Takes down a roll and reads.*) "Know, this most glorious monarch before whom you now stand, is Emperor of all India, the Great Mogul, Brother of the Sun and Moon, of the Right Giver of all earthly Crowns, Commander of all Creatures from the Sea of Cremona to the Gulph of Persia; Emperor of all Estates, and Lord of all the Region on the Confines of Asia; Lord of all the Coast of Africa, Lord of Ethiopia; Grand Sultan of all the beautiful Females of Circassia, Barbary, Medea, and both the Tartaries; Prince of the River Ganges, Zanthur, and Euphrates; Sultan of seventeen Kingdoms, King of eight thousand Islands, and Husband of one thousand Wives."

Mogul. Dost thou hear, ambassador? thou who art less acquainted with the rays of royalty, to whom we have permitted our titles to be read in our presence; now look on your credentials, and tell us who is this king your master.

Doctor. (*Aside to Eunuch.*) What shall I do for credentials?

I Eunuch. Look on the roll, seem to read it with firmness. (*Aside to Doctor.*)

Doctor. (*Takes the roll and reads.*) "The King, his master, is, by the Grace of God, King of Great

Britain, France, Ireland, Scotland, Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Sheffield, and Birmingham; Giver of all green, blue, red, and pale blue Ribbons; Sovereign of the most surprising Order of the Bath; Sovereign of the most noble Order of St. Patrick; grand Master of every Mason Lodge in Christendom; Prince of the River Thames, Trent, Severn, Tyne, New River, Fleet Ditch, and the Tweed; Sovereign Lord and Master of many loyal Subjects, Husband of one good Wife, and Father of eighteen fine Children.

Mogul. Then who art thou, slave, that dare come into our presence?

1 Eunuch. He is no slave; know, my most royal master, this is his highness the Pope of Rome.

Johnny. The devil I am! (*Aside.*) Yes, and please your highness, I am the Pope, at your service.

Mogul. A great pontiff, indeed! Is that the fashion of his robe?

1 Eunuch. His travelling dress only.

Johnny. My air-balloon jacket, please your honour.

Mogul. I want no enumeration of his dignity, I have heard it all.

Johnny. Yes, yes, all the world have heard of the devil and the pope.

Mogul. Cruel and rapacious. The actions of his predecessors will never be forgotten by the descendant of Mahomet. I rejoice I have him in my power; his life will but ill repay those crimes with which this monster formerly pestered the plains of Palentina.

Fanny. Oh lard! tell him he's a cobbler, at once, and don't tell him any more lies. (*Apart to the Eunuch.*)

Mogul. They have assaulted my seraglio, and the Greek pontiffs are forbidden the use of women: the English ambassador is under no such restriction: how can I forgive it?

Doctor. Mere accident brought me here, great sir; I have no passion for women, as his holiness will witness.

Mogul. Who is that female?

Johnny. She does not belong to me; she is a nun, and please your highness, taken from a convent in Italy, and was guilty of some crime not to be forgiven; but by severe penance, enjoined to accompany us.

Mogul. In our country dress she would have charms. What say you, sweet one? Give her another dress, and take her into the seraglio; let the other two stay here one day for rest, then let them depart.

Johnny. Your lordship will please to let Fan go, too.

Fanny. Oh! Johnny, you would, my Johnny—*Mogul.* Johnny!

Johnny. Yes, and please your holiness, I am Pope Johnny the twelfth.

Fanny. What will become of our children?

Mogul. Children!

Johnny. Yes, yes; children: that was what she was banished for.

Mogul. If tenderness will not drive her, punishment shall; persuade her to go.

1 Eunuch. Oh! you are yet undone. (*Aside.*)

Johnny. Please your Mogulship, I will talk to her in private; perhaps I may persuade her to comply with your princely desires, for we popes have never any conversation with women except in private.

Mogul. Guards, keep at a distance, but do not lose sight of them; for one day, rest in our court as friends, then your ambassador and his highness may depart hence, and report my magnificence.

[*Exit.*]

Johnny. Oh! Fanny, Fanny, Fan, Fan!

Fanny. Oh! Johnny, Johnny, Johnny! will you leave me here in a strange land, amongst tigers, land monsters, and sea monsters.

Johnny. Oh! Fan, Fan, if we were at Wapping again, mending of shoes, in our little two pair of stairs room backwards, with the bed just turned up in one corner of the room—

Fanny. My Johnny and I sitting so comfortably together at breakfast, (when we had pawned your waistcoat to get one,) with one child crying on my knee, and one on your's; my poor old mother shaking with the ague in one corner of the room; the many happy mornings, Johnny, that we have got up together, shaking with the cold: no balloon to vex us.

Johnny. Ay, and the many times after threshing you well, Fan, when we made it up again—

Fanny. Yes, yes, the happy making it up, Johnny, we shall never have that pleasure again.

Johnny. Oh! Doctor, you have none of this to lament; you never knew what these pleasures were.

Doctor. I wish I were in my old climate again, its foulest air.

Johnny. Fan, only seem to comply with the Mogul at present, and put on your fine dress, and I'll try if I can get you away; and if not, Fan, I wish I may never sole a pair of shoes again, if I don't stay with you, rather than leave you here. Oh! Doctor, Doctor! this comes of your fine air-balloon. Oh Lord, oh Lord! we shall be put to death in the end. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A front Apartment in the seraglio.

Enter the Mogul, and First Eunuch with a letter.

Mogul. Excellent! the intercepting this curious epistle promises a new source of entertainment. Read it, Omar; everything proceeds as I could wish.

1 Eunuch. (*Reads the letter.*) "I have been able to procure some inflammable air, and I hope soon to be able to see you in Wapping; don't waste your time in the seraglio, but come and help me to repair the balloon. Contrive, if you can, to bring one of the females with you, as I want to try an experiment—which can live longest in the air, the women of this country or our own."

"N. B. Let her have black eyes, neither too large nor too small, lest my experiment should fail."

Mogul. A most noble stratagem! this is a conspiracy in our government. Let a strong guard instantly seize this Doctor ambassador, and drag him immediately to the place of execution: this requires attention. Let this cobbler holiness, already half-drowned in liquor, be supplied with the richest of my wines, and then, in the high tide of his joys, tempted with the finest of my women; then also let him be conveyed to the place of execution, and let the woman, arrayed in oriental splendour, be made to accompany him thither; there will I appear, to watch the motions of the culprits, and then dismiss them to their own country, in a manner worthy the doctrines of our great prophet, and not unsuitable to my own honour and dignity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Seraglio Garden.

Enter JOHNNY, drunk.

Johnny. Lippery wine! lippery wine! Never will drink anything but lippery wine! (*Sings.*) They say they don't drink wine in this country: d—e! 'tis no such matter, for brandy does all the same: though I don't think 'twas brandy, neither; but it

was devilish good, it has made me quite happy; I wish it does not make me fall in love presently, for I am devilish apt to fall in love when I am drunk: there seems to be a parcel of pretty girls, pretty tipperty wenches; (*several Ladies cross*) there they go, so pretty, and so plenty! Zounds! master Mogul, you have a fine time of it here.

Enter Third Lady.

Here, harkye! my dear.

3 Lady. Did you call me, sir?

Johnny. Ay, my love, anybody would call you: do you know that you are a sweet soul?

3 Lady. Sweet soul!

Johnny. Yes, a sweet soul.

3 Lady. Why, our religion tells us we have no souls.

Johnny. Does it? why, then, of what use is your religion? But if you have no soul, d—e! but if you have a pretty body, a very pretty body, that I do assure you, and I am a sweet soul, and what is a body good for without a soul?

3 Lady. Have your countrymen souls?

Johnny. They have a d—d deal of spirit.

3 Lady. What's that?

Johnny. Why, I was going to tell you, my sweet creature—

[*Kneels: she runs off.*]

Enter First Eunuch.

1 Eunuch. His holiness upon his knees, and to a woman, too!

Johnny. Oh! yes, sir; though I am a pope, I am not infallible.

1 Eunuch. Why, this is strictly forbidden in your religion.

Johnny. Why, so it is: and you are strictly forbidden to drink wine; and yet, you know, you d—d black dog, you are always drinking, when you think nobody sees you. But this is jubilee; all hollyday at Peckham. Here, sirrah, fetch back that lady, Madam No-soul: do it; I cannot do without her.

1 Eunuch. Though I cannot recall the fair fugitive, I can do what you will like as well; take this handkerchief, it is the Mogul's—

Johnny. D—n his handkerchief!

1 Eunuch. Cast this at the foot of any woman you please, and she must accomplish all your desires.

Johnny. Must she? D—e! give me my old Miggy's handkerchief, and you'll see what work I'll make; but there she goes. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter several Ladies.

1 Lady. Here she comes, and looks very pretty; she will be the favourite very soon; but let us plague her, and that will make her look ugly.

2 Lady. A woman never looks well when she is not in temper. (*They all retire up the stage.*)

Enter FANNY, dressed.

Fanny. What are pleasures when those that one loves does not partake them with one! Ah! my dear Johnny, the sky that appears so clear, the sun that shines so sweet, and the wind that blows such rich perfumes, do but increase my sorrow, whilst my dear Johnny is not with me. (*The Ladies come forward.*)

1 Lady. You was sent here for penance, madam, I heard.

Fanny. Ay, and severe penance it was; I lost everything on earth that I love by it.

1 Lady. But what do you say to your fine dress?

Fanny. It is nothing at all to me; I shall fast and pray.

1 Lady. What should you fast for? you may pray, indeed, for the good graces of the Mogul.

Fanny. I am sure I should rather be a poor cobbler's wife—Oh Lord! what have I said? (*Aside.*) I mean, I had rather be doing penance again with the pope, or a dozen popes, rather than be married to one mogul.

1 Lady. Oh! I dare say you had. But men are not so plenty here; they are not to be found by dozens, I assure you.

2 Lady. No, my dear English lady; I have been told, in your country, every woman had a lover a-piece, but here we have but one between us three and ninety-seven of us.

Fanny. And pray, ladies, have you seen anything of the pope lately, or is he gone away?

3 Lady. He was here just now, and making love to me. I'll make her jealous. (*Aside.*)

Fanny. No, he didn't make love to you; and if he did, I'm sure he was tipsy; for though I say it that should not say it, he is never so loving as when he is tipsy.

Enter JOHNNY.

Johnny. D—e! here, they are all here, at my service: you are a set of pretty creatures, upon my soul! Madam, you are a d—d fine girl; and so are you—and you, too, my little No-soul. But that pretty little moppet (*looking at Fanny*) suits my fancy the most; here I fix; and not like an old musty weathercock, till the wind changes about, but here I fix—(*throws down the handkerchief at Fan, who takes it up*) Come and kiss me.

Fanny. That I will with all my heart and soul, my dear Johnny.

Johnny. What the devil! my own Fan! Why, who the devil would have thought of seeing you here, dizen'd out in that fine gown, with a sack round your waist, and a long petticoat trailing on the ground, and a turbot on your head? why, what's become of your straw hat and linen gown?

1 Lady. She is altered in that garb to please the Great Mogul.

Johnny. No, no; that will not do, Madam No-soul; none of your tricks upon travellers, in the air, especially: no, no; Fan pleases none but me, I assure you.

Fanny. But do I please you, Johnny?

Johnny. Do you! yes, that's what you do: why, one morsel of British beauty is worth a whole cargo of outlandish frippery.

Enter First Eunuch.

1 Eunuch. Great sir, if you are at liberty, I come to offer you some amusement; if you will walk to the gate of the seraglio, you may see the execution of some criminals; everything is ready on the platform.

Johnny. Great Blackamoor, I come. You will go, ladies? you shall go, too, Fan. But who the devil are they? what have they done?

1 Eunuch. I cannot tell; these executions happen so frequently, that we have no curiosity to learn. Your highness may inquire from themselves.

Enter Second Eunuch, with a paper and seal on it.

2 Eunuch. In the name of the most mighty the Mogul, I arrest this man and bring him to the place of execution.

Johnny. We are going there, friend. Come along, Fan.

2 Eunuch. This woman must be secured by us.

Johnny. Not she, Blacky; she belongs to me.

2 Eunuch. Belongs to you!

Johnny. Yes, Blacky, belongs to me: d—e! she is my property.

2 Eunuch. I have the authority of the Great

Mogul to take her before his presence; there's his signet.

Johnny. And I have the authority of the Great Mogul to keep her; d—e! there's his handkerchief, I throw it there; (*throws it at Fanny's feet*) and now touch her; you d—d black dog, if you dare: as to that great seal, you know, you black thief, you never had it from the Mogul; you have been breaking open his bureau and stolen it.

2 Eunuch. Though he gave it me himself, I cannot disobey the holder of the handkerchief; come with me.

Johnny. Why, d—e! we are going; you are hindering us. Come along, Fan; come along with me.

2 Eunuch. No, she must come along with us. (*Offers to lay hold of Fanny.*)

Johnny. (*Preventing him.*) You are not to lay violent hands upon her; for, lookye! Master Blacky, if you were in a certain corner of the world called Old England, you would know, you dog you, that if the first prince of the blood were to attempt the wife of a poor cobbler, against her will and good liking, he had better take up the whole island by main force, and dash it into the sea again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Mogul discovered on his throne. The apparatus for execution ready, Executioners and Guards attending; the Doctor standing by the wheel, handcuffed, &c.

Mogul. Are the eunuchs returned with the prisoners?

3 Eunuch. We expect them every minute.

Mogul. Is his wife with them?

3 Eunuch. She is, my sovereign.

Mogul. Maintain their fears, and place them with his mock excellency, before the tribunal. [*Exit.*]

Enter JOHNNY, FANNY, and Second Eunuch.

Johnny. Come along, Fan; come along, Fan. Where is the ambassador?

2 Eunuch. I'll place you next to him.

Johnny. Sir, I am very much obliged to you. My Doctor, what's the matter? you groan.

Doctor. They are a going to try some experiment upon me; to broil me—to impale—perhaps, to anatomize me.

Johnny. Let me go.

2 Eunuch. You must not go.

Johnny. I'd rather not stay.

Fanny. Oh! dear Johnny, what's the matter? do not burn Johnny.

Enter the Mogul, and sits on his throne.

Mogul. Where are these wretched culprits, doomed to receive their sentence?

2 Eunuch. They are here, waiting your highness's pleasure.

Mogul. Are all the racks ready? the cauldrons of boiling oil, the cages of hot iron, and the trampling elephants?

Johnny. Oh Lord, oh Lord!

2 Eunuch. The water boils and the gridirons are ready.

Mogul. Will these impostors confess who and what they are, if they hope any mitigation? Who art thou, thou pretended ambassador, whose letter I intercepted, wherein you confess yourself an impostor, and wish to ravish from my arms one of my most beautiful females?

Doctor. I am a doctor—I am a doctor of music, universally known and acknowledged; master of legerdemain, adept in philosophy, giver of health, prolonger of life, child of the sun, interpreter of stars, and privy-counsellor to the moon.

Mogul. What brought you here?

Doctor. A balloon.

Mogul. What is a balloon?

Doctor. It is a machine of French invention, founded on English philosophy; an experiment by air lighter than air; a method of navigation in the clouds with winds, wanting only another discovery, still in *nubibus*; and for want of that discovery, brought us here, great sir, against our will, without any intention to seduce away any of the females of the seraglio.

Johnny. Lord! the Doctor would not hurt a hair of their heads.

Mogul. And who art thou, that would have imposed yourself upon me for a venerable pontiff?

Johnny. Lord! your honour, I was only joking with you; I'll be judged by anybody if I look like a pope. I am sure the good man himself would excuse me for taking his name, so long as I did not make free with his character. I am quite sober now, I assure you.

Mogul. And you are no pope?

Johnny. Pope! the devil a pope am I! I am no more Pope Johnny, than my wife is Pope Joan.

Mogul. What art thou?

Johnny. Who, me? I am a poor innocent cobbler, decoyed by the Doctor here, from Wapping, for five guineas.

Fanny. And he's as good a father, and as good a husband, and as good a cobbler as any in London.

Johnny. A cobbler! why, d—e! I'll sole a pair of shoes with any man in your country.

Mogul. Now prepare to die.

Fanny. With all my heart, rather than part with my dear Johnny. If Johnny would die, what should—

Mogul. Keep silence while I pronounce judgment: tremble for your approaching doom. You are not now before the tribunal of an European, a man of your own colour. I am an Indian, a Mahometan, my laws are cruel and my nature savage: you have imposed upon me, and attempted to defraud me; but know, that I have been taught mercy and compassion for the sufferings of human nature, however differing in laws, temper, and colour from myself. Yes, from you Christians, whose laws teach charity to all the world, have I learned these virtues. For your countrymen's cruelty to the poor Gentoos has shewn me tyranny in so foul a light, that I was determined henceforth to be only mild, just, and merciful. You have done wrong; but you are strangers, you are destitute; you are too much in my power to treat you with severity; all three may freely depart.

Johnny. (*Runs to take the Mogul's hand.*) The Lord bless you, sir! thank you!

Mogul. You have my leave, and I have given instructions to my messengers to give you safe conduct to your native land. [*Exit.*]

Doctor. Oh! thank heaven!

Johnny. Well, then, thank heaven, I shall see dear Wapping again.

Enter Second Eunuch.

2 Eunuch. Everything is ready for your departure.

Fanny. Sir, we are very much obliged to you; and please give my compliments to the Great Mogul, and tell him I am very much obliged to him for not killing my husband.

Johnny. And I am very much obliged to him for not ravishing my wife.

Doctor. And present my compliments to him, and let him know that I will explain the generosity of his conduct in a *Mogul Tale*, that I intend to publish, giving an account of our adventures in our grand Air Balloon. [*Exeunt.*]

APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD LIGHTHEAD
MR. WALMSLEY
CLOWNLY
THOMPSON

HUMPHRY
SERVANTS
LADY MARY MAGPIE
LADY LOVEALL

MISS ANGLE
MISS AUDLEY
BETTY
FISH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room.

MISS ANGLE and FISH discovered.

Miss Angle. There's somebody at the door, Fish. It is Lady Mary Magpie: let her in. Even her ridiculous vanity is more supportable than the reflection on my own.

Fish. Lady Mary, madam. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter LADY MARY MAGPIE.

Miss Angle. Good-morrow, dear Lady Mary. (*Rising.*)

Lady Mary. Nay, sit still: and, Mrs. Fish, do you stay. I have brought something to shew your mistress; and you may see it too, if she will give you leave.

Miss Angle. Certainly. Fish, you may stay.

Lady Mary. There! (*Opening a shawl.*) What do you think of that? A present from Mr. Walmsley. A shawl worth, at a moderate valuation, no less than a hundred and fifty guineas. He gave it me this minute. It came over but last night from India—has been on the seas seven months—was in that terrible storm of October

last. Little did I think, when I heard of those dreadful wrecks, and the many souls that perished, that I had a shawl at sea; if I had, I should have suffered a martyrdom! Now, is it not pretty? beautiful? He assures me, his correspondent writes him word, "There is but one more such in all India." And I'm to wear it the first time on my wedding-day.

Miss Angle. It is very beautiful, indeed.

Lady Mary. A'n't you well, my dear? You don't seem to understand its value. What do you say to it, Mrs. Fish?

Fish. Oh! madam, I like it of all things!

Lady Mary. I dare say you do.—But come, my dear Miss Angle, what's the matter with you? Since you first came to town, you are the most altered creature I ever saw.

Fish. Your ladyship does not think my mistress has lost any of her beauty, I hope?

Lady Mary. As for that, Mrs. Fish, I dare say your lady has made observation enough to know, that beauty is of little weight here; of no signification at all! Beauty in London is so cheap, and consequently so common to the men of fashion, (who are prodigiously fond of novelty,) that they absolutely begin to fall in love with the ugly women, by way of change.

Fish. And does your ladyship think old women will ever come into fashion?

Lady Mary. They are in fashion: they have been in fashion some time. Girls and young women have made themselves so cheap, that they are quite out.

Miss Angle. I believe so. (*Aside.*)

Lady Mary. As soon as the vulgar lay hold of anything, the people of ton leave it off. Such is the case with young women: the vulgar have laid hold of them, and they are quite out.

Fish. Oh, dear me!

Lady Mary. But come, my dear Angle, pluck up your spirits, against you know when—you are to be one of my bridesmaids, you know. Oh! how I long to be away from lodgings, and in a house of my own. Mr. Walsmsley says, he shall invite you to stay a day or two with us. He likes you (stranger as you are to us both) very much, I assure you. He is a great admirer of virtue in us females; and, notwithstanding his little oddities, would do anything for a woman of character: and your refusing that vile lord's odious addresses, (which I informed him of,) has interested him for you exceedingly. Well, heaven bless you! I can't stay: he'll be quite impatient. (*Going.*) I may tell him you like the shawl, I suppose?

Miss Angle. Beautiful, beyond measure!

Lady Mary. And you, Mrs. Fish?

Fish. Charming, madam.

Lady Mary. Did I tell you there was but one more such in all India? (*Coming back.*)

Miss Angle. You did.

Lady Mary. Only think of it's being in that storm! [*Exit.*]

Miss Angle. Would I had been in the storm, and had fallen its victim!

Fish. Dear madam!

Miss Angle. Oh! Fish, that woman's nonsense, at which you laughed, was graced with sentiments of the strictest truth! Young women are no longer thought of here. How rashly did I give credit to our foolish country people! They told me, that—"Though only admired by them, in London I should be adored; that beauty here was rare—that virtue—"

Fish. Well, madam, and that is rare, everybody knows!

Miss Angle. But is it valued? No. As soon as I gave Lord Lighthead proofs of my possessing it, what was the consequence? I have neither seen nor heard of him since.

Fish. That's very odd! For my part, I thought him so much in love—and, sometimes, I thought you looked a little—

Miss Angle. That I felt a warmth—a something like tenderness for him, I own; but that it was the effect of love I will not pretend to say. It was, perhaps, the effect of hope; pride, too, had a great share in the agitation of my heart, and gratitude might have confirmed the whole sensation, love; but, in the moment gratitude should have been inspired, resentment, indignation, took possession; and I am now left solely to shame and disappointment.

Fish. Well! it is very odd, that a man should give himself so much trouble to come here after you, so many times as he did, and then, all of a sudden, never to come near you for a whole month. I should not mind losing him, neither, if some duke, or other great man, would come instead of him; or even that strange young man we met on the road, as we came to town, and that was so kind to us when our chaise broke down.

Miss Angle. Honest creature!

Fish. Well, as sure as ever I was in love in my life, that young man and his servant were both as deep in love—

Miss Angle. With me?

Fish. No; the master with you, and the man with me. But, ve, I thought, were coming to town to make our fortune; and so I was above making it on the road. I see, notwithstanding that young man looked so contented, and had hardly a word to say for himself, he's worth thousands! And poor Humphry, his servant, persuaded me to give him our direction, that his master and he might come after us to London. And yet, to see the fickleness of man! we have heard nor seen nothing of them. But, dear madam, his lordship runs most in my head: perhaps he is sick?

Miss Angle. No; he visits the drawing-room constantly, as we read in the papers. I wonder what he would say, if he were to meet me accidentally?

Fish. He'd fall in love with you as much as ever. Suppose, madam, you were to write to him?

Miss Angle. For shame!

Fish. Dear madam, I know a few lines from you would cheer his heart, and he would be as dying for you as ever. Oh! when I have given him a letter from you, how he has jumped for joy! how he has kissed it! and how he has kissed me!

Miss Angle. Could I write to him with any appearance of prudence—for instance, upon any business—I should have no objection: it would, at least, remind him of me, and bring matters to a decision.

Fish. Then do, madam, contrive to write to him about some business.

Miss Angle. What business can I pretend?

Fish. Dear madam, if you had a handsome piece of silk for a gown, or a diamond pin, or something of that kind, you might return it him back again.

Miss Angle. Return it him again! What do you mean?

Fish. Why, madam, you might send it him back, as if you had received the present from a person unknown; and, concluding that it must come from his lordship, you had thought proper to return it; and so, you might send him with it a fine, long, virtuous letter, that—"you would not receive a present from a king, that had evil designs upon you;" and so on, and so on, and so on. This, I am sure, would make him ten times fonder of you than ever; for he would think that some rival had been sending you the present in that anonymous manner, which had made you think it was him; and I know he would—

Miss Angle. I protest there is something in that scheme which pleases me.

Fish. Do it, madam; do it!

Miss Angle. But how can I? I have nothing of value; nothing that I could suppose he would send for a present, and which I could think of consequence enough to return.

Fish. What's your watch, madam?

Miss Angle. An old-fashioned thing.

Fish. Lad! I have thought of something! the finest thing—

Miss Angle. What?

Fish. Lady Mary Magpie's shawl. You know, madam, 'tis the finest thing in the world: there is but one more such in all the universe.

Miss Angle. But the shawl is not mine.

Fish. No, madam; but I dare say I know where her ladyship has laid it, and I can get it. (*Going to the door.*)

Miss Angle. For shame!

Fish. Dear madam, do you think I'd steal it? It could do it no harm to be a few hours at his lordship's; he'd send it back directly, you may depend upon that. And, then, such a fine thing!

it would make him think that some great man, indeed, had taken a fancy to you; and he'd be so afraid of losing you—

Miss Angle. Well,—I protest,—if I thought—

Fish. I can get it, madam, with all the ease in the world, I dare say. [Runs out.

Miss Angle. What will become of me? where will my folly end?

Enter FISH.

Fish. Yes, yes, madam, I can get it. Her ladyship has spread it on the bed in the blue chamber, and is gone out for the whole evening, and will sleep at her cousin's, Lady Beach's; her maid told me so in the morning.

Miss Angle. What suppose his lordship should not return it?

Fish. Lud! madam, do you think his lordship will keep it, when he'll know he did not send it you? His lordship is not a thief, I suppose! You'll have it back, madam, I'll answer for it, in an hour or two, and himself with it. The person sha'n't leave it, madam, if his lordship is not at home; and then you'll be sure to have it in an hour or two. I'll go steal it! I'll go steal it! [Going.]

Miss Angle. Steal it!

Fish. Take it, madam, not steal it. [Exit.

Miss Angle. This scheme will, at least, renew our acquaintance, and that is all I want; for if, on the renewal, he appear cold, I will leave London instantly; if, on the contrary, he be as much in love as ever—

Re-enter FISH, with the shawl.

Fish. I have got it! I have got it! here it is! Now, madam, come into your bed-chamber, and write a very affecting letter, while I do it up, and send for a porter.

Miss Angle. I protest I am frightened; though we take it but to return again.

Fish. Dear madam, I am sure it is not in half the danger as when it was in the great storm. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Chamber at Lord Lighthead's.

Enter MISS AUDLEY and THOMPSON.

Miss Audley. What! his lordship has gone to see Lady Loveall thus early, I suppose? or, rather, has staid with her thus late!

Thompson. Dear madam, I hear Mr. Walsley's voice; my lord's uncle, madam. They are coming here. What shall we do, madam? My master will murder me, if his uncle should see you! A cross, old man, madam; knocks every body down that he does not like; and he has a great dislike to a fine lady; and if he should see you here, such a life my lord will have of it—

Miss Audley. Oh! you need tell me no more. I know Mr. Walsley's character well. Where can I go? I would sooner jump out of the window than meet him. A cruel, unfeeling, piece of ice!

Thompson. Here, madam, step into my lord's bed-chamber.

Miss Audley. His bed-chamber! Well, the creature won't stay long?

Thompson. Not above ten minutes, I dare say, madam. [She goes into the chamber.

[Exit Thompson.

Enter MR. WALMSLEY and LORD LIGHTHEAD.

Mr. W. Don't tell me, my lord; you are a

bad man; a very bad man. You say, in excuse for your vices, they are fashionable; but I, being out of the fashion, can call them only wicked.

Lord Light. What vices, sir?

Mr. W. Why, you are a fellow that falls in love with every face you see; and yet admire your own more than any one of them. You are a man whose purse is open to every gambler and courtizan, and is never shut, but to objects of real distress.

Lord Light. But how have you been informed of this?

Mr. W. Hear it! told of it by everybody! Do you think anything but conviction would have forced me to the rash step I have taken? Would anything but a certainty that you were unworthy to be my heir, have forced me to the desperate resolution of marrying, notwithstanding my natural aversion to opposition?

Lord Light. I hope, sir, when you marry—

Mr. W. Hope! Psha! I know well enough what marriage is: 'tis a poesy of thorns, nobody knows where to lay hold of; 'tis a stormy sea, where nothing is to be expected but squalls, tempests, and shipwrecks! One cries—"Help!" another—"Lord have mercy upon us!" another—" 'Tis all over with us!" and souse they all go into the ocean of calamity.

Lord Light. Then, for heaven's sake! sir, if this is your opinion, decline your intention of marrying.

Mr. W. I can't; 'tis too late; my word is passed. Your indiscretions put me in a passion, and I took a rash step; a step I never intended to take: I offered a lady to marry her, in the heat of anger, and she took me at my word, before I had time to grow cool and recant.

Lord Light. How unfortunate!

Mr. W. I was not aware she would be so sudden; but I was in such a violent passion—all against you for your follies—I was devilish hot! I don't remember that I was ever in such a heat in my life. I strutted, and fretted, and walked, and talked, all in anger against you; which she took for love to her, and so was overcome in less than ten minutes.

Lord Light. Dear sir, had I been present—

Mr. W. Why, then, I should have broken every bone in your skin! But as it was, I vented my rage—in kissing the lady; and won her heart without further trouble. It's impossible I could have won her so soon, but by my being in that violent rage; for she's a particular, prudent, discreet, reserved, middle-aged woman; and nothing but my great violence could have had that effect upon her.

Lord Light. But, sir, is it possible that you should pay attention to a rash promise in a moment of anger?

Mr. W. My word! My word is as dear to me as my honour. It is my honour; and I cannot keep one, without keeping both.

Lord Light. But now you are cool, sir.

Mr. W. Yes, I am cool; but now the lady is in a passion; and I must keep my word with her, though I am afraid she'll never find me warm on the subject again.

Lord Light. Dear sir! and all this to revenge yourself upon me? A man whose greatest faults arise merely from the report of malicious enemies.

Mr. W. Enemies! Psha! that's always your excuse. But have not I enemies as well as you? And yet, I dare say, you never heard of my being caught gallanting my neighbour's wife? or following fine ladies home to their lodgings? nor did you ever hear me accused of destroying

a beautiful young woman's peace of mind—did you?

Lord Light. I can't say I ever did, sir.

Mr. W. Then don't pretend to deny the reports I have heard of you. Don't I know that you were caught with Lady Loveall and—

Lord Light. I own, sir, I have been very unfortunate as to appearances; appearances, and those alone, have been the ruin of my reputation; accidents so strange, that no human wisdom could prevent or avoid them. I have been found, for instance, with a female, whom I never had the smallest familiarity with, in the most suspicious situations; and only by mere accident.

Mr. W. And pray, was that an accident when I caught you kissing my housekeeper's daughter, as if you'd devour her?

Lord Light. Yes, upon my word, sir, that was an accident; entirely an accident. My servant had just lost me a favourite spaniel; and had the rascal been in the way, I should have broken every bone in his skin; but, happening to meet with this poor girl, I vented my rage upon her.

Mr. W. Then, I have only to say, you have lost my estate by your accidents.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Loveall, sir, is in the parlour.

Mr. W. Is that an accident?

Lord Light. Blundering—(Aside to the Servant.)

Serv. (Aside to Lord L.) I did not see Mr. Walmsley, sir.—A fine life I shall have for this! [Aside, and exit.]

Mr. W. This is another accident? How dare that imprudent woman visit you? My blood runs cold at the thought of her; for she was the cause of this rash step which I have taken! It was hearing of your intrigue with her, that hurried me to the rash step of marrying. Let me get out of the house! she's poison to me! and she knows it, too, and speaks to me, wherever I meet her, on purpose to insult me. Let me get away. (Goes to the door.) Zounds! she's coming here! I won't see her! I shall be in one of my passions if I do. Where shall I go? Put me somewhere.

Lord Light. Here, sir; step into my chamber. I'll take her ladyship to another room immediately, and you may avoid her.

Mr. W. Oh! d—n your accidents! But, thank heaven! you are no heir of mine; you are out of my will. [He goes into the bed-chamber.]

Lord Light. And, therefore, may offend you without fear.

Enter THOMPSON.

Thompson. Where's Mr. Walmsley, sir?

Lord Light. In my bed-chamber. What did you want with him?

Thompson. Oh, dear sir! oh, dear! Miss Susan Audley is there, sir? I crammed her in, when I heard your lordship and Mr. Walmsley upon the stairs, for fear he should see her.

Lord Light. Zounds!—But no matter: I'm struck out of his will, and may defy him.—But I don't hear him—(listening)—he can't have seen her?

Thompson. Perhaps, sir, she has crept under the bed?

Lord Light. Very likely; for I know she would rather meet a tiger—What has become of Lady Loveall?

Thompson. William is trying to prevent her coming up, sir; for she says, it is not your uncle

that you have with you, but a lady; and she will see her.

Enter LADY LOVEALL.

Lady Loveall. So, my lord, what is the reason I am not to be admitted?—You have no company, neither!—Oh! you have been hiding, I perceive!

Lord Light. This way; come this way. I'll tell you who it is. Don't speak so loud.

Lady Loveall. None of your arts, my lord. I will see who you have hidden in your bed-chamber.

Lord Light. I assure you 'tis my uncle.—Hush! Come this way. (Leading her off.)

Lady Loveall. My lord, you'll pardon me; but I can't—

Lord Light. Hush! hush!

[Forcing Lady L. off, and exit.]

SCENE III.—A Bed-chamber.

MR. WALMSLEY discovered listening at the door.

Mr. W. Now I'll steal out—no; she is coming again.

Lady Loveall. (Without.) I will see who you have in your bed-chamber. My curiosity shall be satisfied.

Mr. W. Shall it! then, there must be neither closet nor cupboard in the room. (Goes to the closet.) The devil take it, it is locked!

Lady Loveall. (Without.) I will see who you have here.

Mr. W. You won't: I'll get under the bed first—Hold! I can't stoop. No matter; I'll hide myself under the counterpane, and madam shall be disappointed. (He gets in, and pulls the clothes over his head.) Now find me if you can! I believe you'll be bit.

Enter LADY LOVEALL and LORD LIGHTHEAD.

Lady Loveall. Why, here is no one here!

Lord Light. Now, I hope you are satisfied.—Where the devil is my uncle? (Aside.)

Lady Loveall. Did not you tell me your uncle was here?

Lord Light. Yes; but you expected to find somebody else.

Lady Loveall. And there is somebody else! (Goes to the curtain, and discovers Miss Audley.) A lady! Oh! you deceitful—(Sits down on Mr. Walmsley. She shrieks, and runs across, while he rises up in the bed.) Ah! Ah! Ah! (Shrieking.) I shall never recover the shock.

Mr. W. Why, why! What is all this? What a strange accident!

Lady Loveall. I say accident, indeed!

Lord Light. Accident, uncle!

Lady Loveall. The severe, puritanical Mr. Walmsley!

Lord Light. Upon my word, uncle, such a thing in my house.

Lady Loveall. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Mr. W. Oh! Oh! Oh! The deuce take your oh's.—My lord, you used to have faith in accidents.

Lord Light. But you convinced me there were no such things. And, indeed, uncle, though you may think lightly of this affair, I am very much concerned at it. My reputation, as well as yours, is at stake. Such a thing to happen in my house! Rat me! if I would have had it happened for the world!

Mr. W. What has happened? Nothing has happened! (To Miss Audley.)

Lady Loveall. Oh, heavens!—My lord, I ask your pardon for all my former suspicions of you and this lady.

Miss Audley. I must cry for vexation; for 'tis in vain to attempt to clear myself. (*Retires.*)

Lady Loveall. See, the lady in tears, Mr. Walmsley!—Oh! what a treat to tease him! (*Aside.*)

Lord Light. I beg that every means may be taken to put a stop to this affair getting abroad: for my part, I declare never to breathe the circumstance to a mortal; and I dare say we may so far prevail on Lady Loveall.

Lady Loveall. No, indeed; I am bound to no secrecy. Mr. Walmsley has never been sparing of my reputation, nor will I of his: the world shall know it.

Mr. W. Why, then, nephew, upon my soul!—I wish I may die!—I wish I may never speak again!—I wish—

Lady Loveall. Wish! you used to pretend you had no wishes.

Mr. W. I don't speak to you.—(*To Miss Audley.*) Pray, madam, be so good as to tell me how you came into that bed?

Miss Audley. 'Tis in vain to say; nobody will credit me. (*Exit.*)

Lady Loveall. Well, Mr. Walmsley, I'll bid you good morning; and, though I know you to be no friend of mine, yet permit a poor, weak woman to give you this counsel: that now you are about to enter into the married state, you will not suffer these depraved inclinations, (even in youth a reproach,) to ruffle that tranquillity which ought ever to attend on the honourable marriage bed. (*Exit.*)

Mr. W. Zounds! I have not patience! Honourable marriage bed! why her calling it honourable, would alone have made me shudder at it, if I had not before. That woman is the worst of all human—

Lord Light. Dear sir!—

Mr. W. Why, you know, my lord, if it had not been for her, you would have owned that that gipsy was put there to meet you. But this woman is my bane wherever I go, or whatever I do. Oh! that I could but once be revenged of her!—But I dare say I shall.

Lord Light. No more on this subject, sir. I hope the lady you are going to marry, may prove of a more amiable disposition, and that you will like her.

Mr. W. Why, since I found I must have her, I've been trying night and day to like her; but I can't say I make much progress. However, I'm tolerably civil, and give her a vast number of presents, as a cover for my want of affection. She's expecting me now to go a shopping with her; so, good morning. You'll come to the wedding? (*Sighing.*)

Lord Light. Certainly. When will the happy day be, sir?

Mr. W. How dare you call it the happy day! You just heard me say it was the most wretched, miserable affair I ever had to do with in all my life; and now you are calling it the "happy day!"

Lord Light. The day, then, sir. When will be the day?

Mr. W. Thursday! (*sighing*) the day after tomorrow; the twenty-first of December. (*Lord Lighthhead bows.*) Oh! d—e, the shortest day and the longest night. (*Exit.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, this parcel was left about half-an-hour ago, to be delivered into your lordship's own hands, as soon as you were at leisure.

Lord Light. What is it? Is that the bill?

Serv. This is a letter, sir. (*Exit.*)

Lord Light. A letter!—(*Reads.*)—"My Lord,—Although your lordship has had the delicacy not to avow yourself the presenter of this valuable gift, yet, something whispers me it can be none but your lordship to whom I am indebted for so generous an intention. But, my lord, the intention only, permit me to remain obliged to you for: the gift itself—honour, delicacy, and a thousand struggling sensations, force me to return; and to add, that my residence in London has not yet so entirely eradicated those principles imbibed in the country, as to render a gaudy bait even an allurements; except in its being a proof, that your lordship sometimes honours with a thought, the humble, but contented,—LOUISA ANGLE."—Angle! Angle! Which is that? The girl at St. James's, or the girl at Westminster? Oh! the girl at St. James's!—I don't remember sending her a present: but I suppose I did, while I was mad for her; and now I have recovered my senses, I have forgotten it. What is it? (*Opens the parcel.*) Zounds! but it is very handsome; and the very thing to present to Lady Loveall. It will reconcile her to me immediately; for I am afraid she suspects me, notwithstanding her behaviour before my uncle. How came I to be such an extravagant puppy, as to send that little gipsy such a present, and she to return it, now she finds I have given over my pursuit? 'Faith! I am very glad she did.—Richard. (*Calls.*)

Enter a Servant.

Bring me pen, ink, and paper.—(*Exit Servant.*)—I certainly ordered some of my people to send this thing, but it has slipped my memory.

Re-enter Servant, with pen, ink, and paper.

(*Lord Lighthhead writes a letter, and gives it to the Servant.*) Here! do up that parcel, and take it, with this letter, to Lady Loveall directly.

Serv. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

Lord Light. Egad! it came back at a very lucky time! Her ladyship dotes upon a present. And such a present as that! such a shawl!—Oh! yes, the shawl will make her friends with me at once. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—A Room at an Inn.

CLOWNLY discovered.

Clownly. What a journey have I and poor Humphry taken! and all, perhaps, for nothing! for if he should even find her, she may not be glad to see me.

Enter HUMPHRY.

Why, Humphry, I thought you were lost?

Humphry. Ay, master; and you may think yourself well off I was not.

Clownly. Well, but have you found where Miss Angle lives?

Humphry. Yes; I have found her out; but such a time I was about it! Why, sir, she lives up by St. James's, or St. Giles's, I forget which—but 'tis all the same. And such a thing happened to me as I went along—

Clownly. What?

Humphry. Why, just as I got to what they call the P-H'es, (a pretty place!)—just as I got under cover, three or four, or five or six, (or, egad! there might be a dozen,) fine ladies met

me; and one of them did give me such a slap in the face, the water came into my eyes again.

Clownly. What did she do that for?

Humphry. I can't tell for the life of me! for I pulled off my hat, and made them a civil bow—but, 'faith, as soon as I felt the blow, I forgot my manners; for after madam I ran, and gave her such a shake—

Clownly. You did not?

Humphry. But I did. And that was not the worst of it, neither: I made a sad mistake; for when I came to look, the lady had got a blue gown on, and she that gave me the blow, was in red!

Clownly. How could you make such a blunder?

Humphry. Why, though their gowns were different, their faces were exactly the same colour.

Clownly. But about Miss Angle: have you seen her, or her maid?

Humphry. Yes; I have seen Mrs. Fish; and she says, that her lady has done nothing but talk of you ever since you left her on the road; and she desires you will go and see her lady directly: and she says, too, that she'll get us a lodging in the same house before night; but that is to be kept a secret from her mistress.

Clownly. I am very much obliged to Mrs. Fish for her contrivance; and I shall give her a very handsome present to satisfy her.

Humphry. Lord! sir, there is no occasion for that; I shall kiss her now and then, and I dare say, that will be satisfaction enough. But come, sir, we must go directly.

Clownly. Do you know, Humphry, that my heart misgives me.

Humphry. What, now you are so near seeing the lady! Come, come, master, be merry.

Clownly. Ah! Humphry, if I had continued poor; if I had never been your master; I might have been merry.

Humphry. Never been my master! How can you talk so? Why, there are people in the world would give any money to be my master. Why now, there's my wife, she'd give every farthing she has to be my master; but I tell her—no. "No, Jane," says I; "you shall never be my master."

Clownly. Oh! if I thought I should get Miss Angle—

Humphry. I'll forfeit my head if you don't—Have you not everything to get her with? Fine clothes in your box there, and plenty of money. I never heard of a woman that could not be got with fine clothes and plenty of money; nay, often, without either money or clothes.

Clownly. But, I tell you, that won't do with her; there is something more required: I can't talk to her; I am at a loss for words.

Humphry. You can't be at a loss for words, while you are courting. Women will always give you two for your one: I know my wife did; and, egad! though we have left off courting, so she does now.

Clownly. Come; I'll set off. Call a coach. *[Exit.]*

Humphry. Ay, sir; and I'll ride behind it, for fear I should get struck again. 'Tis very odd that any lady should wish to strike me. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Miss Angle's Apartment.

Enter MISS ANGLE and FISH.

Fish. Dear madam, let me persuade you to put on your other gown; for now his lordship has

kept it thus long, I dare say he'll bring it home himself.

Miss Angle. I begin to be uneasy.—Did the porter say he was sure his lordship was at home?

Fish. Quite sure, madam; so we may expect him every minute; for he would certainly have sent it back before now, if he had not intended to have brought it himself. Do, madam, change that ugly gown. And what do you think of your other cap? your becoming cap?—Hark!—No; that's only a single rap. The deuce take him! he has sent it home by a porter, perhaps?

Miss Angle. I don't care how, so I get it again; for I begin to be alarmed, lest by some accident—*(Fish looks out of the window.)*—Is it that?

Fish. No, madam; 'tis the milk-woman. Perhaps, madam, his lordship mayn't call with it till the morning.

Miss Angle. Well, thank heaven! her ladyship sleeps from home, you say; so, she can't miss it to-night; and, then, if we have heard nothing from him, you shall go after it, Fish; for, as soon as her ladyship comes home in the morning—

Fish. And the worst of it is, I am not sure she is to stay out all night.

Miss Angle. You told me she was.

Fish. I did it for your good. I knew you would not have sent it to his lordship, if I had not said so.

Miss Angle. Ridiculous! and I still worse to listen to you.

Fish. Dear madam, don't fret about it; but think of Mr. Clownly. I am sure he looks very beautiful, and so does his man, Humphry! And pray, madam, did not you see, by his master's looks, that he is in love with you?

Miss Angle. Psha!

Fish. Nay, madam, you need not sneer at him; for if his lordship should never send back the shawl—

Miss Angle. Heavens!

Fish. We shall stand in need of a rich friend to make it up with Lady Mary. *(A loud knock.)* There's his lordship! that's his knock! I know it so well, I could swear to it at any time. Now, madam, how do you look? vastly well, I declare! Lord! how well I know his knock!—*(Goes to the door.)*—I wish I may die, if it is not Lady Mary!

Miss Angle. Oh! I shall faint.

Fish. The first thing she does, will be to look at her shawl.

Miss Angle. Run, fly! Take a coach, and fly to Lord Lighththead's, with my compliments—I made a mistake—he did not send it; but another person, who now has claimed it, and I must return it immediately.

Fish. Well, madam, I'll do all I can.

Enter LADY MARY MAGPIE.

Lady Mary. Oh! Mrs. Fish, where are you going in such a hurry?

Fish. A little way, my lady, on a little business. *[Exit.]*

Lady Mary. My dear Angle, I have been shopping. *(Sits.)* Well, marriage is an expensive thing: it is well it comes but once in one's life.

Miss Angle. With some people, madam, it comes oftener.

Lady Mary. And with some, not at all. Now that was very nearly the case with me, till I struck Mr. Walmsley—By-the-by, he grows more and more attentive. He has been taking me to

the jeweller's; and, see there! all these are his presents.

Miss Angle. How profuse!

Lady Mary. But, my dear, you know all this is nothing to the shawl! that, to be sure, is the genteelst, most elegant present—As I live, here is the generous donor!

Enter MR. WALMSLEY.

Mr. W. Ladies, I presume, I don't intrude? *Miss Angle,* how do you do?—I beg pardon for not having called on you lately—I should—but I don't know—one is always happening of one accident or another, to prevent one's designs.

Lady Mary. Very true.

Mr. W. Has your ladyship been shewing *Miss Angle* any of your purchases?

Lady Mary. Yes; and she's quite in love with your generosity.

Mr. W. Psha! psha! no generosity at all—Have you seen the shawl, miss?

Miss Angle. Yes, sir.

Lady Mary. Yes, yes; I told you, you know, how much she admired it. And even poor *Fish* seemed to know its value.

Mr. W. Why, that shawl—

Lady Mary. I'll go fetch it.

Miss Angle. (Holding her.) Dear madam, don't trouble yourself.

Lady Mary. What, would you not wish to see it again?

Miss Angle. Yes,—indeed, I would—but—

Mr. W. Are you sure you have seen it?

Miss Angle. Yes, sir, very sure.

Mr. W. (To *Lady Mary.*) Why, then, sit still.

Lady Mary. No, Mr. Walmsley; the tea is waiting. *Miss Angle,* you must come and drink tea with Mr. Walmsley and me: we came on purpose to fetch you.

Mr. W. Your ladyship will excuse my stepping to a friend's in the next street. I'll be back instantly.

Lady Mary. Certainly. Come, *Miss Angle.*

Miss Angle. I'll wait on your ladyship in a moment.

Mr. W. (Sighing.) Will your ladyship honour me with your hand?

Lady Mary. (Curtsies and smiles.) The honour is done to me, Mr. Walmsley.

Mr. W. So I think (Aside.) Heigho! heigho!

[Leads her off.]

Miss Angle. Their civility distracts me!—How impatient I am for the return of *Fish*?

Enter FISH, out of breath.

You have not been!

Fish. Dear madam, I met with his lordship in the street, going out with a beap of noblemen—Oh! madam, we are undone! (Weeps.)

Miss Angle. How? what? Don't keep me in suspense.

Fish. Why, madam, I called his lordship on one side; and, do you know, he had the impudence to say, that he'd give you the shawl; and he was much obliged to you for returning it.—

Miss Angle. Oh, heavens!

Fish. And, then, when I cried, and took on, he offered to pay me for it. And what do you think he offered me?—

Miss Angle. I don't know.

Fish. Five guineas. He said he had no more about him; so I thought I should get nothing else, and so I had better take that. (Shewing the money.)

Miss Angle. You did not?

Fish. Yes, madam; for I thought it might help to hire counsel to plead for us at the bar; for we shall certainly be taken up. (Cries again.)

Miss Angle. Heavens! conceal your uneasiness. I must go to *Lady Mary* directly; she expects me to tea.

Fish. Oh! How shall I ever look *Lady Mary* in the face?

Miss Angle. What distress!

Fish. Now, madam, now for it. (Listening at the door.) I hear her in her chamber, and now she'll miss it.

Miss Angle. Stay with me, *Fish,* or I shall faint!

Fish. Dear madam, don't look so frightened! if you do, indeed I shall go into fits; indeed I shall! for I know Mr. Walmsley is such a cruel man, he'll hang us both, notwithstanding we are two such poor, little, innocent lambs.

Miss Angle. Be more on your guard.

Fish. Ay, madam, we must put a good face on it; for if we don't, she'll suspect us. I won't cry any more, I am determined.

Re-enter LADY MARY MAGPIE.

Lady Mary. My dear *Angle!* and my dear *Fish!* I am terrified out my life! Do you know I laid my shawl on the bed; spread it on with my own hands; turned and looked at it again as I went out of the room, and saw it safe; and now 'tis gone; nor can I find it high nor low!

Miss Angle. Your ladyship does not think it is lost?

Fish. Lost, madam!—Is that likely, indeed?—We have no thieves in this house, I am sure.—You, (to *Miss Angle*) I suppose, madam, would not steal it? And I don't know what a poor servant, like me, should do with a shawl. I could not wear it, if I had it; besides, my character—

Miss Angle. Hush, *Fish!*

Lady Mary. I suspect no one, Mrs. *Fish*; heaven forbid I should! but the thing is gone.

Fish. Dear me, what a pity!

Miss Angle. Is your ladyship sure you laid it on the bed?

Lady Mary. Sure—just as I told you.

Fish. How, my lady, was it? The long ways on the bed, or the cross ways? Thus. (Folding her handkerchief.)

Miss Angle. Has your ladyship inquired below?

Lady Mary. Of every creature. But no one comes into my apartments, but my own servant, and she has just stepped out.

Fish. Then she knows where it is, I dare say, madam.

Lady Mary. If she does not, I don't know what I shall do; I believe I shall lose my senses. (Sitting down.)

Miss Angle. Dear madam, although it was certainly a most valuable thing, yet consider—

Fish. Ay, madam, consider it was saved from the storm as it came over. You ought to bless yourself you got it at all; though, to be sure, you have not had it long.

Lady Mary. Oh! if I had never seen it, I had been happy! I should not, then, have known my loss.

Miss Angle. But, madam, you are not certain you have lost it; stay till you see your woman.

Lady Mary. I know she has not removed it; I charged her not to touch it.—Oh! 'tis gone! 'tis gone! (Rising.)

Fish. (In the same tone.) Oh! that I did but know who had got it.

Lady Mary. Come, hither, *Betty.*

Enter BETTY.

You never saw your poor lady in such distress in your life. Did you touch my shawl?

Betty. No, my lady; I never touch anything.

Lady Mary. I told you so. And did you let nobody into my bed-chamber?

Betty. No, my lady: but I saw Mrs. Fish come out there this morning.

Fish. Oh! oh! oh!

Betty. Indeed, Mrs. Fish, I did.

Fish. Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

Lady Mary. What do you cry for, child? If you took it, confess, and I'll forgive you.

Fish. I took it, madam! no, madam, that's not what I cry for: 'tis because I am sure I sha'n't live long. For if she saw me come out of your ladyship's room, it was my apparition; and you never live long after your apparition has been seen to walk.

Miss Angle. But were you there? Do you know anything of it?

Fish. No more than you do, madam.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Lady Mary. Well, I pity poor Mr. Walmsley! It is a hard thing to say; for it will be a great disappointment to him; but I don't think I'll marry, if I have lost it: no, if I have lost it, I won't be married.

Enter MR. WALMSLEY.

Mr. W. Ladies, I come to tell you—

Lady Mary. (*Walking in a rage.*) Don't tease me! don't argue with me! don't attempt to shake my resolution! I won't marry you!

Mr. W. Did I hear right! or did my ears deceive me? You won't marry me?

Lady Mary. No.

Mr. W. The bells shall ring, notwithstanding: the poor ringers sha'n't lose their fee. And I'll give a dinner, too; a very good dinner; a better dinner than I intended.

Lady Mary. Sir?

Mr. W. Here's an accident! Why, it will make me more than amends for that unlucky one in the morning. (*Aside.*)

Lady Mary. What does he say?

Mr. W. I was saying, I must give a very elegant entertainment on Thursday, notwithstanding the match is broken off. And I believe I shall write to my tenants, and have a bullock roasted.

Lady Mary. There, do you hear him?

Miss Angle. Dear Mr. Walmsley, her ladyship has been only in joke.

Mr. W. And 'tis the best joke I ever heard. Miss Angle, I never asked her to have me but once. I happened to be in a violent passion, and I did ask her once.

Lady Mary. There! he owns his violent passion.

Mr. W. But it was not for you. However, I was in a passion, and she snapped me up. You took me at my word, and now I take you at your's; and we have done with each other.

Lady Mary. Cruel savage! I dare say he has stolen the shawl himself, on purpose to break off the match.

Mr. W. What shawl?

Fish. Why, sir, the fine grand one you were so good as to give her ladyship: some wicked wretch has been making free with it.

Lady Mary. Yes, 'tis lost, 'tis gone! Don't you pity me?

Mr. W. No; I am vastly glad.

Lady Mary. Oh, heavens! This is the man that is to be soon my husband! the partner of all my joys, and all my sorrows!

Mr. W. No. Your ladyship's sorrows are too violent; and if your joys had proved the same, egad! I don't know which would have been the most insupportable.

Miss Angle. Dear sir, her ladyship was so much agitated merely because it was a present from you.

Mr. W. Well, miss, but where the deuce is it? Who has been in the house?

Miss Angle and Lady Mary. No creature.

Fish. The rats carried away one of my shoes last night, and ate a great hole in my apron.

Mr. W. I will find out what rat has got it. I'll go to Bow-street directly. You are sure nobody has been here to-day? Who was that countryman I met on the stairs this morning?

Fish. A Mr. Clownly, sir. A gentleman that called to see my mistress, because we all happened to be fellow-travellers on the road. Lard! sure, he did not take it?

Mr. W. I'll be d—d if he did not!

Miss Angle. Dear sir!

Mr. W. Write me down his name, Mrs. Fish, (or at least, the name he goes by,) and where he is to be found, if you know.

Fish. Oh! yes, sir.

Miss Angle. Heavens! dear sir, you judge wrong. I am sure he did not take it.

Fish. Now I have some little reason to think he did. Here's his direction, sir.

Lady Mary. The country gentleman you told me of? Do you suspect him, Miss Angle?

Miss Angle. No, madam, no. What can I do? I dare not confess. Lord Lighthhead may justly say I sold it him. What will become of me? (*Aside.*)

Mr. W. Well, Miss Angle, I can do this gentleman no harm in having him taken up, and hearing what he has to say for himself; and I'll about it directly. Her ladyship has had one loss already, in losing me, and I don't think 'tis right she should have another. Besides, I have now a value for the thing. Who would have thought that little shawl would have turned out of such consequence? Providence preserved it from the storm at sea, to save me from a worse storm on land.

[*Exit.*]
Lady Mary. I'll be as gentle as zephyrs. Plead for me, speak for me, dear Miss Angle.

Miss Angle. I will, madam; it is my duty: depend upon it I will reconcile you.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Dear my lady, as Mr. Walmsley went out, he bid me observe if I should see the country gentleman, or his man, who were here this morning; for that he believed they were both no better than two highwaymen; and so, madam, the servant is just come up to the back door; and so, I am come to let your ladyship know.

Lady Mary. I am sorry Mr. Walmsley is gone.

Betty. Shall I go for a constable, madam?

Lady Mary. No; we'll proceed by fair means first. Fish, you know the servant, go you and call him in, and I'll question him.

Fish. Dear, my lady! a poor, ignorant creature! he knows nothing. You won't understand him, nor make him understand you.

Lady Mary. Oh! that ignorance may be pretended—put on for the time. Call him in. Why don't you go?

Fish. (*Aside.*) What can I say to him? If she should call him a thief, he'll, perhaps, serve her as he did the woman in the Piazza.

[*Exit.*]
Miss Angle. These harmless creatures are no thieves.

Lady Mary. Dear Miss Angle, I wish to do him no injury; for if I could but secure Mr. Walmsley once more, I should not care if every bief in London were set at liberty. Here the man comes: what a hanging look he has! I hope he has not got pistols about him. Let us draw this way. *(They retire.)*

Enter FISH and HUMPHRY.

Fish. Lady Mary, my mistress's particular acquaintance, wants to ask you a few questions. What shall I say to him? *(Aside.)* She is a comical kind of a woman: you must know, she has been at to dinner; and whenever that is the case, she ways—*(putting her hand up to her mouth as if she were drinking)*—you understand me? and then she comes home in such an ill temper, there is no peace or quietness for her.

Humphry. That is so like my wife.

Fish. She'll ask you a heap of foolish questions, it don't you mind her; only say yes, and no, and on.

Humphry. Ay, that just suits me. I can say yes, and no, and am never at a loss. But, harkye! we don't fight in her cups, I hope; I've had one now already, you know.

Lady Mary. *(Coming forward.)* So, Mr. Humphry! What shall I say to him? *(Aside.)* Your me is Humphry, I think?

Humphry. Yes, madam, I am much obliged to you.

Miss Angle. This is insupportable. *[Exit.]*

Lady Mary. And pray, how do you like London?

Humphry. Very well, I thank you, madam; ay, how do you like it?

Lady Mary. This folly is put on. *(Aside.)* Pray, Mr. Humphry, have you any acquaintance in town?

Humphry. None, except your honour. I have no acquaintance to give me a drop of anything to drink; and, you know, your honour, that's a little thing.

Lady Mary. I do know it; and you sha'n't want for something to drink. Better prevail on him by kindness, and he may discover all. *(Aside.)* There is something for you to drink. *(Gives money to Humphry.)*

Humphry. Thank your honour. Well, I declare, your staunch drinkers have more generosity than any people in the world. *(Aside.)*

Lady Mary. I am at a loss how to accuse this man, though I am sure either he or his master is guilty. *(Aside.)* Mr. Humphry, I am very sorry—

Humphry. Your honour?

Lady Mary. I say, I am very sorry, very sorry, indeed—

Humphry. Oh! madam, never be sorry about it for my part, I should hardly have found it out, if I had not been told of it; besides, nobody has anything to do with it but yourself; and if you had, you are such a good companion *(looking at his money)* nobody can be angry with you.

Lady Mary. What do you mean? No cross-poses; but answer me directly. Do you know anything of my shawl?

Humphry. Your what, madam? your shawl? Ha, ha! Oh! you'll have a fine head-ache for this to-morrow morning.

Lady Mary. What?

Humphry. I would not be so ill as you'll be for five guineas.

Lady Mary. The fellow is laughing at me. Pray, call a constable; I'll have him taken up.

Humphry. Take me up! Lord! madam, do

you lie down, only for half-an-hour, only just for half-an-hour, you can't think how refreshed you will be. It will clear all this away; *(pointing to his head)* and you'll be quite another woman.

Lady Mary. What do you mean?

Humphry. Nay, I know a nap is of vast consequence to me at these times; especially when my liquor makes me ill tempered.

Lady Mary. The man's mad. I'll have him secured directly. Call a constable.

Humphry. Do, your honour, let me persuade you to take a basin of camomile tea.

Enter MISS ANGLE.

Lady Mary. Miss Angle, come hither. Did you ever hear such an insult? Fish, Fish! call all the people of the house. Who's there? Come and secure this robber. My anger is roused, and I'll be revenged.

Humphry. How like my wife!

Miss Angle. Dear madam—

Enter CLOWNLY.

Clownly. What's the matter?

Miss Angle. Mr. Clownly, I rejoice to see you. Lady Mary has had some altercation with your servant, but I believe he has not been to blame.

Humphry. How her poor head will ache for this.

[Exit with Fish.]

Clownly. *(To Lady Mary.)* Dear madam, have the goodness—

Enter MR. WALMSLEY.

Mr. W. I have done the job; the thief is taken; and who do you think it is? The very person in the world—by Jupiter! I would not have lost the pleasure of taking her up for fifty times the value of the thing. I caught her just as she was going into Covent-garden theatre, with the goods upon her; so, with the help of one of the playhouse constables, I handed her *(in spite of her squalling,)* into a coach, and have brought her here that she may be properly exposed.

Lady Mary and Miss Angle. What can this mean?

Mr. W. *(Calling out.)* Desire the constable to bring up the woman in custody. Sir, *(to Clownly)* whoever you are, I beg your pardon; you are not a thief, that I know of; if you are, that's best known to yourself. I'm a little busy, sir, at present; you'll excuse me. Constable, bring up the prisoner! why don't you come? Surely there never was such an accident.

Enter Constable with LADY LOVEALL.

There! you see the goods are upon her.

Lady Loveall. Insupportable! Have not I affirmed that it was presented to me by Lord Lighthead?

Miss Angle. I am tortured! *(Aside.)*

Lady Loveall. It is not to be borne! Sir, you know 'tis mine. This is only a scheme, on purpose to distress me, in revenge for what I discovered this morning.

Mr. W. Ay, you were vastly pleased at that; and now 'tis only evening, and I have discovered something that pleases me.

Lady Loveall. Very well, go on: but I have sent my servant to Lord Lighthead, to inform him of the affair, and I am certain the moment he has found him, his lordship will come and clear me.

Mr. W. There wants no clearing: everything is clear enough.

Enter LORD LIGHTHEAD.

Lord Light. Dear uncle, dear Lady Loveall, what's the matter? Just as I was stepping into my coach, a summons came to me to attend you upon life and death. What's the matter?

Mr. W. No; no death in the case; I believe nothing more than hard labour on the Thames.

Lord Light. Sir, although you are my uncle, this insult to a lady with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, is not to be suffered. I presented the lady with that shawl; it was sent to me by this lady, (*pointing to Miss Angle*) and a few hours after she sent it, her servant received five guineas for it.

Miss Angle. 'Tis true; I confess it. Guilt and shame overpower me.

Mr. W. (*To Miss Angle.*) Why the devil did you confess? Nobody would have seen it in your face: besides, you have robbed me of the pleasure of conducting her ladyship to a prison; and d—— if ever I met with so great a disappointment.

Miss Angle. Conduct me, sir; I am ready to attend you.

Lady Mary. She has destroyed my peace, and I shall see her go to prison without a sigh.

Clownly. But I would not, without losing my life. Madam, I'll satisfy you for whatever loss you may have sustained by this lady.

Lady Mary. You can't satisfy me: I've lost Mr. Walmsley.

Mr. W. Ay, now ask her what she demands for me.

Lady Mary. I shall take nothing less than the gentleman himself.

Mr. W. Well, I like her for that; she does not undervalue me.

Miss Angle. Mr. Clownly, while you imagine you are giving your protection to a thief only, you are protecting a more despicable character. Had poverty seduced me to the crime of which I am accused, less would have been my remorse, less ought to have been the censure incurred; but vanity, folly, a mistaken confidence in that gentleman's honour, and my own attractions, prompted me to avail myself of a contemptible scheme in order to regain his acquaintance, which (admitting what he professed to be real) he himself would have rejoiced at. But the event has proved and discovered both our hearts; nor can I reproach him with the cruelty of his, while I experience the most poignant reproofs of an inward monitor for the guilty folly of my own.

Lady Loveall. And so this was only a scheme for the lady to procure a husband. Here, Lady Mary, is your beloved shawl. Take it, and take care—

Mr. W. Yes, do you take care of that, and I'll take care of myself. Yet, I don't know; perhaps I may have her; but if I may judge by appearance—

Lord Light. On that witness, who in comparison has not, throughout the adventures of this day, appeared culpable?

Mr. W. Very true. Even I myself, at one time made no very innocent figure. These adventures shall, then, be a warning to us, never to judge with severity, while the parties have only appearance against them.

[*Exeunt*]

THE PANEL;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS;

ALTERED FROM BICKERSTAFF'S COMEDY OF "TIS WELL IT'S NO WORSE,"

BY J. P. KEMBLE.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA
DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL
DON PEDRO PACHECO
DON FERDINAND

LAZARILLO
MUSKATO
OCTAVIO
SERVANTS

MARCELLA
BEATRICE
AURORA
LEONARDA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Aurora's house.

Enter AURORA, followed by LEONARDA.

Aur. Undone, ruined and undone, past redemption!

Leon. Well, madam, I can't help applauding my own sagacity, for I always thought your writing to Don Carlos would come to no good.

Aur. And why did you not say so, pray? I'm sure it was chiefly by your advice I did it.

Leon. Do you think, ma'am, Don Carlos will be here to-night?

Aur. I expected him last night, you know, and shall expect every moment till I hear farther from him.

Leon. And, bless us all, what do you intend to do?

Aur. Softly, here is my brother.

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO, who throws himself into a chair.

Leon. (*Apart to Aurora.*) Mercy on us, how cross he looks!

Don P. Leonarda, leave the room.

Leon. (*Aside.*) With all my heart; I am very glad to be out of the way. [*Exit.*]

Don P. You know, sister, when our father died, a very considerable succession devolved to me: however, being then with my regiment at Naples, I did not come to take possession, but left everything to your care and management.

Aur. I hope, sir, you have had no reason to repent—

Don P. Pray, hear me out. A particular friend writ me word, that in the month of April last, you left your lodgings, with Don Alonzo de Ribbera; and that while you were walking together on the Prado, another cavalier came up, charged him sword in hand, and killed him on the spot. In a word, it is this intelligence that has brought me here to Madrid.

Enter LEONARDA.

Leon. Don Ferdinand, sir, the nephew of Don Guzman, is below, and desires to be admitted to you.

Don P. Don Ferdinand! Shew him up.

Leon. (*Calling at the door.*) Shew the gentleman up, Lopez.

Don P. Sister, retire into the next room for a few minutes; and I desire that what has just now passed between us, may go no farther to any one.

Leon. (Apart to Aurora.) Well, ma'am, what was it he had to tell you?

Aur. (Apart to Leon.) Oh! Leonarda, he knows all.

Leon. (Apart.) What, ma'am, does he know the history of the wainscot?

Aur. (Apart.) Hush! not that, thank heaven; but everything else. [Exit with Leon.]

Enter DON FERDINAND.

Don F. Don Pedro, I rejoice to find you.

Don P. Your air speaks a mind in agitation; what's the matter?

Don F. Don Carlos is at this moment in Madrid.

Don P. You are positive you saw Don Carlos?

Don F. I am as positive it was him as that I this moment see you. Now, as I am shortly to be married to my cousin, it is highly incumbent upon me to render myself acceptable to my uncle; and, I am certain I can do nothing more likely to please him, than taking vengeance on the man who killed his son. I, therefore, expect that you will lend me your assistance upon so interesting an occasion, and accompany me to the place where the servant is ready to lead us.

Don P. I will most willingly do what you desire. Lopez, my sword; tell my sister, I shall be in again presently. [Exeunt.]

Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. Oh! too sure, too sure he is come; and they are gone to destroy him.

Leon. (A bell rings.) Hist, ma'am, hist!

Aur. What ails you?

Leon. Hark!

Aur. How now!

Leon. (Bell rings again.) As I hope to be saved, I heard the little bell ring below; he's come here, and is now at the garden-door.

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Don C. Beautiful Aurora!

Aur. You cannot think how rejoiced I am to see you at this moment: yet, I fear, the asylum I have to offer you will not prove so much to our wishes as my letters to Portugal made you hope; for my brother arrived here from Italy, yesterday.

Don C. Your brother!

Aur. I had no notice of his coming; otherwise, you may be sure, I should have apprized you, that you might have deferred your journey, at least, for some time.

Don C. It will be impossible for me to stay in your house, then.

Aur. Why so? I have prepared a retreat for you, where his utmost cunning will never be able to find you.

Musk. Ay, ma'am, but the constables—

Leon. Nor they, neither; hear my lady out.

Aur. This house consists, like many others in Madrid, but of two stories: the upper, I occupy myself; the lower, which, on my father's death, I found I had no occasion for, I let to one Octavio, a wine-merchant; on this division of the building, a back staircase, which made the communication between the two stories, with a small closet adjoining, became useless; and, by mutual consent, was stopped up, by a partition on the side of the apartment below, as well as on this. When I had

thoughts of bringing you back to Madrid, it occurred to me that the partition on my side might again be secretly opened, and prepared in such a manner as would effectually screen you from any search, might it ever be suspected that you were in the house: accordingly, the thing is done (*going to the back-scene, she pushes back a panel which discovers the head of a staircase*) and this moveable panel will, when you please, admit you into a place of security; and, when fastened on the inside—

Don C. Excuse me, ma'am, I have too grateful a sense of your kindness, to avail myself of a retreat which must expose you. In this emergency, the most simple way is to return to the place from whence I came.

Musk. That's my advice, sir; let us go to the inn directly, take our mules, o' God's name, and set off. Ladies, my master and I have the honour of wishing you all health and happiness.

Aur. You have, by some accident or other, been seen since you came to Madrid by young Ferdinand, the nephew of Don Guzman de Ribbera. His servant dogged you to your inn; and he and my brother are just gone in search of you.

Don C. Don't be alarmed; we have arms to defend ourselves.

Musk. (Getting behind his master.) No, no, ladies don't be alarmed.

Aur. Talk not of defence, I beseech you; but, in pity to me, and out of regard to yourself, go into the place I have shewn you for this night: my brother will certainly go out early in the morning; and we will then consult together for your better and safer accommodation.

Musk. What the lady says, sir, is just and reasonable: I have considered the matter; and if you don't do it, I'll give myself up to justice immediately, and try to be admitted king's evidence.

Don C. I'll do anything for your safety.

Aur. For my safety be it, then.

Leon. Here, here, get you in. The closet's on the left hand, where you'll find a bed and a pallet; we'll be sure to come to you early in the morning; and in the meantime, for your lives, don't come out upon any account whatsoever.

Aur. No, upon no account. Come, let us go into the next room.

Musk. Hip! Signora Leonarda, won't you leave us a bottle and a crust?

Leon. Feel in the closet. [Exeunt.]

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO, sheathing his sword followed by DON FERDINAND.

Don P. So, at length we are got into, at least, a temporary shelter. Who is the person we have wounded?

Don F. I think some one said, the secretary of the Duke of Medina.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Signor Octavio, the wine-merchant below, desires to speak to you.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. I understand, Don Pedro, you have had a scuffle in the street; you are known; and the person you have wounded is the Duke of Medina himself.

Don P. Fatal accident! the Duke himself!

Don F. Why do you stand like one confounded? Do you not hear what Signor Octavio says? You and your family must be gone from hence; I will

stay behind and see your goods removed with all possible diligence.

Oct. What is most valuable may be put into my warehouse in half-an-hour; and if Don Pedro will commit the key of his apartments to my charge, I will do my utmost to quash whatever inquiries may be made after him.

Don P. Get a coach to the door, and call hither my sister and her maid; I must dispose of them in safety, the first thing I do.

[*Exeunt Don Ferdinand and Octavio.*]

Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. What are your commands, sir?

Don P. Don Ferdinand came hither just now, to desire I would accompany him on an affair of honour; but we have missed the person we went in search of, and, by mistake, assaulted another, who proves to be the Duke of Medina.

Aur. Well, sir, and what—

Don P. I must withdraw immediately to a place of safety; and, before we part, I will see you and your maid lodged in a nunnery.

Leon. I am sure I'll not go into a nunnery.

Don P. Then I'm sure you shall go into the street. Come, give me both your hands: (*seizing a hand of each*) nay, no struggling. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OCTAVIO and several Officers.

Oct. Come in, gentlemen; come in, and welcome; but why force the door? I had the key in my possession, and would have willingly opened it for you.

1 Off. I want a gentleman called Don Pedro; my people understand these are his lodgings.

Oct. Don Pedro?

1 Off. Ay, ay; you know him well enough.

Oct. I knew a sister of his who had these lodgings; but, as you may see, she has been gone from them some time.

1 Off. (*To his people.*) Well, have you found any one?

Oct. That Don Pedro you look for is not here, I assure you, gentlemen; you may credit what I say. (*Gives money.*)

1 Off. To be sure, Don Guzman, since you say the gentleman is not here, we'll take your word. Come along, comrades. [*Exeunt Officers.*]

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA.

Don G. My nephew has told me all, and I suppose you would give this tenement a bargain to any one that would take it off your hands?

Oct. To be sure, sir, on an occasion like this—

Don G. You would be glad to take anything you could get; isn't that what you were going to say? so, if twenty dollars a month will be sufficient, I'll e'en hire the premises for my own use, and take possession directly.

Oct. Surely, sir, twenty dollars are too little.

Don G. Well, but consider, it's doing the young man a favour; and, belike, seeing my family in the house would satisfy the police, and prevent further inquiries.

Oct. I really think, sir, that as your chief motive for taking the apartment is to serve Don Pedro, the sooner you and your family come into it the better.

Don G. I am of that opinion too; and as, very luckily, my time is just up where I now lodge, and I want some larger rooms, in consequence of my daughter's marriage, which I shall shortly celebrate, I shall send to you for the key within this half hour.

Oct. You will oblige me, Don Guzman, by charging yourself with the key now; for having a small vineyard near town, I have shut up my place below, and sent all my servants, men and women, to work there.

Don G. And you want to go yourself, is it not so?

Oct. I thought of setting off before this, and staying for the remainder of the week, had not Don Pedro's affairs detained me.

Don G. Well, well, go your ways, and mind your business; I'll take the key from you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Musk. They are gone out again, and have locked the door upon us.

Don C. Did you hear all that has passed, Muskato?

Musk. Yes, sir, every word of it; but don't grow desperate upon that account, things are not so bad as we expected; this is a respite, at least, if not a relieve.

Don C. A respite! Has not Don Guzman taken this house over my head, and am I not by that means in the hands of my most cruel and avowed enemy?

Musk. Yes, sir, but he does not know you are in his hands; and by some fortunate means or other; you may, perhaps, contrive to slip through his fingers.

Don C. To complete my misfortune, too, the merchant below is gone out with his family, and has shut up his doors; so that my retreat is stopped that way. By forcing the lock of the door, we may get out before our enemy returns; I know the danger of shewing myself at this hour in the streets, but—

Musk. Oh! sir, nothing is so dangerous as staying here, if we can get out; so, pray, let us force the door; I have broken a lock before now upon a less justifiable occasion; and, if you'll lend me your assistance, I'll do my endeavour to master this. (*Goes to the door, and returns in a fright.*) Quick, sir, quick; get back to the staircase.

Don C. What's the matter?

Musk. Don Guzman's people are in the house; come here, and hide yourself, and ask no questions. [*Exeunt behind the panel.*]

Enter BEATRICE and LAZARILLO.

Beat. And so, these are the lodgings we are in such a hurry to leave our old ones for!

Laz. Ay; how do you like them?

Beat. Like them, not at all; I never saw such a battered harrack in my days. Who could build the dog-hole? In the first place, that door has not common sense in it; then the stairs are the wrong way; and the windows, mercy on us! what pigeon-holes! and a mile and a half from the ground.

Laz. Ay, there's the fault; you want to be gaping and staring into the street.

Beat. Lazarillo, run to the old gentleman, and tell him if he has not already signed the agreement, he must by no means take this house. I hear a coach; sure, it is not my lady already?

Laz. But it is though; you had better tell her you don't like the house.

Beat. So I shall, I promise you.

Enter MARCELLA.

La! ma'am, you are in great haste; I did not expect to see you these three hours.

Mar. I set out to oblige my father; nothing

would satisfy him but I must come directly to see the apartments, and dispose of the furniture according to my own fancy.

Beat. Furniture, ma'am! I'm sure it's a pity to put any into them; if the kennel were mine I should think of nothing but pulling it down, and selling the rubbish to the best bidder.

Laz. Mrs. Beatrice is difficult to please, ma'am.

Mar. My father tells me, Lazarillo, that it is to please your master he takes these lodgings; and I suppose it is by his desire that we come to them so suddenly. Do you know the reason of Don Ferdinand's extraordinary attachment?

Laz. Why, ma'am, I am generally pretty well acquainted with my master's secrets.

Mar. I beg your pardon; I did not know it was any secret, or I should not have asked.

Laz. Oh! ma'am, there's no secret; that is to say, no absolute secret; but as far as this here, ma'am, the air and situation, I believe—

Beat. In short, ma'am, Signor Lazarillo is a person who seldom chooses to seem ignorant of anything. Did your master ever tell you why he liked these lodgings?

Laz. I can't say he ever did.

Beat. Then you can give my lady no satisfaction as to her question.

Laz. Well, Mrs. Beatrice, I did not speak to you.

Mar. Never mind her, Lazarillo, but go and take care of those things I brought in the coach. [*Exit Lazarillo.*] Ah, Beatrice!

Beat. Ay, ma'am, here I am.

Mar. I feel myself very unhappy.

Beat. Oh, fie! ma'am, to tell me so, on the eve of your marriage, as it were.

Mar. 'Tis the thought of that makes me melancholy.

Beat. Is it, indeed? I'm sure, then, ma'am, you and I are of very different dispositions. I wish I were going to be married; the deuce a thing should I think of but what would make me very glad.

Mar. How, Beatrice! suppose you were going to set out upon a journey, which presented you with the most beautiful prospect; but on the first advances you made, you found yourself on the brink of a precipice, what would you do?

Beat. A very great precipice, do you mean; or only a little sort of a declivity?

Mar. Psha! I'm not in a jesting humour.

Beat. Well, but, ma'am, let me understand you. You ask me, if I were going to set out on a journey which presented me with the most beautiful prospect, and on the first advances I made I found myself on the brink of a precipice, what I would do?

Mar. Ay.

Beat. Why, then, ma'am, I'll tell you: in case it was not a very ugly precipice indeed, I would muster up all my strength, shut my eyes, so, and give a great jump.

Mar. In short, Beatrice, my cousin, Don Ferdinand—

Beat. (*Stopping her mistress.*) He's here, ma'am.

Enter DON FERDINAND.

Don F. How happy am I to arrive at a moment when you pronounce my name!

Mar. I had just begun to talk to Beatrice, when your coming into the room interrupted me. I will take up the discourse again, if you please; and finish what I was going to say to her.

Don F. I am content.

Beat. Stand there, then, sir; and we'll proceed in our discourse as if you were fifty miles off. Come, ma'am, begin.

Mar. I say, then, Beatrice, my cousin, Don Fer-

dinand, no doubt, imagines that marriage is a dispensation from the subaltern duties exacted in complaisance, since he already begins to fail those marks of tenderness and regard I expect to find from him: he forgets that love is nourished by attention; and that the slightest negligence kills it.

Don F. Ah! dear Marcella, did you know how uneasy you make me by this kind of discourse.

Mar. And why uneasy? what I spoke was said to Beatrice; and you need take no notice of it, you need not be supposed to overhear.

Beat. That's right, ma'am; and to let you know another thing, sir, you are not to take the word out of my mouth; my lady spoke to me, and it is my part to answer; and here's the way I do it:—suppose, ma'am, Don Ferdinand is like the rest of his sex; who, for the most part, follow women as they hunt hares and foxes; when the animal is caught, the sport is over. I once had a sweetheart myself, ma'am, that used to call me his queen, and his goddess; and made verses, and repeated such moving lines as these to me:

*"When first I attempted your pity to move,
You seem'd deaf to my sighs and my prayers;
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"*

Come, ma'am, give him your hand to kiss, and tell him you are friends with him. Look you there, sir, I knew it. There's nothing does with us like a little coaxing.

Don F. (*Kissing Marcella's hand.*) Your father, my dear, is determined to have our wedding public one; and Saturday next, he assures me, shall be the happy day. Just as I left home, a good many of your things were brought, which I have ordered to be sent here, with some boxes of rich wine and foreign sweetmeats, for the ball I intend to give; select number of our friends, to-morrow night. In the meantime, I'll step back to the old lodgings to see things properly taken care of. Lazarillo, bring up those parcels. And you, Mrs. Beatrice, will not find yourself forgotten. [*Exit Lazarillo.*]

Beat. Oh! then, there's something for me. I suppose it's the new gown he promised to give me, and that your mantua-maker took measure of me for. I long to see it. Lazarillo, I say, will you bring it all day?

Laz. (*Without.*) Coming, Mrs. Beatrice, coming.

Beat. Why don't you make haste, then?

Laz. (*Without.*) It's impossible to make haste enough for impatient people.

Enter LAZARILLO, followed by other Servants, laden with boxes, cases of wine, &c.

Beat. Have not you something that your master gave you for me, pray?

Laz. I have something for everybody, but that's your bundle, I believe. (*Gives her a parcel, which she immediately opens.*) Here, comrades, bring in the table, and set it yonder, that I may put these things upon it; quick, quick.

Beat. (*Having displayed her gown on a chair.*) Dear madam, look here; upon my life, it's very pretty. I have a good mind to try it on now. (*Going to unpin herself.*) Do you think it will become me, ma'am?

Mar. Your head runs upon nothing but your dress. Follow me, to see the condition of the other rooms.

Laz. We are going back for more things, Mrs. Beatrice; you'll please to take care of what we leave behind.

Beat. Oh! stay, then, till I shut the doors. (*Shuts the opposite door; returning, she stops a mo-*

ment to admire the gown.) Well, I swear and vow, it's one of the gentlest things I ever saw in my life. I wish, however, there had been a little more puffing upon the sleeves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL and MUSKATO.

Musk. (*Speaking as he pushes back the panel.*) I will go out.

Don C. Muskato—

Musk. Zounds! sir, don't tell me; as good be hanged as famished. (*Perceiving the table that has been put against the panel, which prevents his coming forward.*) Heyday! what have we here? They have raised a buttress against our wooden wall. (*Puts his hands under the things on the table, and throws some of them down.*)

Don C. What are you doing?

Musk. Making a noise. How shall I remove these impediments? (*Attempting to push the table from him, he overturns it.*) Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Don C. Death and hell! are you bent on our ruin!

Musk. For heaven's sake, sir, don't swear. D—n the table! I did but just touch it. However, nobody has heard. (*Taking up and opening a box.*) What have we here? Sweetmeats! (*Eating a piece.*) Excellent, i'faith! and here are cakes. (*Opening one of the cases.*) Wine, wine, wine! (*Falling upon his knees, and looking back on his master.*) Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*) Will you pledge me?

Don C. They'll certainly come upon us.

Musk. (*Speaking with his mouth full.*) Lord! what an admirable blessing did Nature bestow upon man, when she gave him a good stomach! If your friends and family could be apprized of your situation and design—but as the matter stands, sir, I don't think we shall be able to make our escape by violence.

Don C. We can't pick our way through the walls, then?

Musk. No, sir; I wish we could; but I'll tell you, sir, I think one of us might get out unnoticed, by means of a disguise: now suppose I take upon me this disguise, make my escape, inform your friends where you are, and have 'em ready—

Don C. But how?

Musk. You see that gown there, and the veil and things along with it; I'll carry it into your repository, dress myself *a-la-denoiselle*, watch my opportunity when it is dark, and, I warrant, get clear without any suspicion.

Don C. 'Sdeath! here is somebody coming.

Musk. Is there? (*Gathering the clothes under his arm.*) Let me lay hold of that bottle, then.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (*Singing.*) Fal, la, la, la, la. (*Seeing the condition the room is in, she turns her song, by degrees, into a scream.*) Oh, oh! ma'am, ma'am, come here and see what has happened!

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. What's the matter?

Beat. The devil's the matter.

Mar. Who has been in the room?

Beat. I don't know, ma'am.

Mar. This seems to have been done on purpose.

Beat. (*Looking about, screams.*) Ah!

Mar. How now!

Beat. My new gown, ma'am, where's my new gown? Lazarillo! Lopez! Sancho!

Mar. This is very odd.

Beat. Lazarillo! I will have my gown.

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA and LAZARILLO.

Don G. There's always a rout, and a racket, wherever this girl is. What are you after now, Mrs. Fidget?

Beat. Lazarillo, did not you give me my things in this room, and did you not see me leave them here when you went out again?

Laz. Ay; well, what then, suppose I did?

Beat. Well, and you must answer for them.

Don G. And who is to answer for all this pretty work, I would be glad to know? Why, you silly baggage you, did you think your frippery was stuffed into the boxes and wine-cases, that you have broken them to pieces?

Beat. It was not I.

Don G. Who then?

Beat. Old Nick, I believe.

Don G. 'Gad! I have a good mind to lay my my cane across your shoulders.

Beat. Speak to him, ma'am, will you?

Mar. Upon my word, sir, it is something very extraordinary; we left the things here in good order, a little while ago, and this moment that we came into the room again, we found them in the condition you see.

Laz. Some dog got in I suppose, sir.

Beat. Ay, some dog upon two legs. Dogs in Spain don't drink wine and eat sweetmeats, nor steal gowns; indeed, sir, you ought to pay me for my things.

Don G. I pay for them, hussy! do you think I stole your dab of a gown!

Beat. Some of your servants did.

Laz. Do you suspect me, Mrs. Beatrice?

Don G. Heyday! do you know where you are?

Beat. I will have my gown.

Don G. Come, child, you shall go with me to the other lodgings, where we will dine, and after dinner return hither, by which time most of the furniture will be moved; and, do you hear? let those things be taken away, and this room set to rights immediately; and if you find this slattern's trumpery in any hole or corner, lay them by for her.

Beat. Lazarillo, you certainly stole my things.

Laz. I stole your things! d—e, if you say so again—

Beat. Take that, you impudent jackanapes. (*Gives him a box on the ear.*)

Don G. Ay, ay, before my face, and behind my back, too; no respect to me on either side.

[*Beating them out before him with his cane.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

LAZARILLO and BEATRICE discovered.

Laz. Pray, Mrs. Beatrice, how soon is my master and your lady to be married?

Beat. (*Viewing herself in the glass.*) If you want to know, it's a question you ought to ask them.

Laz. I must, i'faith! for it will be necessary for me to get my things and look a little about me.

Beat. What! and so you don't intend to stay with Don Ferdinand?

Laz. Oh! d—n it, no; it would not do for me at all. Service with a single gentleman, well and good; but married families are hell and the devil.

Beat. Do you intend to list for a soldier, then; or turn barber; or what? 'Tis dangerous being

out of place; I have known several of your fraternity come to an untimely end by it.

Laz. To tell you the truth, I am afraid to stay with Don Ferdinand, lest, as valets are apt to ape their masters, I should be tempted to imitate him; and, as he has married your mistress, the devil might put it into my head to marry you.

Beat. (*Turning round, and surveying him with an air of contempt.*) What is the matter with this glass? it always makes me look browner than any other in the house. (*Wiping it with her handkerchief, and going from it in a minute step.*) We shall have a ball here to-morrow evening; I suppose the company will desire to see me dance an allemande, or a fandango, or something.

Laz. Come, you have enjoyed it long enough; now let me look at myself a little.

Beat. Lazarillo, give me the glass.

Laz. (*Viewing himself.*) D—e, if I don't think people look very well in it.

Beat. Give me the glass, I say.

Laz. Come and kiss me for it.

Beat. I'll see you hanged first.

Laz. Then you sha'n't have it. Tol de rol, lol lol.

Beat. Come, let us dance then. Lord! here's Don Guzman and your master! [*Runs out.*]

Laz. The devil!

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA and DON FERDINAND.

Don F. I have been at the Duke of Medina's; and I find his wounds are not so bad as I at first apprehended. The report, however, of Don Pedro being the person who assaulted him, rather gains ground.

Don G. Like enough.

Don F. Some officers have, as I understand, been, within these two hours, walking backwards and forwards before this house, and looking at it very inquisitively.

Don G. Then, belike, they still suspect that Don Pedro is in it.

Don F. So it would seem.

Don G. And we may have a visit from them in the night, perhaps, when we least desire their company. I'll strive to prevent them. Come hither, you sir. Go to the Conde de Lemos, governor of Madrid; his palace is hard by; give my respects, and tell his excellency, I shall be much obliged to him, if he will order me, directly, a couple of sentinels to stand at my door. Tell him I shall want them for two or three days, till I have married my daughter. [*Exit Lazarillo.*]

Don F. I have not seen Don Pedro since yesterday, sir; and, as he has given me an intimation where he is concealed, I will now, with your permission, step to him for a few minutes.

Don G. Well, well, go then; you'll be back to supper? [*Exit Don F.*] And now that we have got pretty well over the hurry of moving, let me see what I have to do to-morrow. In the first place, early in the morning, to go my lawyers, to desire them to be here precisely at eleven o'clock, to settle the business of my daughter's marriage. Secondly, to go to Father Bartolin, our parish priest.

Enter BEATRICE and LAZARILLO, on opposite sides.

Beat. (*Calls loudly.*) Lazarillo!

Laz. (*Answering loudly.*) Here!

Don G. (*Clapping his fingers to his ears.*) How now! What the plague's the matter with you both, have you a mind to break the drums of my ears?

Laz. What do you scream so for, Beatrice?

Don G. Scream! One and the other of you have screamed me almost deaf. What do you want turbulence?

Beat. Lord, sir, I'm surprised at you. How can you have the idea of making the best room in your house a bed-chamber.

Don G. Because I like it.

Beat. Why, sir, it will be shocking.

Don G. What's that to you?

Beat. Besides, I suppose Don Ferdinand will remove to my lady's chamber in a night or two.

Don G. Ha! now you have got that in your head; and who bid you suppose about it?

Beat. Nay, sir, it's no business of mine, to be sure, if you have a mind to turn the house upside down, only I love to set people right, and see things done properly.

Don G. Well, but my nephew chose that room particularly.

Laz. Why, so I told Mrs. Beatrice, sir. I said my master had made particular choice of that room.

Beat. Very well then, let his bed be put in it; but remember, sir, it's done by no order of mine.

Don G. I believe there never was your fellow for impertinence, since the world begun. But why should I be surprised at this, when I am told, you give out all over the neighbourhood, that I am going to marry you?

Laz. Ha, ha, ha!

Don G. Ay, you may well laugh.

Beat. I never gave out any such thing.

Don G. Don't lie, for I can prove it upon you.

Beat. I say then, sir, I never did; for the thing was first mentioned to me; and isn't it common enough, when a genteel likely girl lives in the house with a gentleman, for people to talk?

Don G. Well, I sha'n't dispute the matter with you now. Go, take the coach, and fetch your young lady home: she's at her aunt's. Why don't you go where I bid you?

Beat. I'm settling myself, sir.

Laz. (*Going out.*) Ha, ha, ha! marry!

Beat. What's the matter with you? I promise you I don't know whether I would take the old fellow, if he would have me; so he need not make himself uneasy. [*Exeunt Laz. and Beat.*]

Enter AURORA, veiled.

Don G. A paltry, dirty baggage! to give out that I was going to marry her; there never was such a thought entered into my head. (*Seeing Aurora.*) Who is it that comes into the house this way without knocking? Is there nobody in the way to shew people?

Aur. Don't be offended, Signor, at the liberty an unfortunate woman has taken, upon seeing your door open; I implore a moment's refuge.

Don G. Explain yourself.

Aur. I have the misfortune to be the wife of the most jealous and suspicious of mankind, who is, at the same time, the most cruel. Upon a person's looking after me in the street, just now, he took something into his head, drew his poniard, and was going to strike me.

Don G. Oh! for shame.

Aur. I got from him, and made my escape in hither; but he is lurking about, and I am afraid, when I go out again—

Don G. What can I do for you?

Aur. I entreat you to go down into the street, and speak to him not to misuse me; you will easily know him, he is in a red cloak, and wears a gold laced hat, with a black feather.

Don G. I'll go down, madam.

Aur. In the meantime, sir, permit me to re-

main here; and, as I am a person of some distinction in the world, I beg you will not suffer your people to come about me, till your humanity has rescued me from the danger—

Don G. Step into that chamber, madam, where you will find a light, and nobody shall molest you. I warrant I'll give a good account of your jealous pate, and if words won't do, rougher means shall. (*Don Guzman leads Aurora to the door, and then taking up the candle, goes out on the opposite side, which leaves the stage dark. Don Carlos immediately pushes back the moveable panel, and comes out with Muskato, who is disguised in woman's clothes.*)

Don C. It is now quite dark; and you may, if ever, escape without being seen; as for myself, I'll wait with patience, determined to brave everything till your return.

Musk. I don't know what's the matter with me, sir, I am d—y frightened.

Don C. As soon as you have brought my friends together in the street, the signal is to be a pistol; which, when I hear discharged, I will instantly rush out, and force my passage to you.

Musk. Ay, sir; but the grand matter is my getting out.

Don C. Farewell; at any rate don't let your apprehensions confound you. [*Exit.*]

AURORA appears at the door of the room into which she had been conducted by Don Guzman.

Aur. Don Guzman's gone; and all is dark; this is the moment to find Don Carlos. Assist me, love; and, if he be yet here—

Musk. Eh, eh, eh! (*Coughing.*)

Aur. Ha! what figure's that!

Musk. This is a cursed scheme of mine; I wish I had never thought of it; it will bring me to the gallows, I'm sure; then they'll hang me in woman's clothes. (*Aside.*)

Aur. It moves this way; was ever anything so unlucky! I must retire a while. [*Exit.*]

Musk. Come, courage; it is but making the effort; if I can but get down stairs, I am safe enough; (*going towards the door, sees Don Guzman*) then there's an end of me; tried, condemned, and executed. The old man!

Re-enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA, with the candle; and, seeing Muskato veiled, and in woman's clothes, takes him for Aurora, whom he had left.

Don G. Come, madam, you may take your way, without the least apprehension; I have looked all about the door, and no such person you describe was to be found.

Aur. (*Aside.*) What is he talking of?

Don G. Give me your hand, ma'am, I am going abroad myself, and will lead you to whatever place of safety you think proper.

Musk. What's all this?

Don G. Poor soul, how she trembles; fear nothing, ma'am; in committing yourself to my charge, you are perfectly secure.

Musk. (*Curtysying, and in a squeaking voice.*) I am much obliged to you, sir.

Don G. Her tears almost choke her voice. (*Aside.*)—Will you have any cordial to refresh you?

Musk. No, I thank you, sir.

Don G. Come along, don't be frightened, madam.

Musk. Sure, if ever there was an angel with a beard, this is he. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURORA and DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL.

Aur. Now is my time. Good heaven! how I tremble. I am almost afraid to approach the place. (*Knocking at the panel, Don Carlos pushes*

it back.) Sir, Don Carlos, sir. Merciful heaven! he's here still.

Don C. Donna Aurora!

Aur. I was obliged to leave you here last night.

Don C. Obligated to leave me!

Aur. It is too long a story to tell you now. I have escaped from a convent, where my brother placed me, resolved to make my way to you through all impediments; there is the key, let yourself out in the dead of night. Farewell.

Don C. Stay, madam.

Aur. Oh! unfortunate, here comes Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman; I would not for the world be known by her. Get in, get in, there's another woman with her. What shall I do? Anything's better than meeting them. (*She retires, and Don Carlos goes behind the panel.*)

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE, with lights.

Mar. What was it you asked Lazarillo, Beatrice?

Beat. Why, ma'am, whether his master was at home.

Mar. And what did he say?

Beat. What you heard, ma'am, that he was not.

Mar. That he had been gone about half an hour; was it not?

Beat. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. Well, take my fan, and my veil, and see that my things are got ready in the dressing-room. (*Beatrice goes out with the things.*) A strange unreasonable hour for Don Ferdinand to leave the house, methinks; and just at a time when he knew I was coming home too.

Re-enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (*In agitation.*) Ma'am, ma'am!

Mar. Well, what now?

Beat. Don't make a noise. I have seen such a thing in Don Ferdinand's chamber; and, I believe, I have found out the thief, too, for I dare swear she stole my gown.

Mar. She! what she?

Beat. A woman, ma'am.

Mar. In Don Ferdinand's chamber?

Beat. Yes; as I was going along the passage, I observed the door pushed to; so I popped my head in; and there I saw a woman in a veil. I did not say a word, but came back directly.

Mar. We'll see who she is; take the candles.

Beat. Yes, ma'am; she can't escape us.

[*They go out.*]

Mar. (*Behind.*) We will know who you are.

Aur. That's as I please.

Mar. What brings you here?

Aur. I came here to a gentleman.

Beat. Pull off her veil, ma'am.

Aur. Nay, then—

Beat. Stop there, a thief!

DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL pushes back the panel, comes out, and afterwards AURORA runs in.

Don C. What noise was that! Sure it was Aurora's voice; somebody molests her.

Aur. (*Running in.*) Save me, Carlos; they pursue me; I shall be discovered, and undone.

Enter DON FERDINAND. Don Carlos and Aurora retire behind the panel.

Don F. (*Stamping.*) Lights! here, lights! Lights, I say.

Enter BEATRICE, LAZARILLO, and other Servants.

Where is this assassin, this housebreaker?

Mar. Where is this shame to her sex?

Laz. Sir, madam, what's the matter?

Don F. There has been a man here, masked; search about.

Laz. Where shall we search, sir?

Don F. Call to the sentinels to let nobody out of the house; he can't have made his escape.

Beat. Oh! ma'am, you have let the woman go.

Mar. I let her go!

Beat. Yes, ma'am, it was certainly she that was here this morning. How did she get away?

Mar. Don Ferdinand let her pass; but how did she get in here, Beatrice?

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBBERA, with a Lawyer and a Notary.

Don G. Come, gentlemen, give me leave to bring you into this chamber; I have ordered things to be got ready for our business—Daughter, good morning to you. Heyday! What's the matter, child? Come, let us take our places. You, gentlemen, at that table, with your parchments; and you, children, seat yourselves here on each side.

Don F. (Sits.) Ugh!

Don G. So, so! what ails you? Have you got the melancholies? Catched the dumps of your cousin?

Don F. Dumps, sir? I don't know what you mean; I never was merrier in my life.

Don G. Come, gentlemen, have you got everything ready?

Laz. Yes, Don Guzman, everything is ready?

Don G. Daughter, why don't you sit down here when I desire it?

Mar. Sir, I choose—

Beat. Dear ma'am, pray sit down.

Mar. Why, it will be the same thing.

Notary. These you say, Don Guzman, are the parties?

Don G. Ay; you'll take notice, I give ten thousand pistoles to my daughters, for the present, and the rest of my fortune at my death.

Notary. Ten thousand pistoles; the residue of your fortune at your death; 'tis so set down, Don Guzman.

Don G. Let me see—

Don F. Shall we suffer them to go on with this farce, ma'am?

Mar. Don't talk to me, sir; I desire to have no manner of conversation with you.

Don F. Oh! very well, ma'am; I am as willing to avoid anything of that kind as you can be.

Don G. What, what, what are you saying to one another?

Don F. I was not speaking at all, sir.

Don G. Were you not speaking neither?

Mar. No, sir, I did not say a word.

Don G. I'm sure you did though.

Beat. (Behind Marcella's chair.) No, sir, my lady did not speak, indeed.

Don G. I'm not speaking to you, take notice.

Laz. (Behind Don Ferdinand's chair.) Put in your word again.

Don G. Well, before we go any further, let us fix the day for the marriage; I have thought of Saturday; however, please yourselves; what say you, nephew?

Don F. Why, sir, if I must give my opinion, I think we had better defer it a little.

Don G. Defer it! How long?

Don F. For ever, sir.

Mar. And that's my opinion, too, sir.

Don G. Is it so, indeed. And why is it your opinion, pray?

Mar. Don Ferdinand will tell you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Don G. Come back, child. Marcella! (*Turning to Don Ferdinand.*) Don Ferdinand!

Don F. Inquire of your daughter, sir, she can best inform you. [*Exeunt all but Don G. and Beat.*]

Don G. Gone! she one way, and he the other, and I am left in the clouds. Pray, ma'am, can you solve this riddle? What has happened between your mistress and her cousin to occasion this sudden—I know not what to call it; Satan has possessed them both, I believe.

Beat. Don't ask me anything about it, sir.

Don G. Not ask you?

Beat. No, sir, I had rather you would not.

Don G. What are you whimpering for?

Beat. I don't know, sir, I can't help it.

Don G. I desire you will tell me whatever has come to your knowledge.

Beat. Well, sir, all I know about it, is this: Don Ferdinand brought a creature into the house here—

Don G. A creature! When?

Beat. Just now, sir.

Don G. Well, don't cry. And what creature was it?

Beat. Sir, I'm ashamed to tell you what it was.

Don G. Ashamed!

Beat. Besides, I don't know how you name them.

Don G. No! It must be some strange monster, sure, or you are grown devilish mealy-mouthed of a sudden; was it a lion, a tiger, a bear, a rhinoceros, a crocodile, or a porcupine?

Beat. No, sir, it was not a porcupine, but it was a concubine; one of your creatures that run after the men.

Don G. Oh, ho! In short, Don Ferdinand brought a strumpet into my house last night?

Beat. Yes, sir, I believe that's one of the names gentlemen give them.

Don G. And how do you know he did this?

Beat. Because I saw her, sir.

Don G. Very well, that's all I want with you.

Beat. Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Don G. Gentlemen, you see there is something wrong in my family; I really don't know what it is at present; but as it must be settled before we conclude matters, I will endeavour to get at the bottom of it, and let you know this evening, when we will trouble you again. [*Exeunt.*]

DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL opens the panel, and enters with AURORA leaning on his arm.

Aur. Only get me a little into the air, and I shall be well again presently.

Don C. How do you find yourself?

Aur. Better already.

Don C. (Drawing her a chair.) Sit down here a little.

Aur. Heigho!

Don C. Aurora! she faints again; the heat of that place has overcome her so that I shall never be able to fetch her to herself.

Aur. 'Tis nothing but the sudden effects of the air. I assure you I am greatly recovered, and shall be able to go in again immediately.

Don C. If I can see Beatrice, I think I may venture to tell her my story, and commit Aurora to her care; 'tis the only thing I have for it, and the worst come to the worst, my mask and my sword shall defend me from everybody else. [*Exit.*]

Aur. What woman can say she will make but one false step? Alas! we tread upon ice, and in making one, through want of caution, we make a thousand.

Mar. (Within.) Beatrice!

Aur. Heaven and earth! what do I hear? Is not that Marcella's voice? Should she find me in this place, should she know where I have been, what would she think of me! I am entangled so on every side, that it is impossible for me to extricate myself. Must then the retreat I contrived for another, be my own destruction. [*Exit.*]

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. Where's my father?

Beat. I don't know, ma'am; but I've told him all.

Mar. Told him! What have you told him?

Beat. Why, about the woman, ma'am.

Mar. I'm sorry for it.

Beat. Are you? I'm sorry, too, then. But you would not have had me told him a lie, and he asked me.

Mar. In short, Beatrice, Don Ferdinand's behaviour betrays no marks of guilt; and, after all, if we should be mistaken—

Beat. Nay, ma'am, if there be any mistake, you led me into it, I'm sure; for I said at first, the woman was only a thief.

Mar. Go, and desire my father to come to me here.

Beat. Yes, ma'am; but, pray, now take care what you say to him, and don't let him lay all the blame upon me. [Exit.]

MARCELLA sits down in the chair which AURORA had just left. DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL enters behind.

Don C. I have ventured as far as my apprehensions would give me leave, but without being able to meet Beatrice; however, it is so far well, that I have met nobody else. Perhaps her weakness may now have left her. (*Approaching Marcella.*) Dearest creature, how is it with you?

Mar. (*Starting up with a scream.*) Ah!

Don C. Confusion, what's this?

Mar. Who are you—Help!

Don C. My head turns round—I shall drop.

Mar. Don Carlos.

Don C. That wretch.

Mar. Whence come you, sir? How got you here?

Don C. Hold, ma'am! my life is not worth preserving—But where is the lady I left here just now?

Mar. The lady, sir, just now! Lord, what lady, and what are you talking of? I saw no lady.

Don C. (*Aside.*) Aurora, then, has recovered, and gone back to our retreat: Marcella has not seen her, so I had better say nothing.

Mar. On reflection, I find myself in the most critical situation: my honour is at stake as well as your life.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Your father and Don Ferdinand are both gone.—(*Seeing Don Carlos.*) Ah! madam, here is a man, then, after all; and you would not venture to trust me.

Mar. The man is Don Carlos—

Beat. We shall every one be hanged.

Mar. How he got in, or his reason for coming, I cannot prevail on him to discover.

Beat. How long has he been here, ma'am?

Mar. I never saw him till this moment, that he surprised me.

Beat. Upon your word?

Mar. For my part, I believe he is mad; for he talks in the strangest, wild, incoherent manner.

Beat. His eyes look very ugly, I assure you. Stand further from him, ma'am. (*Keeping at a distance, with her mistress by the arm.*) What do you want here, sir? and which of our people let you in?

Don C. None of your people let me in.

Beat. I suppose, then, you were the man Don Ferdinand saw last night?

Don C. I was.

Beat. We must get him out, ma'am, while your father and Don Ferdinand are abroad; it will be better than calling the servants to take him, for reasons—

Mar. But how shall we get him out? He is subject to be seen by all the servants in the house, every one of whom know him; and, at last, perhaps, he may be stopped by the sentinels at the door.

Beat. The sentinels! I never thought of them. Lord, lord! how shall we contrive! One can't think of hanging the wretch. Stay, there's a thought come into my head. There is in my room, a mili-

tary hat and cloak of your late brother's; let him put them on; the sentinels will take him for an officer—

Mar. At any rate, Beatrice, carry him up into your chamber for the present.

Beat. I will, ma'am. Come, sir. There is something that puzzles me in this business, notwithstanding; for, I can hardly believe the man would come into this house, merely for the sake of being hanged, let my lady say what she pleases. (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Street, with a view of Don Guzman's house.

Enter DON FERDINAND with DON PEDRO PACHECO.

Don F. The Duke of Medina, then, is entirely out of danger!

Don P. His physicians pronounced him so this morning. His grace took the blame of the whole affair upon himself; and assured me, upon his honour, he would not suffer me in any way to be troubled or molested about it.

Don F. It speaks the generosity which ought always to distinguish the nobleman. You may believe, being, in a great measure, the instrument of your misfortune, I more than participated in the uneasiness it gave you. Hold! Don Pedro, stand back a little: do you see the fellow that creeps yonder under the wall, looking behind him every moment?

Don P. Ay, what of him?

Don F. He comes this way. I have my reasons for it: let us stand a little under that piazza, and observe him. [Exit.]

Enter MUSKATO.

Musk. What a thing is a life of apprehension! I wish I may never stir if my fear has not almost melted me into a jelly. (*Clapping his hands behind him, between his waistcoat and coat.*) Well, I am out of the house, that's one comfort; and, in some measure, the way is paved for my master; for I have been among his friends, and six of them, brave, sturdy, young fellows, armed with swords and pistols, will be ready to favour his escape, when our Dons are taking their digestive naps after dinner. I only wait their arrival, to give Don Carlos the signal from this little popper; (*shews a pistol*) but I must first take a view of the house, in order to determine on which side I had best stand, when I give the alarm, that it may be sure to come to my master's ears. (*Going off, he suddenly starts back, and turns.*) Who do you want? It is not I! Lord have mercy upon me! I thought some one had touched my shoulder. I'll shoot the first man who assaults me. [Exit.]

Enter DON FERDINAND and DON PEDRO PACHECO.

Don F. 'Tis he, I'm positive.

Don P. I think so, too.

Don F. Hold a little. (*Ringing at Don Guzman's door.*)

Enter LAZARILLO.

Come this way, you sir! Do you see the man that goes along yonder, with his hat flapped over his face? Pass by him, and try if you know who he is.—*[Exit Lazarillo.]*—The fellow's not at home, who I sent to dog Don Carlos, or he could tell directly whether this is the same person that was with him.

Don P. Your man has taken a thorough survey of his whole person.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Don F. (*To Laz.*) Well, sir, do you know him?
Laz. Why, sir, I think I have seen his face before.

Don F. Is he the servant of Don Carlos?

Laz. The very man.

Don F. Then let us go and seize him directly.

Don P. Hold! Don Ferdinand, you and your servant will be sufficient to deal with him; and it is absolutely necessary for me to pay the compliment of calling at the Duke of Medina's immediately; however, I'll be with you, at your house, in less than half-an-hour.

Don F. Lazarillo, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Don Guzman's House.*

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (Looking about.) Come, ma'am, he may venture.

Mar. (Within.) Is the coast quite clear, Beatrice?

Beat. Yes, ma'am; but let him make haste.

Mar. (Within.) I'll fetch him.

Beat. The dickens take him! he has put me in such a tremble, as I have not been in this twelvemonth: and frights ruin one's complexion, too: I dare swear, I shall look pale for a week.

Enter MARCELLA and DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL.

Don C. I beg your pardon. Will you permit me to say a few words to Mrs. Beatrice in private?

Beat. In private to me! Mercy on us! What?

Don C. Don't be alarmed; it's only a little commission I have to charge you with. (Taking her aside.) In the first place, my dear girl, there is my purse, and ten thousand thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my misfortunes.

Beat. I am always ready and willing to assist any one in distress; and I wish you may get safe out of Madrid, with all my heart.

Don C. Well, but this is not all I have to say to you.

Beat. No, sir?

Don C. No. There is another person still in this house; for whom I must entreat your good offices; and should there be occasion and opportunity, I beg you will convey that person out unseen by your mistress.

Beat. Well, but I don't understand you; explain this matter to me a little more.

Don C. I can't explain it farther, at present.

Beat. Another person still in the house, that I must endeavour to get out unknown to my lady! Who is it?

Don C. What signifies: you'll see.

Beat. Well, but you've set me quite on the fidgets.

Mar. Upon my word, Beatrice, we shall delay so long—

Beat. We are ready, ma'am. Come, sir, you must be cautious not to shew any confusion. Come along the hall with a strut; and, in passing by, look impudent; more impudent still; you'll not look half impudent enough.

Don C. Never fear me.

Beat. I wish you would tell me what you meant, by the thing you said to me just now.

Don C. Once more, ma'am; and, for the last time, I take my leave of you.

Beat. Pray, sir, is the person a man or a woman?

Don C. Beatrice, farewell.

Mar. Have a moment's patience. I am a little uneasy: I think I see a crowd of people coming towards our door; and, if I be not mistaken, Don Ferdinand is among them.

Beat. I don't know. Don Ferdinand, and Lazarillo, and two or three more, have laid hold of a man, and are dragging him along; and I wish I may die, Don Carlos, if the person they have got, is not very like your servant Muskato.

Don C. Then the work of my destruction is complete.

Beat. They are bringing him into the house.—

Quick, quick, let us get back to my chamber, as fast as we can. [Exeunt

Enter DON FERDINAND, attended by LAZARILLO and other Servants, with MUSKATO, who they have got by the collar.

Don F. Pull the rascal in here; pull him in and if he attempt to struggle, knock him down.

Musk. Well, but gentlemen, good, dear gentlemen, as you are men of honour, and catholic Christians, don't do me any hurt. I am a poor, miserable young fellow, but just turned of four and twenty, that have an old mother and two lame sisters—

Don F. Are you not a villain, sirrah?

Musk. You are pleased to say so, sir; and I shan't be so unmannerly as to contradict any gentleman, with a sword at my throat.

Don F. Are you not the servant of that assassin Don Carlos?

Musk. Upon my word, sir, I can't say; perhaps I may, and perhaps I mayn't. You have frightened everything quite out of my head.

Laz. He is his servant, sir.

Musk. Well, sir—yes, I am his servant, if that will content you.

Don F. Where's your master?

Musk. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!

Don F. Do you make a jest of us?

Musk. No, sir, no; but I am ticklish, and your man has got his fingers in my collar: bid him take them away, and I'll speak.

Don F. Let him go. Well, now, sir, where is Don Carlos?

Musk. He's in a place—(Looking towards the panel.)

Don F. In a place! what place? Answer my question directly, or torture shall make you.

Musk. Propose it again, good sir.

Don F. Where is Don Carlos?

Musk. Not a great way off.

Don F. So we suppose, by your being here.

Musk. He is, at present, I believe—Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what o'clock it is?

Don F. What a clock?

Musk. Yes, sir; because I would be as precise as possible in answering your question: and, if it be now about half-an-hour after one, (as I partly conjecture,) Don Carlos is, at this moment, picking his teeth, after dinner, in the city of Lisbon.

Don F. 'Tis false, sirrah! I know he is, at this moment hid somewhere in Madrid. Lay hold of him again.

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. What is the matter here?

Musk. Only some men, madam, that have got a poor criminal in their clutches, and are going to play the devil with him.

Don F. This is the servant of Don Carlos; I caught him just now in the street, measuring the outside of our house, with his eyes, from top to bottom. I know his master is at present in Madrid; and I suspect this emissary of his was not lurking about this neighbourhood for any good purpose: rather, perhaps, in meditation of some farther destruction of our family; for, searching his pockets, we found a pistol.

Musk. You found a pistol! Do you say you found a pistol in my pocket?

Laz. There it is.

Musk. Oh! do you call that a pistol?

Laz. Ay, what do you call it?

Musk. I keep it to light my pipe.

Beat. Well, but, sir, let me look at this person; because I was very well acquainted with Don Carlos, and his servant, too, if this be the same he had before he left Madrid.

Musk. Do look at me, ma'am; did you ever see my face before?

Beat. Never, upon my honour.

Musk. See there, gentlemen.

Laz. Why you yourself said but now, that you belonged to Don Carlos.

Musk. Did I?

Don F. Yes, this moment.

Musk. I don't think I said any such thing; and I am almost sure I did not.

Beat. Indeed, sir, you are mistaken here: he that lived with Don Carlos, used to make love to me; a good, genteel, personable fellow; whereas, this is one of the worst-looking, ugly hounds I ever saw in my life.

Laz. Sir, believe what I say to you: this is the servant that lived with Don Carlos, when he was last in Madrid; and he was always just as ugly as he is now. I even recollect his name; it begins with juss, or fuss, or—

Musk. There is neither juss nor fuss in my name; so you may give me my liberty.

Mar. Indeed, sir, I think you had better turn him about his business.

Don F. I think the contrary. Pray, ma'am, you and your maid return to your chamber. Lazarillo, lock that door, and give me the key. *(To Muskato, who endeavours to steal away.)—*'Tis in vain to strive to escape, sir; I shall leave you locked up here, till I come back with proper officers.

Musk. *(Pulling Lazarillo by the sleeve.)* Young man, I find myself a little indisposed; if you have any such thing as a drop of spirits in the house, I would be obliged to you for—

Laz. Oh! you'll be in greater want of spirits presently; you had better keep them for a more pressing occasion. *[Exeunt all but Muskato.]*

Musk. *(Knocking at the wainscot.)* Open! 'tis I.

Aur. *(Coming out, veiled.)* Well!

Musk. Heyday! have you got into petticoats, too? 'Gad! I don't know but you are much in the right of it; for there is an old gentleman hereabouts, who conducts ladies out of his house with an admirable politeness. But, joking apart, I suppose you have heard what has happened.

Aur. I endeavoured to listen; but the noise was so great, I could hear nothing distinctly.

Musk. You could hear nothing distinctly?—*(Squeaking to mimic her.)—*What the devil! have you put your voice into petticoats, too? I left you a double bass; and, I find you a treble.

Aur. *(Shewing her face.)* Come, a truce with these impertinences.

Musk. Donna Aurora! For heaven's sake, young gentlewoman, how came you here?

Aur. 'Tis a long story to tell: however, make yourself easy, your master has escaped. He came here just now, and offered to stay with me, or make me the companion of his escape: the former, you may be sure, I would not hear of; and, in the latter case, I thought I should only be an impediment to him.

Beat. *(Through the key-hole.)* Muskato!

Musk. Who's there?

Beat. 'Tis I, Beatrice. Have they locked you up?

Musk. Ay, double-locked me up; I am locked up on both sides.

Beat. I wish I could let you out.

Musk. I wish you could. How did you get out my master?

Beat. We have him here within; and he says he won't go without you.

Musk. I am very much obliged to him. But what good will that do me? However, at any rate, I should be glad to take my leave of him, before we part. I wish you would strive to put back the lock of the door.

Beat. It's impossible; but comfort yourself; my lady and I have been both crying for you; and, I dare swear, we shall cry a great deal more.

Musk. You think we shall suffer, then.

Beat. Take care of yourself; Don Ferdinand is coming up the other way with the alguazils.

Musk. *(Running to the panel.)* Is he! by gad, then I will take all the care I can.

Aur. Stay, Muskato—*(Her foot slips as she is going to follow him.)* Oh, gracious heaven! I have hurt myself, and they are opening the door.

Musk. *(Shutting the panel.)* Nay, if you won't come—charity begins at home.

Aur. *(On the outside.)* Muskato!

Enter DON FERDINAND, LAZARILLO, and Alguazils.

Don F. *(Without.)* Yes, yes; Lazarillo and I seized him; and we have him here under lock and key. Here, gentlemen, is the corrigidor's warrant, and there's your prisoner Lazarillo.

Laz. Sir!

Don F. Where's the servant of Don Carlos?

Laz. Is not he there, sir?

Don F. And what woman's this? By heavens, I left him locked up here, and have had the key in my pocket ever since.

Don P. See who the woman is?

Laz. *(Approaching Aurora.)* I'll see that.

Don F. *(Aurora making a motion with her hand.)* Stand off!

Laz. She beckons to speak with you.

Don F. I desire, gentlemen, you won't leave the house yet.—*[Exeunt Lazarillo and Alguazils.]—*Well, now, ma'am, who and what are you?

Aur. Answer these questions yourself, sir; *(lifting up her veil;)* for the rest, my sex and my misfortunes give me claim to your protection.

Don F. Aurora, the sister of Don Pedro!—Where is the man I left here; and by what unaccountable accident—

Aur. A time will come for satisfying you in everything. Consider, at present, but the peril of my situation; my brother is here, I am a woman, and you are a gentleman.

Don G. *(Behind.)* Alguazils in my house again! this is really monstrous! How came the sentinels to let these people up?

Don F. Was ever man so embarrassed as I am! Here's my uncle now: if he find a woman with me, and I refuse to give an account how she came, he will believe the story Marcella told him concerning last night; if I discover her, I shall involve myself in a quarrel with her brother, besides breaking my word given to her.

Enter DON PEDRO PACHECO.

My dear Don Pedro, don't be surprised at what I am going to say to you: it stands me upon to keep this lady from my uncle's sight; I beg, therefore, you will not mention anything about her; and pray, ma'am, do you step into this cabinet. *[Exit Aurora.]*

Don P. Shall I shut myself up with her?

Don F. No; stay where you are.

Enter DON GUZMAN DE RIBERA, speaking to LAZARILLO; afterwards, enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Don G. Go you, sir, and desire my daughter to come to me immediately. Nephew, I am very angry with you.

Don F. I am sorry for that, sir.

Don G. A fig for your sorrow.

Don P. Don Guzman, I kiss your hand.

Don G. I am glad to see you out of your trouble.

Mar. Here I am, sir: what's your pleasure?

Don G. What, you won't let me enjoy ease and quietness?—*(To Don Ferd.)* They tell me, nephew, you have seized the servant of Don Carlos de Pimentel.

Don F. Yes, sir; but he has escaped.

Don G. How has he escaped?

Don F. That's more than I am able to say. I left him locked up here; and, when I came back again, I could not find him.

Don G. Oh! very well; I warrant you I'll find him. I hear tales of a very ugly nature from one side and the other, of men and women being concealed in the house.

Don F. 'Tis most certain, sir, that I met a strange man in the house last night; but I don't pretend to determine how he got in.

Don G. My daughter says there was a strange woman; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, both the lurking toads may be in the house still; and, if somebody does not ferret them out, we may have our throats cut one of these nights, when we are asleep in our beds, and dreaming of no such matter; and, therefore, I am determined to hunt every hole and corner: and first, I'll begin to examine this. (*Going towards the closet where Aurora is.*)—Perhaps they may have hidden themselves—

Don F. (*Placing himself before the closet.*) Hold, sir! you must not go in here.

Don G. No! And why not, pray?

Mar. Do go in, sir.

Don G. Nephew, I will go into that place.

Don F. Pardon me, sir, I have the greatest respect for you; but here my honour is engaged, and, by heaven! I will defend this door with my life.

Don G. This is very pretty behaviour, I protest; however, sir, since you are so violent, I will not contend with you at present: I'll take this room in my way back. And will you, Don Pedro, be so obliging as to accompany me, while I search the rest of the apartments.

Mar. Hold! pray, sir, stay a moment.

Don G. What mischief's in the wind now?

Mar. You must not go this way, sir.

Don G. Must not! By my faith, but I will, though.

Don F. I say, sir, do go in.

Mar. Pray, sir, don't think of it.

Don G. Then I'll go in there.

Don F. No, sir; that must not be.

Don G. Why now, did ever any one see the like of this? I say, nephew—daughter—

AURORA throwing open the doors of the cabinet, comes out, and discovers herself.

Aur. Ruin I see must overtake me; therefore, I'll meet it.

Don P. Fury and death, my sister! Villain, draw your sword.

Don G. Nay, now, Don Pedro, you're out of your wits.

Don F. Hear me, will you?

Don P. I'll hear nothing.

Mar. Nor I.

Don G. I'll leave it to all the world, now, if ever there was a poor old fellow so hampered and plagued, by a set of young rascals and lussies, as I am.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Laz. Where's Don Guzman—where's my master? Oh! gentlemen, gentlemen!

Don G. (*Stopping them.*) Pray, hold a little—What ails this fellow?

Beat. Lazarillo, have you seen a ghost?

Laz. You have hit it; the house is haunted.

Don G. Yes, with a pack of mad people.

Laz. Spirits, sir, spirits! As I am a living man, your son, Don Alonzo, appeared to me this instant. His face was as long as my arm, and as pale as a piece of chalk; his eyes glared like two coals of fire, and he had a flambeau in his hand.

Don G. I won't believe a word of this; it's all a monstrous lie: a ghost and a piece of chalk, and

a flambeau and stuff. Draw all your swords, and follow me.

Mar. (*Sinks into Ferdinand's arms.*) Oh!

Don G. Here! you, man, ghost, devil, or whatever you are, make your appearance: I protest before heaven, I'll do you no harm, but let you go quietly about your business.

Enter DON CARLOS DE PIMENTEL, with his mask on, and his sword drawn; after advancing some paces, he discovers himself.

Don C. Don Guzman, I take you at your word.

All. Don Carlos!

Don F. Call in the alguazils.

Don G. No, come back. How have you the audaciousness, Don Carlos, to appear in this place? And what do you think must be the consequence of my seeing you?

Don C. I have delivered myself into your hands, Don Guzman, on the faith of your promise, that the memory of all past acts should be cancelled between us; but conscious of my innocence, I disdain to owe my safety to an undesigned clemency; recall what you have said, I release you from your word, if you can have more pleasure in satisfying an unjust revenge than in sacrificing it to a point of honour.

Don G. Go away, and never let me see you more.

Don P. This may do for you, Don Guzman, but I am to be answered in another manner. The death of a son may be forgiven, but not the ruin of a sister.

Don C. Don Pedro, I never wronged you. I honour, I esteem, I admire your sister; but not out of fear of your anger, but in regard to her virtue; and as a debt due to her reputation, brought into danger by her attention to me, I am willing to make her my wife.

Aur. (*Going apart with Don P.*) Brother—

Don F. There is one circumstance in this dark affair which surprises me more than anything else. Where is your servant, Don Carlos, whom I seized just now in the street? I left him locked up here, and in less than a quarter of an hour—

Musk. (*Within.*) Heigho!

Don G. Who have we bricked up in the wall, yonder?

Enter MUSKATO from behind the panel.

Musk. Are we all friends? Is it peace and good fellowship without respect of persons?

Don G. Sirrah, I desire to know—

Musk. I am included in the treaty, sir.

Beat. This brings things into my head. Hark you! rogue's face, was it not you that stole my new gown?

Musk. Yes, ma'am.

Beat. Well, and where is it?

Musk. Why, you must know, I put it on.

Beat. Put on my gown!

Musk. Oh, Lord! yes; I make one of the gentlest ladies you ever laid your eyes on; ask Don Guzman else. Being somewhat more corpulent than you, indeed, your gown has suffered a little in the seams; but don't make yourself uneasy; to recompense the damage, I'll throw myself and fortune at your feet. (*Falling on his knees.*)

Don P. What you tell me is very odd; however, that is not a sufficient reason for my doubting the truth of it. Don Carlos, we have no leisure now to enter into discussions and explanations; your family and fortune are unexceptionable; you say you are willing to marry my sister; take her, and may you be happy together.

Musk. My dear master, I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart, of being released from all your troubles, by the generosity of this good old gentleman: his behaviour has been that of a noble Spaniard; and I hope our friends will testify their satisfaction, by joining to applaud it. [Exeunt.]

THOMAS AND SALLY;

OR, THE SAILOR'S RETURN:

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THE 'SQUIRE
THOMAS

SALLY
DORCAS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Village at the foot of a hill, with a cottage more advanced than the rest, on one side.

SALLY discovered spinning at the door.

AIR.—SALLY.

*My time how happy once, and gay!
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be:
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
For my true love is gone to sea.*

*The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Though all their arts are lost on me;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to sea.*

*They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea;
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea?*

*The flowers droop till light's return,
The pigeon mourns its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.*

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. What, will you never quit this idle trade?

Still, still in tears? Ah! you're a foolish maid!

In time, have prudence, your own int'rest see;
Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*That May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and shew;
Then why will you waste such a treasure
In sighing, and crying heigho?
Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
And never sit crying heigho!*

*Though when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, e'er all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying heigho!
In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so;
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho!*

Sally. Leave me.

Dorcas. Go to. I come to make you glad,
Odzooks! what's here? this folly sets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom? 'tis pretty sport!
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port.

Sally. Dorcas, for shame! how can you be so base?

Or after this, look Thomas in the face?
His ship's expected—

Dorcas. Tell not me. The 'Squire—
As Tom is your's, you are his heart's desire.
Then why so peevish, and so froward still?
He'll make your fortune; let him have his will.

AIR.—SALLY.

*Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he,
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.*

*Grant me, ye Pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,)
Grant me but innocence and health.
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.* [Exit.

Dorcas. Well, go your ways. I cannot choose
but smile:
Would I were young again! alas, the while!
But what are wishes? wishes will not do:
One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*When I was a young one, what girl was like me?
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.
To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas this, sir, and that, sir, but scarce ever nay;
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.*

*At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man!
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;
And jealous—though, truly, I gave him some cause.
He snubb'd me and huff'd me; but let me alone,
Egad! I've a tongue and I paid him his own.
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter, and have the last word.*

*But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
This time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.
Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mumchance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.* [Exit.

*The 'Squire appears, descending the hill, with
Huntsmen.*

AIR.—The 'Squire.

*Hark, hark! the shrill horn calls the sportsmen
abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.*

*Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.*

[Exeunt Huntsmen. The 'Squire knocks at
the door of the cottage.

Enter SALLY.

Sally. Ah! whither have my heedless steps be
tray'd?

'Squire. Where would you fly? of who are you
afraid?

Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh;
Nor any one but Cupid, you, and I.

Sally. Unlucky! [Aside.

'Squire. 'Sdeath! she sets me all on fire.
Bewitching girl! I languish with desire.
But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand
So coy, so silly?

Sally. Pray, sir, loose my hand.

AIR.—The 'Squire.

*When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange, no longer seek to roam:
They centre all in Sally.*

*Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy;
And cries I court but to destroy:
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.*

*Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
Oh! follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me bless'd in Sally.*

Sally. Sir, you bemean yourself; and, to be
free,
Some lady you should choose of fit degree:
I am too low, too vulgar—
'Squire. Rather say,
There's some more favour'd rival in the way:
Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts takes
place;
For him you keep your favours; that's the case.
Sally. Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor
sin;
An honest lad he is, of honest kin:
No higher than my equal I pretend:
You have your answer, sir, and there's an end.

DUETT.—The 'Squire and SALLY.

'Squire. Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be
deny'd;
Fine clothes you shall flash in, and rant it
away.
I'll give you this purse, too; and, hark you!
'beside,
We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long sum-
mer's day.
Sally. Of kissing and toying you soon would be
tir'd,
Oh! should hapless Sally consent to be
naught.
Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to
be bought.

'Squire. Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy
tongue;
But know, above scandal you then shall
be put;
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot
along,
At draggled-tail chastity walking a-foot.

Sally. If only thro' fear of the world I were shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill
shewn;
Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I should purchase
my own?

'Squire. *Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were design'd*

For better employment—

Sally. *I will not endure—*

'Squire. *Oh fie! child, love bids you be rich, and be kind—*

Sally. *But virtue commands me be honest and poor.* [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-side.*

Enter THOMAS, with Sailors in a boat, from which they land.

Thomas. Avast! my boys, avast! all hands ashore.

Messmates, what cheer? Old England, eh! once more.

I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice;
Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.

I've an old sweetheart—but look, there's the town;
Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

AIR and CHORUS.—THOMAS and Sailors.

*How happy is the sailor's life,
From coast to coast to roam;
In every port he finds a wife,
In every land a home.*

*He loves to range,
He's no where strange;
He ne'er will turn his back,
To friend or foe;
No, masters, no;
My life for honest Jack.*

Cho. *He loves to range, &c.*

*If saucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom 'they have to deal.
We know no craft,
But 'fore and aft'
Lay on our strokes amain;
Then, if they're stout,
For t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.*

Cho. *We know no craft, &c.*

*Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull;
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow shall be full;
For if so be,
We want, d'ye see?*

*A pluck of this here stuff;
In Indi—a,
And Americ—a,
We're sure to find enough.*

Cho. *For if so be, &c.*

*Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
The British fleet befall,
But prosp'rous gales,
Where'er she sails,
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore,
Till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.*

Cho. *But prosp'rous gales, &c.* [Exeunt.

Enter the 'Squire and DORCAS.

'Squire. *In vain I've ev'ry wily art assay'd,
Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade;
No prospect of success is left me now:
How shall I gain her?*

Dorcas. *Why, I'll tell you how.
This way she comes; the wench is full of pride,
Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside:
Often, when regular approaches fail,
Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.*

AIR.—DORCAS.

*All you would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her as sure as a gun.*

*With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.*

*To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine;
But mark you the consequence, mum;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you as sure as a gun.*

*Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.* [Exeunt.

Enter SALLY, with a milking-pail.

Sally. *How cruel those who, with ungen'rous aim,
Strive to seduce, and bring poor maids to shame!
That brutish 'squire! but wherefore should I fear?
I ne'er can turn false-hearted to my dear.
No, when he came his last farewell to take,
He bid me wear this token for his sake;
He shall not prove me fickle and unkind;
Or say, that—out of sight was out of mind.*

AIR.—SALLY.

*Auspicious spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him bide;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.
And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.*

*Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep;
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
Till halcyon peace return'd, once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.*

Enter the 'Squire.

DUETT.—*The 'Squire and SALLY.*

'Squire. *Well met, pretty maid;
Nay, don't be afraid;
I mean you no mischief, I vow;
Psha! what is't you ail?
Come, give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.*

Sally. *Pray let it alone,
I've hands of my own,
Nor need your's to help me—forbear!*

*How can you persist?
I won't, sir, be kiss'd,
Nor teas'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.*

'Squire. *In yon lonely grove,
I saw an alcove,
All round the sweet violet springs;
And there was a thrush,
Hard by in a bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.*

Sally. *But hark! pr'ythee, hark!
Look, yonder's a lark,
It warbles and pleases me so;
To hear the soft tale,
O' th' sweet nightingale,
I would not be tempted to go.*

'Squire. *Then here we'll sit down;
Come, come, never frown,
No longer my bliss I'll retard;
Kind Venus shall spread,
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue, Cupid, keep guard.*

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. What's this I see? May I believe my eyes?

A pirate just about to board my prize!
'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer—
Sal, what's the matter?

Sally. Thomas!

'Squire. 'Sdeath! who's here?

Fellow, begone, or—

Thomas. Larn your phrase to mend:
Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.
Let go the wench, I claim her for my share,
And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

TRIO.—*The 'Squire, THOMAS, and SALLY.*

'Squire. *Saucy rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost:
Bully'd!—scandaliz'd!—confusion!
All my schemes and wishes cross'd.*

Thomas. *Hark you, master, keep your distance;
'Sblood! take notice what I say:
There's the channel, no resistance,
Tack about, and bear away.*

Sally. *Would you wrest our freedom from us?
Now my heart has lost its fear:
Oh! my best, my dearest Thomas,
Sure some angel brought you here.*

'Squire. *Since her paltry inclination,
Stoops to such a thing as you;
Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu!* [Exit]

Sally. Oh! welcome, welcome! How shall impart

The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?
Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,
And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

Thomas. Excuse me, Sal, while mighty George
has foes,
On land and main, their malice I'll oppose.
But hang this talking, my desires are keen;
You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

DUETT.—THOMAS and SALLY.

Thomas. *Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.*

Sally. *Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.*

Thomas. *For this the sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.*

Sally. *For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.*

Both. *Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.*

[Exeunt.]

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—BY HENRY HEARTWELL.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT MURVILLE
GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO
BLINVAL

GERMAIN
OFFICER
CORPORAL

FOOTMAN
MRS. BELMONT
ROSINA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On the right hand, one of the towers of the Castle of Sorrento; a ditch and parapet-wall dividing it from a large house placed on the left, with a latticed window over the door opening to a balcony. In the tower, a grated window about the height of the balcony. A picturesque view of the country in the distance, mountainous, and with vineyards.

ROSINA appears at the latticed window.

SONG.—ROSINA.

Evening's shadows now appear,
All is hush'd and calm around—
Hark! his well known voice I hear;
Let me fly to catch the sound.
No; 'tis past, and silence reigns;
Pensive, still, I mourn my fate:
In his tower he still remains;
Here, alas! in vain I wait.

Evening's shadows now appear,
All is hush'd and calm around—
Hark! again his voice I hear;
Yes, I've caught the well-known sound.

BLINVAL, in a red hussar jacket, his hair dishevelled, and his whole appearance neglected, appears at the grated window of the prison.

DUETT.—BLINVAL and ROSINA.

Blin. Hark! again that heavenly voice.
Ros. Yes, 'tis he; why throbs my heart?
By turns I sigh, by turns rejoice;
I'm fix'd, though reason says depart.

Blin. Oh! what joy, what bliss I feel!
Ros. Ah! could my prayers your anguish heal!
Blin. Sweet, heavenly maid, my griefs are past,
My prison now a palace seems;
Speak, will the pleasing vision last?
Or are my raptures fleeting dreams?
Ros. Ah! could Rosina's prayers avail,
How soon those heavy bars should fall!
Ah! could Rosina's tears prevail,
How swift you'd pass the hated wall!
Blin. Ye gods, I'm bless'd; what rapture's mine!
Forgive that late I dar'd repine.
Ros. Compassion's tear—
Blin. The joys I feel,—
Ros. Bedews my cheek.
Blin. No words reveal.
Ros. Alas! poor youth,—
Blin. How bless'd my lot!—
Ros. How hard your fate!
Blin. My grief's forgot.
I'm bless'd beyond what mortals know,
Though fate has mark'd the world my foe;
That cheering glance, that heavenly smile,
Would ev'ry human care beguile.
Ros. Alas! how hard the prisoner's lot!
Forsaken, by the world forgot.
Blin. What joys I feel!
Ros. How hard his lot!—
Blin. I'm bless'd, indeed.
Ros. By all forgot.
Blin. My griefs are past.
Ros. Compassion's tear—
Blin. Transporting sounds!
Ros. Your woes shall cheer.

*Ah! would my fervent prayers ascend,
Your painful sufferings soon should end.*

*Blin. The prayers of virtue swift ascend,
I feel my sufferings soon must end.*

[*Blinval retires.*]

Rosina. Heigho! he sings no more. No, he is gone, and I am still left in incertitude. It's very wicked of the Governor to keep so sweet a man cooped up in that huge ugly tower.

Enter GERMAIN with a portmanteau and hat-box.

Ger. (Knocks and calls at the door of the house.) Hallo, ho, ho! Within there, ho!

Rosina. What can that be?

Ger. Are you all dead? Rab down my hack, and let me have a spanking supper, for I'm confoundedly sharp set.

Rosina. Pray, where do you suppose yourself, that you're so much at home? This is no inn.

Ger. (Looking up and taking off his hat.) Bumpers and Burgundy! there's a rogue's eye! (*Aside.*) Inn! Oh! no; Lord love your pretty face! the Widow Belmont would be quite shocked if I went to an inn.

Rosina. Indeed! And who are you?

Ger. One of king Cupid's corps diplomatique; ambassador of love; courier of Hymen; the faithful follower, though I precede my master, of Count Murville, captain in the death's head hussars, *et cetera*—*Germain*, at your service. (*Bowing.*)

Rosina. Oh! from our cousin Murville. Well, I'll inform mamma. Provoking puppy!—at this moment—he has chosen this time. (*Aside, and exit.*)

Ger. She might as well have asked me to walk in. Mighty pleasant, no doubt, this *al fresco*, to those who relish it; but for a gentleman who does Count Murville, captain in the death's head hussars, *et cetera*, the honour to adjust his mustachios, and to adorn his head, why, it's d—d scurvy treatment. Hip, hallo! house! within there! (*Knocks at the door.*)

Enter Footman, from the house.

Foot. Hallo! Who thunders so loudly?

Ger. Why, me, to be sure.

Foot. You! and who the devil are you?

Ger. Is that your respect to a valet-de-chambre? Here, take my baggage, and know your distance. [*Snatches up the portmanteau and hat-box, places them on the Footman's shoulders, pushes him in, and follows.*]

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room at the Widow Belmont's.*

Enter the Footman and GERMAIN.

Foot. My mistress is at the Governor's, and you must wait. She will speak with you here. (*Going.*)

Ger. But sir, respected sir, (*bowing*) if you are pleased to take your own sweet company away, can't you send me an omelet and a salad, with a few of your half-emptied flasks? You understand? and I don't think, without offence, I should lament your absence.

Foot. Oh! sir, your most obedient. But I am never purveyor except where I'm a guest: you understand? (*Exit.*)

Ger. Well, now, as I'm a Christian sinner, that fellow deserves the gallies. I wish my master would appear. Somehow, I'm never respected but for his sake. What can detain him at Naples? Oh! I have it: the imprisonment of his young friend Blinval; that fire-eating, mad rattlecap, who had nearly sabred his own colonel. What a cursed scrape! Death by the articles of war. But he performed such prodigies in the last battle, and saved Count Murville's life, so he'll move heaven, earth, and the minister for his release. Oh! now I recol-

lect, he is in this district, close prisoner in the old castle of Sorrento: if I could speak to him—No, no poor devil, he is trapped like a rat and can only be peeped at through his gratings.

Enter BLINVAL, in the red hussar's jacket, without a sword.

Blinval. (Looking about, but not perceiving Germain.) This apartment excels the last; am I awake or is it all a dream?

Ger. (Not seeing him.) He is as wild as a young Tartar, as obstinate as a young devil, but as sound hearted as a young Englishman. Oh! a fine fellow that Blinval.

Blinval. (Turning quick round.) Blinval! who calls me?

Ger. (Starting.) Eh! what? No, sure—yes, but it is; it is our mad lieutenant. (*Runs and leaps on his neck.*)

Blinval. Germain! not hauged yet, but don't strangle me, man. I'm here, you see, in spite of our old fusty colonel, safe, sound, and hearty, boy.

Ger. But by what miracle? I thought you snag in one of the four towers of that d—d castle.

Blinval. So thinks the governor, heaven help him, at this hour. But tell me, whose is this house?

Ger. The Widow Belmont's.

Blinval. Has she a daughter?

Ger. *Rosina*; a great beauty; fresh, blooming, and sixteen.

Blinval. Huzza! Then I shall bless the day I heard the rusty hinges of Sorrento creak.

Ger. And were I in your place I should curse it most furiously. But what with hunger, thirst, and curiosity, I'm in a desperate case; pity me, sir, I have a craving appetite for your adventures.

Blinval. Shut up in the south tower, I one day saw the daughter of this house at a latticed balcony; woodbines and jessamines were round the wall, but they weren't half so fresh as the sweet little creature who eclipsed them.

Ger. Oh Lord! oh Lord! I'm likely to be famished still, if we're to creep through the woodbines.

Blinval. To the point, then: she kept her eyes long fixed on me; I tried to move her by croaking in my d—d hoarse voice, some melancholy ditties about captivity and so on. Every day fresh attentions, fresh songs. This very evening my gaoler called me from a charming interview. I thrust him out, and, in a moment of passion, dashed an old wardrobe in a dark corner of my room to atoms. A folded paper caught my eye, I seized it eagerly, it was directed—

Ger. How?

Blinval. "To the unfortunate who succeeds me."

Ger. And the contents?

Blin. A legacy from my poor devil of a predecessor: he had been shut up in the same part of the tower ten years; but love had softened the hardships of his captivity. In short, the paper marked a secret avenue leading to the next house. I descended, crept through a subterraneous passage, climbed a cork-screw stair-case, reached a small door, and, upon pressing back a spring, jumped into that bed-room.

Ger. And the entrance—

Blinval. Is concealed by that looking-glass. But tell me now, what brings your rogue's face to Sorrento?

Ger. Marriage. Your friend Murville, is cousin to the Widow; they have been long involved in a law-suit, and were compelled to correspond: the first letters were cold, the second more civil, the third touched on arrangements, and in the last they settled it, to wind up all in the old-fashioned way, by a marriage.

Blinval. Excellent! When will they solemnize?

Ger. The day's not fixed, for they have never met.

Blinval. Not seen each other! Then I'm established in the house.

Ger. Eh! how do you make that out?

Blinval. Dolt, dunderhead! I shall pass for Murville; the Widow Belmont will receive, caress, feed, lodge, and—

Ger. Marry you?

Blinval. No, no; but I'll obtain an interview with my Rosina; speak to her frequently, and breathe my vows of love and constancy in a purer air.

Ger. In the meantime, they'll visit the south tower, find the bird flown, and send him back o' whistle his soft notes in a foul air and a close cage.

Blinval. They visit me but twice a day; and till o-morrow's noon I'm safe.

Ger. Granted; but will that negligée suit the over?

Blinval. Oh! let me see. (*Pauses.*) I have been stopped by a banditti.

Ger. Ha, ha, ha! You're never at a loss; always a tale at your tongue's end. But my scruples—

Blinval. Have, like all other things, their price. (*Shaking a purse.*) Fifty louis for their repose.

Ger. They're hushed. (*Taking the purse.*)

Blinval. But if I appear in this identical dress, I shall be known instantly by Rosina, and it would not be prudent to discover myself, even to her, too soon.

Ger. What say you to my master's riding-coat and military hat?

Blinval. The very thing; run and fetch them; quick, quick. (*Germain runs out and returns with them immediately.*)

Ger. (*Helping Blinval on with his hat and coat.*) So. And here comes the Widow, too, most opportune.

Blinval. Attention, then, and to our posts. Remember, I have been robbed.

Enter MRS. BELMONT.

Mrs. B. (*To Germain.*) Is it you, sir, who wish to speak with me?

Ger. Yes, madam, it was I who galloped on joyfully to announce Count Murville, but—oh, heavens!—

Mrs. B. You alarm me. What has befallen him?

Ger. Oh! bitter news! Speak, sir, yourself, for I want words, and—impudence. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. What, is it you, cousin?

Blinval. As you perceive, and in no better plight. (*Looking at his dress.*)

Mrs. B. What has happened?

Blinval. Friendship, love, and anxiety, all urged me to hasten here; unfortunately, a banditti—

Mrs. B. Robbers?

Blinval. Stopped me some leagues from this.

Ger. Five minutes later, and I had shared his fate. Oh, terrible!

Mrs. B. Robbers!

TRIO.—BLINVAL, GERMAIN, and MRS. BELMONT.

Blinval. Affection induced me all dangers to brave,
I mounted my horse in the dead of the night.

Ger. This love had nearly shewn him the way to his grave;

When you hear his escape, you'll be seiz'd
with affright.

Mrs. B. Such a hazard was wrong.

Ger. But his reasons were strong.

Blinval. From the forest they rush'd, full a score, at the least—

Ger. How he brags, how he lies! (*Aside.*)

Blinval. Taken thus by surprise—

Mrs. B. Alas! all my fears, my alarms are increas'd.

Blinval. With my back to a tree,
At one thrust despatch'd three;

Seventeen with drawn swords remain'd circling me round—

Ger. Seventeen with drawn swords remain'd circling him round.

Mrs. B. Alas! could no aid, could no succour be found?

Such a risk, such a state!

Ger. 'Faith! his perils were great.

Blinval. The blood of six others soon reddens my sword—

Ger. What a bounce, what a lie! (*Aside.*)

Blinval. Not a creature came by—

Mrs. B. Alas! sure, such numbers at last over-power'd.

Blinval. With ten wounds gaping wide,
And six thrusts in the side,

I fought till my blood in a torrent was pour'd.

Ger. He fought till his blood in a torrent was pour'd.

Blinval. Then faintly I sank, by such odds over-power'd.

Mrs. B. Alas! what a state, by such odds over-power'd!

Blinval. Stretched on the ground for dead, the cowards rifled me, but fled on the approach of travellers, who, coming up, gave me every assistance in their power.

Mrs. B. Good heavens! I fear you must have suffered much from the wounds you received. Have you kept your chamber long?

Blinval. Hum! I have been a good while confined; haven't I, Germain?

Ger. That you have; I can prove it.

Blinval. But, excepting a weakness, no inconvenience follows.

Mrs. B. He is younger than I conceived, well made, and elegant. (*Aside.*) My last letter must have convinced you I was desirous to have all points explained.

Blinval. Oh! we'll explain ourselves off hand. Germain, endeavour to get me some decent clothes; I am ashamed to see myself; I have the appearance—

Ger. Of a monntebank, precisely. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. Now we're alone, we can discourse on business.

Blinval. Certainly; but at this moment, I'm so confused; the blows those rascals dealt, have made me so light-headed, so absent—

Mrs. B. Only one thing: it will be right to send a settlement to an attorney's.

Blinval. Why, yes, it will be certainly quite right and necessary.

Mrs. B. You consent, then, to keep the farm?

Blinval. The farm! Oh! decided. Yes, yes, we'll keep the farm.

Mrs. B. But we must recollect my daughter: she has just claims.

Blinval. The greatest possible. She is so beautiful! such a soft, tender air! so interesting, so charming!

Mrs. B. Really! How can you tell all this? Have you seen her?

Blinval. Seen her! Yes, I—Oh! no; but I speak from report which is loud in her praise; so, oblige me, and drop the suit.

Mrs. B. Why, you forget—you drop the snit.

Blinval. Do I? True, true; but my head's so confused, I can think only of our approaching happiness.

Mrs. B. But I expected, I confess, a mau of middle age, and you appear quite young.

Blinval. True; I have ever been thought young, and surely, cousin, that's no misfortune.

Mrs. B. No; but as reason and friendship form the basis of our union, though tempted to regard it as a defect, I am willing to hope we shall be both happy. I shall now leave you to give directions for your comfort and accommodation.

Enter GERMAIN.

Germain, that room will be your master's. (*Pointing.*)

Blinval. (Aside.) By all that's fortunate, the secret door.

Mrs. B. I'll prepare my daughter to receive you immediately; but recollect, a father-in-law should be grave and sedate. Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Blinval. Allons, Germain! the day's our own. Victory, my boy! I'm grown so grave and steady, they'll not suspect I could invent this trick.

Ger. Steady, with a vengeance! Ah! if you're other than Blinval, I shall look out for the world's end.

Blinval. But I'm determined to reform.

Ger. Which way?

Blinval. By marrying.

Ger. Why, faith! if anything can tame a man, I believe that may.

Blinval. My stars all shine propitious; and every time my presence is required, I'll lock my door, glide to my prison, and whip back, no one the wiser.

Ger. But my master, in the meantime, appears; off goes my livery, and I'm cooped up in your agreeable south tower, for having touched upon the secret spring.

Blinval. I shall rejoice in such good company. But see, the sun peeps forth; fogs, mists, and vapours fly; here comes Rosina.

Ger. Then you'll dispense with me; so I'll escape to the more foggy regions, where savoury fumes exhale from the stew-pans, and the jolly butler distributes his rich gifts from the Widow's collar. [*Exit.*]

Enter ROSINA.

Rosina. (Aside.) This, then, is my step-father; and I must be respectful, and so forth: so says mamma. Heigho!

Blinval. (Aside.) She'll be astonished when she perceives the prisoner. (*Going towards her.*)

Rosina. (Starting.) Oh, heavens! Can I believe my eyes? His very features!

Blinval. What startles you, my little cousin? have I already the misfortune to displease?

Rosina. No, sir; no, certainly not that; but I was struck with the resemblance to a friend; yes, sir, an absent friend, too little known, and, alas! too unfortunate. Pardon me, sir, but my tongue falters, my heart throbs, and my face burns. I must beg to retire. (*Going.*)

Blinval. Don't leave me, coz. (*Taking her hand.*) Why withdraw your hand? You would not be so coy to my resemblance.

Rosina. Oh! yes, I should, because I ought to be so.

Blinval. But I shall be your father-in-law soon.

Rosina. True; but you are so like this friend, I should think still of him.

Blinval. You tremble. Happy Blinval! (*Aside.*)

Rosina. Yes, and my heart beats quick, just as it does when I see him.

Blinval. And mine just as it does when I see you—I mean your mother. She is like you.

Rosina. My mother! Ah! you are as young as your likeness.

Blinval. Looks are deceitful. But, Rosina, you

must love me, if not for my own sake, for the sake of my likeness.

Rosina. Ah! but I don't love him; he is unfortunate, and I feel interested in his fate, that's all.

Blinval. You pity him! I'll avow myself at once, and—(*Aside.*) Dearest Rosina, I—I—(*A footstep is heard.*) Oh! here's this teasing, amorous Widow; she haunts me. (*Aside, and walking about.*)

Enter MRS. BELMONT, with an unfolded note.

Mrs. B. We shall have an addition to our party. Cousin, you'll not object to an old friend of mine, whom I prepare you to esteem.

Blinval. A friend of your's? I shall be happy to see him. I wish him at the devil with all my heart. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. An honest, plaid, rough Irishman. The laws of his country forbade him, as a catholic, serving in the armies of his own monarch, whom he adores as the father of a great, free, and happy people.

Blinval. We have many brave Irish with our troops, all much esteemed: but who is your friend?

Mrs. B. A singular character; eccentric, and, at times, warm to a degree. His employment gives him an appearance of harsh authority, while, in reality, he is mild and humane. After this sketch, you will allow for a rough diamond. He wishes to be introduced to a soldier of your merit, and being within five minutes walk, comes without form—the Governor of the castle.

Blinval. (Starting.) Eh! who? the Governor? (*Walks about agitated.*) All my unlucky planets must have joined. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. B. Run, haste, Rosina, give directions that the supper suit our guests. (*Rosina, with her eyes fixed on Blinval, does not attend.*) Why aren't you gone?

Rosina. Oh! the resemblance is astonishing.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Mrs. B. How kind of our good friend, the very first hour you arrive.

Blinval. (Still walking about.) Oh, kind! Yes, yes—d—d kind! (*aside*)—kind to a degree; but I'm so dreadfully fatigued after fighting with the robbers, that I feel oppressed with sleep.

Mrs. B. Well, we'll sup early, then.

Blinval. But can't we sup alone? On the footing we stand, a third is the devil.

Mrs. B. (Smiling.) We shall have opportunities enough of being tête-à-tête.

Blinval. We have so much to say; the farm, the settlements, the attorney, the suit—

Mrs. B. But your head is so confused. However, there is no help, for he is already on the stairs.

Gov. (Without.) Easy, friend, easy; 'sblood! you'll have arm and all; there, hang up my roque-laure, and let the sergeant wait.

Blinval. (Aside.) Now impudence stand my ally. There's no alternative. (*Turns on one side, draws up the collar of his coat round his face, pulls his hat over his eyes, and stands with his arms folded.*)

Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO.

Gov. (Speaking as he enters.) If they ask for me here, tell 'em, remember, I'm just gone there, honey. Well, here and I'm come, quicker than my billet which got here first. 'Faith! and the captain will rejoice to be made known to an old veteran who has had some hard knocks to secure him a snug retreat, and a good flask of lachryma christi to fight his battles over. Be introducing us, Widow; I must tell him about my last campaign.

Mrs. B. Cousin; our friend, the Governor,

cousin. Count Murville! the Governor of the castle.

Blinval. (Still with his back to them.) Three thousand, and the enemy thought five, with the advantage of a wood, but his right flank left in the air.

Gov. Eh! what? By Saint Patrick, the most extraordinary fellow! how long will he keep in the air? Hallo! Count Murville, here's our O'Rourke O'Donnel, Governor of Sorrento, and—whew! (*Whistling.*) 'Sblood! he's as deaf as my invalid sergeant of artillery. Och! and you'll have a nice husband.

Blinval. (Aside.) Psha! 'tis absurd, and I'll e'en brave the storm.

Mrs. B. Cousin, cousin! our friend, the Governor. How provoking!

Blinval. Eh! who? Oh! I beg pardon; I was absorbed in a dull calculation.

Gov. (Advancing.) No excuses, jewel, to our O'Donnel. (*Starts back on seeing his face.*) Och! what!—devil burn me!—yet, how could he get from the south tower? the strongest part of the whole castle, sure! Och! it's impossible! haven't I had the keys all under locks in my own room?

Blinval. (All this time looks the Governor full in the face, and turns occasionally, with affected surprise, to Mrs. Belmont.) I'm fortunate in attracting your notice. Prythee, widow, what can this mean!

Gov. That Count Murville! Hubaboo! Botheration! 'Faith! it's a young wild devil of the death's heads, I have now snuggled enough there, between four walls, not a stone's throw from us. (*Strutting up to him.*) Sir, let me tell you, sir, that while O'Rourke O'Donnel governs the castle, he will govern and keep his prisoners safe, though they do break out.

Blinval. Ha, ha, ha! Widow, is your friend often thus? What upon earth have I to say to your prisoner? Here I'm Count Murville.

Gov. No, sir—'sblood! here you are—zounds! here you are not Count Murville. Widow, he is as like one of my prisoners as two drops of whisky.

Mrs. B. And this prisoner—

Gov. Is a wild rogue that found the world not wide enough for his mad pranks; and has the happiness of exercising them at his liberty, in a nice room, five yards by ten, in the south tower.

Blinval. Ha, ha, ha! And you supposed he'd leaped your barrier, swam the wet ditch, and given your whiskered sentries sleeping draughts.

Gov. Och! he's as safe as bolts, walls, bars and chains can keep him. Sure, I know that, though he stands here just now.

Mrs. B. Ah! poor young man! you treat him too harshly.

Gov. 'Faith! my orders are positive. But I soften as much as possible. Humanity has a command over me strict as the king's, and I obey both masters with pleasure. But this Blinval—

Blinval. Blinval! We served in the same corps, and were never asunder; he is as like me as if we'd been twins.

Gov. Twins! Zounds! he's yourself. Well, well, as it's explained, you can't be he, and you're well off; he's in a pretty mess.

Blinval. I'm as much grieved and suffer as much as if I were in his place, we were such friends.

Gov. Were you so? 'Faith! I have a mind—but you must take your oath—No, no, I won't be satisfied with that; you must give me your honour.

Blinval. What do you mean?

Gov. (To Mrs. B.) I can't be satisfied till I see them both in one spot, standing there, cheek by jowl, like two double cherries. He shall sup here.

Blinval. Who?

Gov. Blinval.

Blinval. Sup here! Blinval!

Mrs. B. It will be very kind.

Blinval. You must not think of it. If it were known—his confinement's so strict—

Gov. 'Faith! and I run some risk; but to oblige a friend—Och! be easy, he shall sup here.

Blinval. There will be bloodshed, then; we have quarrelled most furiously.

Gov. Quarrelled! Ah! that's the best news I have heard. It's the sure road to be as thick as mustard. You shall be friends.

Blinval. I can never see him.

Gov. You shall be friends.

Blinval. We two can't meet.

Gov. Och! be easy; I am the best hand in Italy at an accommodation. Didn't I make up the quarrel at Balmuddery, when honest Pat Holloway had put Captain Noraghan's nose clean out of joint.

Blinval. And how had he done that?

Gov. 'Faith! he had squeezed it tight, between his finger and thumb a little.

SONG.—GOVERNOR.

Arrah! what a big nose had the bold Captain Noraghan!

Pat Holloway he pull'd it till he made him to roar again.

Whack fal de diddle! Shoot him through the middle.

Whack fal de diddle! Well-a-day!

Whack fal de diddle! Captain, through the middle,

Och! shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my word to both;

For second man to two men, is one man that's third to both.

Whack fal de diddle! &c.

We met by a duck-pond; cries bold Captain Noraghan,

“Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snore again.”

Whack fal de diddle! &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat, for it was not a lucky shot, Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he shot.

Whack fal de diddle! &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em; 'twas full time to take it up;

For a duel now is one shot a-piece, and then make it up.

Whack fal de diddle! Shoot him through the middle.

Whack fal de diddle! Well-a-day!

Whack fal de diddle! Shake each other's daddle, And fast friends they walk'd away. [Exit.]

Blinval. (Aside.) I've no alternative; back to my prison.

Mrs. B. How happy this will make poor Blinval! Come, you must oblige me and be reconciled; it is my first request, and I insist on your compliance.

Blinval. Insist, madam! My injured honour brooks no interference. Seek not to thwart me; some dreadful consequences might ensue, some consequences you cannot foresee. Insist, madam! I wish you a good night. (*Rushes into the bed-chamber, and locks the door.*)

Mrs. B. What madness and rudeness! I thought in Murville to have found mildness and sensibility. Oh! man, man! tax us not with deceit, when in

your own proud sex there's such a proof of the wide difference between professions and actions.

Enter ROSINA.

Rosina. Alone, madam! where is your company?

Mrs. B. Oh! Count Murville has retired to his apartment for the night.

Rosina. He is unwell, then; poor young man!

Mrs. B. No, no; he is quite well; but he chose to retire.

Rosina. Sure, that's a little ungallant. Then our nice supper's of no use.

Mrs. B. His place will be supplied. The Governor conceives there's a resemblance between Murville and one of his prisoners, and is gone for the captive.

Rosina. What, the gay prisoner in the tower? Oh! there's a great resemblance; so striking! there's no mistaking it.

Mrs. B. Indeed! Pray, Rosina, how came you to remark it?

Rosina. (*Embarrassed.*) I heard it. Ah! dear madam, I'll tell you all: every evening I've seen the prisoner from the staircase balcony. I have sat there whole hours to hear him sing. He bewails his captivity. Complaints that all the world forsakes him, except me. Could I hear this and not be sorry for his fate?

Mrs. B. Rosina, your simplicity affects me; to pity him in his distress is amiable; but to love him would be imprudent. Be cautious, then, Rosina; nor sully with a fault one of the heart's best virtues—compassion for the unfortunate.

SONG.—MRS. BELMONT.

*From pity's power thou need'st not fly;
The tear she sheds adorns the eye;
And when down beauty's cheek it flows,
More bright its radiant crimson glows.*

*But there's a sigh, and there's a tear,
That bids youth's roses disappear;
Beware lest thine influence prove,
Beware lest pity turn to love.*

*That tear is love's, and love's that sigh;
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.
Ah! let not, then, thy artless bloom
In sighs and tears so dire consume.*

*Then, if thy heart tumultuous beat
When'er thine eyes yon captive's meet,
Away, nor more such danger prove,
For soon thy pity would be love.* [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Blinval's Room in the Prison. A large stone seen rolled from one corner of a trap-door, and open opposite to it; the ordinary prison door closed and secured by iron plates, large nails, &c. The tables and chairs in confusion, a bureau overturned and broken.*

Enter BLINVAL by the trap-door. He hurries in, rolls the stone back, and puts the tables and chairs in their places.

Blinval. There, then, I'm safe. Now, Mr. Governor, one instant to derange this mad head, and I'm at your service. (*Pulls his hair out of form, and gives as much disorder as he can to his appearance. A clanking heard of a chain.*) Hark! Oh! my old back, I must have had a few dips in the Shannon, too, not to outwit your excellence. (*Walks about in a melancholy manner with his arms crossed.*)

Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO.

Gov. Och! and you're there. Well, then, I'm an old blockhead, and that's all. You may go back. (*To the Guard outside.*) Ah! what, my little Kill

Colonel! Well, but what makes you so dismal! Don't be faint-hearted, boy; joy sometimes penetrates even the walls of a prison.

Blinval. Joy! You are too generous, too much man of honour, to add the pangs of railery to my distress. Am I released?

Gov. Faith! and who told it you? Fair and softly; only six months, and tired so soon! That's no great compliment I must confess.

Blinval. Psha! why, then, am I thus teased (*Dashes down one of the chairs in a passion.*)

Gov. And is there any other part of the king's furniture you would like to destroy? Pray, make as free as with your own.

Blinval. I beg pardon; you've been very kind to me, Governor; you've been very kind.

Gov. Och! my dear boy, not a word more, I would attend you to the scaffold with the greatest pleasure imaginable; only don't break the furniture, that's all. But I've some pleasure in reserve: there's an old friend hard by, though you've quarrelled, and you shall sup with him to-night; I am determined you shall be reconciled; and, though Murville—

Blinval. (*With affected surprise.*) Murville! I esteem him more than I can express; but I cannot forget having cheated him out of a fine girl. It was my fault; we are so alike, I easily passed in his place.

Gov. Like! 'Slife! but you had the same father. How it happened that's not my business, but you're brothers, or I'm not governor. Come, shall we march?

Blinval. Willingly; and if you bring us together, you will have worked a miracle.

Gov. Hubaboo! honey, leave all to me. 'Faith! I'll not rest till you are face to face.

Blinval. Then your rest's gone in this world, take my word.

Gov. Allons, donc. Nous verrons. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Belmont's.*

Enter MRS. BELMONT and ROSINA, GERMAIN following.

Mrs. B. Acquaint your master, Count Murville, and from me, that the sooner he attends to his affairs elsewhere, the better. It must be equally unpleasant to us both while he remains.

Ger. Dear, dear! was there ever such an unlucky son of Adam? (*Aside.*)—Most honoured madam, my master would break my head if I were so impertinent; and you yourself—Lovers' quarrels are, you know, madam—(*goes to the bed-room, and tries the door*)—Lord! it's no use; I could as soon get at—even the prisoner in the south tower.

Mrs. B. Well, when the Governor comes, we shall see.

Ger. (*Alarmed.*) The—the—the what, ma'am? Didn't you say the Governor?

Mrs. B. Certainly. What can that be to you?

Ger. Oh! nothing, ma'am; nothing to me.—(*Aside.*) Here's a cursed scrape—But I have such a kind of a sort of a dread of a prison ever since an old hag of a gipsy told me I should live to be hanged.—(*Aside.*) And, if I could make him hear—And, madam, the very name (*loud*) of a Governor makes my teeth chatter, madam.

Mrs. B. Well, well, you may retire. Desire my people to take care of you; and, when your master chooses to appear, you shall be called.

Ger. Truly, most benevolent lady, I most punctually obey your orders. What, ho! Gaspard, Diego, Janfron! here, you must take care of me. (*Gets near the bed-room door, and calls loudly.*) The Governor's coming. Some more champagne.—(*As he goes out, he meets BLINVAL and the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO entering: Blinval in his hussar*

acket. Germain starts back, and Blinval catches his arm, and threatens him.)

Blinval. (Speaking as he enters.) Ah! my head's jiddy with confinement. I feel oppressed with the pure air.

Rosina. It is the prisoner.

Mrs. B. The resemblance is striking.

Ger. (Aside.) The resemblance! then all is safe.

Advancing to Blinval.) Ah! sir, I am glad to see you.

Gov. (Putting him back.) And who the devil told you to be glad? Arrah! stand back, or I'll—stand back, I say! Ladies, I bring you a recluse, who, for some time, has virtuously renounced the tickle vanities and false allurements of this life; and, like most penitents, per force.

Blinval. Past troubles are but as dreams, and this blessed moment (looking at Rosina) cheaply purchased by ages of captivity.

Gov. But where's Murville? Surely, he's not obstinate still.

Blinval. I was in hopes a difference in our youth—

Gov. 'Slife! and my government. Scarcely an hour passes without such disputes at a mess dinner; 'faith, and they're commoner than toasts, ay, and pass off as quickly.

Mrs. B. He refuses all overtures. (The Governor and Mrs. B. talk apart.)

Blinval. I lament it; but my misfortunes and my acknowledgments must, in the end, prevail.

Rosina. (Aside.) Charming young man! What a good heart.—(To Blinval, first in a faultering voice, then more firmly.) I really tremble when I reflect, sir, how you have suffered in that ugly tower.

Blinval. My captivity would have been insupportable, but I was soothed by such an agreeable object.

Rosina. (Aside.) Heigho! I hope that agreeable object presented itself from my balcony.

Gov. (Advancing with Mrs. B.) Sh't up! But it sha'n't be; I am determined to see whether they be the same person, as they stand separately face to face.

Mrs. B. (Smiling.) Your prisoner appears younger.

Rosina. He has a softer voice.

Gov. 'Faith! and I see no difference. But I'll not stir till he comes out; and, if he won't capitulate, by your leave, Widow, we must proceed to storm.

QUARTETTO.—MRS. BELMONT, BLINVAL, and ROSINA.

Gov. Knock, knock, knock! Knock at his door. Knock, thunder away! (They all knock loudly at the door.)

The Governor commands, his voice obey. Blin. I doubt him much, but soon you'll see

He'll ne'er come face to face with me; Yet on the watch he's forc'd to keep, While Blinval wakes—he'll never sleep.

Gov. A headstrong devil, won't he stir?

(Knocking.) High time, I swear, this strife to close! Peep from your covert, surely—The Governor must interpose.

(Knocking.) Ros. & Our joint endeavours must prevail, Mrs. B. When we request, he can't refuse; Their enmity's of no avail; They must be friends, they can't but choose.

Blin. Be silent, friends, his voice I hear.

All. He answers—listen, listen—so.

Be silent! draw, with caution, near. Be silent—

Blin. Hark! He answers—No.

Ros. He doesn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.

Blin. Be satisfied, he answers—No.

Ros. Did you hear him? (To Belmont.)

Mrs. B. No. Did you hear him?

Gov. No. Did you hear him?

Blin. No.

Ros. He didn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.

Blin. Be satisfied, he answers—No.

Mrs. B. } He didn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.

Ros. }

Blin. Be satisfied, he answers—No. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Mrs. Belmont's. A table spread with wines and a dessert.

THE GOVERNOR, MRS. BELMONT, ROSINA, and BLINVAL in his own character, seated at supper.

Gov. 'Faith, and upon my honour, but it's the most extraordinary thing I ever saw, either in England, Ireland, or all Italy. Such an obstinate mule! Oh! if I had him for a few weeks in the castle!

Blinval. Things more unlikely have happened.

Gov. Well, let me catch him there, and he shall be in charity with all mankind before I let him loose. There's nothing on the whole earth so bad as obstinacy! I'm resolved never to quit this spot till he comes from that room. If I give up this point, it will be for the first time since I was christened by my surname O'Flagherty.

Blinval. He will no more come from that room than I shall—who sit here.

Gov. Then, by your leave, Widow, here I'm posted. He shall come out, by the god of war!

Enter the Corporal of the Guard.

Now what the devil brings your impudence into this house?

Corp. Governor, a stranger's arrived, and brings orders about the prisoner Blinval.

Gov. Ah! this looks serious. (They all rise.) 'Faith, my young gentleman, I am concerned; but you must make up your mind to the worst; and, for the present, back to the south tower.

Rosina. I'm distressed at this cross accident.

Blinval. Indeed! then I'm happy.—Blinval is not indifferent. (Aside.)

Gov. Come, come, this is all very pleasant; but we've no time to lose. You must give up the ladies for the corporal.

Mrs. B. Through the indulgence of the Governor, we shall soon meet.

Gov. Oh! I'll be as indulgent as you please. Corporal, conduct the prisoner to the guard-room, and bid your officer lodge him safe in the south tower, and post a sentry at his door. I'll follow presently. [Exeunt Blinval and Corporal.

It's a bad business, I'm afraid. Drawn on his Colonel! breach of subordination. Charge upon charge! These young fellows are so hot-brained, they think a dash of bravery comprises all military duties; it's the least part. Who obeys best, best commands, too; that is the soldier's creed. But this Murville—I'm resolved to keep up the blockade: here I'm posted.

Rosina. Heigho!

Gov. 'Sblood! my fair violet, what makes you say "heigho!" Oh! if I could but knock off thirty of these hard years, 'faith, I'd soon change your note.

Mrs. B. (Smiling.) You'd have no chance.

Gov. No chance! 'Slife! but an honest Irish heart is worth the conquest. (*Rosina shakes her head, and sighs.*) Again! Widow, the little blind urchin has been at work. Come, child, confess what happy name would have been wafted on that deep-drawn sigh: make me your confidant, and you'll find me a good ally.

Mrs. B. Rosina, child, the Governor is an old friend; your confidence will be well placed.—(*During the end of this dialogue, the bed-room door opens, and Blinval with the great coat on, disguised as Murville, peeps through, stealing in quietly, and unperceived by any of the party.*)

Gov. And has this lover of your's, my little dear, no name?

Blinval. Oh! yes, yes, yes; he has a name, and I know it. (*They all turn round towards Blinval.*)

Gov. Och! Are you there at last, Mr. Murville? Come, if you please; you shall just step with me to the castle, where you shall shake hands with my prisoner; and let me see you both in the same person, and together, and then I will believe you are not him. (*Blinval creeps back to the bed-chamber, and nearly gains the door, when the Governor perceiving his intention, catches his arm, and brings him back.*)—No, honey, no! not quite so young. You must come fairly, or I shall call the guard.

Blinval. (*Struggling.*) Sir, do you know, I am—

Gov. (*Holding him.*) Och! now be easy, friend, it is to know whether you are my prisoner or yourself; and to make you both come together, while you are separate, that I oblige you with my company to the south tower. So, now be asy, or I must call the guard. Come, come—och! to be sure, now, and you're not friends.

Blinval. Well, sir—(*Aside.*) Zounds! what shall I bit on, now?—Well, sir, I'll attend you; I'll follow—follow you presently.

Gov. Follow! 'faith, in my country, friends always link themselves so doatingly—so, if you please, I must desire your arm. (*Keeps hold of Blinval, and drags him off.*)

Mrs. B. (*Having been previously talking apart with Rosina.*) Rosina, I must now have some serious talk with you. Follow me to my dressing-room, and look for the indulgence of a fond mother, if I experience the candour and truth of a dutiful child. [*Exit.*]

Rosina. Ah! my heart beats so quick! If I could steal for an instant to my balcony, and catch one good, fair view—But my mamma needn't mind poor Blinval, he will soon be removed.—These despatches make me tremble. Oh! if I could but steal him fairly from that ngly tower, they should never see him again.

SONG.—ROSINA.

Together, then, we'd fondly stray,
O'er meadows green, thro' woodlands deep,
Rejoicing view the lambkins play,
And in the gurgling streamlet peep:
No cankering cares our sleep molest,
No frowning gaoler part;
Above the world, supremely blest,
His throne Rosina's heart.

From haunts of surly man we'd fly,
My pris'ner safe I'd guard;
Secure from envy's prying eye,
And love our bright reward.
For him I'd call Pomona's store,
Nor from his side depart;
Thus bless'd, could Blinval ask for more?
His throne Rosina's heart.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Blinval's Apartment in the prison.*
The stone is so removed as just to admit of the possibility of his passing. A lamp burning on the table. The camp bed, near the secret avenue. Curtains drawn close and opposite to the common entrance.

Gov. (*Without.*) Well, well! I shall be satisfied in a moment. Sentry, your prisoner's safe?

Sentry. (*Without.*) All's well!

Gov. Safe, you say; all's well? Corporal, post your guard on the stairs, and let nobody pass. (*The keys are heard turning, the bars removing, and the chains falling, &c.*)

Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO holding BLINVAL, who is wrapped in his surtout.

Gov. Come, come—'faith! and you've been more tractable than I had hoped—But what makes you tremble? (*Blinval appears smothering a laugh.*) Oh! he's a mighty, pretty, well-behaved, civil spoken fellow, and will make you any apology you please.—(*Looking round.*) Hallo! Why, 'sblood and ouns! where has he hidden himself? Zounds! is it possible? Oh! no, no, no; he must be gone to bed. Stand here a moment, Count, while I wake him. (*Goes towards the bed. Blinval watches his opportunity; and, at the instant the Governor has reached the bed, whips off the great coat, throws it into the opening behind the stone, which he moves back to its right place, concealing the trap-door, and slips behind the bed, and into it.*)—Ay, ay, poor devil! he has just laid down to take a comfortable bit of a nap. Blinval, Blinval! 'Faith, he sleeps like a top! Who'd think a man could sleep so sound in misfortune? Blinval! (*Throwing open the curtains.*)

Blinval. (*Putting his head from the bed.*) What do you want?

Gov. Och! and you're there! Well, and why did you not spake out, when you first saw my voice in your sleep?

Blinval. (*Coming forward.*) What can this mean? Governor, let me tell you, your behaviour, to a man in distress, is inexcusable. Why am I thus tormented, sir? Leave me this instant, I insist!

Gov. Leave you! Faith and be easy, boy! Haven't I brought Murville? You shall be friends—(*Turning to the spot where he had left Blinval.*) Why, zounds! how! that other fellow is off!—There, I see him! Hallo! Sentry, sergeant, corporal! bring him back here.

Enter Corporal.

Why did you let that fellow pass, and not shoot him for forcing you? You a soldier! I'll have you all at the halberts, or I am not Governor, by St. Patrick!

Corporal. Governor, no one passed us.

Gov. (*Raising his cane.*) Ah! and get out with your d—e lies! Didn't I see him here, through my own eyes? And didn't I see the tail of his brown coat, as he skipped through the door? Make yourself scarce, or I shall break my cane over your d—d thick head. (*Advances on the Corporal, who runs off.*) Well, well, you shall meet yet; I'll not be treated so by any Count in the kingdom! I'll after him this instant; ay, and he shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, when he has made friends with you, which shall be here, here, and before you're shot. [*Exit.*]

Blinval. Governor! Governor! (*Following him.*) Huzza! I'm safe again. Love is like hunger, and will break through stone walls.

[*Watches the Governor fairly out. When the prison door closes, listens a moment, then runs to the moveable stone, pulls it away, and exit through the trap-door.*]

THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

SCENE 4.]

SCENE III.—A Grove leading to the castle.

Enter GERMAIN, stealing along in silence, and alarmed.

Ger. Oh, dear! oh, dear! All must out now, and the reward of my labour will be bestowed with interest. Germain, thou art a fool; and a court-martial would decide it, and I'll prove it. "Gentlemen, the prisoner was a free man; and, for fifty Louis, he abetted, assisted, connived at, and advised Lieutenant Blinval, of the death's-head hussars, then and there prisoner in the castle—(Starting, and looking round)—to represent the Count Murville"—Oh, lord! oh, lord! Talk of the devil, and he's at your elbow. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The Outside of the Castle; an antique building, with four towers, enclosed by a wet ditch. A draw-bridge up; cannon mounted, &c. A view across the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius in the distance. The scene is by moonlight, and the reflection thrown upon the water. A Sentinel placed upon the ramparts.

Enter COUNT MURVILLE in the same uniform as Blinval's, the dress jacket of an hussar officer, and the cloak on the shoulder. He views the castle with attention, and then comes forward.

Mur. Here, then, I am at last; and with the pardon I had despaired of obtaining. His warm temper hurried Blinval into an act, which, though excusable in a young man, is death to a soldier. I can, in my turn, now give life. Yes, to the generous feelings of a monarch I am indebted for success, when interest and court favour failed. Blinval, how rich the gift! First, I'll embrace my friend; see him at liberty; then fly to my cousin, and seek that settled happiness her character bids me expect.

Enter GERMAIN.

Ger. (Aside, stealing forward.) Not quite so fast, or I'm ruined.—(To Murville.) Sir, you're welcome. I have obeyed all your orders; nay, sir, exceeded them, in my impatience to oblige—(aside) myself: no lie there.

Mur. Germain, I have no doubt of your fidelity. I am expected, then?

Ger. No, sir, not yet; and if you could delay your visit for a short time, all things would be better arranged; at present, sir, the apartment, which has been occupied, is not ready; and—in short, sir, you are not expected yet.

Mur. This appears strange.—However, I have more serious business at present. Attend me here; I shall despatch you with a message in a few moments.

Ger. (Aside.) Serious business! Dear, dear! that's so lucky! If I can keep him at an inn all night, there will be time for invention.

Mur. (Pulling out his watch.) This loitering Governor! Could I impart to him my feeling and anxiety, he would be swift, indeed; but the scenes that he is accustomed to, deaden his sensibility.—(The drawbridge is lowered.) Hark! the bridge lowers; then there are some hopes.

Ger. (Aside.) Hopes! Oh! that I could but creep into a snail's house to escape. He'll have discovered all, and I shall live to see the gipsy's prophecy fulfilled—I shall be hanged!

Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO from the Castle, followed by the Lieutenant and an Officer; when they are on the bridge, the Governor directs the Officer to return to the castle; the bridge is again raised, and the Governor and the Lieutenant come forward to Murville.

Mur. I presume, sir, the Governor?

Gov. 'Faith, sir, you have guessed right. I am O'Rourke O'Flagherty of the kingdom, and, as you say, governor of the castle. You have despatches from Naples.

Mur. For the release of one of your state prisoners; I have the packet in my hand.

Gov. Welcome, sir, to Sorrento. I am seldom so pleased as when I wish my old acquaintances a good journey; though they are never grateful enough to wish to pay me a second visit.

Mur. I'm impatient to afford you that enjoyment. Here are my orders; inspect them. Here's the king's seal; they are correct. (Delivering despatches.)

Gov. (Reading.) "Blinval!"—Och! I am rejoiced—But we lose time. Lower the bridge!—Come, sir; a man's liberty must not be trifled with.

Ger. (Who has been skulking about with signs of fear.—Aside.) Oh! then, all's safe.—(Runs up to the bridge.) Hallo! within! Are you all deaf? Lower the bridge.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

The GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, and GERMAIN.

Lower the bridge, what ho! attend.

Lower the bridge—

Officer. Who's there?

Gov. } A friend.

Ger. } (The bridge is lowered again.)

Gov. The strictest discipline, you see, Within Sorrento's castle reigns: My rule is—regularity, And I'm rewarded for my pains.

(When the bridge is down, a guard comes from the castle, leaving a sentinel at the other side of the bridge, and returns again into the castle.)

Officer. Advance! The countersign!

(The Governor makes signs to Murville and Germain to remain still.)

Gov. Rochelle! (Going to the Officer.)

Officer. Correct! Pass friends, and all is well.

Gov. Lieutenant, hasten, Blinval's free.

(Giving the keys to the Lieutenant.)

Mur. & } Fly! soothe his anxious mind to peace.

Gov. }

Gov. Roar like a lion—liberty!

Mur. & } Fly, quick, and hasten his release!

Gov. }

Mur. Tell him a friend, whose life he sav'd, Has joyous tidings to impart.

Gov. Tell him he's been so well behav'd, He's my permission to depart.

[Exit the Lieutenant over the bridge into the castle, ordering the Officer from the ramparts to follow him.]

Gov. Och! honey sweet, what joys we feel—

Mur. Transporting moment! yes, I feel—

Ger. I'm glad he's free, but still I feel—

Gov. When gratitude the bosom warms.

Mur. A generous act the bosom warms.

Ger. Some symptoms strong of fierce alarms.

Gov. Its glowing ardour you reveal.

Mur. Ah! could my tongue my joys reveal—

Ger. Ah! could my tongue my fears reveal—

Gov. Humanity, how bright thy charms!

Mur. & } 'Twould soon destroy those fancied charms.

Ger. }

Enter the Officer from the castle.

Officer. *Escap'd, escap'd! the pris'ner's fled!*

[*Exit Germain, hastily.*]

The southern tower we've search'd in vain.

Gov. *Oh, heaven! am I alive or dead?*

Mur. *Some mystery—*

Gov. *Some trick, 'tis plain!*

To arms, to arms! Post sentries round!

(*An alarm, flourish of drums, &c.*)

Officer. *Each avenue, each opening guard!*

Gov. *Alive or dead, I'll have him found,
His slippery tricks I'll soon reward.*

Enter Soldiers from the castle.

*To arms, to arms! the pris'ner's fled!
He must be found, alive or dead!*

[*All the Soldiers go off; but one party returns, bringing in Germain.*]

Chorus. *As now we search'd the castle round,
This fellow lurking near we found:
His guilty looks declares that he
Has help'd to set our pris'ner free.*

Ger. *I nothing know—in truth, 'tis so!*

If he got free,

What's that to me?

I'm innocent, so let me go.

Chorus. *March! The dungeon straight prepare:
He, for life, shall languish there.*

*Treachery was his intent;
Now he meets his punishment.*

Ger. Oh! dear, good Mr. Governor, don't cram me into that abominable black castle, and I'll confess all.

Gov. Confess! Oh, ho! Then you begin to squeak, do you?

Mur. Scoundrel! And have you been accessory to his escape?

Ger. Why, lord, sir, he had escaped before I had any hand in the business.

Mur. Explain.

Ger. Why, you must know, then, that there's a secret communication between his prison and the Widow Belmont's. He has been burrowing under ground, and playing at bo-peep between the two buildings like a rabbit in a warren.

Gov. Has he so? 'Faith, then, I'll have my ferrets after him, and they'll soon bring him out. Corporal, take a guard, and go to the Widow Belmont's, and recover the prisoner.—[*Exit Corporal with Guards.*—] So, then, this singular gentleman has been cutting himself in half, and has been a double man after all. Then it was him I saw at the Widow's, and not Count Murville.

Mur. You certainly never saw Count Murville there; for I am he, and never yet entered her doors; but his reason for personating me I am at a loss to guess.

Ger. Love was his reason, sir. Love, you know, sir, will change a man into anything; and if Miss Rosina be not as much inclined to the prisoner as the prisoner is to her, I know nothing of the tender passion.

Gov. Och! then, the little blind boy, Master Cupid, has been at work with them.

Enter Mrs. BELMONT and ROSINA.

Mrs. B. Governor, what is all this? The confusion in my house—your guard—the—

Gov. Be aisy, Widow, be aisy! Here comes one that will clear up all.

Enter BLINVAL, guarded.

So, Mr. Proteus! 'Faith, and you're trapped! What, then, you put the Governor, and all his chains, bolts, bars, and sentries, at defiance. Eh! here you have this pickle, your cousin; but, give me leave, I must make known the real Murville. (*Presents him to Mrs. Belmont.*) And that whipstart is my recluse of the south tower. Pretty, sweet innocent! see how demure he seems.

Rosina. (*Advancing.*) Blinval! Oh! I'm so glad!

Mur. My dear Blinval! give me your hand, and let me give you joy of the pardon which I have obtained for you, and just delivered to the Governor.

Blinval. My pardon! Hozza! My dear friend! I will, then, confess that—

Mur. You may spare yourself that trouble, for Germain has told us all. Cousin, my friend Blinval has had the ingenuity to find a secret communication from his prison to that apartment; and, believe your fair daughter made him explore it. The state is benefitted by the discovery; but he deserves to be made prisoner for life. Will you consent? Rosina has forged them, and he is, I dare be sworn, ready to hug his chains.

Mrs. B. I have had proofs of my daughter's attachment, and if she'll venture on such a prison-breaker—She's her own mistress. (*Blinval goes up to Rosina, who retires bashfully to Mrs. Belmont.*) Nay, my child, you have my consent. Lock up his heart; and, like the Governor, temper your sway with gentleness.

FINALE.

Blinval. *From Sorrento's prison free,
Prisoner here for life, I'll be!
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile, good friends, and wish us joy.*

Chorus. *Let not foes our bliss annoy, &c.*

Rosina. *Cupid's captives, void of pain,
Willing wear the marriage chain;
Hymen's fetters pleasing prove,
When the links are forg'd by love.*

Chorus. *Let not foes, &c.*

Gov. *Here has been a fine to do!
One has all this while been two:
When the parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.*

Chorus. *When the parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.*

*From Sorrento's prison free,
Pris'ner here for life he'll be:
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile, good friends, and wish us joy.*

[*Exeunt.*]

THE CONTRIVANCES;

A BALLAD OPERA, IN ONE ACT.—BY HENRY CAREY.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

ROVEWELL
ARGUS

HEARTY
ROBIN

ARETHUSA
BETTY

SCENE I.—Rovewell's Lodgings.

ROBIN discovered.

Robin. Well, though pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues there's none like following a virtuous mistress. There's not one letter I carry, but I run the risk of kicking, caning, or pumping; nay, often hanging. Let me see: I have committed three burglaries to get one letter to her. Now, if my master should not get the gipsy at last, I have ventured my sweet person to a fair purpose. But, basta! here comes my master and his friend Mr. Hearty. I must hasten and get our disguises.

*And if dame Fortune fail us now to win her,
Oh! all ye gods above! the devil's in her.* [Exit.

Enter ROVEWELL and HEARTY.

Hearty. Why so melancholy, Captain? Come, come, a man of your gaiety and courage should never take a disappointment so much to heart.

Rove. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

Hearty. Were you less open and daring in your attempts, you might hope to succeed. The old gentleman, you know, is cautious to a degree; his daughter is under a strict confinement: would you

use more of the fox than the lion, fortune, perhaps, might throw an opportunity in your way. But you must have patience.

Rove. Who can have patience when danger is so near? Read this letter, and then tell me what room there is for patience.

Hearty. (Reads.) "To-morrow will prevent all our vain struggles to get to each other. I am then to be married to my eternal aversion; you know the fop, 'tis Cuckoo, who, having a large estate, is forced upon me; but my heart can be none but Rovewell's. Immediately after the receipt of this, meet Betty at the old place; there is yet one invention left; if you pursue it closely, you may, perhaps, release her who would be your—ARETHUSA."

Rove. Yes, Aretusa, I will release thee, or die in the attempt. Dear friend, excuse my rudeness; you know the reason.

AIR.—ROVEWELL.

*I'll face ev'ry danger
To rescue my dear,
For fear is a stranger
Where love is sincere.
Repulses but fire us,
Despair we despise,
If beauty inspire us
To pant for the prize.*

[Exit.

Hearty. Well, go thy way, and get her; for thou

deservest her, o' my conscience. How have I been deceived in this boy! I find him the very reverse of what his step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill-usage that forced my child away. His not having seen me since he was five years old, renders me a perfect stranger to him: under that pretence I have got into his acquaintance, and find him all I wish. If this plot of his fail, I believe my money must buy him the girl at last. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Argus's house.*

ARETHUSA discovered.

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*See, the radiant queen of night
Sheds on all her kindly beams;
Gilds the plains with cheerful light,
And sparkles in the silver streams.
Smiles adorn the face of nature,
Tasteless all things yet appear,
Unto me a hopeless creature,
In the absence of my dear.*

Enter ARGUS.

Argus. Pray, daughter, what lingo is that same you chant and sputter out at this rate?

Are. English, sir.

Argus. English, quotha! adod! I took it to be nonsense.

Are. 'Tis a hymn to the moon.

Argus. A hymn to the moon! I'll have none of your hymns in my house. Give me the book, housewife.

Are. I hope, sir, there is no crime in reading a harmless poem.

Argus. Give me the book, I say: poems, with a plague! what are they good for, but to blow up the fire of love, and make young wenches wanton? But I have taken care of you, mistress; for to-morrow you shall have a husband to stay your stomach, and no less a person than 'Squire Cuckoo.

Are. You will not, surely, be so cruel as to marry me to a man I cannot love.

Argus. Why, what sort of a man would you have, Mrs. Minx?

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*Gentle in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.
Brave, not romantic;
Learn'd, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must be he.*

*Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging, and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical;
But ever true.*

Argus. Why, is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? Adod! he's a brisk young fellow, and a little feather-bed doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your head; and to put you out of his power, you shall be given over to the 'squire to-morrow.

Are. Surely, sir, you will, at least, defer it one day.

Argus. No, nor one hour. To-morrow morning, at eight of the clock, precisely. In the meantime, take notice, the 'squire's sister is hourly expected; so, pray, do you be civil and sociable with her, and

let me have none of your pouts and glouts, as you tender my displeasure. [Exit.]

Are. To-morrow is short warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old gentleman.

Enter BETTY.

Oh! Betty, welcome a thousand times! What news? have you seen the Captain?

Betty. Yes, madam; and if you were to see him in his new rigging, you'd split your sides with laughing. Such a hoyden! such a piece of country stuff, you never set your eyes on! But the petticoats are soon thrown off; and if good luck attend us, you may easily conjure Miss Malkin, the 'squire's sister, into your own dear Captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Betty. Instantly, madam; he only stays to settle matters for our escape. He's in deep consultation with his privy-counsellor Robin, who is to attend him in the quality of a country put. They'll both be here in a moment; so, let's in, and pack up the jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the saddle of liberty, and ride full speed to your desires.

Are. Dear Betty, let's make haste; I think every moment an age till I'm free from this bondage.

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*When parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves,
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.*

(A knocking without.)

Betty. There they are; in, in. [Exeunt.]

Enter ARGUS.

Argus. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that rate. This is certainly some courtier come to borrow money; I know it by the saucy rapping of the footman. Who's at the door?

Robin. (Without.) Tammos.

Argus. Tammos! who's Tammos? Who would you speak with, friend?

Robin. (Without.) With young master's vather-in-law, that mun be, Master Hardguts.

Argus. And what's your business with Master Hardguts?

Robin. (Without.) Why, young mistress is come out o' the country to see brother's wife that mun be, that's all.

Argus. Odso! the 'squire's sister; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

Enter ARGUS introducing ROVEWELL in woman's clothes, followed by ROBIN, as a clown.

Argus. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to town. (Rovevell curtseys.) A very modest maiden, truly. How long have you been in town?

Robin. Why, an' hour and a bit or so; we just put up horses at King's Arms yonder, and stayed a crum to zee poor things feed, for your London ostlers give little enough to poor beasts; an' you stond not by 'em yourzel, and zee 'em fed, as soon as your back's turned, adod! they'll cheat you afore your face.

Argus. Why, how now, Clodpate? are you to speak before your mistress, and with your hat on, too? Is that your country breeding?

Robin. Why, an' 'tis on, 'tis on; an' 'tis off, 'tis off: what cares Tammos for your false-hearted London compliments? An' you'd have an answer from young mistress, you mun look to Tammos; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one word

at her prayers, and thos'u so softly that nobody an hear her.

Argus. I like her the better for that; silence is a heavenly virtue in a woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked place. Have you seen your rother, pretty lady, since you came to town? *(Rovewell curtseys.)* Oh! miraculous modesty! would all women were thus! Can't you speak, madam? *(Rovewell curtseys again.)*

Robin. An' you get a word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long miles; but young mistress will prate fast enough, an' you set her among your women folk.

Argus. Say'st thou so, honest fellow? I'll send her to those that have tongue enough, I'll warrant you. Here, Betty!

Enter BETTY.

Take this young lady to my daughter; 'tis 'Squire Cuckoo's sister; and, d'y'e hear? make much of her, I charge you.

Betty. Yes, sir. Please to follow me, madam.

Rove. *(Aside to Robin.)* Now, you rogue, for a lie an hour and a half long, to keep the old fellow in suspense. *[Exit with Betty.]*

Robin. Well, master, don't you think my mistress a dainty young woman? She's wonderfully bemired in our country for her shapes.

Argus. Oh! she's a fine creature, indeed! But where's the 'squire, honest friend?

Robin. Why, one cannot find a man out in this same Londonshire, there are so many taverns and chocking-houses; you may as well seek a needle in a hay fardel, as they say'n i' the country. I was at 'squire's ludging yonder, and there was nobody but a prate-apace whoreson of a foot-boy, and he told me maister was at chocking-house, and all the while the vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me: ecod! I could have found in my heart to have gi'n him a good whirrit in the chops. So I went to one chocking-house, and t'other chocking-house, till I was quite weary; and I could see nothing but a many people supping hot suppings, and reading your gazing papers: we had much ado to find out your worship's house; the vixen boys set us o' thic side, and that side, till we were almost quite lost; an' it were not for an honest fellow that knowed your worship, and set us i' the right way.

Argus. 'Tis pity they should use strangers so; but as to your young mistress, does she never speak?

Robin. Adod! sir, never to a mon; why, she wo'not speak to her own father, she's so main bashful.

Argus. That's strange, indeed! But how does my friend, Sir Roger? he's well, I hope.

Robin. Hearty still, sir. He has drunk down six fox-hunters sin last Lammas. He holds his old course still; twenty pipes a-day, a cup of mum in the morning, a tankard of ale at noon, and three bottles of stingo at night. The same mon now he was thirty years ago; and young 'squire Yedward is just come from 'varsity: he's mainly growed sin you saw him; he's a fine, proper, tall gentleman now; why, he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Argus. Good now, good now! But wouldst drink, honest friend?

Robin. I don't care an' I do, a bit or so; for, to say truth, I'm mortal dry.

Argus. Here, John!

Enter a Servant.

Take this honest fellow down, and make him welcome. When your mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

Robin. Ah! pray, take care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest fellow, and you did but know me. *[Exit with Serv.]*

Argus. These country fellows are very blunt but very honest. I would fain hear his mistress talk. He said she'd find her tongue when she was once amongst those of her own sex. I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young tits have to say to one another. *[Exit.]*

Enter ROVEWELL, ARETHUSA, and BETTY.

Rove. Dear Arethusa, delay not the time thus; your father will certainly come in and surprise us.

Betty. Let us make hay while the sun shines, madam: I long to be out of this prison.

Are. So do I; but not on the Captain's conditions, to be his prisoner for life.

Rove. I shall run mad if you trifle thus: name your conditions; I sign my consent before-hand. *(Kisses her.)*

Are. Indeed, Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*Cease to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely;
When you've betray'd,
You'll treat me most severely,
And fly what once you did pursue.
Happy the fair
Who ne'er believes you;
But gives despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns inconstancy from you.*

Rov. Unkind Arethusa! I little expected this usage from you.

AIR.—ROVEWELL.

*When did you see
Any falsehood in me,
That thus you unkindly suspect me?
Speak, speak your mind;
For I fear you're inclin'd,
In spite of my truth, to reject me.
If it must be so,
To the wars I will go,
Where danger my passion shall smother;
I'd rather perish there
Than linger in despair,
Or see you in the arms of another.*

Enter ARGUS behind.

Argus. So, so; this is as it should be; they are as gracious as can be already. How the young tit smuggles her! Adod! she kisses with a hearty good will. *(Aside.)*

Are. I must confess, Captain, I am half inclined to believe you.

Argus. Captain! how's this? bless my eyesight! I know the villain now; but I'll be even with him. *(Aside.)*

Betty. Dear madam, don't trifle so; the parson's at the very next door, you'll be tacked together in an instant; and then I'll trust you to come back to your cage again, if you can do it with a safe conscience.

Argus. Here's a treacherous jade! but I'll do your business for you, Mrs. Jezabel. *(Aside.)*

Betty. Consider, madam, what a life you lead here; what a jealous, ill-natured, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old cuff of a father you have to deal with! What a glorious opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is to die a maid!

Argus. If that jade die a maid, I'll die a martyr. *(Aside.)*

Betty. In short, madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it in every vein in your heart. The old hunk will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Argus. You may go to the devil for ever, Mrs. Impudence. (*Aside.*)

Are. Well, Captain, if you should deceive me—
Rove. If I do, may heaven—

Are. Nay, no swearing, Captain, for fear you should prove like the rest of your sex.

Rove. How can you doubt me, Arethusa, when you know how much I love you?

Argus. A wheedling dog! But I'll spoil his sport, anon. (*Aside.*)

Betty. Come, come away, dear madam. I have the jewels: but stay, I'll go first and see if the coast be clear.

Argus. (*Meeting her.*) Where are you going, pretty maiden?

Betty. Only do—do—do—down stairs, sir.

Argus. And what hast thou got there, child?

Betty. Nothing but pi—pi—pi—pins, sir.

Argus. Here, give me the pins, and do you go to h—, Mrs. Mixx. D'ye hear? out of my house this moment. [*Exit Betty.*] These are your chamber jades, forsooth. *O tempora! O mores!* What an age is this! Get you in, forsooth; I'll talk with you anon. [*Exit Arethusa.*] So, Captain, are those your regimental clothes? I'll assure you they become you mightily. If you did but see yourself now, how much like a hero you look! *Ecce signum!* Ha, ha, ha!

Rove. Blood and fury! stop your grinning, or I'll stretch your mouth with a vengeance.

Argus. Nay, nay, Captain Belswagger, if you're so passionate, 'tis high time to call aid and assistance. Here, Richard, Thomas, John! help me to lay hold of this fellow. You have no sword now, Captain; no sword; d'ye mark me?

Enter Servants and ROBIN.

Robin. But I have a pistol, sir, at your service. (*Pulls out a pistol.*)

Argus. Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Rove. And I'll unload it in your breast, if you stir one step after me.

Argus. A bloody-minded dog! But lay hold on that rogue there, that country cheat.

Robin. See here, gentlemen, are two little bulldogs of the same breed; (*presenting two pistols*) they are wonderful scourers of the brain; so that if you offer to molest or follow me—you understand me, gentlemen; you understand me.

[*Exit with Rove.*]

1 Serv. Yes, yes, we understand you, with a plague!

2 Serv. The devil go with 'em, I say.

Argus. Ay, ay, good b'ye to you, in the devil's name. A terrible dog! What a fright he has put me in! I sha'n't be myself this month. And you, ye cowardly rascals, to stand by and see my life in danger; get out, ye slaves; out of my house, I say. I'll put an end to all this; for I'll not have a servant in the house. I'll carry all the keys in my pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering son of a w— this is! But I'll prevent him; for to-morrow she shall be married certainly, and then my furious gentleman can have no hopes left. A Jezabel! to have a red-coat without any mooney! Had he but money, if he want sense, manners, or even manhood itself, it mattered not a pin; but to want money is the devil. Well, I'll secure her under lock and key till to-morrow; and if her husband can't keep her from captain-hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh pair of horns every time she goes out upon the chace. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

ARETHUSA discovered, sitting melancholy on a couch.

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*Oh! leave me to complain
My loss of liberty;*

*I never more shall see my swain,
Nor ever more be free.*

Oh! cruel, cruel fate!

*What joy can I receive,
When in the arms of one I hate,
I'm doom'd, alas! to live?*

*Ye pitying pow'rs above,
That see my soul's dismay,
Or bring me back the man I love,
Or take my life away.*

Enter ARGUS.

Argus. So, lady, you're welcome home! See, how the pretty turtle sits moaning the loss of her mate! What, not a word, Thusy? not a word, child? Come, come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the Captain, or the 'squire's sister; perhaps they may make it prattle a bit. Ah! ungracious girl! Is all my care come to this? Is this the gratitude you shew your uncle's memory, to throw away what he had bustled so hard for at so mad a rate? Did he leave you twelve thousand pounds, think you, to make you no better than a soldier's trull? to follow a camp? to carry a knapsack? This is what you'd have, mistress, is it not?

Are. This, and ten thousand times worse, were better with the man I love, than to be chained to the nauseous embraces of one I hate.

Argus. A very dutiful lady, indeed! I'll make you sing another song to-morrow; and till then, I'll leave you *in salva custodia*, to consider. B'ye, Thusy!

Are. How barbarous is the covetousness and cation of ill-natured parents! They toil for estates with a view to make posterity happy; and then, by a mistaken prudence, they match us to our aversion. But I am resolved not to suffer tamely, however: they shall see, though my body's weak, my resolution's strong; and I may yet find spirit enough to plague them.

AIR.—ARETHUSA.

*Sooner than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,*

*I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.*

*Nor bolts nor bars shall me control,
I death and danger dare;*

*Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.*

*The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;*

*Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I love I'll die.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Street.*

Enter ROVEWELL and Boy.

Boy. Sir, sir, I want to speak with you.

Rove. Is your mistress locked up, say you?

Boy. Yes, sir; and Betty's turned away, and all the men-servants; and there's no living soul in the house but our old cook-maid, and I, and my master, and Mrs. Thusy; and she cries, and cries her eyes out almost.

Rove. Oh! the tormenting news! But if the garison be so weak, the castle may be the sooner stormed. How did you get out?

Boy. Through the kitchen-window, sir.

Rove. Shew me the window presently.

Boy. Alack-a-day! it won't do, sir. That plot won't take.

Rove. Why, sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big, sir.

Rove. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, sir, you can't get your leg in; but I could put you in a way.

Rove. How, dear boy?

Boy. I can lend you the key of Mrs. Thusy's hamper; if you can contrive to get into the house: but you must be sure to let my mistress out.

Rove. How couldst thou get it? This is almost a miracle.

Boy. I picked it out of my master's coat-pocket this morning, sir, as I was a-brushing him.

Rove. That's my boy! There's money for you. This child will come to good in time.

Boy. My master will miss me, sir; I must go; but I wish you good luck. *[Exit.]*

ARETHUSA appears at the window above.

DUETT.—ROVEWELL and ARETHUSA.

Rov. Make haste and away, my only dear;
Make haste, and away, away!

For all at the gate,
Your true lover does wait,
And I pr'ythee, make no delay.

Are. Oh! how shall I steal away, my love?
Oh! how shall I steal away?
My daddy is near,
And I dare not, I fear;
Pray, come, then, another day.

Rov. Oh! this is the only day, my life;
Oh! this is the only day.
I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

Are. Then, pr'ythee, make no delay, my dear;
Then, pr'ythee, make no delay:
We'll serve him a trick;
For I'll slip in the nick,
And with my true love away.

Cho. Oh! Cupid, befriend a loving pair;
Oh! Cupid, befriend us, we pray.
May our stratagem take,
For thine own sweet sake;
And, amen! let all true lovers say.

[Exit Arethusa.]

Enter ROBIN, disguised as a lawyer, and Soldiers.

Robin. So, my hearts of oak, are you all ready?
Sold. Yes, an't please your honour.

Rove. You know your cue, then; to your posts.
(They retire to a corner of the stage; Robin knocks smartly at the door.)

Robin. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the house, that you can't hear?

Enter ARGUS.

Argus. Sir, you are very hasty, methinks.

Robin. Sir, my business requires haste.

Argus. Sir, you had better make haste about it, for I know no business you have here.

Robin. Sir, I am come to talk with you on an affair of consequence.

Argus. Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not; and, consequently, can have no affairs with you.

Robin. Sir, not know me?

Argus. Sir, 'tis enough for me to know myself.

Robin. A d—d thwarting old dog this same.
(Aside.) Sir, I live but just in the next street.

Argus. Sir, if you lived at Jamaica, 'tis the same thing to me.

Robin. I find coaxing won't do. I must change my note, or I shall never unkennel the old fox. *(Aside.)* Well, Mr. Argus, there's no harm done, so take your leave of three thousand pounds. You have enough of your own already. *(Going.)*

Argus. How! three thousand pounds! I must inquire into this. *(Aside.)* Sir, a word with you.

Robin. Sir, I have nothing to say to you. I took you to be a prudent person, that knew the worth of money, and how to improve it; but I find I'm deceived.

Argus. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my rudeness; but, you know, a man cannot be too cautious.

Robin. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you; but I'd take such treatment from no man in England besides yourself.

Argus. Sir, I beg your pardon; but to the business.

Robin. Why, thus it is: a spendthrift young fellow is galloping through a plentiful fortune; I have lent two thousand pounds upon it already; and if you'll advance an equivalent, we'll foreclose the whole estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

Argus. A very judicious man; I'm sorry I affronted him. *(Aside.)* But how is this to be done?

Robin. Very easily, sir. A word in your ear; a little more this way. *(Draws Argus aside; the Soldiers get between him and the door.)*

Argus. But the title, sir, the title?

Robin. Do you doubt my veracity?

Argus. Not in the least, sir; but one cannot be too sure.

Robin. That's very true, sir; and, therefore, I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[Robin trips up his heels; the Soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him; while Rowewell carries off Arethusa; after which they leave him, he making a great noise.]

Enter Mob.

All. What's the matter? what's the matter?
(They ungag him.)

Argus. Oh! neighbours, I'm robbed and murdered, ruined, and undone for ever.

1 Mob. Why, what's the matter, master?

Argus. There's a whole legion of thieves in the house; they gagged and blindfolded me, and offered forty naked swords at my breast. I beg of you to assist me, or they'll strip the house in a minute.

2 Mob. Forty drawn swords, say you, sir?

Argus. Ay, and more, I think, on my conscience.

2 Mob. Then look you, sir, I'm a married man, and have a large family, I would not venture amongst such a parcel of blood-thirsty rogues for the world; but, if you please, I'll run and call a constable.

All. Ay, ay; call a constable, call a constable.

Argus. I sha'n't have a penny left, if we stay for a constable. I am but one man, and, as old as I am, I'll lead the way, if you'll follow me. *[Exit.]*

All. Ay, ay; in, in; follow, follow; huzza!

1 Mob. Pr'ythee, Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

4 Mob. I go in! what should I go in for? I have lost nothing.

Woman. What, nobody to help the poor old gentleman? oddsbobs! if I were a man I'd follow him myself.

3 Mob. Why don't you, then? What occasionableness have I to be killed for him or you either?

Enter ROBIN, as constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Robin. Silence, in the king's name.

All. Ay, silence, silence.

Robin. What's the meaning of this riot? Who makes all this disturbance?

1 Mob. I'll tell you, Mr. Constable—

3 Mob. An't please your worship, let me speak.

Robin. Ay, this man talks like a man of parts. What's the matter, friend?

3 Mob. An't please your noble worship's honour and glory, we are his majesty's liege subjects, and

were terrified out of our habitations and dwelling-places, by a cry from abroad; which your noble worship must understand was occasionable by the gentleman of this house, who was so unfortunate as to be killed by thieves, who are now in his house to the numberation of above forty, an't please your worship, all completely armed with powder and ball, back-swords, pistols, bayonets, and blunderbusses.

Robin. But what is to be done in this case?

3 Mob. Why, an't please your worship, knowing your noble honour to be the king's majesty's noble officer of the peace, we thought 'twas best your honour should come and terrify these rogues away with your noble authority.

Robin. Well said, very well said, indeed. Gentlemen, I am the king's officer, and I command you, in the king's name, to aid and assist me to call those rogues out of the house. Who's within there? I charge you come out in the king's name, and commit yourselves to our royal authority.

2 Mob. This is the gentleman that was killed, an't please your worship.

Enter ARGUS.

Argus. Oh! neighbours, I'm ruined and undone for ever. They have taken away all that's dear to me in the world.

1 Mob. That's his money; 'tis a sad covetous dog.

Robin. Why, what's the matter? What have they done?

Argus. Oh! they have taken my child from me, my Thusy!

Robin. Good lack!

3 Mob. Marry come up, what valuation can she be? But have they taken nothing else?

Argus. Would they had stripped my house of every pennyworth, so they had left my child.

1 Mob. That's a lie, I believe; for he loves his money more than his soul, and would sooner part with that than a groat.

Argus. This is the Captain's doings; but I'll have him hanged.

Robin. But where are the thieves?

Argus. Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

2 Mob. What, are they gone? Then, come, neighbours, let's go in, and kill every mother's child of them.

Robin. Hold, I charge you to commit no murder; follow me, and we'll apprehend them.

Argus. Go, villains, cowards, scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the thieves that mean to rob me of what is yet left. How brave you are, now all the danger's over! Oh! sirrah, you dog! (*looking at Robin*) you are that rogue, Robin, the Captain's man. Seize him, neighbours, seize him!

Robin. (*Aside.*) I don't care what you do, for the job's over; I see my master coming.

Argus. Why don't you seize him, I say?

1 Mob. Not we, we have lost too much time about an old fool already.

2 Mob. Ay, the next time you are bound and gagged you shall lie and be d—d for me.

3 Mob. Ay, and me, too; come along, neighbours come along. [*Exeunt Mob*]

Enter ROVEWELL, HEARTY, ARETHUSA, and BETTY.

Argus. Bless me! who have we got here? Oh! Thusy, Thusy, I had rather never have seen thee again than have found you in such company.

Are. Sir, I hope my husband's company is not criminal.

Argus. Your husband! who's your husband housewife? that scoundrel? Captain—Out of my sight, thou ungracious wretch! I'll go make my will this instant. And you, you villain, how dare you look me in the face after all this? I'll have you hanged, sirrah; I will so.

Hearty. Oh, fie! brother Argus, moderate your passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe Ned Worthy, to vilify and affront his only child, and for no other crime than improving that friendship which has ever been between us.

Argus. Ha! my dear friend alive! I heard thou wert dead in the Indies. And is that thy son? and my godson, too, if I am not mistaken.

Hearty. The very same: the last and best remains of our family; forced by my wife's cruelty, and my absence, to the army. My wife is since dead, and the son she had by her former husband, who she intended to heir my estate; but fortune guided me by chance to my dear boy, who, after twenty years' absence, and changing my name, knew me not, till I just now discovered myself to him and your fair daughter, who I will make him deserve by thirty thousand pounds, which I brought from India, besides what real estate I may leave at my death.

Argus. And to match that, old boy, my daughter shall have every penny of mine, besides her uncle's legacy. Ah! you young rogue, had I known you, I would not have used you so roughly. However, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome. But you must excuse all faults: the old man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rove. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your pardon for the many disquiets we have given you; and with your pardon, we crave your blessing. (*They kneel.*)

Argus. You have it, children, with all my heart. Adod! I am so transported, I don't know whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your joy be everlasting!

DUETT.—ROVEWELL AND ARETHUSA.

Thus fondly caressing,

My idol, my treasure,

How great is the blessing!

How sweet is the pleasure!

With joy I behold thee,

And doat on thy charms;

Thus, while I enfold thee,

I've heaven in my arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY THOMAS OTWAY.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THRIFTY
GRIPE
OCTAVIAN

LEANDER
SCAPIN
SHIFT

SLY
LUCIA
CLARA

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter OCTAVIAN and SHIFT.

Oct. This is unhappy news; I did not expect my father in two months, and yet you say he is returned already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arrived this morning?

Shift. This very morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruined and undone; pr'ythee, advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak; has necessity taught thee no wit? hast thou no shift?

Shift. Lord! sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some trick to save myself; I am first prudent, and then good-natured.

Oct. How will my father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happened in his absence! I dread his anger and reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my shoulders.

Oct. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in love with I know not whom; one that you met by chance in the Dover coach.

She is, indeed, a good smug lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps, some—

Oct. Villain!

Shift. I have done, sir; I have done.

Oct. I have no friend that can appease my father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

Shift. For my part, I know but one remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Pr'ythee, what is it?

Shift. You know that rogue and arch-cheat, Scapin?

Oct. Well, what of him?

Shift. There is not a more subtle fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheedling rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he shall make your father forgive you all; nay, allow you money for your necessary debauches. I saw him, in three days, make an old cautious lawyer turn chymist and projector.

Oct. He is the fittest person in the world for my business; the impudent varlet can do anything with the peevish old man. Pr'ythee, go look him out; we'll set him to work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes. Monsicur Scapin!

Enter SCAPIN.

Scapin. Worthy sir!

Shift. I have been giving my master a brief account of thy most noble qualities. I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden cuckold, sincere as whores, honest as pimps in want.

Scapin. Alas! sir, I but copy you. 'Tis you are

brave; you scorn the gibbets, halters, and prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in cheats and robberies.

Oct. Oh! Scapin, I am utterly ruined without thy assistance.

Scapin. Why, what's the matter, good Mr. Octavian?

Oct. My father is this day arrived at Dover, with old Mr. Gripe, with a resolution to marry me.

Scapin. Very well.

Oct. Thou knowest I am already married. How will my father resent my disobedience! I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scapin. Does your father know of your marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is, by this time, acquainted with it.

Scapin. No matter, no matter; all shall be well: I am public-spirited; I love to help distressed young gentlemen; and, thank heaven, I have had good success enough.

Oct. Besides, my present want must be considered; I am in rebellion without any money.

Scap. I have tricks and shifts, too, to get that. I can cheat upon occasion; but cheating is now grown an ill trade; yet, heaven be thanked, there were never more cullies and fools; but the great rascals and cheats, allowed by public authority, ruin such little under-traders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee straight about thy business. Canst thou make no use of my rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance; the knave has cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Ay, sir; but, like other wise men, I am not over-valiant. Pray, leave me out of this business; my fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scapin. I stand not in need of thy courage, but thy impudence, and thou hast enough of that. Come, come, thou shalt along. What, man, stand out for a beating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

Enter CLARA.

Oct. Here comes my dearest Clara.

Clara. Ah me! Octavian, I hear sad news: they say your father is returned.

Oct. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the world; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but your's: how can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduced?

Clara. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a sign it is the chiefest good. But I have other cares. Will you be ever constant? Shall not your father's severity constrain you to be false?

Oct. Never, my dearest, never.

Clara. They that love much may be allowed some fears.

Scapin. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another. Pray, do you prepare to encounter with your father.

Clara. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scapin. You must appear resolute at first: tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say you'll turn poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to composition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over!

Scapin. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your father; very grave, and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small courtier upon his country acquaintance; a little more surlily: very well. Now I come, full of my fatherly authority:—Octavian, thou makest me weep to see thee; but, alas! they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a father beget so lewd

a son? Nay, but for that I think thy mother virtuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine. Newgate-bird, rogue, villain, what a trick hast thou played me in my absence! married! Yes; but to whom? Nay, that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you, some waiting-woman, corrupted in a civil family, and reduced to one of the playhouses, removed from thence by some keeping coxcomb, or—

Clara. Hold, Scapin, hold.

Scapin. No offence, lady, I speak but another's words.—Thou abominable rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house.

—Why, sir, you reply not a word.

Oct. Look, yonder comes my father.

Scapin. Stay, Shift, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old fellow.

[*Exit Octavian with Clara.*]

Enter THRIFTY.

Thrift. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scapin. He has been informed of the business, and is now so full of it that he vents it to himself. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scapin. We are not unprovided. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

Scapin. We never intend it. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scapin. That, perhaps, we may do. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. But all shall be in vain.

Scapin. We'll try that. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. I know how to lay that rogue my son fast.

Scapin. That we must prevent. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. And for the tatterdemallion, Shift, I'll thrash him to death; I will be three years a cudgelling him.

Shift. I wondered he had forgot me so long. (*Aside.*)

Thrift. Oh, oh! yonder the rascal is, that brave governor! he tutored my son finely.

Scapin. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

Thrift. Good morrow, Scapin. Indeed, you have followed my instructions very exactly; my son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence; has he not, rascal, has he not? (*To Shift.*)

Scapin. I hope you are very well.

Thrift. Very well.—Thou say'st not a word, varlet; thou say'st not a word.

Scapin. Had you a good voyage, Mr. Thrifty?

Thrift. Lord! sir, a very good voyage; pray, give a man a little leave to vent his choler.

Scapin. Would you be in choler, sir?

Thrift. Ay, sir, I would be in choler.

Scapin. Pray, with whom?

Thrift. With that confounded rogue there.

Scapin. Upon what reason?

Thrift. Upon what reason! Hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence?

Scapin. I heard a little idle story.

Thrift. A little idle story, quotha! why, man, my son's undone, my son's undone.

Scapin. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrift. I'm not of your opinion; I'll make the whole town ring of it.

Scapin. Lord! sir, I have stormed about this business as much as you can do for your heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr. Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a father. I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; till at last, when I had well examined the business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrift. How! not wrong done me, to have my married without my consent to a beggar.

Scapin. Alas! he was ordained to it.

Thrift. That's fine, indeed; we shall steal, cheat, order, and so be hanged, then say we were ordained to it.

Scapin. Truly, I did not think you so subtle a philosopher; I mean he was fatally engaged in this air.

Thrift. Why did he engage himself?

Scapin. Very true, indeed, very true; but, fie on you now, would you have him as wise as himself? Young men will have their follies, witness my charge Leander, who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger rate than your son. I could fain know if you were not young once yourself; yes, I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Thrift. Yes, but they never cost me anything; man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, it cost him nothing.

Scapin. Alas! he was so in love with the young ench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hauged himself.

Shift. Must! why he had already done it, but at I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Thrift. Didst thou cut the rope, dog? I'll murder you for that. Thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scapin. Besides, her kindred surprised him with er, and forced him to marry her.

Thrift. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the violence at a notary's.

Scapin. Oh, lord! sir, he scorned that.

Thrift. Then might I easily have disannulled the marriage.

Scapin. Disannul the marriage?

Thrift. Yes.

Scapin. You shall not break the marriage.

Thrift. Shall not I break it?

Scapin. No.

Thrift. What, shall not I claim the privilege of father, and have satisfaction for the violence done to my son?

Scapin. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Thrift. He will not consent to!

Scapin. No. Would you have him confess he as bectored into anything that is to declare himself a coward? Oh, fie, sir! one that has the honour of being your son, can never do such a thing.

Thrift. Pish! talk not to me of honour; he shall do it, or be disinherited.

Scapin. Who shall disinherit him?

Thrift. That will I, sir.

Scapin. You disinherit him!—very good.

Thrift. How very good?

Scapin. You shall not disinherit him.

Thrift. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scapin. No.

Thrift. No?

Scapin. No.

Thrift. Sir, you are very merry.—I shall not disinherit my son?

Scapin. No, I tell you.

Thrift. Pray, who shall hinder me?

Scapin. Alas! sir, your own self; your own self, sir.

Thrift. I myself?

Scapin. Yes, sir; for you can never have the heart to do it.

Thrift. You shall find I can, sir.

Scapin. Come, you deceive yourself. Fatherly affection must shew itself; it must, it must. Do not I know you are ever tender-hearted?

Thrift. You are mistaken, sir; you are mistaken. Pish! why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle fellow? Hang-dog! go find out my raké-hell, (to *Shift*) whilst I go to my brother Gripe, and inform him of my misfortune.

Scapin. In the meantime, if I can do you any service—

Thrift. Oh! I thank you, sir, I thank you.

[*Exit.*

Shift. I must confess thou art a brave fellow; and our affairs begin to be in a better posture. But the money, the money!—we are abominably poor, and my master has the lean, vigilant duns, that torment him more than an old mother does a poor gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded daughter.

Scapin. Your money shall be my next care. Let me see: I want a fellow to—Canst thou not counterfeit a roaring bully of Alsatia? Stalk, look big—very well. Follow me; I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Shift. Pray, take a little care, and lay your plot so that I may not act the bully always: I would not be beaten like a bully.

Scapin. We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter THRIFTY and GRIPE.

Gripe. Sir, what you tell me concerning your son, has strangely frustrated our designs.

Thrift. Sir, trouble not yourself about my son; I have undertaken to remove all obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. In troth, sir, I'll tell you what I say to you: the education of children ought to be the nearest concern of a father; and had you tutored your son with that care and duty incumbent upon you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thrift. Sir, to return you a sentence for your sentence: those that are so quick to censure and condemn the conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. Thrifty, have you heard anything concerning my son?

Thrift. It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

Gripe. What is't, I pray? My son!

Thrift. Even your own Scapin told it me; and you may hear it from him or somebody else: for my part, I am your friend, and would not willingly be the messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me. Your servant: I must hasten to my counsel, and advise what's to be done in this case. Good b'ye till I see you again. [*Exit.*

Gripe. Worse than his son! For my part, I cannot imagine how; for a son to marry impudently without the consent of his father, is as great an offence as can be imagined, I take it.—But yonder he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Oh! my dear father, how joyful am I to see you safely returned. Welcome, as the blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe. No, so fast, friend of mine! soft and fair goes far, sir. You are my son, as I take it.

Leand. What do you mean, sir?

Gripe. Stand still, and let me look ye in the face.

Leand. How must I stand, sir?

Gripe. Look upon me with both eyes.

Leand. Well, sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this report?

Leand. Report, sir?

Gripe. Yes, report, sir: I speak English, as I take it. What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is it, sir, which you would have had me do?

Gripe. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

Leand. Who I, sir? why, I have done nothing at all, not I, sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all?

Leand. No, sir.

Gripe. You have no impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the confidence that becomes a man, and my innocence.

Gripe. Very well. But Scapin—d'y'e mark me, young man?—Scapin has told me some tales of your behaviour.

Leand. Scapin!

Gripe. Oh! have I caught you? That name makes ye blush, does it? 'Tis well you have some grace left.

Leand. Has he said anything concerning me?

Gripe. That shall be examined anon. In the meanwhile, get you home, d'y'e hear? and stay till my return. But, look to it, if thou hast done anything to dishonour me, never think to come within my doors, or see my face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [Exit.]

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful condition. This rascal has betrayed my marriage, and undone me. Now there is no way left but to turn outlaw, and live by rapine; and, to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the throat of that perfidious pick-thank dog that has ruined me.

Enter OCTAVIAN and SCAPIN.

Oct. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy care!

Leand. Yonder he comes.—I'm overjoyed to see you, good Mr. Dog!

Scapin. Sir, your most humble servant, you honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fool's part; but I shall teach you.

Scapin. Sir!

Oct. Hold, Leander!

Leand. No, Octavian; I'll make him confess the treachery he has committed. Yes, varlet dog, I know the trick you have played me: you thought, perhaps, nobody would have told me; but I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my sword through your body.

Scapin. Oh! sir, sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? Have I done you any injury, sir?

Leand. Yes, rascal, that you have; and I'll make you own it, too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tanned, thick hide. (*Beats him.*)

Scapin. The devil's in it! Lord, sir! what do you mean? Nay, good Mr. Leander—pray, Mr. Leander—'squire Leander—As I hope to be saved—

Oct. Pr'ythee, be quiet! For shame! Enough! (*Interposes.*)

Scapin. Well, sir, I confess, indeed, that—

Leand. What! Speak, rogue!

Scapin. About two months ago, you may remember, a maid servant died in the house—

Leand. What of all that?

Scapin. Nay, sir, if I confess, you must not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scapin. 'Twas said she died for love of me, sir.—But let that pass—

Leand. Death! you trifling baboon!

Scapin. About a week after her death, I dressed up myself like her ghost, and went into Madam Lucia, your mistress's chamber, where she lay half in, half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly play-book.

Leand. And was it your impudence did that?

Scapin. They both believe it was a ghost to this hour; but it was myself played the goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy custom of lying awake

at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy play when she had never said her prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all, in time and place. But come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my father.

Scapin. To your father! I have not so much seen him since his return; and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes, he told me himself, and told me what thou hast said to him.

Scapin. With your good leave, sir, then he lied. I beg your pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh! sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand. What's the matter?

Sly. Your mistress, sir, is yonder arrested in action of two hundred pounds. They say 'tis debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her escape hither to Dover; and if you don't raise money, within these two hours, to discharge her, she'll be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within these two hours?

Sly. Yes, sir, within these two hours.

Leand. Ah! my poor Scapin, I want thy assistance.

Scapin. (*Walks about surlily.*) Ah, my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now you've need of me.

Leand. No more! I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scapin. No, no; never pardon me. Run your sword through my body—you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For heaven's sake! think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

Scapin. Yes, to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe extremity?

Scapin. To put such an affront upon me as you did.

Leand. I wronged thee, I confess.

Scapin. To use me like a scoundrel, a villain, a rascal! to threaten to run your sword through my body!

Leand. I cry thy mercy, with all my heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myself at thy feet, I'll do it.

Oct. 'Faith, Scapin, you must, you cannot but yield.

Scapin. Well, then—But, d'y'e mark me, sir! another time, better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scapin. As I see convenient, care shall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scapin. Pray, sir, don't be so troublesome. How much money is it you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.

Scapin. And you?

Oct. As much.

Scapin. (*To Leander.*) No more to be said; it shall be done. For you the contrivance is laid already; and, for your father, though he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to heaven! he's but a shallow person; his parts are not extraordinary. Do not take it ill, sir; for you have no resemblance to him—but that you are very like him. Begone! I see Octavian's father coming; I'll begin with him. [Exit Oct. and Leand.]

Enter THRIFTY.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the cud, to prove himself a clean beast.

Thrifty. Oh! audacious boy, to commit so inso-

at a crime, and plunge himself in such a mischief!

Scapin. Sir, your humble servant.

Thrifty. How do you, Scapin?

Scapin. What, you are ruminating on your son's sh actions?

Thrifty. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scapin. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth of it; but your philosopher is always prepared. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your case.

Thrifty. What's that?

Scapin. Pray, mind it; 'twill do you a world of good.

Thrifty. What is it, I ask you?

Scapin. Why, when the master of a family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumstances, that may, during the interval, conspire to the conjunction of those misfortunes and troublesome accidents that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his economical inspection into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perilous errors, which his substitutes, servants, or trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountain-head of man's disposition becomes muddy, and all the streams of his manners and conversation run, consequently, defiled and impure. These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent, philosophical *pater-familias* to find his house laid waste, his wife murdered, his daughters desflowered, his sons hanged—"cum multis aliis que nunc peribere longum est;" and to thank heaven 'tis no worse, too. Do you mark, sir?

Thrifty. 'Sdeath! is all this a proverb?

Scapin. Ay, and the best proverb, and the wisest in the world. Good sir, get it by heart; 'twill do you the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble yourself, I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrifty. No, I thank you, sir; I'll have none of it.

Scapin. Pray do; you'll like it better next time: hear it once more, I say.—When the master of a—

Thrifty. Hold, hold! I have better thoughts of my own. I'm going to my lawyer; I'll null the marriage.

Scapin. Going to law! Are ye mad, to venture yourself among lawyers? Do ye not see every day how the sponges suck poor clients; and, with a company of foolish, nonsensical terms and knavish tricks, undo the nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thrifty. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scapin. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief. I cannot, when I see tender fathers afflicted for their sons' miscarriages, but have bowels for them; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrifty. Truly, my case is sad, very sad!

Scapin. So it is.—Tears will burst out.—I have a great respect for your person. (*Pretends to cry.*)

Thrifty. Thank you, with all my heart! In troth, we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scapin. Ay, so we should. I assure you there is not a person in the world whom I respect more than the noble Mr. Thrifty.

Thrifty. Thou art honest, Scapin. Have done, have done!

Scapin. Sir, your most humble servant.

Thrifty. But what is your way?

Scapin. Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her who your wicked son has married.

Thrifty. What is he?

Scapin. A most outrageous, roaring fellow, with a down, hanging look, contracted brow, with a swelled red face, inflamed with brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind; roars out oaths, and bellows out curses enough in a day to serve a garrison a week. Bred up in blood and rapine; used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a man than killing of a flea: he has killed sixteen; four for taking the wall of him, five for looking too big upon him; two he shot—in short, he is the most dreadful of all the race of bullies.

Thrifty. Heaven! how do I tremble at the description!—But what's this to my business?

Scapin. Why, he (as most bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the courses of law, all the assistance of your friends, and your great purse, (in which I ventured my life ten times, for so often he drew and run at me,) yet, I say, at last, I have made him hearken to a composition, and to annul the marriage for a sum of money.

Thrifty. Thanks, dear Scapin—But what sum?

Scapin. 'Faith, he was d—y unreasonable at first, and, egad! I told him so very roundly.

Thrifty. Plague on him! what did he ask?

Scapin. Ask! hang him! why, he asked five hundred pounds.

Thrifty. Ouns and heart! Five hundred pounds! Five hundred devils take him, and fry and fricassee the dog. Does he take me for a madman?

Scapin. Why, so I said; and, for most argument, I brought him to this:—"D—e," says he, "I am going to the army, and I must have two good horses for myself, for fear one should die; and those will cost, at least, three score guineas!"

Thrifty. Hang him, rogue! why should he have two horses? But I care not if I give three score guineas to be rid of this affair.

Scapin. "Then," says he, "my pistols, saddle, horse cloth, and all, will cost twenty more;"—

Thrifty. Why, that's four score.

Scapin. Well reckoned. 'Faith, this arithmetic is a fine art.—"Then I must have one for my boy, will cost twenty more;"—

Thrifty. Oh, the devil! Confounded dog! let him go, and be d—d, I'll give him nothing.

Scapin. Sir!

Thrifty. Not a sous, d—d rascal! let him torn foot-soldier, and be hanged!

Scapin. He has a man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrifty. Ay, and his master, too; I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scapin. Well, you are resolved to spend twice as much at Doctors' Commons, you are; you will stand out for such a sum as this, do!

Thrifty. Oh! d—d, unconscionable rascal!—Well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Scapin. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrifty. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh! a covetous rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

Scapin. Why, this is nothing to the charge at Doctors' Commons; and, though her brother has no money, she has an uncle able to defend her.

Thrifty. Oh! eternal rogue!—Well I must do it—The devil's in him, I think!

Scapin. "Then," says he, "I must carry into France money to buy a mule, to carry"—

Thrifty. Let him to the devil with his mule, I'll appeal to the judges.

Scapin. Nay, good sir, think a little.

Thrifty. No, I'll do nothing.

Scapin. Sir, sir! but one little mule!

Thrift. No, not so much as an ass!

Scapin. Consider.

Thrift. I will not consider, I'll go to law.

Scapin. I am sure if you go to law, you do not consider the appeals, degrees of jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of so many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villainous harpies! promoters, tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest right in the world for a bribe. On the other side, the proctor shall side with your adversary, and sell your cause for ready money: your advocate shall be gained the same way, and shall not be found when your cause is to be heard. Law is a torment of all torments.

Thrift. That's true.—Why, what does the d—d rogue reckon for his mule?

Scapin. Why, for horses, furniture, mule, and to pay some scores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

Thrift. Come, come, let's go to law! (*Thrift walks about greatly agitated.*)

Scapin. Do not reflect upon—

Thrift. I'll go to law!

Scapin. Do not plunge yourself—

Thrift. To law, I tell you!

Scapin. Why, there's for procuration, presentation, councils, productions, proctors, attendance, and scribbling vast volumes of interrogatories, depositions, and articles, consultations and pleadings of doctors; for the register, substitute, judgments, signings,—expedition-fees, besides the vast presents to them and their wives. Hang it! the fellow is out of employment; give him the money; give it him, I say.

Thrift. What, two hundred pounds?

Scapin. Ay, ay; why, you'll gain one hundred and fifty pounds by it: I have summed it up. I say give it him; i'faith, do!

Thrift. What, two hundred pounds?

Scapin. Ay. Besides, you never think how they'll rail at you in pleading; tell all your fornications, bastardings, and commatings in their courts.

Thrift. I defy them. Let them tell of my whoring; 'tis the fashion.

Scapin. Peace! Here's the brother.

Thrift. Oh, heaven! what shall I do?

Enter SHIFT, disguised like a bully.

Shift. D—e, where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian? Annul the marriage! By all the honour of my ancestors, I'll chine the villain!

Thrift. Oh! oh! oh! (*Hides himself behind Scapin.*)

Scapin. He cares not, sir; he'll not give the two hundred pounds.

Shift. By heaven! he shall be worms'-meat within these two hours.

Scapin. Sir, he has courage; he fears you not.

Thrift. You lie! I have not courage; I do fear him mortally. (*Aside.*)

Shift. He, he, he! 'Ounds, he! 'Would all his family were in him, I'd cut off root and branch. Dishonour my sister! This in his body!—What fellow's that?

Scapin. Not he, sir.

Shift. Nor none of his friends?

Thrift. No, sir. Hang him! I am his mortal enemy.

Shift. Art thou the enemy of that rascal?

Thrift. Oh! ay, hang him! Oh! d—d bully! (*Aside.*)

Shift. Give me thy hand, old boy. The next sun shall not see the impudent rascal alive.

Scapin. He'll muster up all his relations against you.

Thrift. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shift. Would they were all here! Hah, hah, hah! (*He foyns every way with his sword.*) Here I have one through the lungs, there another into the head, hah! there another into the guts. Ah! rogues, the I was with you. Hah, hah!

Scapin. Hold, sir; we are none of your enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the villains out whom my blood is up; I will destroy the whole family. Hah, hah, hah! [*Exit*]

Thrift. Here, Scapin, I have two hundred guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be said. Let me never see his face again; take 'em, I say. This is the devil.

Scapin. Will you not give 'em him yourself?

Thrift. No, no, I will never see him more. I shall not recover this these three months. See the business done. I trust in thee, honest Scapin; must repose somewhere; I am mightily out of order. A plague on all bullies, I say. [*Exit*]

Scapin. So, there's one despatched; I must now find out Gripe. He's here: how heaven brings 'em into my nets one after another!

Enter GRIPE.

Oh, heaven! unlooked-for misfortune! poor Mr. Gripe, what wilt thou do? (*Walks about distractedly.*)

Gripe. What's that he says of me?

Scapin. Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there? Scapin?

Scapin. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been just under thy nose this hour.

Scapin. Sir?

Gripe. What's the matter?

Scapin. Oh! sir, your son—

Gripe. Ha! my son!

Scapin. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world.

Gripe. What is it?

Scapin. I met him awhile ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my name. And seeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier; amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new caper in her full trim. The captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scapin. While we were eating he put to sea; and when we were a good distance from the shore, he discovered himself to be an English renegade that was entertained in the Dutch service; and sent me off in his long-boat to tell you that if you don't forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your son prisoner; nay, for aught I know, he may carry him a slave to Algiers.

Gripe. How, in the devil's name! two hundred pounds!

Scapin. Yes, sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but an hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only son.

Gripe. What a devil had he to do a shipboard? Run quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain I'll send my lord chief-justice's warrant after him.

Scapin. Oh! la! his warrant in the open sea! d'ye think pirates are fools?

Gripe. I! the devil's name, what business had he a shipboard?

Scapin. There is an unlucky fate that often hurries men to mischief, sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou must now act the part of a faithful servant.

Scapin. As how, sir?

Gripe. Thou must go bid the pirate send me my son, and stay as a pledge in his room till I can raise the money.

Scapin. Alas! sir, think you the captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor rascally fellow as I am, instead of your son?

Gripe. What a devil did he do a shipboard?

Scapin. D'ye remember, sir, that you have but two hours' time?

Gripe. Thou say'st he demands—

Scapin. Two hundred pounds.

Gripe. Two hundred pounds! Has the fellow no conscience?

Scapin. Oh la! the conscience of a pirate! why, very few lawful captains have any.

Gripe. Has he no reason neither? Does he know what the sum of two hundred pounds is?

Scapin. Yes, sir, tarpaulins are a sort of people that understand money, though they have no great acquaintance with sense. But, for heaven's sake, despatch.

Gripe. Here, take the keys of my counting-house—

Scapin. So.

Gripe. And open it—

Scapin. Very good.

Gripe. In the left-hand window lies the key of my garret; go take all the clothes that are in the great chest, and sell 'em to the brokers to redeem my son.

Scapin. Sir, y'are mad; I sha'n't get fifty shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am straightened for time.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a shipboard?

Scapin. Let shipboard alone, and consider, sir, your son. But heaven is my witness I have done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his father's kindness.

Gripe. Well, sir, I'll go see if I can raise the money. Was it not ninescore pounds you spoke of?

Scapin. No, two hundred pounds.

Gripe. What, two hundred pounds Dutch, eh?

Scapin. No, sir, I mean English money, two hundred pounds sterling.

Gripe. I'the devil's name, what business had he a shipboard? Confounded shipboard!

Scapin. This shipboard sticks in his stomach. *(Aside.)*

Gripe. Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very sum just now in gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon. *(Presents his purse to Scapin, but will not let it go; and in his transports, pulls his arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.)*

Scapin. Ay, sir.

Gripe. But tell the captain he is a son of a whore.

Scapin. Yes, sir.

Gripe. A dogbolt.

Scapin. I shall, sir.

Gripe. A thief, a robber, and that he forces me to pay him two hundred pounds contrary to all law or equity.

Scapin. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scapin. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him. *(Puts up his purse, and is going away.)*

Scapin. Right, sir.

Gripe. Now make haste, and go redeem my son.

Scapin. Ay, but d'ye hear, sir? where's the money?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scapin. Indeed, sir, you made me believe you

would, but you forgot, and put it up in your pocket again.

Gripe. Ha! my griefs and fears for my son make me do I know not what.

Scapin. Ay, sir, I see it does, indeed.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a shipboard? D—d pirate! d—d renegade! all the devils in hell pursue thee. *[Gives the money and exit.]*

Scapin. How easily a miser swallows a load! and how difficultly he disgorges a grain! But I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other coin for telling tales of me to his son.

Enter OCTAVIAN and LEANDER.

Well, sir, I have succeeded in your business, there's two hundred pounds which I have squeezed out of your father. *(To Octavian.)*

Oct. Triumphant Scapin!

Scapin. But for you I can do nothing—*(To Leander.)*

Leand. Then I may go hang myself. Friends both, adieu.

Scapin. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? the devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride post. With much ado I have got your business done too.

Leand. Is it possible?

Scapin. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your father for the trick he has served me.

Leand. With all my heart; at thy own discretion, good, honest Scapin.

Scapin. Hold your hand, there's two hundred pounds.

Leand. My thanks are too many to pay now. Farewell, dear son of Mercury, and be prosperous.

Scapin. Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather,

Give son the money, hang up father.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Lucia. Was ever such a trick played, for us to run away from our governesses, where our careful fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young gentlemen, only because they said they loved us? I think 'twas a very noble enterprise! I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it will very hardly recompense the reputation we have lost by it.

Clara. Our greatest satisfaction is that they are men of fashion and credit; and for my part, I long ago resolved not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his love; and 'twas an assurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

Lucia. I must confess I had no less a sense of the faith and honour of Leander.

Clara. But seems it not wonderful that the circumstances of our fortune should be so nearly allied, and ourselves so much strangers? Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in Leander so much resembling a brother of mine of the same name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Lucia. I have a brother, too, whose name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and just as my father took his voyage, returned home; not knowing where to find me, I believe, is the reason I have not seen him yet. But, if I deceive not myself, there is something in your Octavian that extremely refreshes my memory of him.

Clara. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclined to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our natures which always makes us apt to believe what we most earnestly desire.

Lucia. The worst, at last, is but to be forsaken

by our fathers; and, for my part, I had rather lose an old father than a young lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure myself against the imposition of fatherly authority.

Clara. How insufferable it is to be sacrificed to the arms of a nauseous blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to bed at night, and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean.

Lucia. A thing of more flesh and blood, and that of the worst sort, too; with a squinting, meagre, hang-dog countenance, that looks as if he always wanted physic for the worms.

Clara. Yet such their silly parents are generally most indulgent to; like apes, never so well pleased as when they are fondling with their ugly issue.

Lucia. Twenty to one but to some such charming creatures our careful fathers had designed us.

Clara. Parents think they do their daughters the greatest kindness in the world when they get them fools for their husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Lucia. I'd no more be bound to spend my days in marriage to a fool because I might rule him, than I would always ride an ass because the creature was gentle.

Clara. See, here's Scapin, as full of designs and affairs as a callow statesman at a treaty of peace.

Enter SCAPIN.

Scapin. Ladies!

Clara. Oh! Monsieur Scapin, what's the reason you have been such a stranger of late?

Scapin. 'Faith! ladies, business, business has taken up my time; and truly, I love an active life, love my business extremely.

Lucia. Methinks, though, this should be a difficult place for a man of your excellencies to find employment in.

Scapin. Why, 'faith! madam, I'm never shy to my friends: my business is, in short, like that of all other men of business, diligently contriving how to play the knave and cheat, to get an honest livelihood.

Clara. Certainly, men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

Scapin. Oh! madam, wit and honesty, like oil and vinegar, with much ado mingle together; give a relish to a good fortune, and pass well enough for sauce, but are very thin fare of themselves. No, give me your knave, your thorough-paced knave; hang his wit, so he be but rogue enough.

Lucia. You're grown very much out of humour with wit, Scapin; I hope your's has done you no prejudice of late.

Scapin. No, madam; your men of wit are good-for-nothing, dull, lazy, restive snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing fool, that commands his fortune.

Clara. You are very plain and open in this proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scapin. Dame Fortune, like most others of the female sex, (I speak all this with respect to your ladyship,) is generally most indulgent to the nimble mettled blockheads; men of wit are not for her turn, ever too thoughtful when they should be active. Why, who believes any man of wit to have so much as courage? No, ladies, if you have any friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want patrons; and for honesty, if your ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a gentleman that is coming this way.

Clara. Pr'ythee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some divertisement, which has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter SHIFT, with a sack.

Scapin. Oh! Shift—

Shift. Speak not too loud, my master's coming.

Scapin. I am glad on't; I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his friend.

Shift. I wonder at thy valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine to the indignity of bruises and indecent bastinadoes.

Scapin. Difficulties in adventures make them pleasant when accomplished.

Shift. But your adventures, how comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be tragical in the end.

Scapin. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous spirit. Revenge and lechery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them. Begone: here comes my man.

[Exit Shift.]

Enter GRIPE.

Oh! sir, sir, shift for yourself quickly, sir; quickly, sir, for heaven's sake.

Gripe. What's the matter, man?

Scapin. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? Will you be murdered instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within these two minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! killed! for what?

Scapin. They are everywhere looking out for you.

Gripe. Who, who?

Scapin. The brother of her whom your son has married; he's a captain of a privateer, who has all sorts of rogues, English, Scotch, Welch, Irish, and French, under his command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the marriage: they run up and down crying, "Where is the rogue Gripe? where is the dog? where is the slave Gripe?" They watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your house.

Gripe. Oh! Scapin, what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scapin. Nay, heaven knows; but if you come within their reach they'll De Wit you, they'll tear you in pieces—Hark!

Gripe. Oh, Lord!

Scapin. Hum! 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canst thou find no way for my escape, dear Scapin?

Scapin. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, shew thyself a man now.

Scapin. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this suit when I have worn it eight or nine months longer.

Scapin. Listen; who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me! Lord have mercy upon us!

Scapin. No, there's nobody; look, if you'll save your life, go into this sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scapin. Nobody. Get into the sack, and stir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a bundle of goods, through all your enemies, to the major's house of the castle.

Gripe. An admirable invention! Oh, Lord! quick! (*Gets into the sack.*)

Scapin. Yes, 'tis an excellent invention, if you knew all. (*Aside.*) Keep in your head. Oh! here's a rogue coming to look for you.—(*Imitates a Welshman.*) Do you hear? I pray you, where is Leander's father, look you?—(*In his own voice.*) How should I know? What would you have with him? Lie close. (*Aside to Gripe.*—*Imitates.*) Have with him, look you! Hur has no great business, but hur would have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for credits and honours; by Saint Tavy, he shall not put the injuries and affronts upon my captains, look you now, sir.—(*In his own voice.*) He affront

the captain! he meddles with no man.—(*Imitates.*) You, lie, sir, look you; and hur will give you beatings and chastisements for your contradictions, when hur Welse plood's up, look you, and hur will cudgel your packs and your nottles; take you that, (*beats the sack*) pray you now.—(*In his own voice.*) Hold, hold! will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.—(*Imitates.*) Hur will teach saucy Jacks how they profnok hur Welse ploods and hur cholliers; and for the old rogue, hur will have his guts and his plood, look you, sir, or hur will never wear leeks upon Saint Tavy's day more, look you.—(*In his own voice.*) Oh! he has mauled me; a d—d Welsh rascal!

Gripe. You! the blows fell upon my shoulders. Oh, oh!

Scapin. 'Twas only the end of the stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did not you stand further off?

Scapin. Peace! Here's another rogue.—(*Imitates a Lancashireman.*) Yaw fellée wi'the sack there, don' yaw know whear th' auld rascal *Gripe* is?—(*In his own voice.*) Not I; but here is no rascal.—(*Imitates.*) Yaw lee, yaw doug, yaw knaw weel enough whear he is, an' yaw don' tell, an' that he is a foo rascal as any in aw the town: I's tell a that, by'r lady.—(*In his own voice.*) Not I, sir, I know neither, sir, not I.—(*Imitates.*) By the mess, an' I tak thee in hont, I's raddle the bones on thee; I's keeble thee to some tune.—(*In his own voice.*) Me, sir? I don't understand you.—(*Imitates.*) Why, thaw'r't his man, thaw Hobbles. I'll snite the nase o' thee.—(*In his own voice.*) Hold, hold, sir! what would you have with him?—(*Imitates.*) Why, I mun knock him dahn wi' my kibbo, the first bawp to the graund, and then I mun beat him aw to paw, by the mess, and after ay mun cut off the lags and naes on 'em, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty swatley fellée bawt legs and naes.—(*In his own voice.*) Why, truly, sir, I know not where he is; but he went down that lane.—(*Imitates.*) This lane, sayn ye? Ays find him, by'r lady, an he be aböve grawnt.—(*In his own voice.*) So, he's gone, a d—d Lancashire rascal.

Gripe. Oh! good Scapin, go on quickly.

Scapin. Hold! here's another. (*Gripe pops in his head.*)—(*Imitates an Irishman.*) Dost thou hear, Sackman? I, pridge, fare is de d—d dog, *Gripe*?—(*In his own voice.*) Why, what's that to you? what know I?—(*Imitates.*) Fat's dat to me, joy! by my soul, joy, I will lay a great blow upon thy pate; and de devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is, indeed, or I'll beat upon you till thou dost know, by my salvation, indeed.—(*In his own voice.*) I'll not be beaten.—(*Imitates.*) Now the devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is *Gripe* but I will beat thy father's child very much indeed.—(*In his own voice.*) What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?—(*Imitates.*) Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him I will make murder upon him for my captain's sake.—(*In his own voice.*) Murder him! He'll not be murdered.—(*Imitates.*) If I do lay my eyes upon him, 'gad! I will put my sword into his bowels, de devil take me, indeed. Fat hast down in dat sack, joy? by my salvation I will look into it.—(*In his own voice.*) But you shall not. What have you to do with it?—(*Imitates.*) By my soul, joy, I will put my rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh, oh!

Scapin. (*Imitates.*) Fat, it does grunt; by my salvation, de devil take me, I will see it, indeed.—(*In his own voice.*) You shall not see my sack; I will defend it with my life.—(*Imitates.*) Den I will make beat upon thy body: take that, joy, and that, (*beats him in the sack*) upon my soul, and so I do take my leave, joy.—(*In his own voice.*) A

plague on him! he's gone; he has almost killed me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer: the blows all fell on my shoulders.

Scapin. You can't tell me; they fell on mine. Oh, my shoulders!

Gripe. Your's! Oh, my shoulders!

Scapin. Peace! they're coming.—(*In a hoarse seaman's voice.*) Where is the dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a cat-o-nine-tails, keel-haul, and then hang him at the main-yard.—(*In broken French-English.*) If dere be no more men in England I will kill him; I will put my rapier in his body, I will give him two tree pushe in de gut.—(*Imitates a number of voices.*) We mun go this way; o' the right hand; no, to the left hand.—Lie close. (*To Gripe.*)—Search everywhere.—By my salvation, I will kill the d—d dog.—An' we do catch un we'll tear un in pieces, and I do hear he went this way—no, straight forward. Hold, here is his man: where's your master?—D—e! where? in hell? speak.—(*In his own voice.*) Hold, not so furiously.—(*Imitates.*) An' you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee.—(*In his own voice.*) Do what you will, gentlemen, I know not.—(*Imitates.*) Lay on him thick; thrack him soundly.—(*In his own voice.*) Hold, hold! do what you will, I'll never betray my master.—(*Imitates.*) Knock un down, beat un zoundly, to un, at un, at un, at—(*As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin runs off.*)

Gripe. Oh! dog, traitor, villain! Is this your plot? Would you have murdered me, rogue? Unheard-of impudence!

Enter THRIFTY.

Oh! brother Thrifty, you come to see me laden with disgrace; the villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of two hundred pounds. This beating brings all into my memory.

Thrifty. The impudent varlet has galled me of the same sum.

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my money, but hath abused me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrifty. But this is not all, brother; one misfortune is the forerunner of another: just now I received letters from London that both our daughters have run away from their governesses, with two wild debauched young fellows that they fell in love with.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Lucia. Was ever such malicious impudence seen!—Ha! surely, if I mistake not, that should be my father.

Clara. And the other mine, whom Scapin has used thus.

Lucia. Bless us! returned, and we not know of it.

Clara. What will they say to find us here?

Lucia. My dearest father, welcome to England!

Thrifty. My daughter Luce!

Lucia. The same, sir.

Gripe. My Clara here, too?

Clara. Yes, sir, and happy to see your safe arrival.

Thrifty. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Gripe. Heyday!

Thrifty. Oh! son, I have a wife for you.

Oct. Good father, all your propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you I am engaged.

Thrifty. Look you now! is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry and to be friends with you you'll not let me. Now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe*'s daughter here—

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. Gripe's daughter, sir, as long as I live. No, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thought of any other.

Clara. Yes, Octavian, I have at last met with my father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thrifty. La ye now! you would be wiser than the father that begot you, would you? Did not I always say you should marry Mr. Gripe's daughter? But you do not know your sister Luce.

Oct. Unlooked-for blessing! why, she's my friend Leander's wife.

Thrifty. How, Leander's wife!

Gripe. What, my son Leander?

Oct. Yes, sir, your son, Leander.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, brother Thrifty, 'tis true the boy was always a good-natured boy. Well, now, I am so overjoyed, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look, here he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered; nor would I, indeed, have longer concealed it; this is my wife, I must own her.

Gripe. Brother Thrifty, did you ever see the like? did you ever see the like, eh?

Thrifty. Own her, quotha! why, kiss her, kiss her, man. Odsbodikins! when I was a young fellow, and was first married, I did nothing else for three months.

Gripe. Well, 'tis his father's own child. Just so, brother, was it with me upon my wedding-day; I could not look upon my dear without blushing; but when we were a-bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us! but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my father reconciled to me?

Gripe. Reconciled to thee! why, I love thee at my heart, man, at my heart; why, 'tis my brother Thrifty's daughter, Mrs. Lucy, whom I always designed for thy wife; and that's thy sister Clara married to Mr. Octa there.

Leand. Octavian, are we, then, brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wished after the completing of my happiness with my charming Lucia.

Thrifty. Come, sir, hang up your compliments in the hall at home, they are old and out of fashion. Shift, go to the inn, and bespeak a supper may cost more money than I have ready to pay for, for I am resolved to run in debt to-night.

Shift. I shall obey your commands, sir.

Thrifty. Then, d'ye hear? send out and muster up all the fiddlers (blind or not blind, drunk or sober) in the town; let not so much as the roaster of tunes, with his cracked cymbal in a case, escape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the fellow that sings the song at my lord mayor's feast; I myself would make an epithalamium by way of sonnet, and he should set a tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last time.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh! gentlemen, here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thrifty. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor Scapin!

Gripe. Ha! rogue! let him be hanged. I'll hang him myself.

Sly. Oh! sir, that trouble you may spare; for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head, and broke his skull, so you may see his brains.

Thrifty. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter SCAPIN between two men, his head wrapped up in linen as if he had been wounded.

Scapin. Oh me! oh me! gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad condition, cut off like a flower in the prime of my years; but yet I could not die without the pardon of those I have wronged: yes, gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially I beg of you Mr. Thrifty, and my good master, Mr. Gripe.

Thrifty. For my part I pardon thee freely; go and die in peace.

Scapin. But 'tis you, sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman bastinadoes which—

Gripe. Pr'ythee, speak no more of that; I forgive thee, too.

Scapin. 'Twas a most wicked insolence in me, that I should, with a vile crab-tree cudgel—

Gripe. Pish! no more; I say I am satisfied.

Scapin. And now, so near my death, 'tis an inexpressible grief that I should dare to lift my hand against—

Gripe. Hold thy peace, or die quickly; I tell thee I have forgot all.

Scapin. Alas! how good a man you are! But, sir, do you pardon me freely and from the bottom of your heart those merciless drabs that—

Gripe. Pr'ythee, speak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon it.

Scapin. Oh! sir, how much your goodness revives me! (*Pulls off his cap.*)

Gripe. How's that! Friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon condition that you are sure to die.

Scapin. Oh, me! I begin to faint again.

Thrifty. Come, fie! brother, never let revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any condition.

Gripe. A dence on't! brother, as I hope to be saved, he beat me basely and scurvily; never stir, he did. But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrifty. Now, then, let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scapin. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower end of the table:

*Where in my chair of state I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace.*

[A dance. *Exeunt.*]

THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD;

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, IN ONE ACT.—BY R. DODSLEY.



Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

THE KING
LORD LUREWELL
COURTIERS

MILLER OF MANSFIELD
RICHARD
FOREST KEEPERS

PEGGY
MARGERY
KATE

SCENE I.—*Sherwood Forest.*

Enter several Courtiers as lost.

1 *Cour.* 'Tis horrid dark; and this wood, I believe, has neither end nor side.

4 *Cour.* You mean, to get out at; for we have found one in, you see.

2 *Cour.* I wish our good King Harry had kept nearer home to hunt. In my mind, the pretty, tame deer in London make much better sport than the wild ones in Sherwood Forest.

3 *Cour.* I can't tell which way his majesty went, nor whether anybody is with him or not; but let us keep together, pray.

4 *Cour.* Ay, ay; like true courtiers, take care of ourselves, whatever becomes of master.

2 *Cour.* Well, it's a terrible thing to be lost in the dark.

4 *Cour.* It is; and yet it's so common a case, that one would not think it should be at all so. Why, we are all of us lost in the dark every day of our lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines lose us in dark mysteries; lawyers in dark cases; and statesmen in dark intrigues: nay, the light of reason, which we so much boast of, what is it but a dark-lantern, which just serves to prevent us from running our nose against a post, perhaps? but is no more able to lead us out of the dark mists of error and ignorance, in which we are lost, than an

ignis fatuus would be to conduct us out of this wood.

1 *Cour.* But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks: and, for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkness, I believe.

3 *Cour.* Indeed would it. But come, let us go on; we shall find some house or other by-and-by.

4 *Cour.* Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the KING.

King. No, no; this can be no public road, that's certain. I am lost, quite lost, indeed! Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shews me no respect; I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater, and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south: his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we pulled up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. (*The report of a gun is heard.*) Hark! some villain, sure, is near. What were it best to do? Will my majesty pro-

tect me? No. Throw majesty aside, then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! how strange it seems to be talked to in this style! (*Aside.*)—Upon my word, I don't.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have not you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? what's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes, name. Why, you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? what is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think. So, if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! What authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account, sir. I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way, that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority. (*Aside.*)—Very well, sir; I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe.—But let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you; and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest; and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so, that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now—

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie? that's a likely story, indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble; and if that be not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier: here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again, and take this along with it: John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own; and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee, and thou! Pr'ythee, don't thee

and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with anybody, before I know whether they deserve it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you be resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night; and, in the morning, I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Town of Mansfield.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to see thy face again. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a trick of theirs to get me into their power: yet, the letter seems to be written with an air of sincerity, I confess; and the girl was never used to lying, till she kept a lord company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.—“*Dear Richard,—I am, at last, (though much too late for me,) convinced of the injury done to us both by that base man, who made me think you false. He contrived these letters which I send you, to make me think you just upon the point of being married to another, a thought I could not bear with patience; so, aiming at revenge on you, consented to my own undoing. But, for your own sake, I beg you to return hither; for I have some hopes of being able to do you justice, which is the only comfort of your most distressed, but ever affectionate,—PEGGY.*”—There can be no cheat in this, sure! the letters she has sent are, I think, a proof of her sincerity. Well, I will go to her, however: I cannot think she will again betray me. If she have as much tenderness left for me, as, in spite of her ill usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let me see; I am not far from the house, I believe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room.

PEGGY and PHOEBE discovered.

Phoebe. Pray, madam, make yourself easy.

Peggy. Ah! Phoebe, she that has lost her virtue, has lost with it her ease, and all her happiness. Believing, cheated fool! to think him false.

Phoebe. Be patient, madam; I hope you will shortly be revenged on that deceitful lord.

Peggy. I hope I shall; for that were just revenge. But will revenge make me happy? will it excuse my falsehood? will it restore me to the heart of my much-injured love? Ah! no. That blooming innocence he us'd to praise, and call the greatest beauty of our sex, is gone. I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took such pains to quench. (*Knocking at the door.*) See who's there.—Oh, heavens! 'tis he. Alas! that ever I should be ashamed to see the man I love. (*Weeps.*)

Enter DICK, who stands looking on her at a distance.

Dick. Well, Peggy, (but I suppose you're madam now in that fine dress,) you see you have brought me back: is it to triumph in your falsehood, or am I to receive the slighted leavings of your fine lord?

Peggy. Oh! Richard, after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confusion: but do not think so hardly of me; I staid not to be slighted by him, for the moment I discovered his vile plot on you, I fled his sight, nor could he ever prevail to see me since.

Dick. Ah! Peggy, you were too hasty in believing; and much I fear the vengeance aimed at me had other charms to recommend it to you: such bravery as that (*pointing to her clothes*) I had not to bestow; but if a tender honest heart could please, you had it all; and if I wished for more 'twas for your sake.

Peggy. Oh! Richard, when you consider the wicked stratagem he contrived, to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will, at least, pity my folly, and, in some measure, excuse my falsehood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forced to fly from my friends and country for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot easily forgive, to be sure; but if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your design be really, as you say, to clear me and to expose the baseness of him that betrayed and ruined you, I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

Peggy. The King is now in this forest a hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: now, I think, if we could take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice of one of his courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some effect upon him.

Dick. If we were suffered to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of such little folks as we seldom reach the ears of majesty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my father's, and stay there till such an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your design.

Peggy. I will do anything to convince you of my sincerity, and to make satisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in less than an hour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Mill.*

MARGERY and KATE discovered, knitting.

Kate. Oh dear! I would not see a spirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear stories of them. Well, and what then?

Mar. And so, at last, in a dismal hollow tone, it cried—(*A knocking at the door frightens them both; they scream out, and throw down their knitting.*)

Mar. and Kate. Lord bless us! what's that?

Kate. Oh dear! mother, it's some judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They say, talk of the devil and he'll appear.

Mar. Kate, go and see who's at the door.

Kate. I durst not go, mother; do you go.

Mar. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't speak as if you were afraid.

Mar. No, I won't if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick. (*Without.*) What, won't you let me in?

Kate. Oh, gemini! it's like our Dick, I think: he's certainly dead, and it's his spirit.

Mar. Heaven forbid! I think in my heart it's he himself. Open the door, Kate.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Mar. Come, we'll both open it. (*They open the door.*)

Enter DICK.

Dick. Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Mar. Dear child, I'm overjoyed to see thee; but I was so frightened I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear brother, I am glad to see you; how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, Kate. But where's my father?

Mar. He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who it is.

Dick. What, they love venison at Mansfield as well as ever, I suppose?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it, too.

Miller. (*Without.*) Ho! Madge, Kate! bring a light here.

Mar. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he caught the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING and the MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Mar. Who have you got?

Miller. I have brought thee a stranger, Madge; thou must give him a supper, and a lodging if thou canst.

Mar. You have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you: Dick's come.

Miller. Dick! where is he? why, Dick, how is't, my lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, father.

King. A little more, and you had pushed me down.

Miller. 'Faith! sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoyed to see my boy. He has been at London, and I have not seen him these four years.

King. Well, I shall once in my life have the happiness of being treated as a common man; and of seeing human nature without disguise. (*Aside.*)

Miller. What has brought thee home so unexpectedly?

Dick. You will know that presently.

Miller. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the forest a hunting this season, and this honest gentleman, who came down with his majesty from London, has been with him to-day, it seems, and has lost his way. Come, Madge, see what thou canst get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale. [*Exeunt Mar. and Kate.*] We are famous, sir, at Mansfield, for good ale, and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable at present, for I am very dry. But, pray, how came your son to leave you and go to London?

Miller. Why, that's a story which Dick, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter KATE, with an earthen piteher of ale and a horn.

Miller. So, now do you go help your mother. [*Exit Kate.*] Sir, my hearty service to you.

King. Thankye, sir. This plain sincerity and freedom is a happiness unknown to kings. (*Aside.*)

Miller. Come, sir.

King. Richard, my service to you.

Dick. Thank you, sir.

Miller. Well, Dick, and how dost thou like London? Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

Dick. Seen! I have seen the land of promise.

Miller. The land of promise! What dost thou mean?

Dick. The court, father.

Miller. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be serious, then, I have seen the disappointment of my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

Miller. What, would the great man, thou wast recommended to do, nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

Miller. Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependents can eat promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their heads to think whether we eat or not. I have now dangled after his lordship several years, tantalized with hopes and expectations; this year promised one place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain hope of—a disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just an hour too late; a third, and it stops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a vote; and the sixth, I am promised still. But having thus slept away some years, I awoke from my dream: my lord, I found, was so far from having it in his power to get a place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

Miller. Poor Dick! And is plain honesty then a recommendation to no place at court?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing further; nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other qualifications: you must learn to say ay or no, to run or stand, to fetch or carry, or leap over a stick at the word of command. You must be master of the arts of flattery, insinuation, dissimulation, application, and (*pointing to his palm*) right application, too, if you hope to succeed.

King. You don't consider I am a courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If in general my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault it's disagreeable to your worship. There are particular exceptions, I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flattered, so let that pass. Here's better success to you the next time you come to London.

Dick. I thank you; but I don't design to see it again in haste.

Miller. No, no, Dick; instead of depending upon lords' promises, depend upon the labour of thine own hands; expect nothing but what thou canst earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But, come, I want a description of London; thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Dick. Oh! 'tis a fine place! I have seen large houses and small hospitality; great men do little actions, and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest lawyers of Westminster-hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of 'Change-alley; the politic madmen of coffee-houses, and the wise statesmen of Bedlam. I have seen merry tragedies, and sad comedies; devotion at an opera, and mirth at a sermon; I have seen fine clothes at St. James's, and long bills at Ludgate-hill. I have seen poor grandeur and rich poverty; high honours and low flattery; great pride and no merit. In short, I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a threadbare coat. Pray, how do you like London?

Miller. And is this the best description thou canst give of it?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, Richard, you are a satirist, I find.

Dick. I love to speak truth, sir; if that happens to be satire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well, if this be London, give me my country cottage; which, though it is not a great house, nor a fine house, is my own house, and I can shew a receipt for the building on't. But, come, sir, our supper, I believe, is ready for us, by this time; and to such as I have, you're as welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Wood.*

Enter several Keepers.

I Keep. The report of a gun was somewhere this way, I'm sure.

2 Keep. Yes; but I can never believe that anybody would come deer-stealing so dark a night as this.

3 Keep. Where did the deer harbour to-day?

4 Keep. There was a herd lay upon Hamilton-hill, another just by Robin Hood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

1 Keep. Ay, those they have been amongst.

2 Keep. But we shall never be able to find them to-night, 'tis so dark.

3 Keep. No, no; let's go back again.

1 Keep. Zoons! you're afraid of a broken head, I suppose, if we should find 'em; and so had rather slink back again. Hark! stand close. I hear them coming this way.

Enter the Courtiers.

1 Cour. Did not you hear somebody just now? 'Faith! I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some misfortune to-night.

2 Cour. Why, if anybody should take what we have got, we made made a fine business of it.

3 Cour. Let them take it if they will; I am so tired I shall make but small resistance. (*The Keepers rush upon them.*)

2 Keep. Ay, rogues, rascals, and villains! you have got it, have you?

2 Cour. Indeed, we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

1 Keep. Oh! yes, very civilly; you deserve to be used civilly, to be sure.

4 Cour. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly used?

1 Keep. Come, come, don't trifle; surrender.

1 Cour. I have but three half-crowns about me.

2 Cour. Here's three and sixpence for you, gentlemen.

3 Cour. Here's my watch; I have no money at all.

4 Cour. Indeed, I have nothing in my pocket but a snuff-box.

4 Keep. What, the dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, rascals; you shall go before the justice to-morrow, depend on't.

4 Cour. Before the justice! What, for being robbed?

1 Keep. For being robbed! What do you mean? Who has robbed you?

4 Cour. Why, did not you just now demand our money, gentlemen?

2 Keep. Oh! the rascals! they will swear a robbery against us, I warrant.

4 Cour. A robbery! Ay, to be sure.

1 Keep. No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you have killed.

4 Cour. The devil take the deer, I say! he led us a chase of six hours, and got away from us at last.

1 Keep. Zoons! ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye, you have this night shot one of the king's deer: didn't we hear the gun go off? did not we hear you say you were afraid it should be taken from you?

2 Cour. We were afraid our money should be taken from us.

1 Keep. Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't. Come, let's take them to old Cockle's; we're not far off; we'll keep them there all night, and to-morrow morning we'll away with them before the justice.

4 Cour. A very pretty adventure! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Mill.*

The KING, MILLER OF MANSFIELD, MARGERY, and DICK discovered, at supper.

Miller. Come, sir, you must mend a bad supper

with a glass of good ale; here's King Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's King Harry's health; I hope you are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, sir; I'll drink the King's health with all my heart.

Mar. Come, sir, my humble service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor supper; I wish it had been better.

King. You need make no apologies.

Mar. We are obliged to your goodness in excusing our rudeness.

Miller. Pr'ythee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

Mar. Lord! husband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would take us all for hogs.

Miller. Now, I think, the more compliments the less manners.

King. I think so too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion; the one has destroyed all true piety, and the other all sincerity and plain-dealing.

Miller. Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too: give us thy hand; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honest miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song?

Miller. Ah! my singing days are over, but my man Joe has got an excellent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my heart.

Miller. Joe!

Enter JOE.

Miller. Come, Joe, drink, boy; I have promised this gentleman that you shall sing him your last new song.

Joe. Well, master, if you have promised it him, he shall have it.

SONG.—JOE.

How happy a state does the miller possess!

Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;

On his mill and himself he depends for support,

Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,

The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau;

A clown in his dress may be honestest far

Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean;

A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;

Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lucks,

He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks;

In this of right noble examples he brags,

Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,

In this he would mimic the tools of the state;

Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,

As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,

And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;

Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:

If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

Miller. There's a song for you.

King. He should go sing this at court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wise, he will choose to stay at home though.

Enter PEGGY.

Miller. What wind blew you hither, pray? You have a good share of impudence, or you would be ashamed to set your foot within my house, methinks.

Peggy. Ashamed I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. *(Weeps.)*

Dick. Dear father, suspend your anger for the present; that she is here now is by my direction, and to do me justice.

Peggy. To do that is all that is now in my power; for as to myself, I am ruined past redemption; my character, my virtue, my peace, are gone. I am abandoned by my friends, despised by the world, and exposed to misery and want.

King. Pray, let me know the story of your misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my power to do something towards redressing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wronged; but as for me, shame will not let me speak or hear it told.

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. Oh! sir, I once thought her an angel; I loved her dearer than my life, and did believe her passion was the same for me: but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to see her, her youth and blooming beauty presently struck his fancy; a thousand artifices were immediately employed to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; not even the promise of making her his wife could prevail upon her. In a little time he found out her love to me, and imagining this to be the cause of her refusal, he, by forged letters and feigned stories, contrived to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Possessed with this opinion, she, in a rage, writes me word never to see her more; and, in revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he bribed one of his cast-off mistresses to swear a child to me, which she did: this was the occasion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you justice?

Dick. Why, the King being now in this forest a hunting, we design to take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice done us by this noble villain.

Miller. Ah! Dick, I expect but little redress from such an application. Things of this nature are so common among the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jest of.

King. Those that can make a jest of what ought to be shocking to humanity, surely deserve not the name of great or noble men.

Dick. What do you think of it, sir? If you belong to the court, you, perhaps, may know something of the king's temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his court to do an injustice to the meanest subject in his kingdom. But, pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of such actions as these?

Dick. Do you know my Lord Lurewell?

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the man.

King. Well, I would have you put your design in execution. 'Tis my opinion the King would not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

Miller. I wish it may prove so.

Enter the Keepers leading in LORD LUREWELL and other Courtiers.

I Keep. Hallo! Cockle! Where are ye? Why, man, we have nabbed a pack of rogues here just in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turned highwaymen, my lords, or deer-stealers?

1 Cour. I am very glad to find your majesty in health and safety.

2 Cour. We have run through a great many perils and dangers to-night; but the joy of finding

your majesty so unexpectedly will make us forget all we have suffered.

Miller and Dick. What, is this the King?

King. I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess; and particularly you, my Lord Larewell.

Lord L. Your majesty does me honour.

King. Yes, my lord, and I will do you justice, too; your honour has been highly wronged by this young man.

Lord L. Wronged, my liege!

King. I hope so, my lord; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of baseness and treachery.

Lord L. I hope your majesty will never find me so. What dares this villain say?

Dick. I am not to be frightened, my lord. I dare speak truth at any time.

Lord L. Whatever stains my honour must be false.

King. I know it must, my lord; yet has this man, not knowing who I was, presumed to charge your lordship, not only with great injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent virgin whom he loved, and who was to have been his wife; which, if true, were base and treacherous; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him for the injury done to your honour.

Lord L. I thank your majesty. I will not be severe; he shall only ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be obliged to marry the creature he has traduced me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your sentence.

Dick. May I not have leave to speak before your majesty?

King. What canst thou say?

Dick. If I had your majesty's permission, I believe I have certain witnesses which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accused his lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy!

Enter PEGGY.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord?

Lord L. I know her, please your majesty, by sight; she is a tenant's daughter.

Peggy. (*Apart.*) Majesty! What, is this the King?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

Lord L. Hum! I have not seen her these several months.

Dick. True, my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for I believe I have some letters which will prove your lordship once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn protestations of love and constancy; here is another, which will inform your majesty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute promise of marriage before he could accomplish it.

King. What say you, my lord; are these your hand?

Lord L. I believe, please your majesty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl some time ago.

King. It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair; and what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness? or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and inhumane? You remember the sentence which yourself pronounced upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lord L. I hope your majesty will consider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your rank, my lord! Greatness that stoops to actions base and low, deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordship great? Is it your gilded equipage and dress? Then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate? The villain that should plunder you of all would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I, therefore, think you ought, in justice, to marry her you thus have wronged.

Peggy. Let my tears thank your majesty. Bat, alas! I am afraid to marry this young lord: that would only give him power to use me worse, and still increase my misery: I, therefore, beg your majesty will not command him to do it.

King. Rise, then, and hear me. My lord, you see how low the greatest nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an absolute promise of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your unworthiness, she has prudently declined to make you fulfil. I shall, therefore, not insist upon it; but I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, immediately to settle on her three hundred pounds a year.

Peggy. May heaven reward your majesty's goodness! 'Tis too much for me; but if your majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injured man, to make some satisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the innocence of him I loved and wronged, then hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

Dick. This act of generous virtue cancels all past failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot sure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

Peggy. Oh! why did I ever wrong such generous love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodness which has made us blessed.

King. May you be happy!

Miller. (*Kneels.*) After I have seen so much of your majesty's goodness, I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage your majesty received from me. (*The King draws his sword, the Miller is frightened, and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.*) What have I done that I should lose my life?

King. Kneel without fear. No, my good host, so far are you from having anything to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honourable knight; so, rise up, Sir John Cockle: and to support your state, and in some sort requite the pleasure you have done us, a thousand marks a year shall be your revenue.

Miller. Your majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for though I am willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolved to be a free and an honest man.

King. I rely upon your being so: and to gain the friendship of such a one I shall always think an addition to my happiness, though a king.

*Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize,
Which kings, of all men, ought not to despise;
By selfish sycophants so close besieged,
'Tis by mere chance a worthy man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.*

[*Exeunt.*]

WHAT NEXT?

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THOMAS DIBDIN.



Act 1.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

COLONEL TOUCHWOOD
COLONEL CLIFFORD
MAJOR TOUCHWOOD
MORDAUNT

BRIEF
SNAGGS
SHARP
OFFICERS

MRS. PRUDENCE
CLARISSA
SOPHIA
SERVANTS

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Village.

Enter SNAGGS.

Snaggs. Dear, dear, dear! what a busy day! I don't wonder your dentists in London make fortins, when I have pulled out fifteen shillings' worth of teeth, taken three likenesses, and got double postage for carrying a letter, all in one day.

Enter SHARP.

Sharp. Snaggs, Mr. Snaggs!

Snaggs. Eh! who wants me? anybody with the toothache?

Sharp. Has he got it?

Snaggs. Who?

Sharp. Mr. Mordaunt, you blockhead! Did you deliver the letter?

Snaggs. Yes; and he read it, and chuckled, and asked if it come from a lady; so I put on an insignificant look—so; and he was pleased, and gave me as much as you had done.

Sharp. Bravo! why, you must be making a fortune here, my jolly Snaggs.

Snaggs. Ay, if all days were like this; but if I didn't draw pictures as well as teeth, I should make but a poorish hand on't.

Sharp. What, a painter, too, as well as dentist?

Snaggs. Yes, I takes off' heads, and cures the tooth-ache.

Sharp. If taking off heads won't do it, what will? So, you paint the rosy, cherry-cheeked country lasses?

Snaggs. Yes, I paint fair ladies all black.

Sharp. Profiles in shade!

Snaggs. No; I does it by candlelight, with their heads again a wall, and then seduces them to a proper size: then I cures weak-sighted folks.

Sharp. An oculist!

Snaggs. No; they calls me the eye-man! Poticary says he'll prosecute me for selling nostrums, when it be nothing at all but brandy and water.

Sharp. (Looks at his watch.) It wants but ten minutes of the time I'm to go with my master.

You're sure Colonel Touchwood wasn't at home?

Snaggs. He! bless you, he be gone to town: if he were at home, you'd hear him before you got within sight of the house. Main passionate. No, no; there be only Muster Mordaunt the visitor, the two young ladies, the servants, and the governess.

Sharp. Isn't she a complete Argus?

Snaggs. No; she's the housekeeper.

Sharp. I mean, isn't she all eyes?

Snaggs. If she be, she's plaguily unneighbourly, for she never had a bottle of my stuff since she came to the place.

Sharp. No!

Snaggs. No; nor so much as a tooth, or a picture, pulled out, or drawn, in her life.

Sharp. That is unneighbourly.

Snaggs. And pray, old acquaintance, what has brought you and your master down so sllily?

Sharp. You shall see, if you wait till it be dark.

Snaggs. An odd time for seeing. Here comes lawyer Brief.

Sharp. Then I'll go. I hate lawyers, they're such rogues. Farewell! (*Going.*)

Snuggs. But, Muster Sharp, wontee come to the club at night? I be hired there.

Sharp. Hired!

Snuggs. Yes, I comes off shot-free for saying good things out of my own head, from a book I keeps in my pocket. I takes the chair, and keeps the company alive by making 'em all die wi' laughing.

Sharp. Vastly clever, indeed; keep 'em alive by killing 'em with laughing. Well, take care of our trunks; don't blab, and I'll be with you sooner than you thioik. Mum! and without intruding on your pencil, lotion, or instruments, we'll make a man of you. [*Exit.*]

Snuggs. And as long as I makes a penny o' you, that be all I care for. Oh! here's Mr. Brief! he wur but lawyer's 'prentice t'other day; but now, because he be asked this thing and that by a few fools in the parish, he calls himself a solicitor.

Enter BRIEF.

Brief. Snuggs, who was that just now left you?

Snuggs. That, sir? Oh! that was—a secret, sir.

Brief. No prevarication. Do you mean to say—I ask you on your oath?

Snuggs. Me take an oath! I'll be d—d if I'll swear to please anybody. Who might you think it was, sir?

Brief. It looked like a servant of a friend of mine from London, and I thought he might be asking for me.

Snuggs. No, sir, I don't think he be in the lawyer line.

Brief. Why?

Snuggs. He says they be all such cursed rogues.

Briefs. Scan. mag.!

Snuggs. Yes, they can mag; that we all knaws.

Brief. Vulgar prejudice! I assure you that, even in London, there are not so many pettifogging members of the profession as there used to be.

Snuggs. Not since you be com'd away, I dare say, sir. But I be taking up your time, sir, and your hands be full as well as mine.

Brief. Only, you'll excuse me, I can't help thinking it's a strange way to live by taking your customer's money and teeth into the bargain.

Snuggs. It be, sir; only I do seldom pull out any o' your customer's teeth, till you haven't left any to be made on 'em.

Brief. Yes, I believe you and I get every shilling that's laid out in the village in our way.

Snuggs. And between us, I wonder there be a shilling left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room, open at the back by glass doors to a garden; a door also on each side. The moon partially seen through the sash-door.*

Enter MORDAUNT cautiously from the sash-door, and takes a letter from his pocket.

Mor. At length I have got away from the company. There's no one here: my watch says eight to a minute. I've made no mistake in the letter, I hope. (*Reads.*) "*Mr. Mordaunt is requested most particularly to be in Colonel Touchwood's drawing-room, which adjoins the garden, at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening: he can easily enter by the sash-door, and is desired to keep all interruption out of the way.*"—No signature!—It must be an assignation from a female! My pulse begins to quicken, and throbs with impatience for the lovely writer: methinks I hear her timid step! methinks I see her, with her half-fetched breath, bending her downcast eye in fearful search of me, the happy object; who, taking her gently by the hand, shall say—What, in the name of all the devils, do those men want? (*Retires a little.*)

Enter from the sash door, MAJOR TOUCHWOOD and SHARP, in dark blue cloaks.

Major T. Sharp!

Sharp. Sir!

Major T. Where is he? You said you saw him enter, and but a little while before us.

Sharp. So I did, sir, so I did; and here he is sir: here is Mr. Mordaunt.

Mor. And pray, sir, who are you? and who may your companion be?

Major T. Why don't you know me, Mordaunt?

Mor. Know you—what—why—yes it must be too. Major Touchwood! who the devil thought of seeing you here? (*Advancing.*)

Major T. Hush! Are you alone?

Mor. I thought I were, till I saw you. But what are you doing, my good friend, in that cloak and wig? why you look twenty years older.

Major T. Do I? then I gain my point. I have fought and wounded my Colonel: I come here to conceal myself; and as my uncle is reckoned wonderfully like me, I made free with an uniform coat and popped on a wig which he had left at my quarters; and to stop pursuit, and balk suspicion, I mean, with your assistance, for a day or two, to deceive the whole family.

Mor. Indeed! And suppose you had not met me here?

Major T. Oh! I was certain of that.

Mor. Certain! Are you in her confidence?

Major T. Her! who?

Mor. If you be not, I must beg you to retire instantly.

Major T. Retire! I came on purpose to consult you.

Mor. You could not have chosen a worse opportunity. Look here, you rogue! (*Shows the letter.*) I conceal nothing from you; and I rather think this delightful billet is written by some beautiful creature with—

Sharp. With a wig and military boots on.

Mor. So it was you who did me the honour to make this assignation? (*To the Major.*)

Major T. I did.

Mor. I wish you a very good evening.

Major T. What, leave me when I want your assistance?

Mor. I cannot better serve you than by leaving you. I'll go instantly to the sister of your wounded Colonel, and bespeak her interest in your behalf.

Major T. The last person in the world to mention to me.

Mor. The first, you mean; for if the Colonel die, she succeeds to six thousand pounds a year.

Major T. And I shall be hanged. (*Mimics him.*)

Mor. That, of course!

Major T. Well, if you must go, do me at least the favour to tell my sister Clarissa that a gentleman wishes to speak to her in the drawing room; but do not, for your life, say who it is.

Mor. Your wishes shall be obeyed, and that in the kindest manner; for I have already proved my regard for the brother, by adoring the sister. [*Exit.*]

Major T. It's well I've no serious need of that coxcomb's assistance: I merely put him into my confidence that he might not betray my scheme, and prevent my interview with my charming cousin Sophia!

Sharp. How happy you are, sir: you are going to see the woman you love, I the one I have married. Oh! how I look forward to the joy of our meeting; and yet it's a pity, too, for my Peggy and I are never such real good friends as when we are fifty miles asunder.

Major T. Hush! here's my sister.

Enter CLARISSA.

Cl. A gentleman want me?—Oh! my dear uncle, I thought you were my brother.

Major T. Look again, sister, and say, "My dear brother, I thought you were my uncle."

Cla. And so I did. Mr. Mordaunt told me, in his way, that a gentleman, who was not my brother, waited to see me. I guessed his meaning, and flew to see.—Why, you've the oddest wig on I ever saw; it looks just like one of my uncle's.

Major T. It is rather like one of his.

Sharp. It would be devilish odd if it wasn't.

Cla. But you had just written to say we should not see you these three months; yet the moment I read your letter, I said to myself, if that isn't one of my uncle's regimentals, never believe me.

Sharp. An odd thing for a young lady to say, on reading her brother's letter.

Major T. My dear Clarissa, this is a disguise. I had an affair of honour.

Cla. A duel?

Major T. Yes, with Colonel Clifford.

Cla. With Clifford!

Major T. Yes; don't be alarmed; I received his fire, and fortunately escaped.

Cla. How shocking!

Major T. Not so shocking, as that he received mine, and with some effect. My dear girl, what's the matter?

Sharp. Don't be frightened, miss; my master isn't killed, upon my honour.

Cla. I tremble for the Colonel's danger; that is, I mean, for yours. Should any thing serious occur to Clifford—I mean to—to you—I should be most wretched.

Major T. I see, I see. In one word, you love the Colonel. Well, you shall be a peace-maker, and heal the breach between us. But I wanted an excuse to come and see my sweet cousin Sophy, and gave the duel as an ostensible reason, to keep that shallow fellow, Mordaunt, whom I pretended to put in my confidence, from suspecting me.

Cla. But how could you be so cruel as to fight such a man as the Colonel?

Major T. How could you be so cruel as to wound him in the heart, when I have only gently touched him on the shoulder.

Sharp. And a very awkward place to be touched on, too.

Cla. Well, you need not fear Mordaunt; for Sophy is going immediately to be married to—

Major T. The devil!

Sharp. Rather a bad match, I should think.

Cla. And my uncle is gone to put matters in train for the wedding.

Major T. Is she at home?

Cla. Oh! yes; she, and I, and the old house-keeper, make up the whole of the family.

Sharp. I hope our arrival will be a pleasant little addition to it.

Major T. I think, by candle-light, and an affected cold, and assuming something of my uncle's manner, I can pass on some of the family. But who is it my uncle intends for Sophy?

Cla. Your Colonel—Colonel Clifford.

Major T. Clifford! intended by my uncle to marry Sophy, my cousin?

Cla. And privately betrothed to me, Clarissa, your sister.

Major T. What's to be done?

Sharp. (Comes forward.) If I might presume to offer a word of advice—

Major T. Let's have it, Sharp.

Sharp. Let miss Clarissa go and inform the old lady that her uncle has returned without bringing the Colonel.

Cla. But why without him?

Sharp. Oh! make any common excuse; say he's killed in the duel.

Cla. Oh! no; not killed.

Sharp. Wounded, then, if you please, by a certain rattling, good-for-nothing Major!

Major T. Puppy!

Sharp. Oh, fie, sir! I didn't say so. In the meantime, I will pretend to arrive, covered with dust, with a letter from you, which you needn't take the trouble to write, proposing for your cousin: to this, after some difficulty, you, as your uncle, reluctantly consent, and order the governess to prepare every thing for the nuptials. In the meantime, I'll bring an order from his Majesty, signed by myself, which obliges you, as your uncle, to repair to head-quarters.—You set out: leave your wig and square-cut accoutrements at the end of the first stage; return in your own hair and regimentals, in the character of yourself; carry off your cousin, on the supposed authority of your uncle; while he returns with Colonel Clifford, recovered of his wounds, and only to be recompensed for his lost, rich bride, by a love-match with your sister.

Cla. If I were sure it would end so.

Major T. But what will my uncle say, when he does return?

Sharp. He'll give the word to charge, fire, and cut every body to pieces; he'll be in a most tremendous rage. You'll beg his pardon very pathetically; promise him half-a-score grandchildren, as like him as yourself; and he'll know you're too much of a gentleman not to keep your word.

Cla. The closing evening, aided by the two gloomy tapers, will assist your passing on our governess for the Colonel.

Sharp. And suppose, sir, you were to have a terrible touch of the toothache; which will be an excuse for concealing your face, and disguising your voice; and to blind the old housekeeper still further, say you'll send to Mr. Snaggs, the dentist of the village, to have it out.

Major T. Good. So now, Sharp, go and write my letter to my uncle, and my sister shall apprise you when to appear and deliver it.

Sharp. I fly, sir; and I foresee the happy end of this spirited undertaking: you will marry your cousin, the Colonel will marry your sister, and all parties will join to reward the active and ingenious man who conceived, described, and executed the brilliant plan of filling your arms, and his own pockets, with what we have each the most sincere desire for.—I fly, sir! [Exit through the glass door.]

Mrs. P. (Without.) Where is Clarissa?

Cla. Here comes our governanté. Take an opportunity of sending me away, that I may communicate our plans to Sophia.

Major T. I begin to feel a little awkward. Are you nervous?

Cla. No.

Major T. If I had but your coolness.

Cla. And I your impudence. But hush! remember my uncle is the most passionate, impatient, un-reasonable, good-natured man in Christendom.

Enter MRS. PRUDENCE.

Mrs. P. Miss Clarissa, I have been looking for you all over the house. What's that? a man? Nay, stand away Miss, till I know by what right that person is in the house of Colonel Touchwood.

Cla. A very common right, madam; that of a gentleman taking possession of his own house. Have you forgot my uncle?

Major T. Oh—h—h!—Clary, my dear—thunder and fire! why don't you go and fetch the laudanum, and be—(Disguising his voice with affected impetuosity, and holding a handkerchief to his face.)

Cla. That's right, swear a little.

Major T. Do as I bid you.—Oh, this horrible tooth-ache!—Fly, and—oh—h! send my daughter Sophy to me—march! [Exit Clarissa.]

Mrs. P. Dear sir, what's the cause of your sudden arrival, and your coming so unattended and unexpectedly? and where's the Colonel, who was to have married Miss Sophia?

Major T. Oh—h—h! (*Groans ferociously*) this infernal face-ache!—My arrival is what I did not expect myself; and the Colonel could not make it convenient to come, because he's killed in a duel.

Mrs. P. Killed in a duel!—I shouldn't wonder but your reprobate nephew, the Major, has done it.

Major T. Oh—h—h!—I don't think so ill of the Major as you do.

Mrs. P. But how did you come, sir?

Major T. In one of your—oh—h—h! gunpowder and perdition! send for Mr. What's-his-name, the dentist; I'll have it out.

Mrs. P. Patience, sir, patience. (*Rings.*)

Enter HARRY.

Harry, do you go directly to Mr. Snaggs, the dentist, in the village, and bid him come back with you, to cure a gentleman who has a violent pain in his face. [*Exit Harry.*] It's a sad cold you've got, by coming in the diligence, sir.

Major T. Well, but how's Sophia?

Mrs. P. As usual, whining, and pining, and moping, and sighing for that wicked man, your nephew, your honour.

Major T. Delightful! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. P. She's nineteen years old; and before you thought of a husband for her, it's odds but she had made choice of one for herself.

Major T. And if she have—oh—h—h! by the powers! (*With delighted warmth.*)

Mrs. P. Nay, do not be angry till you're certain. See! here she comes.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. Yes, 'tis he!

Mrs. P. Miss Sophia, don't you feel delighted at your father's unforeseen arrival?

Major T. My dear Sophy, come to your—oh—h!

Soph. I have heard, sir, that the Colonel is—

Major T. Yes, he is, indeed; that is—my dear Sophy, tell me, frankly, did you love the Colonel?

Soph. No.

Mrs. P. And you did love—

Soph. Yes.

Major T. Who?

Soph. A very impudent young man.

Mrs. P. It's that rogue, the Major.

Major T. Ay, that rogue the Major. Is he not a

Soph. Yes, sir. [*rogue?*]

Major T. Still you love him?

Soph. He has the vanity to think so.

Mrs. P. Yes; and if he knew all—It was but the other day in your dressing room, you said—

Major T. What?

Mrs. P. Nay, you need not fear, miss; before I'd betray you, I'd cut my tongue out.

Major T. You are prudence personified.

Soph. And you are impudence itself. (*Aside.*)

Enter CLARISSA.

Cla. My dear sir, here is the Major's valet-de-chambre, with a letter, which he wishes to deliver into your own hands. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SHARP, who delivers the letter.

Mrs. P. You're a very impudent young man. Could not you have staid without?

Sharp. No, ma'am, I never do when I can get in. That letter is of the last consequence. The Major would never forgive me for not bringing it, nor himself, if he were not to read it. My poor master, the Major, madam, on hearing that Miss Sophia was to be married, went stark staring wild.

Major T. Young man, repose yourself; this letter requires a second inspection.

Sharp. So do the larder and wine cellar.

Major T. I must have time to digest its contents.

Sharp. And I, to digest the contents of the butler's pantry. [*Exit.*]

Soph. May I inquire what news your letter brings, papa?

Mrs. P. Fie, miss! how often have I told you there's nothing so ill-bred as idle curiosity.

Major T. You've lost one lover, Sophy, and it would be a pity to lose another: in short, I'm afraid you must marry the Major.

Mrs. P. Indeed!

Major T. I'm sorry, though, very sorry—

Soph. Sorry, sir; why?

Major T. That this letter encloses an order for me to join my regiment.

Mrs. P. That's hard.

Major T. So, when the Major comes, receive him as my nephew, and your future husband.

Mrs. P. If you must go away so soon again, you had better take this money. It was left with me by your tenant, Mr. Punctual, in the absence of the steward.

Major T. No, I can't do that; keep it for my uncle.

Mrs. P. What?

Major T. Keep it till my return. [*debt.*]

Mrs. P. Perhaps you mean to pay the Major's

Major T. I'll pay the Major's debts the moment I am able.

Mrs. P. Well, since you wish the Major to marry your daughter, you cannot do better than send the money to the Jew money-lender he is so much in

Major T. Send it where you will. [*debt to*]

Mrs. P. Who waits there?

Enter ROBERT, JOHN, HARRY, THOMAS, and WILLIAM.

His honour desires you'll go with this money to Moses Abrams, the Jew money-lender, and bring a receipt in the name of Major Touchwood.

[*Exit Robert*]

Major T. And do you go to old Grub, the Christian money-lender, and say if he'll take one-third of the Major's debts to pay the whole, I shall be very much obliged to him. [*Exit John.*]

Mrs. P. Bless us, one-third!

Major T. It's all that's justly due, I assure you. And now, Sophia, do you receive the Major, with kindness; and do you, Mrs. Prudence, order every thing proper for the wedding.

Mrs. P. That I will, your honour. Go you to Mrs. Tiffany, the milliner; [*Exit Harry*] and go you to Mr. Brief, the lawyer, and bid him come and take instructions for the marriage articles. [*Exit Thomas.*] Am I not right, Colonel?

Major T. (*Who has been talking apart with Sophy.*) Perfectly right—and harkye, sir, order me post-horses at twelve o'clock exactly. Fly! [*Exit William.*]

Mrs. P. How surprised your nephew will be when he arrives and finds his debts paid!

Major T. He will, he will; he will be almost as much astonished as his creditors.

Re-enter CLARISSA, in haste.

Cla. Run, fly, escape, my dear brother! Our uncle is this moment arrived. (*Apart to Major Touchwood, who goes hastily off, followed by Sophy.*)

Mrs. P. Where's your hurry, Colonel?

Cla. My dear madam, only do come and look at some of the most beautiful wedding-caps—

Mrs. P. Oh! had you seen the wedding-caps worn in my younger days!

Cla. Fiddle of your younger days! Come and look at La Belle Assemblée of the most beautiful—

Enter COLONEL TOUCHWOOD, in the exact dress, &c. of Major Touchwood.

Col. T. Gunpowder and mortars! if ever I met with any thing like this! Where's my daughter? where's my niece? Oh! Clarissa, my love, what is the reason that—

Cla. I hope your face is better, sir? [*Exit.*]

Col. T. Face! why, what the devil—Clarissa, I say—Oh! here's old Prudence. What the devil—

Mrs. P. Bless me! I thought your honour was there. (*Points to the side where the Major went out.*) Your commands shall be obeyed; we're going to the milliner's. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. Why, I have served five-and-thirty years; have roared at reviews, fired away in battles, melted in marches on the longest summer days, been frozen in the trenches on the coldest winter nights, and thawed by red-hot shot in the morning; but may my next charge burst the barrel of my best fusée, and my sharpest flint fail me, if ever I met such a reception as this! "How d'ye do, Mrs. Prudence?" "I'm just going away to the milliner's." I wrote word I should not come for six weeks, and foolishly supposed that my unexpected appearance would make 'em all wild with joy; and instead of that, one tells me he's going to obey my commands, another asks me how my face does, and a third tells me she's going away to the milliner's.

Enter THOMAS.

Now, sir, where the devil are you going?

Tho. Lawyer Brief, sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. The devil fly away with lawyer Brief. I hate the whole corps.

Enter BRIEF.

What's the nature of your expedition here? Why did you beat a march into my quarters at this unreasonable hour? D'ye come to spring a mine upon me?

Brief. Nay, sir, if you choose to summon me at this late hour.

Col. T. I summon you?

Brief. If necessary, sir, I'll take my oath that I was enjoying a short vacation after the labours of the day; had got my head in a nightcap, my foot on a comfortable, my eye on a bill of costs, and my forefinger on a passage in the statute-book, 12 Geo. III. cap. 51; which says—

Col. T. Cap. 51!—d—e, I'm—Harkye! sir, put your head into your hat, your left foot on the threshold, and your right eye on the road home, you corporal in the devil's own, or, d—e, but I'll send you to join Coke, Lyttleton, and all the awkward squad of blundering big-wigs that ever went before 'em.—Troop! [*Exit Brief.*]

Enter WILLIAM.

Well, sir, what do you want?

Will. Your post-horses will be ready in half an hour, sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. Post-horses! what does the fellow mean by post-horses? Am I to be turned out of my house the moment I arrive.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Moses Abrams is gone to bed, sir; but says you may depend on his giving you a receipt in full in the morning.

Col. T. I'll give you a receipt in full this evening, you rascal, if you don't get out of my sight. [*Exit Robert.*] What next, I wonder? I've discovered some more of my nephew's tricks; he has been borrowing money of old Grub; but I'll stop that business in future; I'll send and make old Grub come to me directly.

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. Grub's compliments, sir, and he says he'll see you d—d first. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. See me d—d first! Powder and palisadoes! what does all this mean? My nephew has been thwarting me in my views about my daughter, and trying to shoot the husband I intend for her; but I'll settle his affairs the moment I see him. If he circumvent my plans, I shall run distracted.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Run distracted! That be all along wi' his

poor tooth-ache. (*Aside.*) Don't run distracted, sir, for he be come.

Col. T. Come, is he? Shew him in. I'll keep nothing on my mind. I'll have it out directly.

Harry. He says, sir, it will give you a mortal deal of pain.

Col. T. Give me a mortal deal of pain!

Harry. Yes; and he knows your worship will roar like an old buffalo.

Col. T. Me roar like an old buffalo!

Harry. Yes; but he bid me not tell your worship, for fear you should change your mind, and not have it out.

Col. T. But I will have it out; and not one sixpence shall he get of me, were I to die to-morrow.

Harry. I hope, sir, there be no fear of that; but he won't do it for nothing; for he says he's sure it be deeply rooted, and he feared he mun ha' two or three tugs at you.

Col. T. Two or three tugs at me?

Harry. Yes; but he will do the job, though he crack your old jaw-bone.

Col. T. He crack my old jaw-bone! D—e, I'll crack his. Shew him in.

Harry. Yes, sir; he's only getting some warm water from the housekeeper.

Col. T. Warm water!

Harry. Yes; and some brandy to wash your honour's mouth, when it be all over.

Enter SNAGGS, with a basin, a glass of brandy, and a case of instruments.

Snaggs. If you're afraid, take a little drop; it be disagreeable at first; but there's no core like it, so let's hav'n out; only sit you down, and if ever he give you the least bit of trouble again, why blame *Col. T.* What? [*me, that's all.*]

Snaggs. Sit down, sir, and Harry shall hold your poor head.

Col. T. Who the devil are you? What do you come for?

Snaggs. I come for three and sixpence at your own house, or if your honour come to me, you may have all pulled right out at a shilling a head.

Col. T. What d'ye mean, scoundrel?

Snaggs. I don't mean to be a scoundrel. I be Mr. Snaggs, dentist, 'prentice and predecessor to old Tug; and if you will but sit down quietly, I'll draw every tooth in your head, with all the pleasure in life.

Col. T. You will, will you? Get out of my house, you d—d impudent—And you, too, rascal! (*To Harry.*) I'll teach you to play tricks. (*Colonel Touchwood forces Snaggs into the chair, who struggles, and at length gets away.*) And now if old devildom doesn't explain all this, I'll send her packing after the rest of the ragamuffins; I shall find who's to blame, I warrant; and when I do—Harkye! sir, go you to my neighbour Strongthong, the saddler, and bid him send me the best horsewhip he has in the house; and then woe be to the fellow that has earned a right to hanel it. Draw my teeth! d—e, if I don't have the fellow drawn through a horsepond. [*Exit, driving off Harry.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Another Apartment.

Enter MAJOR TOUCHWOOD and CLARISSA.

Cl. My dear brother, do hide somewhere till my uncle be gone to bed; for if you should meet, gunpowder would be nothing to the explosion we might look for.

Major T. Well, then, I will; but stay, here comes that fool Mordaunt, he may perhaps advise me.

Cl. It's the part of a wise man, to be sure, to ask advice of a fool.—Now, pray, hide in that closet.

Enter MORDAUNT.

Mor. Ah! well; what here you are yet? Ah! ah! my dear Miss Clarissa, my friend here looks so like your uncle, that—

Cl. Like him! why 'tis him.

Mor. O no! I'm in the secret; but I won't blab.

Major T. Mordaunt, if you do betray me, I'll cut your throat.

Mor. The devil you will. These are hard words, d—d hard words, indeed. (*Clarissa beckons the Major to go into the closet, and leads Mordaunt forward.*)

Cla. You silly man, don't you know that he is only in joke. (*Major Touchwood shuts himself in the closet.*)

Enter COLONEL TOUCHWOOD, who takes the exact place where the Major stood.

Col. T. Here are two more devil's imps, hatching mischief, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

Mor. I tell you I won't put up with it. He said he'd cut my throat.

Col. T. Who did?

Mor. You did.

Col. T. May I be rammed into a mortar, and blown out of the touch-hole, if ever I said any such thing.

Mor. You did. You needn't disguise your voice, nor yourself either, any longer; your Colonel's not dead.

Col. T. My Colonel! what Colonel? and how d'y'e mean disguised?

Mor. Disguised! why, I thought a little while ago you looked him very well, but on re-consideration, you've rather overdone it.

Col. T. Overdone what?

Mor. You've stuffed yourself out, and screwed up your nose too much. Colonel Touchwood is ugly enough of all conscience, but he's not such a d—d scarecrow as you've made him, neither.

Col. T. Clary, my dear, what is that gentleman's name? I think it's Mordaunt, isn't it?

Cla. Mr. William Mordaunt.

Mor. Esquire, at your service.

Col. T. Then Mr. William Mordaunt, Esquire, at my service, if you don't instantly get out of my house, may a twenty-four pounder crumble me to atoms, if I don't make crow's meat of you.

Mor. Ah! that's rather better; the Colonel is a ferocious beast.

Col. T. I a ferocious beast?

Mor. But I think still it's overacted; so keep quiet, and hold your tongue, or curse me, if I don't go and tell your uncle every syllable I know, immediately. [*Exit; Colonel runs after him, but is stopped by Clarissa.*]

Cla. Don't now, pray, my dear sir; he isn't worth your notice; he's such a fool, you know. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. A fool! D—e! there's an epidemic disorder in the house; they've all got it one after another. Here comes your governess; we shall see whether she's touched or no.

Enter MRS. PRUDENCE.

Prudence, my good soul, come hither. Are you aware what quarter the moon is in? Can you guess what tarantula has been biting my household?

Mrs. P. Ah! that plaguy toothache has driven you out of your senses; but it was just the same with an old uncle of mine by the mother's side—

Col. T. The devil fly away with your old uncle.

Mrs. P. Colonel Touchwood, you horrify me! your ill-breeding is beyond bearing, and I'll thank you to provide yourself with a less polished and susceptible housekeeper, who can condescend to put up with your unmannerly tantrums. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. Get out of the house, you old devil, go!

Cla. Dear uncle, the more questions you ask, it seems the more you get bewildered. It must be some joke; leave it to me, and I'll sift it to the bottom directly. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. No, no! I'll go and —(*Sharp sings without.*) Oh! here comes more of it; by the lord, I think it gets very comical.

Enter SHARP, tipsy.

Sharp. Tol, lol, de rol! Egad, this house would

make an excellent inn; such a larder, such big beer, small chickens, old wine, and young chambermaids.—Ah! there's my master! he told me to make free, and he little thinks how well I've obeyed his orders. Ah! sir, all goes on well: we've done the old one, I dare say, eh! haven't we, sir?—(*Making signs to the Colonel.*)

Col. T. Why, this rascal is my nephew's man! I shall now find out the reason of all this mystery.

Sharp. The play proceeds I hope to your satisfaction. Whereabouts are we? How far have we got?

Col. T. To where a drunken impertinent puppy of a servant deserves a horse-whipping.

Sharp. Bravo, sir! that is so like that comical dog, the Colonel.

Col. T. How drunk he is! but I'll humour him, and now I shall find all out.

Sharp. To-morrow you'll make your appearance as the lover. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. What the devil are you laughing at?

Sharp. To think how wise your worthy uncle will look, when he finds you married to his daughter.

Col. T. Oh! very wise.

Sharp. And when you touch the fortune, don't forget that I advised all this plan. Then such a fine fortune, and fine girl for a wife! I see it delights you. Ah! how wicked you do look.

Col. T. Do I?

Sharp. The Colonel to a hair! Only mention a pretty girl, and he's touched directly: he never hears a pretty girl mentioned, but he's all over—

Col. T. So I am. I am—you most abominable powder-monkey.

Sharp. You are! I know what you mean. You're a chip of the old block. Well, you'll whisk the lady to Gretna-green: put up at the best inn in the place; order the best supper; the blacksmith will be parson, I'll be clerk, witness, and bell-ringer; and, besides that, I'll dance at the wedding.

Col. T. You mean to dance?

Sharp. To be sure.

Col. T. You know how, I suppose?

Sharp. Yes, I think I do.

Col. T. Because if you'll only stop here two minutes, I think I can teach you a new step. I'll just fetch the horsewhip I sent Harry for. (*Aside.*) And, harkye, sirrah! do you know me?

Sharp. (*Gradually approaches the Colonel till he discovers him.*) Why, I think I ought, sir: I think I could tell that face through any disguise. That frown so like your uncle's; that—Eh! Why, bless me, it isn't you, as I hope to live! it's your uncle; and if he come to know it, there's an end of everything in the shape of success, for ever and ever.

Col. T. You drunken ragamuffin! you waste-but! drainer of bottles, glasses, and pewter-measures! Stand steady, you villain! stand steady, as you hope to be forgiven! Don't dare to quit this spot a moment till my return, and then I'll—Only have a moment's patience, and you shall receive a substantial reward for all your services to my nephew, and the favours you intended to bestow on me. I'll just fetch something to make you remember me. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. A reward, shall I? I'm done up! This comes of getting drunk. No, it doesn't; it comes of getting sober; for if I had but have staid, and taken another glass, it would never have happened. I'd better make it up with the old gentleman, though, if it be only to get another opportunity of playing him a trick. (*Major Touchwood, during the above, comes from the closet, down on the same side of Sharp as that on which the Colonel stood. Sharp, on turning, perceives him.*) Bless me! he's soon come back. (*Aside.*)—My dear, good sir! (*falls on his knees*) only forgive me, and I'll tell you all.

Major T. All what? I think you've played your part famously.

Sharp. Indeed! Why, is it possible? am I talking to you, sir? (*Rises.*)

Major T. Why, who else do you suppose me?

Sharp. Lord! sir, I'm so glad I must have been in a dream. Well, it's no wonder, after taking the uncle for the nephew, that I should mistake the nephew for the uncle. He's arrived, sir.

Major T. I know it.

Sharp. Ha, ha, ha! why I thought it was you; and on this very spot, my heart o'erflowing with wine, and willingness to do you service, I'm afraid I said more than sober discretion (*hicups*) will justify.

Major T. I heard you, booby; and thought your drunkenness counterfeited. [*nonr's plot.*]

Sharp. Yes; I, unfortunately, let out your hon-

Major T. And unless you find means to let out my honour's self, I'll break every bone in your drunken body.

Sharp. This way the door is. Hush! who have we here? Button your wig, sir, and pull your coat over your face. Oh, lord! it's a dead man, as I'm alive! He's coming up the walk.

Major T. By heavens! 'tis my rival Clifford, recovered of his wounds, and come to take my Sophia! That he never shall. Where are you going, sirrah?

Sharp. I am going to the butler's pantry; I want something to keep out the cold.—A thought strikes me, sir: Colonel Clifford must have some carriage, or chaise, or horses; and what brought him, may help to take us back. (*Colonel Touchwood speaks without.*) Bless us, there's the old gentleman again!

Major T. And Clifford is joined by three strange looking men. They approach; stand aside.—Sharp, we had better reconnoitre. (*They enter the closet.*)

Enter COLONEL CLIFFORD, with two Bow-street Officers and a Postboy.

Col. C. Observe, you are to treat the young gentleman with all due respect: only get him into the chaise, and take him to town with all possible expedition. He'll not deny his being the person who killed me; or, if he should—

1 Off. We'll swear it.

Post. And I can swear to him and his servant, too, your honour, for all his wig.

2 Off. But your honour don't mean to hang the young gentleman?

Col. C. 'Tis only a frolic, I tell you. He left me, as he thought, dangerously wounded; and came down here disguised as his uncle, (who is away,) to carry off a lady we both wish to marry. I pretended to be worse than I was, that he might not expect me to follow him. All fair in love, you know.

1 Off. Oh! yes, all fair in love. (*Gruffly.*)

Col. C. You must say I'm dead. He'll go quietly with you. When I'm married, all will be made up: or, if not, and we should meet again—

2 Off. Perhaps we may have the pleasure of taking your honour in custody for killing him; we know that you gentlemen are always obliged to do the genteel thing by one another.

Col. C. He's coming yonder; I musn't be seen, because I'm dead, you know: I'll step in here. (*Goes to the closet, which Sharp, after having listened, shuts at his approach.*) The door is fastened; and I must hide in the garden. Remember, that he'll insist on it, that he is his own uncle. [*Exit.*]

1 Off. He musn't expect us to believe that, though, is this he? (*Looks out.*)

Post. This is he as I brought down, I'll swear it; here only wants his man to make all sure. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter COLONEL TOUCHWOOD, with a whip in his hand; goes forward cautiously to where he expects to find Sharp, who opens the door, and is seen at intervals during the following.

Col. T. Eh! Oh! the rascal's gone, I know now

what has bewitched the family; the rogues have played their last trick. (*Officers and Post-boy come forward, and surround him.*)

1 Off. So have you, sir; you must go with us.

Col. T. Go with you? why?

2 Off. Because your name's Touchwood.

Col. T. Rather an odd reason, why an honest gentleman should go with one that looks so much like a rogue.

1 Off. Civil words, if you please, sir.

Col. T. Civil words! Hear me, you vagabonds! before I raise the house, and get you all decently lodged in the coolest corner of my deepest horse-pond; tell me the meaning of this daring insolence?

2 Off. You left your regiment without permission.

Col. T. Permission! D—e, I'm commanding officer.

1 Off. Killed a very honest gentleman in a duel.

Col. T. They mean that thief, my nephew. (*Aside.*)

2 Off. Came down here in that ugly wig, to pass for your honoured uncle. [*villain?*]

Col. T. What do you mean by an ugly wig, you

Post. And gave me but five shillings for the last stage, though I drove like a devil.

Sharp. Now, then, it's my cue. (*Comes forward.*) Why, you little lying son of a—I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; but I gave him a dollar and eighteen-pence, because you ordered me to be liberal, and travel with a silver spur.

Col. T. You did! Oh! I remember, I promised you something, and bade you stay here till I fetched it. Harry has not brought the horsewhip yet. (*Aside.*)

Sharp. To be sure you did, sir. And what would these worthy gentlemen have?

Col. T. Have! they have the impudence to say that I am my own nephew.

Sharp. And I dare say they'll have the impudence to say I am your own man.

Post. To be sure you are; and your master and you laughed all the way, and said how you should trick the old one.

Sharp. So we did, sure enough! Ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Fire and furies!

Sharp. Nay, sir, you know I cautioned you on the road about talking so loud: the man overheard all, you find; and as our project's ruined, we may as well own it at once.

1 Off. Ay, ay, it's plain enough; the chaise waits; bring him along.

Col. T. Murder! fire! thieves?—(*The two Officers hold him; Sharp stops his mouth.*)

Sharp. (*During the above*) Hush, sir, for heaven's sake! you'll raise the house. Your uncle is arrived, and (*Beckons Major Touchwood, who appears from the closet-door.*) I declare here he is!—(*Major Touchwood marches from the closet, boldly flourishing his cane, and takes an attitude opposite Colonel Touchwood, who is scarcely withheld by the Officers and Postboy from flying at his Nephew.*)

Col. T. Let me come at him!

Major T. Poor young man! Don't let him go.—(*In an assumed gruff voice.*)

Sharp. Would you hurt your honoured uncle?

Col. T. Fire! thieves! murder!

1 Off. What an undutiful nephew! Nothing but his youth can excuse it. Oh! then, you know, if that's the case,— [*They force him off.*]

Major T. Don't hurt the young gentleman. And now to be even with my friend Clifford, for his intended favour.

Enter HARRY, with a new horsewhip.

Harry. I have brought the horsewhip you ordered, sir; and Mr. Strongthong says, he wouldn't be the man that affronts your honour, while you've that in your hand, not for all the world.

Major T. The horsewhip that I ordered?

Harry. Yes, sir; you know you sent me in a great hurry to—

Major T. Oh! ay; true, I remember, and a pretty time you've been gone.—(*Cracks the whip.*)

Harry. Why, I'm sure I ran.

Major T. I'll make you run. [*Cracks his whip; Harry runs off.*] Ha, ha, ha! They'll be sure to take me for my uncle if I knock 'em about a bit. Egad! I don't know whether it would not be as well to horsewhip 'em all round.—(*Goes up cracking the whip; and strikes COLONEL CLIFFORD as he enters.*)—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't intend that favour for you. [ception!]

Col. C. No, nor did I expect it. A pretty re-

Major T. Any commands with me, sir?—(*In a short, military tone.*)

Col. C. Don't you know your friend Clifford, sir? You have already been informed by letter, that I think your daughter Sophia a most delightful young lady, and would feel happy in the honour of your alliance.

Major T. To the right about, Colonel.—Sophia is engaged.

Col. C. To whom, sir?

Major T. To a very worthy young man, one Major Touchwood.

Col. C. Your nephew sir?

Major T. Who is, I understand, under some extraordinary obligations to you.

Col. C. In that respect, I think we are pretty even. He quarrelled with me for mere similarity of taste; would have shot me through the head, and did through the shoulder; but conceiving his better fortune in the field entitled him to the hand of the lady, I have followed him down here, and by a fair *ruse d'amour* sent him off to London, in the same chaise which brought him here.

Major T. No, have you?

Col. C. Yes, I have. I thought you'd like it. He began the scheme; but, what a fool is that man who baits a trap for another, and falls into it himself!

Major T. So you have sent him off?

Col. C. I have, I tell you.

Major T. Not you indeed, sir.

Col. C. Nay, sir, you may inquire,

Major T. I shall not inquire, sir; being perfectly convinced there is not a syllable of truth in any one tittle of what you have advanced.

Col. C. Would to heaven you could do me one favour!

Major T. Name it. [pearance.

Col. C. Divest yourself of that venerable ap-

Major T. Any thing to oblige you, (*Pulls off his wig.*) I owe you a kindness for getting the old gentleman out of the way, and leaving a clear field for your luckier rival.

Col. C. Major Touchwood! Astonishment! Was it indeed your uncle, then, who—

Major T. It was, it was! You'll forgive my mirth, Colonel Clifford, but—ha, ha, ha! What a fool is that man who baits a trap for another, and has the good luck to fall into it himself.

Col. C. A fool indeed! To your uncle I shall apologize; for you, sir—defend yourself. (*Draus.*)

Major T. Oh, dear sir, with all my heart. (*They fight.*)

Re-enter CLARISSA, with SOPHIA, who interpose.

Sophia runs to Major Touchwood, Clarissa to Colonel Clifford, who are on opposite sides.

Soph. My dear, dear Major, for heaven's sake—

Cl. My dear Clifford, would you, a second time, raise your arm against the brother of her you profess to love?

Col. C. Your brother! my dear Sophia?

Major T. Can my sister be the girl he calls Sophia? Colonel Clifford, I begin to see cause to apologize. In speaking of your Sophia, you meant—

Col. C. This lady, sir.

Soph. When we first saw that gentleman at

Brighton, by an accident in conversation, he mistook our Christian names—

Cl. We thoughtlessly humoured the mistake; the Colonel proposed, by letter, to my uncle, for Sophia instead of me.

Major T. And hence arose our first quarrel. You see, ladies, what mischief you have caused.

Col. C. (*Without.*) Where are they? I'll teach the mutineers to—

Cl. Oh, heavens! Let's get out of his way.

Major T. No; stay, stay. Having cleared up our own differences, we must accommodate matters with my uncle.

Col. C. But how?

Major T. I must pretend to quarrel with you; he who can't bear to see anybody in a passion but himself, will forgive your tricks out of opposition to me: then for my share in the plot, we have only to—but he comes, follow my example.—(*Colonel Clifford and Major Touchwood pretend to fight. The Women scream.*)

Re-enter COLONEL TOUCHWOOD, driving SHARP on before him, and followed by MORDAUNT. He runs between the pretended combatants, picks up his wig, and throws it at one, while he knocks down the sword of the other with his cane. Mordaunt runs to the young Ladies.

Col. T. Hear me, ye demons of discord! or I'll finish your work by setting fire to the house. What's the meaning of this? I came home from a wildgoose-chase of one Colonel—rot his name,—who proposes for my daughter and breaks his appointment; I find my family all run raving mad; coolly ask the reason, when I am popped into a post-chaise by two police puppies; have the great good luck to get overturned into one of my own ditches; escape with whole bones to find my house full of fighting coxcombs, screaming women, and impudent valets, who perhaps will hardly condescend to answer my question, when I civilly inquire, what the devil do you all mean to do next?

Col. C. Your nephew, the Major, sir, will perhaps explain.

Major T. Your friend, sir, there, the Colonel—Colonel Rot-his-name, I think you just called him, was the person by whose orders you were so disgracefully crammed into that infernal postchaise; in addition to which, he refuses to marry your daughter Sophia. I, respecting your honour as my own, drew my sword in vindication of your rights.

Col. T. And pray, sirs, how dare you vindicate my honour without my permission?

Major T. Sir, while I have the honour to wear this coat—

Col. T. And how came you by that coat, sir? Where was your honour when you made free with my property?

Major T. In short, sir, while the Colonel proposed for your daughter, he paid his addresses to my sister, so that if you choose to be so easily satisfied, I am not.

Col. C. Hold, sir! the ladies' fortunes are equal; give me Clarissa, and her dowry may go with your daughter to my friend, the Major.

Col. T. So, I'm to treat Clary ill because her lover and her brother are a couple of hot-headed fools. I've a great mind to call ye both out. But I find ye all to be such a set of madmen and madcaps, that I shall bind ye over to keep the peace; yourselves in two wedding-rings, your wives in proper marriage securities, and—

Soph. What next, papa?

Col. T. Why, your children to be sure, hussy! And if any friends here, yet untired of the tricks we have played to-night, should, with a view to-morrow, condescend to ask "What's Next?" we respectfully beg leave to answer, by repeating the question. [Exeunt.]

THE PURSE;

OR, THE BENEVOLENT TAR:

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN ONE ACT.—BY J. C. CROSS.



Scene 5.

CHARACTERS.

THE BARON
WILL STEADY

THEODORE
EDMUND

PAGE
SALLY

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Baron's Castle.

Theodore discovered.

Theodore. Cursed infatuation! Madness! to risk so vast a sum, and not my own, too! Gaming will work my ruin. The Baron's partiality must decrease, when he discovers the embezzlement! Against his return must my accounts be truly stated. What's to be done? How to look him in the face, I know not.—[*Enter a Servant.*]

Servant. The Baron's just arrived, and brought with him his niece Louisa.

Theodore. Arrived! then I'm undone. (*Aside.*) Was everything prepared for his reception?

Servant. Yes, everything.

Theodore. But I am not.—Distraction! (*Aside.*)

Servant. His first inquiry was for you; it seems he wishes much to—but he's here. (*Looking out.*)

Theodore. He'll certainly discover my agitation!—Deceit—hypocrisy! now smooth these tell-tale features!—[*Enter the BARON and Page.*]

Baron. What, boy, thou'rt quite fatigued.

Page. Yes, my good lord, as tired as anything. Pray a'n't you a little?

Baron. No, child; my robusier limbs are more inured to travel. But attend Louisa, know her wishes, and then thou may'st have rest.

Page. Thank you, my lord.

Servant (To Page.) Here's a letter for you: it has been waiting your return these three days.

Page. From my dear, dear mother! (*Kisses it.*) But I must run and wait upon my lady before I can spare time to read it over. [*Exit with Serv.*]

Baron. Theodore!

Theodore. My lord!

Baron. From early infancy, as far as nature warranted, I've acted as a father to you; and since the unhappy absence of my son, you, in a measure, have supplied his loss, and found a fond father in me: e'en this very castle has been little less subject to your control than mine.

Theodore. I, my lord—What means he? (*Aside.*)

Baron. I have received convincing proofs of gratitude for this. Strict probity and rectitude have marked your conduct.

Theodore. Does he suspect me? I'm trembling on a precipice! (*Aside.*) My lord!

Baron. You seem confused. Worth ever shrinks from praise! Desert has often too much diffidence. But listen to me.

Theodore. Your goodness overpowers—I—

Baron. I know your heart; honour presides there; and merit, while I've power, shall never go unrewarded. 'Tis now some eight years since my son embarked from hence; since when, not the least intelligence concerning him has reached me; with many a bitter pang have I regretted him;—have fed on hope till my soul sickened with the flimsy diet; and now, must mourn him, swallowed by the merciless waves, or the victim of disease. I have long admired thy virtues; therefore, in preference to relatives, mean to adopt thee as my heir.

Theodore. Such unlooked-for generosity! My lord, my poor deserts—

Baron. Thou'rt rich in worth. No thanks; 'tis my firm determination:—nay, to convince you, the hand designed for my son (excuse a sigh for his loved memory!)—Louisa's fondness for my boy shall be transferred to thee. (*Going—returns.*) But hold. I requested your accounts might be all clear by my return: I doubt not that they are so. Thou seest my journey was to serve thee. When I've refreshed, we'll meet again. I'd have all clear, know the full value of my worldly goods, my trusty servants well provided for, and then—farewell, Theodore. Be punctual an hour hence. [*Exit.*]

Theodore. Punctual! Distraction!—torture!—Was ever so fair a prospect blasted in the bud! If I confess my crime—no hope, I fear, of pardon. Will not the shew of honesty, with which I've glossed my character, add the double guilt of du-

plicity to breach of trust? Did men but anticipate their mental torments in concealing it, no one would commence villain. My time is short. How to supply the deficiency! Friends I've none, save him I've injured. The ruined Duke of Sharpers, like the dying stag, is shunned by his own herd. I can't reflect, and desperation now must be my monitor! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Wood, with a distant view of the castle.*

Enter EDMUND and WILL STEADY.

Will S. Yeo, oh! Your honour! here we are! within pistol shot of the port. Let me alone for a pilot; I'll steer you safe into the harbour of happiness, or may I never engage the esteem of a commander again.

Edmund. Thou hast it. Fidelity has linked thee to me by the bonds of friendship; our intimacy grew in the hour of misfortune, and prosperity shall never wither it. Have you fully learnt whether the Baron, my father, lives?

Will S. Lives! ay, to give me good cheer, and you a hearty welcome. No doubt but you'll hail your Louisa, too, ready to slip her cable on a matrimonial cruise, to reward you for all past perils.

Edmund. Perils, indeed! Little did I imagine, when I quitted England, my return would have been so cruelly retarded.

Will S. Nor I either; an eight years' voyage makes salt junk disrelishing, biscuits breed, and gives fresh water the scent of sour-cROUT.

Edmund. To be shipwrecked!—a captive!

Will S. Ay, down she went! Our messmates buried in a watery grave, left us puffing and swimming away like two Newfoundland whelps after a tar-barrel; to be taken up by a kind Castilian! Next morning, an Algerine hove in sight—

Edmund. And captivity was the consequence.

Will S. Ay, that was grievous! Cut me to the heart, d—e! A British sailor loves native freedom too well, ever willingly to let a foreigner interfere

Edmund. True, William; and— [with it.]

Will S. Had but a few score of our countrymen been on board, she'd ne'er ha' yielded; for an Englishman never strikes his colours, while he's able to strike another stroke.

Edmund. But the Algerine force was superior.

Will S. What, then?—there's but little honour in drubbing an equal! Gad! I shall never forget the day! they made a hot-bed of our main deck, our hammocks were all in a blaze; grape shot was poured in at our port-holes, and many a heart-hearted fellow was carried to the cock-pit.

Edmund. Let us pursue our track. If my Louisa live, and be but true—

Will S. Ay, your honour, there's the charm on't. If my little Sal, my pretty pinnace, sail but in smooth water, my heart's timbers are as sound as ever; but if grief have shattered her hulk, or she be foundered in a hard squall of adversity, farewell to comfort; I'll hand the gold, good-luck has given me, to the first honest heart I meet, and away to sea again; for I can't enjoy comfort on shore, without Sal share it with me.

Edmund. How long have you been married?

Will S. Eight years and a handful of months. Dear girl! I left her just after we'd launched a pledge of our affection: we were poor, so I set sail in search of better fortune. I bussed her; my heart was too full to speak. Our infant stretched out its little arms, by way of good b'ye. Sal shed an ocean of tears; I blubbered out—"Heavens bless ye!" and left her to the care of Providence and the wide world ever since.

Edmund. We both, William, entertain our hopes and fears. The life and constancy of Louisa, are my harbingers to happiness, while yours are the truth and existence of your Sally.

Will S. As for her truth, your honour, I should despise myself were I to doubt it. If she be gone to old Davy, I don't care how soon I follow her;

for, like the poor galley slave, who so oft raised our feelings to high-water mark, in captivity, I fear she died broken-hearted. [Exit.]

Edmund. Poor fellow! how much, at that period, his fate resembled ours! His melaucholy ditty still vibrates on my ear!

AIR.—EDMUND.

Oh! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,

Was as happy as happy could be!—

But pleasure is fled; even hope is destroy'd;

A captive, alas! on the sea!

I was tu'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate

To tear me from her I adore!

When thought brings to mind my once happy state,

I sigh!—while I tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,

The port where she dwelt, we'd in view;

But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,

And, dear Anna! I was hurried from you!

Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,

To behold my dear Anna no more!

But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay;

He sigh'd!—and expir'd at the oar! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A gothic Hall in the Baron's castle.*

Enter THEODORE, much agitated.

Theodore. Time strides with rapid step to the period that must discover me! So dreadful seems this summons to my trial, that I cannot even conjure up a phantom of defence! What, if I abandon the castle! My fortune is, then, for ever marred. Louisa, too! I must not lose her. Are there no means? [word.]

Page. (Without.) No. I can't, indeed, upon my *Theodore.* Humph! the Page! He's a rival in the favours of my lord; and time may make him dangerous. He little dreams my arts drove hence his prudish mother, whom I will persecute till—

Enter Page.

Page. Ah! Theodore, you can't think how tired I be! We had not a single bait the whole way; I declare, now, if you'll believe me, my poor little nag is quite knocked up.

Theodore. I've often wished to ruin this pert hoy. The means occur: an accusation strongly laid, 'tis hard for innocence to exculpate itself. [Aside—Exit.]

Page. Humph! Mr. Gruff-cap, you're quite sulky to-day! 'Fegs! who cares? My poor mother told me he was no friend. Bless me! if I hadn't quite forgot her letter! How pleased I was when my lady gave me enough to send; though I never told her what it was for. (Reads the letter in dumb shew, often kissing it.) Ah! now, mother, you're too kind; you always loved me, and gave me money, when you had it; and, sure, I ought to do the same. When I grow up, and am rich, I'll give you enough to buy a house of your own to live in; and, then, no surly fellow dare turn you out; and I hope that won't be long first, for I'm as big again as when I left home.

AIR.—PAGE.

When a little merry he,

My mother nurs'd me on her knee;

Smiles and kisses she gave, with joy,

And call'd me oft her darling boy.

School-boy's pranks, as big I grew,

I lik'd; but lik'd my lessons, too;

Frowns or whippings I seldom got,

And sometimes praises were my lot.

Soon my lord receiv'd me here,

Fine clothes he gave and daintily cheer;

Lords and ladies me much caress'd:

But still I love my mother best;

For when a little, &c.

I never do think of mother, but I wish myself with her again. Heigho! it's pity I'm so sleepy. No matter; I'll take my nap here, in this arm chair, ecod! for all the world like an alderman after dinner. Must have one more peep at my letter, though. Heigho! (Reading the letter, drops asleep.)

Enter WILL STEADY, with a bottle in his hand.

Will S. So, Steady! I've left my commander abaft, to have a-head whenever the fit take him; and shall crowd canvas, towards the cabin of my sweet Sally! Heigho! (*Drinks, and sighs.*) Here's to our merry meeting. His honour and I were long buffeted about before we fell in with good luck; but this prize, on our return, has set all afloat again. A twin pair of pretty purses, well lined, have I secured to throw into Sal's lap when I salute her. Eh! (*seeing Page*) safe stowed, little one! Quite a calm, and snug in your hammock! (*Takes up the letter.*) His sailing orders, mayhap. Mayn't be able to drop down to safe moorings, if he lose this tide! Yeo, ho! No; I'll not pipe all hands neither, till I've overhauled his warrant. Here goes. (*Reads.*) "*My dear child, your uncle, who is better at his pen than I, at my request, writes you this.*" Humph! "*Excuse the tears that have blotted the paper. Providence enabled you to assist me in the hour of adversity; heaven will reward you—accept a mother's blessing*"—I've read enough. Avast! Never felt such a kind of choking before; nor my eyes half so moist all the foul weather I've seen. Poor lad!—'Sdeath! I've but a paltry kind of heart, when a child's charity makes it heave so! If he were mine, I'd give—Here'll be plenty for Sal and I; (*takes out a purse*) so, ecod! I'll make a good use of t'other; (*puts the other in the Page's pocket*) and when you wake, and overhaul your lockers, think Providence will never let filial affection founder, or a good deed go unrewarded. Well, doing as one likes makes a body devilish good-humoured. I'm now so merry, I could jig it till the forecastle shook again. Let me but come alongside Sal; a few old messmates in our wake; and I'd enjoy this, as if it were my wedding-day.

AIR.—WILL STEADY.

When seated with Sal, all my messmates around!
Fal de ral, de ral, de ri do!

The glasses shall jingle, the joke shall go round;

With a bumper, then here's to ye, boy!

Come, lass, a buss, my cargo's joy,

Here Tom be merry, drink about,

If the sea were grog we'd see it out,

For we're met here to be jolly, jolly boys!

For we've met here to be jolly.

Strike up the fiddles, Dick; girl gi's your hand,
Fal de ral, &c.

Take partners, odzooks! ne'er shilly-shally stand,

Lead up, cast down, and hands across.

Now, lads, another noggin toss—

Here's the commander I love most,

Join messmates in my loyal toast,

*("The King.")—We have met, &c. (*Drinks.*)*

In glee, gig, and merriment, the moments fly,

Fal de ral, &c.

While Bacchus's bumpers brighten friendship's eye,

Oh! d—e, old one, tip's your hand;

Will's service ever pray command.

'Tis pastime, pleasure, joy, delight!

Another glass, and then good night.—

*("Wives and Sweethearts.") For we're, &c. [*Exit.*]*

SCENE IV.—A View near the castle.

Enter SALLY.

Sally. I'm ready to sink with walking so far; but my mind would not bide at ease till I see my poor boy. He has been my only comfort since his father left me; and Theodore's cruelty has driven me at a distance these three years. 'Twas on his account, I learn, my landlord distressed me so for my rent: all because I wouldn't listen to his wicked wishes. No, William; though I should never see you again, will I ever kearken to another: you were my first love, and I'll ne'er abide the thoughts of a second. How oft have we, in our days of courtship, met on this very spot; and when he was away, how I'd wander here, listening to the village roundelay.

AIR.—SALLY.

How sweet when the silver moon is blinking;

Through meads to wander, slow and mute;

And of some absent lover thinking,

Listen to the tender lute:

Or, at the jocund dawn of day,

When feather'd choirs are singing, O!

And sprightly sounds the sportive lay,

And village bells are ringing, O!

To merry, merry strain to dance and play,

And over the greensward to trip away.

While the love-lorn maid is fondly sighing,

Let music soft her ears assail!

In plaintive murmurs, breezes dying,

Listen to the tender tale:

*Or, at the jocund, &c. (*Retires.*)*

Enter WILL STEADY.

Will S. Tol de rol lol! How cheerful acting right makes a body! My heart never was pulled onward to pleasure with so gratifying a gale since I left my own little cabin. Eh! a tight wench. I wish she'd tack about, and let's take a peep at her stem as well as her stern.

Sally. I tremble to be seen at the castle, for fear of that wicked Theodore! (*Crosses the stage.*)

Will S. What, tack and tack! Well, if the wind's in that quarter let's see if—(*She turns round, screams and faints.*) Zounds! this day's to start the timbers of my heart! it never thumped so hard against my ribs in its life before!—Sally!

Sally. William! It's surely a dream. I can't believe my senses.

Will S. And I'm quite out of mind with joy. Well, and how are you? Where's little—have I—eh! Sally? Stop my breath with kisses, and then pump fresh life into me, by saying the lad's like his father. Have I still a boy, Sal? Is he—eh?

Sally. You have. Oh! William, I'm too overjoyed to speak!

Will S. Then I'll e'en seal your lips till you're no longer tongue-tied. (*Kisses her.*) Well, and how have you done? Where is my little cock-boat?

Sally. Your child's at the castle. The Baron met him one evening near the old cottage, (which lost all its comfort when you left it,) and asked several questions, and was so pleased with the boy's answers, that he has been in his family ever since. But cruelty drove me from him; distress followed, and to his duty and affection I owe—

Will S. What?—Well was ever such a—We'll steer to the castle directly; I long to—Sal, here's a heavy purse to make your heart light. 'Gad! I'm so happy, I could—We'll be the envy of the whole hamlet; no neighbour shall want his whistle wetting! But did your thoughts ever lose sight of a body, all the time I was gone?

Sally. Did yours of me?

DUETT.—SALLY and WILL STEADY.

Will. Since we parted, dear girl, were you constant and true? [*adieu?*]

Sally. Did you ne'er forget Sal, since she bade you Will. No thought but of you, e'er could comfort impart; [*heart.*]

Sally. And your image has dwelt ever since in my Will. But happy once more in each other—fate smiling— [*guiting:*]

Sally. And peace, love, and plenty, the moments be- Both. We'll dance, and sing *ful de ral, la, la, lul, la!*

While the fiddles strike up and the village is gay.

Our love has been mutual, our suff'rings the same;

We ask not for honours, for grandeur, or fame;
*But our snug little cot,—for a friend's face it wears, [*years.*]*

Where Providence kindly may bless us for

SCENE V.—An Apartment in the castle.

Enter the BARON and THEODORE.

Baron. How! guilty of theft! I am astonish'd!
Theodore. And so was I, my lord; but missing

considerable sums, and finding this letter from his mother—

Baron. His mother! (*Looks at the letter.*) To relieve a parent!—such an act might mitigate the crime.—Where is he?

Theodore. Here, my lord.—[*Enter the Page.*]

Page. My lord, I beg your pardon; but, indeed, I did not see you.

Baron. Pray, my generous youth, who furnishes you with means to make presents to your mother?

Page. Why, my lord, you know you are very kind to me; and my lady, she's so good—

Baron. A crime I detest to mention gives the means. Are you not—

Page. What, my lord? You frighten me.

Baron. False to your trust—a thief! a little purloining villain! whom I have cherished; till, serpent-like, it turns to sting its preserver! Instantly confess, if—

Page. What should I confess, my lord? I never touched any money, but what you and my lady gave me; and, surely, there was no harm—

Baron. Let him be searched: though I doubt he is too cunning a practitioner, to carry proof about him. Search him, Theodore. You tremble, villain!

Page. I do, indeed, my lord. You never were angry with me before; and I always tried hard not to deserve it. Your suspicions hurt me so—

Theodore. Those suspicions are confirmed. (*Shows the purse he has taken from the Page's pocket.*)—Behold, my lord, this evidence! I am astonished! Sure, my lucky stars are now predominant! (*Aside*)

Baron. Ungrateful child! I now abandon you. Go with your wicked mother; wander till want compel you to repentance; or avenging justice become your punisher. This purse—your mother's letter—are such proofs—

Page. I did send my mother a little money, sir, else he'd ha' turned her out of doors. Pray, forgive me, if I were wrong; but, indeed, it was not yours.

Theodore. No whimpering, boy! your punishment's too lenient. Begone!

Page. I don't know who could have put it in my pocket, Theodore; nor how it came there; indeed, I don't: speak to my lord for me, pray do; don't turn me away, my lord; you ever called me a good boy, till now. I never, never did such a wicked thing in all my life. Oh, dear! don't, my lord—I—(*Bursts into tears.*)

Theodore. Begone! Turn this prating urchin into the street. (*To Servants who enter*) Away with him!

Page. Don't be so cruel, Theodore. Oh, dear! oh, dear! My lord, my lord!—(*Hurrying him off.*)

Enter WILL STEADY. [this?

Will S. Avast! sheer off, you lubbers! What's all this? *Theodore.* Some ruffian friend to rescue him. Seize him and his associate instantly.

Will S. Seize him! lookye, my fair-weather spark, I've had too much rough treatment lately to take to it kindly, therefore, less of your jawing tacks; touch him if you dare; move a finger, and d—e! I'll snap your grappling irons short as a biscuit, and unship every head rail from larboard to starboard. What's amiss, my lad!

Theodore. He has committed a crime none but a villain would protect him in—theft! this purse, this evidence of guilt, was found upon him.

Will S. Yes, and that purse was mine; I popped it in his pocket: another word, and this oak sapling swabs the decks of you. Your honour, I ax pardon, (*to the Baron*) but here's one astern can testify this purse belonged to me. (*Snatching it from Theodore, gives it to Page.*) There it is again, my lad, and much better disposed of than e'er a one ever passed through your fingers. (*To Theodore.*)

Enter EDMUND and SALLY. (*Sally runs to the Page, is going to embrace him, Will catches him in his arms.*)

Baron. Amazement! my son! (*Embraces Edm.*)

Will S. And my son! D—e, I'm as proud of my

progeny, as the first in the land (heaven bless 'em!) can be of theirs. And what have you got to say for yourself, Mr. Down-in-the-mouth?

Theodore. Shame overwhelms me. My lord, with grief and contrition, I confess my guilt; gaining, the seducing origin of various crimes, instigated me to appropriate vast sums, your property, to a use, has brought destruction on me; but, if a life of atonement—

Baron. Theodore, I tremble to reflect on thy deceit: plunder your patron! and expiate that crime by injuring the harmless and the innocent!—but peculation punishes itself; the widow's curse and the orphan's tear wound deep; even sincere repentance scarce can expiate his crime, which avarice, injustice, and ingratitude, serve but as vassals to: for ever quit my sight—

Will S. That's hearty, your honour. Clear the gangway—shoot a-head; for, d—e! I hate villany too much, even to be present at its punishment.

Page. Though Theodore has been bad, my lord, if you'd forgive him, perhaps he'd mend, and love and thank you for it.

Will S. A true chip of the old block, d—e! can freely pardon an injury and clap resentment under hatches. Well, friend Down-in-the-mouth, you'll not be brought to a court-martial this hour; but take a tar's advice—use the rudder of honesty instead of deceit, and then you'll steer clear of the shoals of punishment, and quicksands of disgrace. (*To Edmund.*) I told you, your honour, I should pilot you into smooth water, at last.

Edmund. Thankye! Father, I entreat you'll take this worthy fellow under your protection; together we were captives, and together we obtained our liberty; he was my guardian in the hour of danger, and—

Will S. Avast! that's the only time to try what timber a vessel's made of, an't it? No compliments: I'd as lieve be set to tease oakum all my life as hear 'em.

Baron. Edmund, your return overpowers me with pleasure; the occurrences of these last few moments will never be obliterated. Louisa's presence soon shall crown our joys, and your humble friend ever find here a cheerful home.

Will S. Thank your honour; but you must find a home, too, for Sal. She and I don't mean to sleep in separate hammocks again till we launch another little—eh! Sal? (*Kisses her, then catches up the Page.*) Oh! you young dog! I never was so happy in my life.

Sally. Nor I either, I'm sure, William.

Baron. The happiness you boast, I trust, is here universal; and no one present disappointed but him whose vices, though they merit opprobrium and contempt, yet attended by contrition, may excite our pity, when justice dooms the punishment.

FINALE.

Edm. But danger's o'er,
Grief no more
Shall with frowns appear;
But mirth and glee,
Merrily,

Ever crown the year.

Chorus. Our danger's o'er, &c.

Edm. By the will of fate,
Joy and grief await
Mortal's varied state;
Now sunk with sorrow, now with mirth elate.

Chorus. But danger o'er, &c.

Will. A stave I'll troll
Round the sparkling bowl,
To my lovely Sal.

Sally. While fond affection glads thy honest soul.

Will. We'll hence be gay—

Sally. Each month be May.

Will. No storms amoy—

Sally. Our future joy.

Both. All danger's o'er, &c.

Chorus. All danger's o'er, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

MY SPOUSE AND I;

AN OPERATICAL FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN, JUN.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

WILTON
FRISK
DICK

PADDOCK
SCOREM
PROSS

LAWYER'S CLERK
NED
HODGE

DAME PADDOCK
HARRIET
JANET

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Paddock's Farm-house on one side, with a pig-stye; opposite side, an Alehouse, sign The Barley Mow, written under it "Pay to-day, trust to-morrow;" in the distance, fields, and a windmill going.*

Enter Peasants, from different entrances, going to labour.

CHORUS.

*Well met, well met, good neighbours all,
To our daily toil away;*

*Ever ready at the call
Of those for toil who pay.*

*The sun now smiles o'er dale and hill,
And labour rouses rustic life;*

*Click clack goes old Hopper's mill,
And click clack goes old Hopper's wife.*

TRIO.

*Merrily whirls the sounding flail,
Till pleas'd we see departing day;
And then we quaff old Scorem's ale,
And then—*

SCOREM (entering from the Alehouse.)

—Why, then, I make you pay.

Cho. *The sun now smiles o'er dale and hill,
And labour rouses rustic life;*

*Click clack goes old Hopper's mill,
And click clack goes old Hopper's wife.*

DAME PADDOCK (entering from the Farm-house.)

And Hopper's wife be i' the right,

*If lazy hinds like you appear,
The corn will ne'er be cut to-night—*

PADDOCK (entering from the Field.)

*Not if you keep 'em loitering here.
The sun has beam'd an hour or more:
To work, and prate when labour's o'er.*

Cho. *Master and Dame, we'll haste away,
And labour kindly all the day;
And when our toil is o'er, regale,
And drink your health in Scorem's ale.*

[Exeunt all but Paddock and Scorem.]

Sco. Are you for a drop of my best home-brewed, this morning, Master Paddock?

Pad. They who drink in a morning, neighbour Scorem, do generally get the head-ache by noon, and the heartache by night; and they be two troublesome companions. A clear head be the next thing to a clear conscience.

Sco. And you have both, they say. *(Ironically.)*

Pad. Why, as to that, my conscience, thank heaven! be like my crop, pretty fairish; and "though my head be thick," as I say to my spouse, "there be nothing in that," as my spouse do say to I.

Sco. Your spouse is a very sensible woman; but, by the by, the whole village is curious to know who that stripling is you have lately hired; who, with his pretty looks and smart clothes, has turned the heads of half the girls in the place.

Pad. Poor lad, he do seem to have known better days. He came to us a child of misfortune, and he be no Christian who do refuse to receive the wandering stranger.

Sco. True, Master Paddock; and though I keep an alehouse, and some people are wicked enough to say I chalk double, my door is open to every stranger.

Enter FRISK, shabbily dressed.

Frisk. I'm glad to hear it. I am a stranger, and want to walk in.

Scot. Welcome, sir, to the Barley Mow. That's the house; there's the sign, and under it, "Pay to-day—trust to-morrow."—(*Aside.*) A broad hint; he seems as poor as Job.

Frisk. Trust to-morrow! Couldn't you make it to-day? There's an inconvenience in waiting.—(*Shewing his empty pockets, aside.*)

Scot. That's my reason for not trusting.

Frisk. Didn't you say your door was open to the stranger?

Scot. Ay, that could pay his reckoning. Coming, coming! [*Runs in, and closes the door in Frisk's face.*]

Frisk. A pretty fellow, to insult a gentleman in distress. I'll expose him in the County Chronicle, as a warning to hungry travellers, whose stomachs and purses are in unison. I'll give him his true character.—(*To Paddock.*) You can give me a hint, and I'll make bad worse by improving on it.

Pad. Why, as to that, I mun beg to be excused. He who do pick a hole in his neighbour's coat, deserves to live in a house without a neighbourhood.

Frisk. Give me your hand; I should like to be better acquainted with you. Feeling in a flail, and sentiment in a smock frock! Your haystack is no relation to the Barley Mow. Why, you'd make a famous character in a novel.

Pad. A novel! What may that be, sir?

Frisk. Don't you know what a novel is? One village in the kingdom without a circulating library! then there are hopes. A novel is a book, whose title is new, and its contents generally old: the hero, a queer, good-for-nothing, well-meaning, comical fellow, though tolerably engaging, like me; the heroine, a pretty, languishing, silly girl, like most of her female readers; her guardian, a crusty, hard-hearted, pay to day and trust to-morrow, like that fellow; (*pointing to the Alehouse;*) her aunt, an antiquated, teasing, obstinate quizz, like that—(*Pointing to DAME PADDOCK, who enters.*)

Dame. Quiz! What dost mean? and why dost stand talking with that Jack-a-dandy, Paddock, when there be so much to do in the field?

Pad. Dame, dame; doante be cantankerous. This gentleman—

Dame. Gentleman, quotha? Ha, ha, ha! If thee want'st a hand in the field, I dare say the gentleman will be very glad to make himself useful.

Pad. Nay, nay; how caust thou expect a gentleman to make himself useful?

Dame. Well, well; I can't stay talking nonsense. Thee ought to make haste to the reapers; and if thee hast anything to say to the gentleman, bid him call another time. (*Going.*)

Frisk. The nearer dinner-time the better.

Pad. That be just the time I were thinking.—(*Aside to Dame Paddock.*) Wife, wife! he do want a dinner.

Dame. (*Returning.*) What! want a dinner? Pray, sir, walk in; and do'ee take a luncheon to stay thee till dinner be ready; and, Paddock, do'ee draw a jug o' the best, that the gentleman may give his opinion of my brewing. Luncheon shall be ready directly, sir. Make haste, Paddock, make haste.

[*Goes into the house.*]

Pad. I wool, dame; and it shall be a jug o' the best.—(*Aside.*) I wish neighbour Scorem knew what pleasure there be in sometimes drawing ale for nothing.

[*Goes in.*]
Frisk. Here's primitive hospitality! A novel writer describe it somehow thus: "Arrived, half famished, with a full heart and empty pocket, at a picturesque farm-house, beautifully overspread with woodbines." (*Looking at it.*) I see nothing but stinging-nettles. And how shall I get over that pigstye? Turn it into a dog-kennel, and introduce a beautiful apostrophe to the virtues of honest Tray.

"Honest Tray, partaking of the character of his master, the very picture of patriarchal hospitality, welcomed by his caresses the hapless wanderer. When the farmer's wife, a pretty, modest looking woman, with half a dozen curly-pated cherubs about her, came out; and addressing him in the soft accents of unsophisticated humanity, said"—

Enter ROGER.

Roger. What d'ye do here, you vagabond? After the pigs and poultry, I suppose.

Frisk. My dear fellow, you mistake your man.

Roger. No, I doan't. It's easy to see what you be, mon,—a common vagram; but if you don't go off my measter's premises, I'll make you.

Frisk. My good sir, I give you credit—

Roger. That's more than you'll get yourself.

Frisk. A word with you. You belong to that house?

Roger. What if I do?

Frisk. I dine there to-day.

Roger. Hadn't you better stay till you're axed?

Frisk. That ceremony's past. Jug of the best—fine luncheon. Don't you hear the eggs and bacon frying, you rogue you? I am off; and let me give you a little parting advice: if you wish to support the character of an Englishman, whenever you meet a hungry stranger, always address him with—

Re-enter PADDOCK.

Pad. The luncheon be ready, sir.

Frisk. (*To Roger.*) Didn't I tell you so?—(*To Paddock.*) Thankye, thankye; I'll do it justice; and as eating heartily is the best way of returning a hearty welcome, you shall find me as grateful as appetite can make me.

[*Goes in.*]

Pad. Why, Roger, have you been saying anything rude to that young man? He be a gentleman in distress, I dare say; though a queer, plain spoken chap as I ever seed. But, "Plain and above board be best," as I say to my spouse; and "Rough and ugly munnat be despised," as my sponse do say to I.

Roger. I were protecting your property. I thought un a poacher; however, as matters have turned out, I'll go ax un pardon; for when a man finds he's wrong, let un own it like a man, I say.

[*Goes into the house.*]

Pad. Well, I be happy I chanced to light upon that poor hungry gentleman; it do make one eat one's dinner so heartily when the cheerful face of a poor guest be the sance to it. There be many sweet and cheering enjoyments; but while they please for a time only, the smile of gratitude gives to him who raises it, pleasure for ever.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Paddock's house.*

Enter DAME PADDOCK and JANET.

Dame. I declare, Janet, you are always idle, and mind nothing but singing nonsensical love ballads.

Janet. It is no use, mistress, scolding and scolding till a poor girl doesn't know what hur is about.

Dame. Heyday! Since this lad Harry came, your poor Welsh head runs so upon him that you have proved false-hearted to poor Ned, our shepherd. Fie, fie, Janet!

Janet. Oh! yes; it is fery proper, fie, fying, indeed; but hur can't help having affections and partialities for Harry, any more than Ned can help loving herself; and so they may priddle and may prapple about false-heartedness; but, after all, as the ballad goes, till prudence says yes, a poor girl should always say no.

AIR.—JANET.

*Love, little blind urchin, went strolling one day,
And madrigals chanted so pretty;
While ballads he sold as he went on his way,
With Valentine verses so witty:*

Love's burden was "Maid, ne'er away your hearts throw;

Till prudence prompts yes, always answer, oh! no."

*Love, little false urchin, advice didn't spare,
Yet his arrows at random he shot 'em;
And a dart aim'd at Prudence, who chanc'd to be there,*

*But thus wounded, their hearts she forgot 'em.
Left by Prudence, the maids turn'd out silly, and so
They often said yes, when they should have said no.*

[Exit.

Enter HARRIET, (in boy's clothes,) with a basket on her shoulder, which she throws on the table, and seems out of breath.

Dame. Back already? There must have flown.

Har. On the wings of gratitude, then. It would be wonderful if my heels were heavy when your kindness has made my heart so light.

Dame. Well, well; sit thee down, and rest a bit: thy limbs were not made for labour, I warrant.—But come, now here are no listeners; tell me what is it that makes thee go moping about so, and then so merry by turns?

Har. Why, really I am unhappy. (Carelessly.)

Dame. Then you have always a very pleasant way of shewing it.

Har. Why, dear me! would you have me make everybody miserable because I am so? I always put the best side outwards; and, when I am sad, rattle away to conceal the fullness of my heart through the emptiness of my head.—(Aside.) I'll tell her I'm a woman at once, that I may have somebody to put confidence in.—Ah! my dear, dear Mrs. Paddock, I have such a story to tell you: I may trust you; I think you won't betray me.

Dame. Betray thee? Me betray thee?

Har. Don't look grave, now, as if you were angry; and you know I love you too well to make you angry. (Chuckling her coaxingly under the chin.)

Dame. Bless me! what's the matter with the boy?

Har. Now I'll fasten the door that no one may intrude. (Runs to the door.)

Dame. (Alarmed.) Heyday! what does he mean? Why, why—

Har. You are not afraid of me, are you? Ha, ha!

Dame. I protest I don't know what to make of you. But, unlock the door, or I won't listen to a word. Suppose my good man—suppose—bless me, I'm all in a flurry.

Har. A flurry! Ha, ha, ha! (Unlocks the door.) There, now your alarm's over, I hope! and now for my story. Do you know, for all my swaggering, I'm afraid of everybody; and though you think me all simplicity, I—I deceived you.

Dame. Deceived me!—(Aside.) The little villain! that was the very thing I was afraid of.

Har. Now do look grave again. But truth must out now, and you won't be angry when you know the cause. I am not what I seem.

Dame. That's plain enough. Thee art too well spoken for a common boy.

Har. You misconceive me. I am—I am—

Dame. What the geminis art thee? Art a vagrant?

Har. No.

Dame. A deserter?

Har. No, no.

Dame. Art thee good for anything?

Har. Oh! no, no!

Dame. In short, art thee an honest man?

Har. No.

Dame. No?

Har. I am—a woman!

Dame. A woman! Mercy on us! thee hasn't been telling thy story to my husband, hast thee?

Har. No, no; and if I had, you wouldn't fear a poor, silly girl.

Dame. Ha, ha, ha! But come, tell thy story.

Har. Left a poor orphan, and persecuted by the dishonourable addresses of a rich guardian, I left London in this dress; and when the little money I had was expended, reached this spot—you know the rest—your generosity—

Dame. (Wipes her eyes.) Psha! Generosity! say no more about it. But—ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing how thee wilt disappoint all the village lasses, who be light-headed and heavy-hearted about thee.

Pad. (Without.) Dame!

Dame. My good man do call. I'll come to thee again. But I were all in a twittering; for the door locked by a smart lad were enough to alarm a likely body as I am. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Har. Now, in case of discovery, I am certain of protection here. Perhaps my persecutor may follow me no longer. What happiness can he hope for? I never will be his; and should he again get me in his power, the breaking my heart would foil all his hopes. Pleasure is his pursuit; a phantom for ever eluding its follower, and which, when secured, ceases to exist.

AIR.—HARRIET.

A little boy espied

A butterfly one day;

To catch the prize he tried;

The insect got away.

From flower to flower it flew

The hunter to elude;

He more impatient grew

The longer he pursu'd.

Pursuing pleasure, if you try,

'Tis to chase the butterfly.

The little eager boy

The trifler follow'd up;

Who buried, to his joy,

Within a tulip's cup.

The boy, with all his power,

To seize the tulip flew,

His ardour crush'd the flower,

And kill'd the insect, too.

Securing pleasure, if you try,

'Tis to kill the butterfly.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room.

FRISK and PADDOCK discovered eating.

Frisk. Your health, master Paddock. You see I'm quite free and easy.

Pad. Well, that be what I like.—(Looks towards the window.) I declare there's my landlord, 'squire Wilton, from Lunnun. Well, we mun be civil to un; though he be trying to break my lease, and turn me out of doors, 'cause I don't let his hares and pheasants eat all my corn. The cause be to be tried to-day, and no doubt he be come on purpose about it. However, "never shew your teeth till you can bite," as I say to my spouse; "and one mun sometimes hold a candle to the devil," as my spouse do say to I.

Frisk. Your health in your absence, my honest fellow. (Drinks.) Never was better ale, nor warmer welcome. But, didn't he say 'squire Wilton? Ho, ho! I'd rather not meet him; though he don't know me; and, in fact, I only know him by name.

*Re-enter PADDOCK, bowing, ushering in WILTON.
DAME PADDOCK enters at another door.*

Wil. Well, Paddock—

Pad. The rent be ready, sir; I'll fetch un directly.

Wil. No such haste; my steward will settle that: I merely called with a how d'ye do, having come down on a shooting excursion.

Frisk. Good opportunity, sir—fine weather—harvest nearly in—plenty of game, and—

Wil. Sir!

Frisk. (Aside.) Booby in buckskin—must quiz him.

Dame. Will your honour please to take a snack this morning?

Frisk. Good incentive to appetite here, sir. Charming chops, capital cutlets, beautiful bacon, and admirable ale.

Wil. Sir, as I have no knowledge of you—

Frisk. That impediment shall be removed immediately, sir: I am Frank Frisk, at your service; a rattle-brained, runaway fellow; not quite so forlorn as I look, nor so empty as you may suppose.

Pad. (Aside to Frisk.) Dang it now, sir, don't make so free with his honour; he may think it not pretty behaved, under favour.

Frisk. My good Paddock, you have entertained me too nobly for me to affront your friends.—*(To Wilton.)* Beg pardon, sir; hope my nonsense will make no difference between you and your worthy tenant. I'm a good shot, and shall be proud to accompany you, in capacity of a trudge, if most agreeable. Start covey, pop partridge, hamper hare, beat bush, bag game, shoot flying, or any other possible accommodation in my power.

Wil. I have my people to attend me, sir.—*(Apart to Pad.)* Shew that man the door, Paddock.

Pad. Why I be main proud to see your honour, to be sure, because it be a bit of condescension; and I hope the gentleman will beg pardon, or so; but as I have axed un to my house, it be not good manners to turn un out.

Wil. Very well, sir. His friendship is probably of more consequence than mine.

Dame. (Aside to Pad.) Friendship! Eh! What? Pay rent—ask no favour. If thee turn'st out a poor man to please a rich one, thee hast none of the blood of the Paddocks in thee, that's all. *[Exit.]*

Wil. Good day, Mr. Paddock. The goodness of your lease is to be tried to-day, and I shall remember this. *[Exit.]*

Pad. (Calls after him.) Your servant, sir. Rent be ready when steward do call, sir. Master Frisk, thee be st a comical gentleman; but I do think thee an honest one; and while thee stayest in this village, Paddock's door be always open to thee. But it ben't wise to affront 'squire; for it be "dangerous meddling wi' edge tools," as I say to my spouse; and "there's no making honey from a crab apple," as my spouse do say to I.

Frisk. My dear friend, I have made a breach here, which may operate to your disadvantage. I'll follow; and, when I've made it up, I'll look in again.

Pad. At dinner-time, and welcome.

Frisk. Thank ye, thank ye. *[Exit.]*

Pad. 'Squire may be angry; but my lease be firm and good for all his law, and I do pay my rent to the day; so, while I do treat un with proper civility, that for his anger. *(Snaps his fingers.)* He be, I know, but a half-witted one; and "empty vessels make the greatest sound," as I say to my spouse; and, "a fool's bolt be soon shot," as my spouse do say to I. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Fields.

Enter WILTON, with a gun, and DICK in a livery, but with something in his dress denoting the sailor.

Wil. Well, Dick, did you see any birds?

Dick. Not a sail, your worship.

Wil. Leave off your salt water slang, sir.

Dick. Won't ship another sea, your worship.

Wil. Psha! Look out, look out!

Dick. Crowd sail directly, your worship. *[Exit.]*

Wil. I'm heartily tired of this fellow. I wish I hadn't taken him; but 'tis only till his brother recovers. Hey! Dido, Dido! *(Whistles.)* Where has the dog got to? I missed her in the last field. I hope she'll not be snapped up. I wouldn't lose her for a hundred.

AIR.—WILTON.

*When the grey morning breaks
O'er the dew-powder'd soil;
When his way the kind takes,
Light of heart, to his toil;
I rise, ere the sun*

*Darts his beams, health to court;
Call my dog, load my gun,
And away to the sport.*

*Creep slow through the stubble, the covey are met;
Soho! Dido—good dog—she has 'em—they're set.
I mark 'em—they rise—bang! one's fated to die—
I bag it, and onward trot Dido and I.*

*Thus, brace after brace,
For my aim's pretty true,
I bag in a space
That few sportsmen can do.
With appetite keen,
To my box, then, I go;
While the charms of the scene
Set my heart in a glow.*

*But hold—in the stubble—hey—Dido stops short—
Soho! Dido—good dog—she points to the sport—
I mark 'em—they rise—bang! another must die—
I bag it, and homeward trot Dido and I.*

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Not a sail in the offing, your worship.

Enter HARRIET, looking another way.

Wil. (To Har.) Harkye! my lad, have you seen any birds?

Har. Yes, sir, I saw—*(Aside.)* Heavens! my persecutor! *[Runs off.]*

Wil. Dick, did you see that face?

Dick. Tacked too soon, your honour.

Wil. Psha! Run after that lad directly, and find out where he lives. Run!

Dick. Ten knots an hour, your honour. *[Exit.]*

Wil. I am egregiously deceived, or that is Harriet Greville in disguise. I cannot mistake a face that has made such an impression on my heart; and running away the moment I spoke confirms my suspicion. But how got she here?

Enter SCOREM. FRISK enters behind, and listens.

Sco. Happy to see your honour in these parts.

Wil. Thank ye. Pray, who is that lad that passed you just now?

Sco. A wanderer who came to the village, and was taken in by Paddock; and I dare say, he'll take him in in return. For my part, I don't know what use he can be to him; he seems more like a girl than a boy. But Paddock is but a poor, foolish fellow.

Wil. Yes, he insulted me this morning; but he shall repent it before I leave the country.

Frisk. (Aside.) Indeed!

Sco. (Aside.) Ho, ho! The wind sets in that quarter, does it? I'm sure he ought to pay every respect to your honour, when his farm is so much underlet, and a long lease, too.

Wil. His lease, I hope, will be set aside to-day; however, if not, I will never give him another.

Sco. (Aside.) A lucky moment! now for a clincher.

Frisk. (Aside.) If you don't get a clincher some day, somebody won't get his due, that's all.

Sco. 'Tis no business of mine, to be sure; but I would give one-third more rent for the farm; and if I could assist your honour in gaining your cause, and getting rid of the lease—

Wil. If you can, you shall have the new one.

Sco. A bargain. I've seen his lease: he engages to keep on the farm never less than one hundred sheep at a time.

Wil. Well?

Sco. Now, to my knowledge, for the last twelve months, there haven't been more than fifty on it.

Wil. Indeed! that will make the lease void, and

gain the cause. Prove it, and the new lease shall be yours. Meet me at the Manor-house this evening.

Scot. I will, your honour. I'll prove it. I'll take my own oath.

Wil. Will you, my honest fellow?

Scot. Yes, to anything.

Frisk. (Aside.) I don't doubt it.

Scot. I won't fail, your honour.—*(Aside.)* I've nail'd it. *[Exit.]*

Frisk. (Aside.) Yes; but the clincher's to come yet, and I must have a hand in that.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Couldn't get the weather-gage of him, your honour; so hauled in, tacked about, and—

Wil. Follow me. *[Exit.]*

Dick. Another squall. He grows so cranky and yawish, there's no bearing him; however, I'm rated for the present cruise; but when we return to port, I'll strike the yellow admiral's flag here, *(pointing to the cuffs of his coat, which are yellow,)* and sail under the true blue again.

Frisk. (Comes forward.) Why, Dick?

Dick. Bless me! your honour, how glad I am to hail you once more. Only cruise here a few glasses, and I'll leave in your wake again. But boatswain has piped, and I must obey orders. *[Exit.]*

Frisk. Meeting Dick's apropos. He must assist me to foil this publican: so, as he is to return, I'll sit down here, and ruminate like a half-starved peripatetic. *(Sits down half concealed by a bush.)*

Enter JANET.

Janet. Oh! dearest me! it is great griefs and distresses, look you, that this Harry was ever come to the place: he has made sad work with hur poor heart.

Enter NED, whistling, and twirling a stick, and appearing not to see Janet.

Janet. (Aside.) Well, I'm sure! what disdains and indifferences! But though hur doesn't care for him, hur will make him feel for his want of manners, look you!—Ned!

Ned. (Sulkily, and only half turning.) Well?

Janet. Hur is going to the fair next week.

Ned. May be so.

Janet. And who d'ye think is going with hur?

Ned. I don't care.

Janet. Harry.

Ned. What's it to I? what dost tease I for? *(As Ned is going, he meets HARRIET, who has a cane, and pushes against him rudely.)*

Har. Very civil, Mr. Ned; the road's wide enough.

Ned. I shall walk upon what part of it I please, Mr. Harry.

Har. And so shall I, Mr. Ned.

Ned. Broo!

Har. And broo again, if you go to that.

Janet. You're a good-for-nothing, ill-mannered fellow! Lookye! *(To Ned.)*

Ned. And you are a good-for-nothing girl, look you! I care as little for thee, as for he; and if he give me any of his airs, I'll—*(Flourishes his stick.)*

Janet. Do touch him; and hur will claw your knave's scone well, so hur will.

Har. Pray, good folks, don't quarrel on my account. You may flounce, sir, and look bluff, and fancy I'm not as much of a man as yourself, sir; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I've vanquished a better man than you, before now, sir.

Janet. Ned, why don't hur go to hur work, and not affront her betters, look you?

Ned. My betters, indeed! A poor vagrant, for aught I know—I've a great mind to—*(Going towards Harriet.)*

Janet. Ay, touch him if you dare! *(Getting between them.)*

Har. (Aside.) Let her keep to that, and I may bluster in safety. I'm half afraid, already.—You'd better be quiet, sir.

Ned. Ay, you may swagger; but you don't rob me of my sweetheart so easily.

Har. Me rob you of your sweetheart! Bless the boy! I've no inclination to rob you of your sweetheart; and indeed if I had, I could hardly suppose that she, who had been false to another, would be true to me.

Janet. It is fery fitting and proper, look you, hur should be affronted, and set at nought, for putting hurself in the power of nobody knows who, and nobody cares who, neither; and if hur was Ned, hur would preak ber coxcomb's head, so hur would!

Ned. And if you tell me, I'll do it in a minute. *(Advances angrily towards Harriet.)*

Janet. (Alarmed for Harriet.) If you lay a finger on him, hur will never forgive you. Look you!

TRIO.—HARRIET, NED, and JANET.

Har. Pray, don't quarrel for me.

Ned. Give up all thinking of she,
Or worse for you it shall be,
And I'll do it, though Janet it lose me.

Janet. Keep hur distance from Harry.

Ned. His point he sha'n't carry.

Har. Good day— *(Going.)*

Janet. Pray, now, tarry

To spite him.

Har. Nay, pr'ythee, excuse me.

Janet. You are a coxcomb, a knave! *(To Ned.)*

Ned. None of your airs I'll have: *(To Janet.)*

I don't care for you that. *(Snaps his fingers)*

Har. What are you both at?

I'll ne'er rival you, though you abuse me.

Ned. I don't care if you do.

And, pray, who are you?

If you cross me again—

Janet. If he do, sir, what then?

Ned. Let him stay, and you'll see.

Janet. Oh! never mind he. *(To Harriet.)*

Stay, and brave him.

Har. Nay, pr'ythee, excuse me.

Now, Janet, consider; with Ned you are
joking;

To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.

Ned. A false-hearted girl! But I won't stand his
joking;

To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.
[Exeunt all but Frisk.]

Frisk. (Coming forward.) A pretty picture of rural simplicity!—*[Enter DICK.]*—So, Dick, you're returned.

Dick. Yes, I've slipped cable. And so your honour is cruising under false colours.

Frisk. Don't you blab, Dick; but you seem under false colours, too.

Dick. After a long voyage, I'd a mind to have a bit of a land cruise, by way of change; so, my brother Jack, who was the 'squire's foremast-man, being on the doctor's service, I volunteered into the service for him; and here I am cox'en of the Cockatoo cruiser.

Frisk. Commanded by Captain Strutt. Now, Dick, you can do me a service.

Dick. Can I? Wasn't I your honour's foster brother? and won't I go through fire, wind, and water, for you?

Frisk. You're an honest fellow, Dick: and now for the service I want performed. Scorem, of the Barley Mow, an empty, hollow-hearted tap-tuh, is going to rob a worthy farmer here of his lease: your master is his landlord, and you must manage—

Dick. To rake Scorem, and bring the farmer out of the enemy's wake.

Frisk. But here they come, and with them a lad: no, he has turned down the other path.

Dick. (Looking out.) That's the lad whose latitude my master ordered me to find. The 'squire thinks he's a girl that he is in chase of; and so,

mayhap, you can lend me a hand to put 'squire aboard the binnacle, too.

Frisk. A girl! So! an adventure! (*They retire.*)

Enter SCOREM and PADDOCK.

Sco. Why, really, friend Paddock, the 'squire's a queer fellow; and I wouldn't give into his vagaries. What have you to fear?

Frisk. (*Coming forward.*) A snake in the grass.

Sco. What do you mean?

Frisk. To scotch the snake.

Pad. (*To Frisk.*) Why, you be rather too hasty and interfering like. It don't become thee, under favour.

[fool or a knave.]

Frisk. It's a way I have, whenever I meet either a

Sco. One of which I suppose I am?

Frisk. No, not one—both.

Sco. You are an impertinent fellow! Come along, neighbour Paddock.

Frisk. Friend Paddock, he's a black sheep: you haven't one like him among all the fifty you keep on your farm.

Sco. (*Aside.*) Fifty! He knows more than he should. I'll go to the Manor House directly.—

Well, Paddock, if you mean to stop, I must go.

[*As Scorem goes off, Paddock is following, but is stopped by Frisk.*]

Frisk. Beware of that fellow; he's as false as his own measure. He's after mischief.

Pad. You be an odd kind of gentleman!—Neighbour Scorem—

[lad?]

Frisk. Is like his chalk, double. But where's the Dick. He pushed off the moment he saw you.

Pad. Ay, that be a fine lad; and have gone through a power of misfortunes: and she told my

Frisk. She! [dame—]

Pad. (*Confused.*) Odd rot'un! did I say she?

Frisk. Come, come; it is a girl; and a plan is on foot to do both you and her mischief. Old Barley Mow is at the bottom; but he shall have his score properly paid off.—[*Enter NED.*]

Ned. Dinner be ready, master.

Pad. Well, I'll just tell the reapers to strike, and then join you. [Exit.]

Frisk. Then we'll digest our business and the beefsteaks, at the same time.

Enter several Reapers, who join in the Finale.

FINALE.

We'll hold a cabinet council

O'er a beef-steak and brown ale;

And that's a foundation for argument

Too substantial to fail.

A bumper we'll fill to the honest myn,

We'll toast him again and again;

And confusion we'll drink to ev'ry rogue's

And pledge it like able men. [plan,

With a hob-nob, and a merry go round,

And we'll pull in ere reason fail;

For the stoutest man in the kingdom found

Must knock under to humming ale.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Paddock's Parlour.

PADDOCK, DAME PADDOCK, FRISK, and HARRIET, discovered.

Pad. (*To Frisk.*) But art sure thee art right? It be bad to take away a man's good name.

Dame. Good name, quotha? Scorem's good name be like his good ale—bad is the best of't.

Frisk. That he said so, I have two good witnesses, my ears; that he'll do so, I've a certain proof in his heart; and that he'll be foiled, I've a pretty good presentiment in my own. So, cast off care, get in your corn, and I promise you the jolliest harvest-home you have had since you was a farmer.

Pad. Thou speak'st as thee wishest. "Thy heart be good," as I say to my spouse; "but thy

head goes a wool-gathering," as my spouse do say to I.

Frisk. It will produce a golden fleece, then.

Pad. I wish it may prove so: however, t' cause ben't tried yet; law's unsartain; and I always think the two tails of a counsellor's wig be like plaintiff and defendant, their only dependance be t' lawyer's head. [Exit.]

Dame. He do seem rather narvousome; and if his kind heart do sink, mine will be too sorrowful to keep it up. [Exit, crying.]

Frisk. (*Aside.*) This Wilton little dreams of the rod I have in pickle for him. I wonder I haven't heard from lawyer Pross; sure, he never received the letter I sent him.—(*Seeing Harriet disconsolate.*) Why, Harry!

Har. Ah! Mr. Frisk, they have been my support, my preservers, and are the only friends I have.

Frisk. Come, come; don't be so unjust as to leave me out of the number. But I know all about

Har. Sir! [it: don't blush, now.]

Frisk. Madam!

Har. What do you mean?

Frisk. Mean! as if you couldn't guess. I wouldn't be thought impertinent; but do you think your disguise could deceive me?

Har. (*Affecting pique.*) Disguise, sir! I don't understand you. Though you may look upon me as a mere boy, I may convince you I am as much of a man as many—

Frisk. Who wear a woman's heart under a man's habit. It is useless to trifle; Wilton suspects you, and has laid a plan to get you into his power.

Har. Heaven shield me from that power! But, but—(*Conceals her face with agitation.*)

Frisk. Come, come, why in tears! you see I was in the secret, and—

Har. 'Twas unmanly, sir, to take me by surprise.

Frisk. By surprise, my dear girl! I know your sex; I honour all your sex; and I'll fight for you all: so, don't fear to put confidence in me, I will protect you.

Har. How can you protect me?

Frisk. By my head and my hands; plan with one, and fight with the other. But is this same buckram 'squire the man who occasioned your flight and disguise? [fly.]

Har. He is; and on whose account I must again

Frisk. Not while Frank Frisk stays in the village; I shall leave it myself soon, and then we will go together.

Har. Sir! upon my word you don't want for confidence; but I hope you will do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion.

Frisk. Oh! my dear, we'll have the parson's permission; for the moment I knew you, I determined to offer you my heart. [of esteem.]

Har. Inscribed like a Tunbridge toy: "a trifle

Frisk. Pretty encouragement! Yet might I but presume—

Har. Might you but presume! What have you been doing all this time? But were I inclined to return this extraordinary compliment to my understanding, there is an insurmountable objection,—you forget, sir, I am poor.

Frisk. So am I; and we shall match the better. Love and poverty, they say, don't agree; but the love that flies out of the window at the sight of poverty, deserves to have the door shut in his face. So, if you can accept the heart of a poor, eccentric fellow, who is, I hope, more fool than knave, there is my hand; if you reject it, there's a pond in the yard, and a pear-tree in the garden, and if I am fished for in the one, or plucked like a burgamy from the other, whose fault will it be?

Har. If your case be so desperate, it will require some consideration; and, perhaps, it is fortunate I am poor; or, really, rather than break your heart, I might, perhaps, be induced to pay—what am I

saying? Good b'ye: I must leave the place; and if we should never meet again—

Frisk. Remember, if you leave this place without me you'll break my heart, and (to an Attorney's Clerk who enters as Harriet goes off) I've a great mind to break your head.

Clerk. Then I should lay you by the heels. Is your name Paddock?

Enter PADDOCK.

Pad. That be my name.

Clerk. (Giving a paper.) There.

Pad. Well, sir, what be this?

Clerk. A common subpoena, *duces tecum*.

Pad. Dence take 'em! common enough, mayhap; but it be all Greek gibberish to I.

Clerk. 'Tis a notice to you to produce your lease in court at the trial of the action of Thrustout on the demise of Wilton, *versus* Holdfast; unless you wisely prefer letting judgment go by default. The deal won't hold water.

Pad. Hold water! Won't it hold the land for I?

Clerk. 'Tis good for nothing.

Pad. Why, it be a shameful thing, then: and what be I to do about it, sir?

Clerk. We are plaintiff's attorney, and can't advise.

Frisk. Now I can.

Clerk. Well, then, what would you advise?

Frisk. You to get out of this place, or I'll serve a writ of ejection on you. (Lifts up his foot.)

Clerk. Sir, I'll clear the court without executing any further writ of inquiry. [Exit.]

Pad. Why, now you will be hasty, sir: the young man were but doing his duty, and he couldn't help it.

Frisk. No more could I; my spleen rose, and my foot often rises with it; but let us take a turn round the field together, and consider what is to be done; I'm a bit of a lawyer myself, and you'll have my advice without a fee; and if it mislead you, it's no more than the advice you pay for often does.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A retired Landscape.

Enter WILTON and DICK.

Wil. Now, Dick, you must get in conversation with this Harry, and decoy him to the back of the manor-house, where Scorem will be waiting, disguised like a black—

Dick. And your honour would make a black of me, too.

Wil. What, sir?

Dick. Why, lookye, sir, I a'n't used to the smuggling service; in all proper duty, till the cruise be over, I'll obey, but I'll never disgrace the blue jacket I once wore by piracy.

Wil. You shall repent this.

Dick. I should repent t'other, I believe; and if we can't mess together without squalls, I'm ready to strike the flag, unrig, and take my discharge.

Wil. Go back to the manor-house and wait my pleasure.

Dick. With all hearts; steady in the rigging, staunch at my gun; but always steer clear of a lee-shore, your honour. [Exit.]

Wil. This rascal will betray me, so I'll ship him off, to use his own phrase: the girl I'll have, and I am doubly determined to punish Paddock for protecting her. The cause relative to Paddock's lease comes on to-day. Scorem's evidence ensures me success; then I'll turn Paddock out directly, and give the lease to him, because he's just such a convenient fellow as I want; and, 'faith! I must lose no time while the power is in my hands; for young Worthy, whom I never saw, prosecutes his cause against me so vigorously, to recover this ample estate, which has been so many years in our family, that such is the uncertainty of the law, I may not long be master of it. Yet Quibble's last letter assures me I'm safe, and—do my eyes deceive me? No—here comes Harriet—lucky opportunity! (Retires.)

Enter HARRIET, thoughtfully, with a bundle.

Har. Yes; I'm resolved, this night it shall be done: I must bid Frank adieu for ever; for an hour in this place is an age of terror, lest Wilton should secure me.

Wilton. (Seizing her.) Wilton has secured you; and now, madam, with me you return.

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, persecute me no longer; I never will be your's.

Enter FRISK.

Wil. You know me too well to suppose this nonsense will avail.

Frisk. Then, perhaps, this will. (Shewing his cane. To Harriet.) Return to Paddock's, and leave him to me. [Exit Har.]

Wil. Rascal! what do you mean?

Frisk. Excuse my rudeness; but I've a strange complaint in this arm; a kind of something that always puts it in motion whenever I see a scoundrel ill treat a woman.

Wil. This shall cost you dear. (Going off the way Harriet went.)

Frisk. (Stopping him, and pointing to the other side.) No, your road lies that way; the air of that field isn't good for your health.

Wil. Let me pass.

Frisk. Now, be advised.

Wil. Death and fury, sir! if you were a gentleman, I should know how to talk to you.

Frisk. No, you wouldn't; it would require a gentleman to do that. In one word, go that way, or—I feel it coming. (Shaking his cane.)

Wil. You shall answer for this, sir. [Exit.]

Frisk. (Calling after him.) I shall always be ready. This was a lucky rencontre; but I must watch him, that he may not go round and meet her again. [Exit.]

Enter NED.

Ned. Heyday! I met my rival, Harry, running as if he were bewitched; he seemed unhappy; I'm sorry for that, though he have stolen Janet's heart from me; for now I ha' recovered my own, and he may take her and welcome. I ha' done with the sex; for since she be false-hearted, I don't think there be a true one amongst 'em. I shall never forget when I brought her a riband from the fair.

SONG.—NED.

*I went to the fair with a heart all so merry,
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee!
And I bought a gay riband, as red as a cherry,
For the girl I lov'd best, and who vow'd to love me.
I return'd from the fair, gaily whistling and singing,
My true lover's knot I in triumph was bringing:
Oh! it wasn't for me that I heard the bells ringing;
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee!*

*I found she was false, though she promis'd me fairly,
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee;
And women, I trow, are like weathercocks; rarely
They're fix'd to one point, so coquettish they be.
My true lover's knot I away were now flinging,
I've done with the sex, will live single, and singing,
Oh! it wasn't for me, &c. [Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Paddock's Parlour.

Enter DAME PADDOCK.

Dame. Oh! dear heart! my poor man be gone to the 'sized about the lease; if he lose the cause it will go high to break his heart.—[Enter JANET.]—Janet, girl, why, what brings thee?

Janet. To ask and entreat, look you, that you will speak a good word for hur to Harry; and tell him it is creat shames and scandals to plague a poor girl, who has partialities and affections for him, look you.

SONG.—JANET.

*Ah! well-a-day!
Now may hur say,*

Hur for a husband must tarry:

Hur's young, and thought pretty,

Oh! 'tis a pity

That Ned hur e'er promis'd to marry.

In vain he comes after hur wooing,

In vain hurself Harry pursuing,

'Tis wailing and woe;

Hur must sigh, heigho!

And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Why did he come?

Sweet was hur home;

Care hur had never to parry:

Now all's melancholy,

Grieving and folly,

Ah! sure, to the grave 'twill hur carry.

Of her cruelty Ned is complaining,

Hurself suffers Harry's disdaining;

'Tis wailing and woe,

Hur must sigh, heigho!

And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Enter NED.

Ned. Love Harry! Then more shame for you, after all the promises you made to me; but I've done with you.

Dame. Two fools! (*To Janet.*) But if thee be'st so changeable, he'll have no bargain of thee, I warrant. (*Janet and Ned go up the stage.*)

HARRIET runs in with a bundle, and drops on a chair.

Har. Oh! dame, I have had such an escape! Wilton, notwithstanding my disguise, has discovered that I am the woman he persecutes.

Janet. Oh! bless hur conscience! hur is a woman.

Dame. There; now the secret be out; but if either of you blab, I'll never forgive you.

Ned. Never fear me, mistress. Now I shall be even with Miss Janet. (*Aside.*)

Har. Disguise is in vain now; all, all will be known. Save me from Wilton: exposed, as I have been, I shall, in this form, become a laughing-stock; in that bundle is the last female dress I ever wore; I will resume it, and wait the event with resignation.

Dame. Come, come, keep up thy spirits; never mind him; bless'ee, at thy age, if the best he that ever wore a head had been troublesome to me, he'd have met with his match, I warrant me.

[*Exit with Har.*

Janet. Well, it is full of wonders and marvels, look you. (*To Ned, who is going off.*)

Ned. Oh! you want to follow me now?

DUETT.—NED and JANET.

Ned. My heart is as free

As a bird on a tree,

Your days of vagary you've had 'em:

A nice thing you've made

Of your perjury trade;

Pack off to some other, good madam,

Pray, do.

Janet. 'Tis fitting to jeer,

And to flounce and to sneer,

But hur sex were all cruel from Adam:

But hur won't take it so,

And I'd have hur to know,

Mister Sir, hur was never a madam,

No, no.

Ned. You know it was base,

But I pity your case;

How the folks will be all of them joking!

And, then, by the way,

Such spiteful things say—

Poor Janet! it's very provoking!

Poor girl!

Janet. Hur's monstrous wise,

But hur'll tear out hur eyes:

Hur's come to a pass very pretty!

Pray, go, and who cares?

Hur an't at her last pray'rs.

Ned. Poor Janet, your trouble I pity,

I do.

Janet. Ay, insult her now, do, with your pity,

Pray, do.

SCENE IV.—A Village.

Enter FRISK, reading a letter.

Frisk. Brave news! and lawyer Pross will be here this day; what between law and love, I'm prettily perplexed; the terms are almost synonymous, and in either case, when it comes to an attachment, there's an end to the liberty of the subject.

Enter Constable.

Con. In the king's name, stand.

Frisk. I prefer walking.

Con. You mun walk wi' I, then; you are my prisoner, for salt and batter on the squire's honour.

Frisk. Now don't be importunate, or I may be troublesome.

Con. But you shall go. (*Collars him.*)

Enter DICK, dressed as a sailor, with a stick.

Dick. Belay; haul off your grappling irons, and heave a head.

Con. What, do you bring a rescate?

Dick. No; I bring a stick.

Con. Do you know that I represent the king?

Frisk. Then he's as ill represented as some of his people.

Enter PROSS, booted and spurred. Frisk puts his finger on his mouth, to indicate secrecy.

Pross. Ah! my worthy friend, glad to meet with you; have scoured the whole place for you; in a great hurry to be off again; so, come along.

Con. No; he mun go along.

Pross. Why, what's the matter?

Frisk. A trille: a gentleman was impertinent, and I was impatient; he wanted a congé, and I offered him a cane; that's all. (*Dick whispers to Frisk.*)

Pross. I'll undertake for him.

Con. Why, what be an undertaker to do in this business?

Pross. An undertaker, fellow? I'm Peter Pross, attorney at law, and I'll answer for his appearance.

Con. No; he mun appear to answer for himself.

Frisk. You astonish me, Dick; then there's no time to lose. (*To Constable.*) My good fellow, I'll go where you please; but first go with me. You, Dick, keep aloof a bit, you'll know your cue.

[*Exeunt all but Dick.*

Dick. Ay, ay, your honour! never miss signal. (*Looking at his dress.*) Now I feel as I used to do: I've parted company with the squire; and this rigging makes me look something like again: why, in his livery, I was like a British bottom with French colours. He thought to frighten me, by talking of a discharge; but he'd got hold of the wrong man. A true seaman is never frightened at a squall; and if he be set adrift, why he works his way as well as as he can.

AIR.—DICK.

We tars have a maxim, your honours, d'ye see,

To live in the same way we fight;

We never give in, and when running a lee,

We pipe hands the vessel to right.

It may do for a lubber to snivel and that,

If by chance on a shoal he be cast;

But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,

Pulls away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,

In which storms and calms take their turn;

If 'tis storm, why we bustle; if calm, then we booze;

All taught from the stem to the stern;

Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,

Would say, to the cable stick fast;

And whether the anchor be cast, or a-peak,

Pull away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Paddock's Parlour.*

PADDOCK and DAME PADDOCK discovered.

Pad. Yes, dame, it be all over, sure enough; 'squire ha' gotten the day; and Scorem, for his villany, will get the lease.

Dame. Well, well, keep up thy spirits; we have a little left, and we can still work. I feel most for the poor girl, who is up stairs, crying; and do look like an angel in her own clothes. (*Knock at the door.*)

Pad. Come in. [*Enter the Attorney's Clerk.*] O, you be here already, be you? but "ill weeds come quick," as I say to my spouse; and "there be no shaking off troublesome companions," as my spouse do say to I.

Clerk. You must all turn out; the landlord and the new tenant are coming.

Dame. Hey! what, Scorem? If a comes near me—

Pad. Nay, nay, dame; don't lose thy temper, and be a fool, because he be a knave: we mun turn out, what then? John Paddock may hold up his head where they will be ashamed to shew their faces. Come, wife, come; why do'ee be foolish and cry for! have a good heart, and bear it like I; (*half crying*) heigho! If I did but keep fifty sheep, t'farm be as good again as when I took it: but this be law.

Clerk. Yes; the very letter of the law

Pad. Then it be black letter, and justice couldn't read it.

Enter WILTON.

Wil. Mr. Paddock, you guess the nature of my visit here?

Pad. Yes, yes! you ha' done your worst, and I am ready to turn out as soon as the law requires. For "the weakest goes to the wall," as I say to my spouse; and "needs must, when the devil drives," as my spouse says to I.

Enter HARRIET, in female dress.

Wil. (*Aside, seeing her.*) She's here! and no longer in disguise. (*Attempts to seize Harriet; Paddock catches up his whip, and stands between them.*)

Pad. Stand off! stand off! She be under my protection. (*Scorem disarms Paddock.*)

Dame. (*To Scorem, and catching up the poker.*) Ah! do'ee touch him, do'ee. (*Wilton seizes Harriet*)

Har. Will nothing but my destruction, and that of these worthy people, to whom I owe my life, content you?

Wil. I seek your happiness, and to give you an opportunity of returning their kindness; there is a new lease, with blanks for the tenant's name; consent to return to town with me, and I will insert Paddock's, and leave him in possession of the farm.

Pad. Doan'tee consider us—pray doan'tee, miss; we should never thrive in the farm.

Dame. Doan'tee, miss, pray; I'll go down on my knees to thee—

Har. I will never insult my protectors, by supposing they would profit by my dishonour. I am of age, sir; your power over me ceases, and I defy it.

Wil. Then you have decided their fate. Give me the lease. (*Signs it.*) Now insert Scorem's name. (*To the Clerk, who writes.*) And now, sir, (*to Paddock*) you quit the premises.

Pad. Mun we be thrust out like vagabonds?

Enter FRISK.

Frisk. Never, while Frank Frisk is near to protect you.

Pad. What canst thee do, foolish man? our cup of affliction be full.

Frisk. Then we'll make his honour drink it. Harriet in tears? Harkye! sir, (*to Wilton*), how have you dared to insult that incomparable girl?

Wil. I expected you was in custody, sir.

Frisk. Yes, and here's my hail.

Enter PROSS.

Wil. Pross, the attorney!

Pross. Yes, Peter Pross; old Quibble, as I told you he would, deceived you: 'tis all up—decree pronounced against you.

Wil. What, sir?

Pross. (*Takes out a newspaper, and reads.*) *Worthy versus Wilton.* The long depending cause relative to the valuable estate of Golden Acres is at last decided in favour of the plaintiff, Worthy; and all the leases given by the defendant, Wilton, are void; who has, likewise, to pay up a long list of arrears, &c. &c.

Pross. Here, sir, is the legal instrument, (*shews a parchment*) by virtue of which we act.

Wil. Confound you all!

Pad. (*To Scorem, who has the lease in his hand.*) Your lease, Master Scorem, be not a long one.

Dame. Mayhap, he'd like to have it renewed. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter DICK.

Dick. So his honour has bilged at last. (*Frisk and Harriet talk apart.*)

Pad. (*To Pross.*) And, pray, who be landlord now, sir?

Pross. Francis Worthy, Esquire, and there he is. (*Points to Frisk.* All amazed but Dick.)

Dick. Yes, yes; the false colours are hauled down, and the true blue hoisted.

Pad. Be that Mr. Worthy? I do humbly beg your honour's pardon for all the freedoms we have taken with one another; but we were all in the dark; and "ignorance be excusable," as I say to my spouse; and "a fool's tongue do run before his wit," as my spouse do say to I.

Frisk. Freedoms! Why you made me free of the dining parlour, when old Trust-to-morrow shut the door in my face.

Scot. I'm sure if I'd known who your honour was—

Frisk. You would have told me of the clause in the lease; you're a black sheep, and I mean to shear

Scot. Your honour won't turn me out! [*you.*]

Frisk. But my honour will, I assure you.

Scot. Then that (*snapping his fingers*) for your honour; stand out of the way. (*Pushes against the Clerk, who follows him out.*)

Frisk. Now, friend Paddock, rest happy under your old roof; your rent shall be reduced; Ned and Janet shall have the Barley Mow; and Dick shall be brought into safe moorings in tow. And now, Harriet, may I hope?

Dame. Do'ee, miss, bless'ee, do'ee.

Har. (*To Frisk.*) As you certainly are entitled to some consideration—(*Starts and looks behind her, affecting fright.*) Bless me! I thought Wilton was there! So, to make myself secure, and (*to Frisk*) to save you from the pond or the pear-tree, I fancy I must e'en consent—(*Gives her hand.*)

Frisk. Say you so? then all shall be jubilee.

Pad. And I wish you may be as happy as My Spouse and I.

FINALE.

Frisk. Guilt detected, worth rewarded,

Still a care obscures our view.

May approval be accorded?

Sovereign lords, we bow to you.

(*To the Audience.*)

Har. What fears annoy

The farmer's boy!

Ah! kindly smile them all away.

Pad. Your smiles, when won,

Shall be our sun,

And we'll, while sun shines, make our hay.

Dick. A sailor rough, on ocean bred,

Would favour ax, but knows not how.

Ned. And pray, your worships, honour Ned,

With favours at the Barley Mow.

Cho. Guilt detected, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

PAUL AND VIRGINIA;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN TROPIC
PAUL
DIEGO

ANTONIO
DOMINIQUE
ALAMBRA

VIRGINIA
JACINTHA
MARY

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Wood and Cottage.

Enter PAUL.

AIR.

*See, from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day;
Yon grove's gay songs shall slumbers
From Virginia chase away.*

VIRGINIA appears at the cottage window.

DUETT.

Vir. *Though from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day,
Alas! the hour of meeting
Awhile we must delay.
Yet awhile retiring—hence, away!*

Paul. *My absence if desiring, I obey.*

[*Virginia disappears.*
Paul. When will the tedious hour arrive, destined
to explain my doom!

Enter JACINTHA from the cottage.

Jac. Paul, Paul!

Paul. Well, Jacinta, what tidings?

Jac. Virginia requests you to depart for the present. Dominique will be punctual to the appointed hour; but it is not yet arrived. Pray, retire. See, the young women and the children of the island approach, to offer congratulations to Virginia on her birth-day.

[*Exit Paul.*

Enter MARY, and several young women with garlands of flowers.

CHORUS.

*Haste, my companions, here to pay
Our debt of gratitude to worth,
With song and dance to hail the day,
That gave the fair Virginia birth.*

*Sweet flow'rets, while you shed perfume,
And while each wreath her goodness tells;
Here, like her cheeks, where roses bloom,
Shall beauty mark where virtue dwells.*

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Heyday! what mumming is here? What fool's holiday is this?

Mary. Fool's holyday, indeed! it ought to be a holyday throughout the island. It is the birth-day of Virginia; the amiable, the excellent Virginia! Every heart acknowledges her goodness, every tongue proclaims it.

Diego. Ay, I have heard of her, though I have never seen her.

Women. Then you must have heard that deeds of charity are her delight.

Diego. Charity, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! An orphan, poor and friendless, to boast of charity.

Women. You may deem her poor, because she subsists on the gain of her modesty: but friendless she can never be while gratitude lives in the hearts of all around her.

Diego. But if the girl have no money, whence comes her charity?

Mary. From a rich treasury—her own beneficent heart. Her kindness smooths the brow of age, and lightens the burthen of calamity; her example encourages every one to be content with their own lot.

Diego. Well, I shall soon be better acquainted with her; for I must search her dwelling.

Mary. Search the cottage of Virginia?

Diego. Yes; for a runaway slave, named Alambra; a young rogue who belonged to my master, the English planter, Captain Tropic.

Mary. Oh! do not let a rude footstep intrude on the abode of innocence.

Diego. And so, you repay your obligation with a few trumpery flowers: a cheap way of shewing your gratitude. Ha, ha, ha! I will go in.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Women. Bold intruder, hence away,
Let no rude act profane this day:
'Tis Virginia's natal day.

Diego. Hence, ye idle pack, away!
Instead of hard and healthy labour,
Jigging to the pipe and tabor,
Serenading—masquerading—
Go home, go home, and work, I say.

Women. Against decorum—'tis a sin—

Diego. Let me pass—I will go in.

Women. With these flowery wreaths to-day
Our debts of gratitude we pay;
Your flinty heart can nothing feel—

Diego. You pay your debts with what you steal.

Enter DOMINIQUE from the house.

Dom. Ah! my pretty lasses, here ye are: come, according to annual custom, to congratulate my dear young mistress on her birth-day. You all look remarkably handsome this morning: but I don't wonder at it. Beauty shines with redoubled lustre when lighted up by a kind and benevolent heart. I must salute you all round: I promised to do so last year: it is our duty to perform a promise, and I always endeavour to do my duty. (*Salutes the women.*) And see, Virginia appears at the window to invite her kind visitors.

VIRGINIA opens a window, and makes signs to the Women to enter the cottage; they go in, and Diego is following them, when Dominique stops him.

Whither are you going, friend?

Diego. Into that house.

Dom. Upon whose invitation?

Diego. I am in search of a slave, who has run away from my master, and who may, perhaps, be concealed there.

Dom. That cottage belongs to Virginia; her character should silence your suspicions. Be assured the slave you seek is not there.

Diego. Stand aside, and let me pass.

Dom. Look ye, friend, I always do my duty; I am naturally a merry fellow, and tolerably good-natured, but if you persist, I must knock you down, I must, indeed; I must do my duty.

Diego. Your duty!

Dom. Yes; Virginia has no parents, no relations to protect her. I lived as a servant with Virginia's father when she was born. He died when she was an infant: her mother, when she was on her death-bed, bequeathed this her only daughter to my protection; and I will protect her while this arm can do its duty.

Diego. Do you mean to strike me?

Dom. Not I, indeed, except you oblige me to do so. My hand, at any time, would rather greet a friend than conquer an enemy. As I told you before, I am naturally a merry fellow: a song or dance will make me skip as if my nerves were fiddle-strings. My heels are light, for my heart is light, 'tis not encumbered with a bad conscience; and when I lay my hand on it, and say I have always endeavoured to do my duty, it won't contradict me.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha! Virginia is fortunate in having such a slave.

Dom. A slave! No, no; I am, indeed, her servant; nay, I will be bold enough to say, her friend; but I am no slave, for I have British blood in my veins.

Diego. Indeed!

Dom. Yes; I am told my father was an English sailor, who, being above vulgar prejudices, admired a black beauty. I was born in this island, and the sun gave a gentle tinge to my complexion to mark me as a favourite; so good morning to you. [*Exit Diego.*] The whole island, blacks and whites, will

rejoice in the happiness of the lovers: every negro, as he passes them, will shew his white teeth, and nod in salutation, Ackee O! Ackee O! ay, and the negroes will remember them in their songs when they dance by moonlight, like so many black fairies.

SONG.—DOMINIQUE.

*When the moon shines o'er the deep,
Ackee O! Ackee O!*

*And whisker'd dons are fast asleep,
Snoring, fast asleep,
From their huts the negroes run,
Ackee O! Ackee O!*

*Full of frolic, full of fun,
Holiday to keep.*

*Till morn they dance the merry round,
To the sife and cymbal.*

*See, so brisk,
How they frisk,*

Airy, gay, and nimble!

*With gestures antic,
Joyous, frantic,*

*They dance the merry round,
Ackee O! Ackee O!*

To the cymbal's sound.

*Black lad whispers to black lass,
Ackee O! Ackee O!*

*Glances sly between them pass,
Of beating hearts to tell.*

*Tho' no blush can paint her cheek,
Ackee O! Ackee O!*

*Still her eyes the language speak
Of passion quite as well.*

Till morn, &c.

Enter PAUL.

Paul. Well, Dominique, here I am, all curiosity, all expectation. You know I am yet ignorant of Virginia's history and my own. You have promised to satisfy my curiosity.

Dom. Now it becomes my duty. Know, then, that Virginia's mother was of a noble family in Spain.

Enter MARY from the cottage.

Mary. Dominique!

Dom. Unluckily! there is my wife; she knows the story by this time, and envies me the pleasure of telling it. (*To Mary.*) Leave us to ourselves but one minute, I entreat you.

Paul. Oh! Dominique, my anxiety—

Dom. Shall be gratified. Virginia's mother was, as I told you, of a noble family in Spain, who cast her off from their protection on her marrying my master, a young merchant of inferior birth. Deserted by their friends, he retired to a small plantation in this island; but one misfortune succeeded another, and he soon died of a broken heart, leaving his wife and infant in poverty and distress.

Paul. Without a protector, without a friend!

Dom. Without a friend! No, young man, I hope I knew my duty better.

Paul. Forgive my impatience, I was in the wrong.

Mary. (*Coming forward.*) Not at all in the wrong; who can keep their patience to hear him talk so slow?

Dom. That is a reproach, Mary, which I cannot retort upon you. Paul, hitherto you have believed Virginia to be your sister; but she is not your sister.

Paul. Indeed! were not Virginia's parents mine?

Dom. And Mary. No.

Paul. To whom, then, do I owe my birth?

Mary. To poor Margaret. [*tress.*]

Dom. Who was a faithful domestic to my mistress. And passed for your nurse.

Dom. (*To Mary.*) Now your story is at an end; you know no more.

Paul. And my father?

Dom. Really I cannot tell who he was, for I

never heard myself; but console yourself; if your ignorance in that respect is a misfortune, you are not single in it. [end.]

Mary. (To Dom.) And now your story is at an end. Not yet.

Paul. Virginia no longer my sister! A thousand emotions rise in my bosom—but, why was the secret of my birth kept for fifteen years, and why disclosed on this day?

Dom. (To Mary.) You can't answer that—I can. You must know that my poor mistress, on her death-bed, conjured me to sanction the deceit until Virginia should attain her fifteenth year.

Mary. Well, and she's fifteen this day.

Dom. If, at that period, no news from her family in Spain should arrive—

Mary. And no news from Spain has arrived.

Dom. I was at liberty to explain the secret of your birth, and to add the blessings of Virginia's mother to your union.

Paul. Kind Dominique! invaluable friend! let me fly to Virginia.

Dom. I have already acquainted her with the whole story.

Enter, from the cottage, the young women with VIRGINIA; all go off except Paul and Virginia.

Paul. Why that averted look, my dear Virginia? do you not share in my joy, my transport, at this discovery?

Vir. Indeed I do: my affection for you commenced with my life, and can only end with it. The first word my infant lips pronounced was your beloved name; and when my eyes opened to the light of heaven, my heart opened to love.

Paul. Oh! Virginia, my happiness seems too great to be real.

SONG.—PAUL.

*Vast is the swelling tide of joy,
Too mighty bliss abounding;
Do not, ye powers, with sweets destroy—
Each yielding sense confounding.
Thus, from the dungeon's gloom restor'd,
The captive courts the sudden light;
Shrinks from the blessing he ador'd,
And hides in shades his dazzled sight.*

Enter ALAMBRA from behind the cottage.

Alam. Pity, pity the miserable Alambra! Oh! compassionate a wretched creature forced by ill usage to escape from a neighbouring plantation.

Paul. How! a runaway negro!

Alam. For several days the neighbouring forest has sheltered me from my pursuers; but, alas! I dared not venture from my hiding-place to implore charity, till famine rendered me desperate—I faint with hunger.

Paul. Poor wretch! thou hast, indeed, suffered for thy errors,

Vir. We must forget his errors in his misery. Let us thank heaven, my dear Paul, for having again afforded us the satisfaction of relieving a fellow-creature in distress.

Paul. Unfortunate victim of avarice! Alas! you know the strict laws of this island will not allow us to afford you shelter in our abode. What misfortune tempted you to the rashness of deserting your master's service!

Alam. Oppression, cruel oppression; not exerted on my own person, but on my helpless sister. Our parents died on board the ship which tore us from our native country; we were left helpless and deserted orphans.

Vir. Paul, do you mark this? We are orphans, and know how to pity.

Alam. I thought myself too happy that our lot was to serve the same master. We were purchased for a planter named Tropic.

Paul. His principal servant, Diego, was in search of you this morning.

Alam. It is of his cruel servant I complain. For some time my strength and activity enabled me not only to perform my own task with cheerfulness, but to assist in that portion of labour allotted to my sister. This was discovered by Diego, and he chastised me with stripes.

Vir. How wretched must be the reflections of that bad man!

Alam. I bore my punishment with fortitude; but the next hour, alas!—hearts like your's will scarcely give credit to the tale—the next hour, I saw my gentle sister sink under the lash of my tormentor. Madness seized my brain. I struck the cruel Diego to the ground.

Paul. Heaven stamped that energy in your heart, which raised your avenging arm.

Vir. (To Paul.) Cannot we intercede with this poor slave's master to forgive him! What, though he may be a man of high rank, and we cannot speak to him eloquently, surely no eloquence is required to plead the cause of nature.

Paul. Virginia, we feel the impulse of a guardian power: let us obey it.

Alam. (Falling on his knees.) He who implanted mercy in your breasts will thank you for me.

Paul. Take some refreshment in this cottage, and then lead the way to your plantation.

Alam. Across that mountain lies our path; it is rugged and difficult.

Vir. Fear not for me. Sure, endeavours to relieve this poor slave will be our best acknowledgment of the debt we owe to heaven.

[*Exeunt into the cottage all but Jacintha.*]

Jac. Innocent and happy pair! love reigns in their hearts, and prepares them to enjoy every blessing around them.

SONG.—JACINTHA.

*Glorious the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley display each gay hue;
Graceful the orange-grove waves in slow motion,
With joy, as it hails the fresh morning in view.*

*Yet vainly her beauties shall nature impart,
But for love's cheering sunshine that reigns in the heart,
All is delight if kind love lend his aid;
And all is despair, if fond hopes be betray'd.*

*Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's song;
Bright is the moon-beam, the streamlet adorning,
While o'er the smooth pebbles it wanders along.*

Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

SCENE II.—A Room in Tropic's house.

Enter TROPIC and DIEGO.

Diego. Well, sir, you are master, to be sure, and must be obeyed; but still I say you are wrong, very wrong.

Tropic. What, haven't I authority over my own plantation? Haven't I absolute power over my slaves? Yes, I have; and I choose to shew that power by rendering them as happy as I can. It is a fancy of mine, and no one shall control me in it.

Diego. And so, they are to have another holiday?

Tropic. Yes, and a proper allowance of grog to make them happy; I love grog myself, it often makes me happy.

Diego. Ah! sir, the plantation was differently managed before you had it. But, really, I am sorry to say, you Englishmen do not understand how to deal with slaves; your own country affords you no practice that way.

Tropic. No, Diego, it is the boast of Britons, that from the moment a slave imprints his footstep on our shore,—the moment he breathes the air of the land of freedom,—he becomes free.

Diego. Ay, there's the pity; so that makes you spoil your slaves here in the West Indies.

Tropic. No, I do not spoil them.

Diego. You consider them—

Tropic. As men. And I will say, for the credit of mankind, whether black or white, I have seldom found a heart so perverse as to be insensible of the treatment of humanity and kindness; but your discipline is so rigid, Diego, I am not satisfied as to the story of Alambra. [rogue.

Diego. Alambra is an impudent, good-for-nothing

Tropic. Well, well, but—

Diego. And a runaway, a deserter, eloped from your service. [be punished.

Tropic. A deserter! true, so he is; he ought to

Diego. And shall, if I catch him; he ran away because he would not work.

Tropic. That's bad; every one who eats his allowance ought to work for it. I am an old seaman, and I hate a skulker. Mankind are brother sailors through the voyage of life, 'tis our duty to assist each other: 'tis true, we have different stations; some on the quarter-deck, and others before the mast; or else how could the vessel sail? But the cause of society is a common cause, and he that won't lend a hand to keep the vessel in a sailing trim, heave him overboard to the sharks, I say.

Diego. You are a true sailor, i'faith!

Tropic. Yes, my native country is my ship, and I am proud to call her Great Britain. Long may she ride like a peerless first-rate, the queen of the ocean, with a gallant crew and a beloved commander.

SONG.—TROPIC.

Our country is our ship, d'ye see,

A gallant vessel, too;

And of his fortune proud is he,

Who's of the Albion's crew.

Each man, whate'er his station be,

When duty's call commands,

Should take his stand,

And lend a hand,

As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,

We quarrel—make a rout;

And having nothing else to do,

We fairly scold it out.

But once the enemy in view,

Shake hands, we soon are friends;

On the deck,

Till a wreck,

Each the common cause defends. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The outside of Tropic's house, with a view of a sugar plantation. Some Slaves appear to have just left work.*

Enter PAUL, VIRGINIA, and ALAMBRA.

Alam. At length we are arrived at my master Tropic's plantation; and see, my young friends, there he is at a distance. Now, kind Virginia, plead for me.

Vir. I will, if—if—I can find spirits to perform the task; but my courage fails me just when I most want it.

Alam. Oh! do not forsake me in this extremity. Retire a moment and collect yourself. (*They retire. Paul likewise retires and converses with some of the slaves.*)—[Enter TROPIC and DIEGO.]

Diego. There, sir, I told you so; now your own eyes will convince you. There is Alambra; who has the assurance to come into your presence with some vagabond companions.

Tropic. Bring him hither, (*Diego going to seize Alambra.*)

Alam. Oh! spare me. (*Paul rushes forward and draws his sword to defend Alambra against Diego, who desists.*) [tion?

Tropic. Bold youth, what means this presumption?

AIR.—PAUL.

Boldly I come, to plead the cause

Of nature and of truth;

Oh! let your heart own nature's laws:

Redress this injur'd youth.

Diego. Don't credit what they say. Don't listen to that girl; she'll make you believe anything she pleases.

Tropic. I am resolute.

Diego. I wish you would turn your eyes this way. You should not trust yourself even to look upon Virginia.

Tropic. Is this Virginia?

AIR.—VIRGINIA.

Ah! could my falt'ring tongue impart

The tale of woe that pains my heart,

Then in vain I should not crave

Your pity for a wretched slave.

The injur'd ne'er in vain address'd,

In plaints of woe, a Briton's breast:

Compassion ever marks the brave:

Oh! pity, then, your wretched slave.

Ah! could, &c.

(*During the air, Tropic converses with Paul; Diego watches his countenance anxiously; Tropic looks fiercely at Diego: when Virginia has finished her song, she goes to Alambra, who is kneeling, and takes him by the hand.*)

Tropic. Alambra, you have been wronged; but you shall have ample justice. *Diego!*

Paul. (*To Tropic.*) Mark his countenance: how timid is guilt! [*Diego sneaks off.*

Tropic. The knave shall answer for this. What do I owe to you, children of truth? Simple nature spoke forcibly to your hearts. Distress of a fellow-creature was a claim too powerful to be resisted. Regardless of every personal danger, you boldly preferred a complaint against a wretch, at whose power of revenge you might have trembled. And I—I, who had been made an innocent accomplice of this man's guilt, might have still wandered in the paths of oppression and injustice, had I not been rescued by the courageous virtue of these poor children.

CHORUS OF NEGROES.

Oh! bless'd for ever be this day,

When charity asserts her sway:

When beauty, generous as fair,

Deems not the slave beneath her care;

And bids the beams of mercy smile

Upon the suffering sons of toil!

[*The Slaves, who, from the moment Alambra was pardoned, have testified their joy and gratitude, have now prepared a chair composed of bamboos and branches of trees, in which they seat Virginia, and carry her on their shoulders.* Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Virginia's cottage.

Enter DOMINIQUE and ALAMBRA.

Alam. Paul and Virginia bade me say, that in a few hours you will see them. My master, the English planter, overwhelms them with kindness, and insists upon escorting them part of the way home.

Dom. Hark! what noise is that? (*Firing of guns heard. He goes out and returns.*) A ship is arrived, and from Spain. (*Looking out.*) A sailor comes on shore with letters. We may have some news.

Enter a Sailor.

Welcome on shore, my lad; any letter for Virginia?

Sailor. Virginia? No.

Dom. Well, they are not much to be expected. As for Paul, I imagine there can be none for him.

Sailor. No. [am.

Dom. He is as much unknown in Europe as I

Sailor. But here's a letter for one Dom—Domi—

Dom. For whom?

Alam. Dominique?

Sailor. Ay, Dominique. Perhaps you are the

man.

Dom. I am the map. [*Takes the letter. Exit Sailor.*] But, a letter for me! Who would write to me? I am unknown in Europe. I know nobody: nobody knows me. (*Reads the superscription.*) Addressed to the faithful Dominique. (*Opens the letter.*) From Donna Leonora de Guzman, Virginia's aunt. (*Reads.*) "*Faithful Dominique, your character for honesty and fidelity are not unknown to me. Tell Virginia that I now acknowledge her as my niece; that the errors of her family are forgotten, and that she is sole heiress of my wealth.*"

Alam. Virginia rich! How many people she will make happy!

Dom. Do I dream? Do I really read this under the hand of Donna Leonora?

Alam. Oh! don't talk, but read the letter.

Dom. Ay, here is a postscript, sure enough. (*Reads.*) "*Prepare Virginia to receive this sudden good news, and to receive Don Antonio de Guardes, my particular friend, who comes a passenger in this ship. He will deliver my letters to my niece, and explain the whole of my favourable intentions towards her.*"

Alam. Oh, joy! Oh, delight! Happy will Paul and Virginia be.

Dom. See, they are bringing presents for her. I suppose the Don will be here himself soon.

Alam. I'll run back to Virginia immediately, and tell her—

Dom. What will you tell her?

Alam. Why, that there is fine news arrived; and a fine gentleman is arrived; and has brought fine presents; and—

Dom. Take care you don't blander in the business. In the first place, you give Virginia this letter—now mind my instructions, and tell her—

DUETT.—DOMINIQUE and ALAMBRA.

Dom. *Don Antonio's come,
Just arriv'd from Spain;
And soon, in a devil of a hurry, it should seem,
Will he go home again.*

Alam. *What pleasure, what delight,
To see this charming sight!*

Fal, la, de ral!

Such gold and jewels bright!

Dom. *Why, the plague won't you learn your lesson?
Now attend to what I say—*

Alam. *All the rest leave me to guess on;
Give me the letter, pray.*

Dom. *Listen to me, pray—*

Alam. *No more you need to say.*

Dom. *Hear but what I say—*

Alam. *Adieu! I must away.*

Alam. *Come, good Dominique,
I'll now Virginia seek, [ceive;
The letter give, and your commands I will re-
I'm all attention—speak.*

Dom. *I know my time to talk,
That's over—you may walk;
And so, with your fal, de ral!
You now may go your way.*

Alam. *Will you, then, withhold the letter?
Come, now—good now—don't refuse.*

Dom. *On second thoughts, I think I'd better
Tell her myself the news.*

Alam. *Listen to me, pray—*

Dom. *You now may go your way,
With your fal, de ral!*

Alam. *Adieu! I must away.*

Dom. *Hear but what I say.*

[*In the course of the duett Alambra snatches the letter and exit.*]

Enter DON ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Dom. This must be Don Antonio.

Ant. Sebastian, send my message to the governor. I must pay my respects to him immediately, or not at all. I shall be on board to-morrow morning.

Dom. (*Aside.*) On board to-morrow morning!

Ant. On my arrival here to-day, I find a ship bound for Spain to-morrow; and, as I hate to lose time, I shall take the opportunity of returning. Virginia can have no objection. She will be overjoyed at going to Spain!

Dom. My lord, did I hear you aright? Virginia to go to Spain?

Ant. Yes, to be sure. Virginia returns to Spain with me, who am her lover to-day, and her husband to-morrow, as her aunt's letter will explain to her.

Dom. Don Antonio, what you propose is impossible.

Ant. Ay, ay; why so? [other.

Dom. Virginia's affections are engaged to an-

Ant. Another! Ha, ha, ha! You are a person of interest in this family, and I must purchase your friendship. [your's.

Dom. It is not to be bought in such a cause as

Ant. Insolent slave!

Dom. You will permit me to withdraw?

Ant. No.

Dom. You insult an inferior. I am sorry you do not remember what is due to your station. Were I equally forgetful of mine,—

Ant. And this impertinence you mistake for independence of mind?

Dom. I hope I do not mistake it. He who is idle or dissipated must ever be dependant; for his folly renders him the slave of others. Independence is not confined to any situation; it is the reward granted by heaven to industry and frugality.

Ant. 'Sdeath! am I to be braved thus? (*Offers to strike him.*)

Dom. Hold, my lord; beware of a blow. All distinctions of rank and stations sink before a blow. Remember, it is an appeal to manhood, that would at once proclaim us to be equals. My sinews are strengthened by toil; and although I wish to decline the contest, believe me, I do not fear it. [*Exit.*]

Seb. My lord, your impatience will ruin everything. Dominique will apprise the lovers of your intentions, and you will have to dare all the fury of a jealous rival.

Ant. Be it so. I cannot stoop to dissemble.

Seb. Nor is it necessary. You shall dissemble by deputy. I will take that task upon myself, and will persuade Dominique that all you have said was to prove his fidelity; and that your errand to this island is to unite Paul and Virginia, with the consent of her aunt, Donna Leonora.

Ant. But to what purpose lose all this time?

Seb. To lull suspicion to sleep, and to enable you to carry off Virginia this night.

Ant. My dear Sebastian!

Seb. The governor has sent an answer to your message, and is now expecting you.

Ant. Well?

Seb. Let the governor see the letters written to Virginia by her aunt, they will shew your authority for carrying her to Spain.

Ant. I have the letters here.

Seb. And request assistance from the governor; guards to convey her on board of ship, and to secure Paul from obstructing our scheme.

Ant. Admirably planned! [nique.

Seb. Then leave me to manage our friend Dominique. While I obtain an audience of the governor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A pleasant Country, with Tropic's plantation.*

Enter PAUL, JACINTHA, ALAMBRA, and VIRGINIA, who is supported in a seat on the shoulders of the Negroes as before. The Negroes place the seat on the ground, while Alambra, in dumb shew, seems to explain to Paul and Virginia the news, &c. of Antonio's arrival. A dance of Negroes.

Paul. Thanks to my generous friends.

[*Exit Negroes.*]

Vir. Return to my cottage, Alambra, and let the rest of our simple fare be prepared to greet the noble stranger. [*Exit Alambra.*]

Paul. And is the wealthy Virginia still resolved to unite herself with a lover so poor, so humble?
Vir. Can Paul venture to offend Virginia with such a question?

Jac. Reserve your love speeches for some other situation. The echoes hereabouts are very communicative, and may, perhaps, tell more than you intend shall be known.

TRIO.—PAUL, VIRGINIA, and JACINTHA.

*When tell-tale echoes whisper around,
The lover with prudence arming,
Then timid love retires from the sound,
Each whisper his caution alarming:
But when a lover echoes your sigh,
That's not amiss, if no stranger is nigh.
The sweet response of love—the sigh!
Oh! that is the echo most charming!
The sweet response I love, &c.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Virginia's cottage.

DOMINIQUE and SEBASTIAN discovered.

Dom. Why, you don't say so?

Seb. I assure you of the fact. My master, Don Antonio, was resolved to try whether you merited the character given you by Donna Leonora.

Dom. And he did try me pretty effectually, to be sure.

Seb. He admires your strength of mind.

Dom. I faith! he had very nearly experienced my strength of body; for never in my life did I find my hands so inclined to mutiny. Oh! my dear Paul,

Enter PAUL.

let me never hear that fortune is blind; if she were so formerly, she has recovered her sight at last, and rewarded virtue.

Paul. My faithful Dominique!

SONG.—PAUL.

*A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to splendour tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.
That blessing, ye powers, still be it my lot,
The choicest of gifts from above;
Deep fixed in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.*

*Whate'er my condition why should I repine?
By poverty never distress'd;
Exulting I feel what a treasure is mine:
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.*

That blessing, &c.

Enter DON ANTONIO. Paul brings in VIRGINIA and JACINTHA.

Vir. My lord, I do not apologise for this humble abode; peace and virtue have dwelt here; and, by superior minds, like your's, honoured will be the roof that has given shelter to such guests.

Ant. Charming Virginia! how would Donna Leonora be delighted in beholding you add grace to the ornaments which her fondness presents to you.

Vir. Ah! my lord, how shall I express my gratitude for her affection! In this cottage, fifteen years ago, my exiled mother gave me birth. In this cottage, to-day, you announce to me the parental fondness, the cherished blessings, of a second mother.

Ant. This girl is an angel. (*Aside to Seb.*)

Seb. (*Aside to Ant.*) Granted; but it may be not quite so convenient to inform Paul that you think her so.

Ant. (*Aside to Seb.*) I have seen the governor, and shewn him Donna Leonora's letters; he consents to my plan, and I expect a guard presently to enforce his orders in consequence.

Vir. Aid me, my dear Paul, to express all the thanks we ought to offer.

Ant. Virginia, you have not yet told me the whole of your history.

Vir. Ah! my lord, our history is soon told; happiness in humble life offers but few circumstances to claim attention.

TRIO.—PAUL, VIRGINIA, and ALAMBRA.

Paul. } *Lowly, humble was our lot,
& Vir.* } *Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Yet, by kind heaven are never forgot
Orphans poor and friendless.
Hope, from the skies descending,
Still her bless'd influence lending,
Labour o'er, we dance and play;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.*

Chorus. *Hearts free, &c.*

Alam. *Lowly, humble though your lot,
Goodness in you was endless;
Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot;
I, too, was poor and friendless.
Oh! may, from heaven descending,
Hope, her bless'd influence lending,
Crown with joy each happy day!
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.*

Chorus. *Hearts free, &c.*

Paul. } *Blissful though our future lot,
& Vir.* } *Fortune's smiles, though endless,
Amidst our joys shall ne'er be forgot
We once were poor and friendless.
Humble content most prizing,
Our joys though the proud are despising,
Still this truth we may display,
Hearts free from guile are ever gay.*

Chorus. *Hearts free from guile, &c.*

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Don Antonio de Guardes?

Ant. The same, good signor.

Offi. An order from the governor. (*Gives a paper.*)

Ant. The governor's order shall be obeyed; we are all ready. [*Exit Officer.*] Virginia, thus far I have listened to your story; now, in your turn, attend: it is reserved for me to complete your eventful drama.

Paul. What means Antonio?

Ant. Hark! my actors approach. (*March heard.*)

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.

Paul. *What sounds strike my ear?*

Jac. *The guards are passing by.*

Dom. *But why approach so near?*

Alam. *The truth let me descry.* [*Exit.*]

(*The march still continues to be heard, Alambra re-enters in consternation. The governor's guards then enter, commanded by an Officer, who speaks apart to Don Antonio.*)

Ant. *Come, sir, despatch; your order see obey'd.
'Tis from the governor.*

Paul. *Thus meanly betray'd!*

*His name by this order you degrade:
Stand forth, base deceiver, and say,
Of what are we accus'd, our crime display.*

*Antonio, Officer, and Chorus of Guards.
Be silent; the order you must obey.*

Paul, Virginia, and the rest.

*Our } crime display.
Their }*

Cho. *The order of the governor you must obey.*

(*The guards carry off Virginia and Paul on opposite sides. The march is heard as they retire.*)

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the cottage.

Enter MARY, meeting DOMINIQUE.

Mary. Oh! Dominique, this is a miserable hour.

Dom. (*Agitated.*) Yes, it isn't an hour of the happiest sort, to be sure.

Mary. That wicked Don Antonio!

Dom. Antonio! Curses on his name! but children vent their complaints in scolding; it is for men to bear misfortunes.

Mary. Where is Virginia?

Dom. Carried on board a ship.

Mary. And where is Paul?

Dom. By this time he is no longer a prisoner.

Mary. Who obtained his release?

Dom. Why, the gallant Englishman, whom Paul visited to-day; that man has, indeed, a heart in his bosom.

Mary. See, Dominique, here he is.

Enter TROPIC.

Oh! sir, you surely bring us good news.

Tropic. I wish it were so.

Dom. Why, then, for bad news. Let us hear it, sir. I can bear it.

Tropic. I had explained to the governor the injustice which he had been betrayed into by the artifice of Don Antonio—

Dom. And the governor ordered Paul to be released.

Tropic. Yes; and indignant at Don Antonio's conduct, he directed the ship to be detained, and Virginia to be brought before him.

Dom. Then Virginia is on shore?

Tropic. No: before the governor's order could reach the port, the ship was under sail, and Virginia a prisoner on board.

Mary. Then Virginia is lost to us for ever. *(Weeping.)*

Dom. Be silent, be silent: tears do no good. *(Turns aside and weeps.)*

Tropic. Already had we made signals from the lighthouse for the vessel to put back—

Dom. Ay, and—

Tropic. And the signals were obeyed. With joy I saw the ship returning towards the harbour, when—

Dom. What, sir?—what? Speak out—never mind, sir—we'll bear misfortune; 'tis our duty.

Tropic. The elements fight against us. Suddenly there arose one of those hurricanes which are the scourge of our climate. Hark! how the tempest howls!

Dom. But the ship has gained the harbour?

Tropic. Alas! no. I fear she is in a perilous situation. I immediately despatched Alambra to the shore: he knows the coast perfectly. His long stay forebodes no good news.

Dom. Here is Alambra.

Enter ALAMBRA.

What news of the ship?

Alam. In the greatest danger: firing guns and making signals of distress, which are answered from the shore, hut, I fear, to little purpose.

Tropic. Has she weathered the reef of rocks?

Alam. No; there will be her ruin.

Mary. Can no assistance be rendered to them?

Alam. The swell of the sea is tremendous. No boat can venture to leave the shore.

Tropic. Indeed! We'll have one trial, however. I think I know two or three good fellows who will take their chance to sink or swim in the cause of humanity; and, to the extent of my purse, they shall claim their reward. *[Exit.]*

Alam. Come, Dominique, let us endeavour to render assistance, although I have but little hope.

Dom. Don't despair; the weather is improving.

Alam. Improving! Why, the wind is louder.

Dom. Ay, just at this moment; but it will be lower presently; and see, the sky is lighter.

Alam. Yes, because the flashes of lightning are incessant.

Dom. Well, but I hear no thunder.

Alam. That is because the wind is so high.

Dom. Not merely so. I am confident the weather

is growing better. I have not heard the thunder these five minutes. *[Thunder. Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*A rocky coast; the sea violently agitated. Thunder and lightning at intervals.*

Enter TROPIC, MARY, a number of Soldiers, Sailors, and Negroes, some of whom hold lights from the ends of long poles, while others seem preparing a boat to be put to sea.

Cho. Hour of terror! scene of woe!

Lost Virginia! hapless maid!

Fate, avert th' impending blow;

Powers of mercy, lend your aid!

(The ship comes in sight, and runs on a rock stern foremost.)

Tro. From yonder cliff let signal fires ascend;

Once more, my gallant hearts, your efforts lend;

(Some Sailors get into the boat and shove her off.)

Cho. Save the helpless maid!

(The ship appears on fire.)

Jac. Behold, who is yonder,

How wild is his air!

If hither he wander,

Ah! soothe his despair.

Cho. How wild his despair!

Enter PAUL.

Paul. Then is she lost? 'tis madness all!

Amid the gloom,

Virginia! on thee I call:

Thee I come to save, or share thy doom.

(Paul breaks from the Women, who endeavour to detain him, runs up the cliff, and disappears.)

Alam. Of winds and waves I'll brave the strife:

'Tis honour calls, fearless I go.

What, though I risk my ransom'd life,

The debt I to Virginia owe.

Cho. Haste, generous youth, Virginia save.

(Alambra jumps into a boat with two Negroes, and shoves off.)

Tro. Unhappy lovers! all is vain:

See, breathless he is cast on shore.

(The boat returns to shore with Paul apparently breathless.)

Offi. Yet shall a spark of hope remain,

Virginia may be ours once more.

While sinking in the foaming wave,

Alambra, generous as brave,

Rescu'd the fav'rite of the skies.

To shore he brings his lovely prize.

ALAMBRA brings VIRGINIA on shore. Paul recovers by degrees, and after embracing each other, they fall on their knees, and stretch their arms to heaven in token of gratitude.

Cho. From the cruel waves,

Fate, the fair Virginia saves.

Paul and Virginia come forward and receive the congratulations of all present.

FINALE.

PAUL, VIRGINIA, MARY, JACINTHA, &c.

Strains of joy

We'll now employ,

And dance a mirthful measure;

From above,

Fate smiles on love,

Of life, the choicest treasure.

Fal, lul, la.

Let's dance a mirthful measure.

Alam.

Sing away,

In strains so gay,

The praise of love and beauty;

Like Dominique,

No praise I seek,

I only did my duty.

Chorus. Strains of joy, &c.

[Exeunt.]

ANIMAL MAGNETISM;

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

MARQUIS DE LANCY
DOCTOR
LA FLEUR

JEFFREY
PICCARD
FRANCOIS

CONSTANCE
LISETTE
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Doctor's house.*

Enter CONSTANCE, hastily, meeting LISETTE.

Con. Lisette, Lisette! who do you think I have just seen?

Lis. Your old guardian, I suppose.

Con. Do you think I should look thus pleasant, if it were him I meant?

Lis. Who, then? our gaoler, who keeps the keys?

Con. What, poor Jeffrey? Ha, ha, ha! How you talk!

Lis. No, no; I guess who you mean: the young Marquis De Lancy; and he has passed so frequently under your window, within these few days, that I am amazed your guardian, with all his suspicions, has not observed him.

Con. He has walked by above ten times within this hour, and every time with his eye fixed up to the lattice of my window, and I had no heart to remove from it, for every time he saluted me with a most respectful bow.

Lis. Was his valet with him?

Con. No; but I saw another person in deep conversation with him; a strange-looking man, who appeared like one of the faculty, for his dress very much resembled that of my guardian's.

Lis. Who could it be?

Con. But what most surprised me, he had a let-

ter in his hand, which he respectfully held up to me, but I could not reach it.

Lis. I know who it is: La Fleur, valet to the Marquis, disguised as a doctor; and I have no doubt, but, under that disguise, he will find means to introduce himself to your old guardian, and, perhaps, be brought into the very house; and if I can assist his scheme, I will; for is it not a shame, the Doctor should dare, here in Paris, to forbid you and your servant to stir from home; lock us up, and treat us as women are treated in Spain?

Con. Never mind, Lisette, don't put yourself in a passion; for we can learn to plot and deceive, and treat him as men are treated in Spain.

Lis. Right, madam; and to prove I am not less inclined than yourself to Spanish manners, I am as much in love as you are.

Con. Not with the Marquis?

Lis. Do you think I don't know better where it is my duty to love? I am in love with his man.

Con. I wish I knew the contents of that letter he held out to me.

Lis. That you are beloved—admired; I can tell every word in it; I know every sentence as well as if I had read it; and now, madam, it is my advice you sit down and answer it directly.

Con. Before I have read it?

Lis. Yes, yes; give your answer at the time you receive his letter; consider how convenient it will be to give the one, while you take the other: we are so watched, you know, that we ought to let no

opportunity pass, for fear we should never get another; and, therefore, when he finds means to send his letter, you must take the same to return your's.

Con. But if my guardian should ever know I had written to a gentleman—

Lis. I'll write for you: and, should there be any discovery, the letter will be in my hand-writing, not your's. We must lose no time; the Doctor is abroad at present, and it must be both written and delivered before his return. (*Goes to the table, and writes.*)

Con. But, my dear Lisette—

Lis. Don't put me out.

Con. What are you saying?

Lis. (*Writing.*) What you are thinking.

Con. You don't know my thoughts.

Lis. I do. And here they are, in this letter.

Con. Let me look at it.

Lis. No, don't examine your thoughts, I beg you won't: (*folds the letter*) besides, you have no time to read it; I must run to the garden-gate and deliver it immediately. The worst difficulty is having, for near an hour, to supplicate this poor, simple, decrepit fool of the old Doctor's to open me the garden-gate for a moment. Jeffrey!

Con. The Doctor has lately appointed Jeffrey his apothecary; he is busy preparing of medicines, and will be angry at being disturbed.

Lis. No matter; it may save the life of some of his master's patients.

Enter JEFFREY, *with a bandage on his left eye, and one on his right leg.*

Jef. You made me overthrow the whole decoction.

Lis. Great apothecary!

Con. And alone worthy the physician under whom you have received instructions!

Jef. I am very sorry I overthrew the decoction, for it was for my use; my leg is in pain still, and I am not yet satisfied that the dog was not mad.

Lis. I tell you, I am sure he was not; and, had you suffered him to live, it would have proved so.

Jef. My master ordered me to kill him.

Lis. Merely to make you believe he was mad, and to shew his skill by pretending to preserve you from the infection.

Jef. Nay, don't speak against my master.

Lis. Who was it undertook to cure your eyes?

Jef. He; and, thank heaven, Lisette, I shall not suffer any more from that!

Lis. Why, then, do you wear a bandage?

Jef. To hide the place where it was.

Lis. And is it thus the Doctor cured you?

Jef. He was so kind to put my left eye out, in order to save the right.

Con. Well, still you are more fortunate than the god of Love; for he has no eyes at all.

Jef. And I shall have two, very soon; for my master has promised to buy me one at the great manufactory, which will be much handsomer than either of my other—a very handsome glass one.

Lis. And if the Doctor will remake you thus, piece by piece, in time, my dear Jeffrey, you may become a very pretty man: but you know, Jeffrey, I love you even as you are.

Jef. Love me! that's a good joke. Lisette, I am afraid you want something of me, you speak to me so pleasantly.

Lis. Want something of you! How could such an idea enter your head?

Jef. Because when you don't want something of me, you huff me and cuff me from morning to night, eh, eh! you look no more as you do now. Why, if I were dying, I durst hardly speak to you.

Lis. Well, henceforward, you shall have no reason to complain. But do you know, Jeffrey, I have a little favour to ask of you.

Jef. Ay, I thought so.

Con. My dear Jeffrey, we will make you any recompence.

Jef. What is it you want? If I can do it without offending my master, I will.

Lis. If you don't tell him, he'll never know it.

Jef. But I tell him everything; he pays me my wages for telling, and I must not take them without earning them.

Con. If money be of such value to you, here, take my purse.

Jef. No; it is not money I want, it is something else.

Lis. What, what, then?

Jef. Oh! Mrs. Lisette, you know what I want, but you always denied me.

Lis. Psha! if I could grant it, indeed, without my master knowing it—

Jef. Oh! I won't tell him of that, I protest.

Con. Well, Jeffrey, what is your favour?

Jef. Just one salute of Mrs. Lisette.

Lis. Oh! if that's all, after you have obliged us, you shall have twenty.

Jef. But I had rather have one now, than the twenty you promise after.

Lis. Come, then, make haste, if it must be so.

Jef. (*Salutes her.*) Oh! the first kiss of the girl one loves is so sweet!

Lis. Now you are ready to comply with our request?

Jef. Tell me what it is?

Lis. To give us the key of the garden-gate.

Jef. I am very sorry I can't oblige you.

Lis. Why not?

Jef. For several reasons.

Lis. Tell me one.

Jef. In the first place, I have not got the key—my master took it with him when he went out.

Lis. You know you tell a falsehood: he has not got it. Is this your bargain and your gratitude?

Jef. Nay, if you are angry at that, give me the kiss again.

Lis. Ugly, foolish, yet artful and cunning wretch! leave the room. You make love to me, indeed! Why, I always hated you, laughed at you, and despised you.

Jef. I know that. Did not I tell you, when you spoke so kindly to me, you wanted something? how, then, could you expect me to oblige you?

Lis. I shall ever detest the sight of you.

Jef. Unless you want something, and then you'll call me again—and then I shall kiss you again. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, shewing the key.*]

Lis. I never was so provoked in my life.

Con. My dear Lisette, if our two lovers, the Marquis and his servant, prove no more fortunate in their schemes, than we have been in ours, I fear I must, according to his desire, marry the Doctor, and you Jeffrey.

Lis. I marry Jeffrey! Here comes the Doctor.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. What an indignity! I can't put up with it; I can't bear it; I'm ready to choke with passion!

Con. Dear sir, what is the matter?

Doc. I am disgraced, ruined, undone!

Con. And what has caused it, sir?

Doc. A conspiracy of the blackest kind. Man's weakness has arrived to its highest summit; and there is nothing wanting but merit to draw upon us the most cruel persecution.

Lis. Ah! I understand: the faculty have been conspiring against you.

Doc. They have refused to grant me a diploma; forbid me to practise as a physician; and all because I don't know a parcel of insignificant words, but exercise my profession according to the rules of reason and nature. Is it not natural to die? Then,

f a dozen or two of my patients have died under my hands, is not that natural?

Lis. Very natural, indeed.

Doc. But, thank heaven! in spite of the scandalous reports of my enemies, I have, this morning, nine visits to make.

Con. Very true, sir: a young ward has sent for you, to attend his guardian; three nephews have sent for you, to attend their uncles, very rich men; and five husbands have sent for you, in great haste, to attend their wives.

Doc. And is not that a sign they think what I can do? Is it not a sign they have the highest opinion of my skill? And the faculty shall see I will rise superior to their machinations. I have entered upon a project that, I believe, will tease them: I have made overtures to one of their professed enemies, a man whom they have crushed, and who is the chief of a sect just sprung up; of which, perhaps, you never heard; for simply, by the power of magnetism, they can cure any ill, or inspire any passion.

Con. Is it possible?

Doc. Yes; and every effect is produced upon the frame merely by the power of the magnet, which is held in the hand of the physician, as a wand of a conjurer is held in his; and it produces wonders in physic, equally surprising.

Con. And will you become of this new sect?

Doc. If they will receive me; and, by this time, the president has, I dare say, received my letter, and I wait impatiently for an answer.

Enter JEFFREY.

Jef. A doctor, at the door, desires to speak with

Doc. A doctor in my house! [you.]

Lis. I dare say it is the magnetising doctor you have been writing to.

Doc. Very likely; I dare say 'tis Doctor Mystery; shew him in, Jeffrey.

Jef. Please to walk this way, sir. [Exit.]

Enter LA FLEUR, dressed as a doctor.

La F. Doctor, I hope I have your pardon, that, though no farther acquaintance than by letter, I thus wait upon you to pay my respects—

Con. (To *Lis.*) It is the same I saw with the Marquis.

Lis. (Aside.) And it is La Fleur, his valet.

La F. And to assure you, that I, and all my brethren, have the highest respect for your talents, and shall be happy to have you a member of our society.

Doc. I presume, sir, you are Doctor Mystery, author and first discoverer of that healing and sublime art, Animal Magnetism.

La F. I am.

Doc. And it will render you immortal: my curiosity to become acquainted with the forms and effects of your power is scarcely to be repressed a moment. Will you indulge me with the smallest specimen of your art, just to satisfy my curiosity?

La F. You are, then, entirely ignorant of it?

Doc. Entirely.

La F. And so am I. (Aside.) Hem—hem! you must know, Doctor—

Doc. Shall I send the women out of the room?

La F. By no means; no, no; but I will shew both you and them a specimen of my art directly. You know, Doctor, there is an universal fluid, which spreads throughout all nature.

Doc. A fluid?

La F. Yes, a fluid—which is—a fluid—and you know, Doctor, that this fluid—generally called a fluid—is the most subtle of all—that is, the most subtle. Do you understand me?

Doc. Yes, yes.

La F. It ascends on high, (looking down) and descends on low; (looking up) penetrates all sub-

stances, from the hardest metal to the softest bosom—you understand me, I perceive?

Doc. Not very well.

La F. I will give you a simile, then.

Doc. I shall be much obliged to you.

La F. This fluid is like a river—You know what a river is?

Doc. Yes, certainly.

La F. This fluid is like a river, that—that runs—that goes—that gently glides—so—so—so—while there is nothing to stop it; but if it encounter a mound or any other impediment—boo—boo—boo—it bursts forth—it overflows the country round—throws down villages, hamlets, houses, trees, cows, and lambs; but remove obstacles which obstruct its course, and it begins again, softly and sweetly, to flow, thus—thus—thus—the fields are again adorned, and everything goes on, as well as it can go on. Thus it is with the animal fluid, which fluid obeys the command of my art.

Doc. Surprising art! But what are the means you employ?

La F. Merely gestures, or a simple touch.

Doc. Astonishing! give me some proof of your art directly; do satisfy my curiosity.

La F. I will; and by holding up this wand, in which is a magnet, in a particular position, I will so direct the fluid, that it shall immediately give you the most excruciating rheumatism, which will last you a couple of hours. I will then change it to the gout; then to strong convulsions; and after, into a raging fever; and in this manner shall your curiosity become satisfied. (Holds up his wand as if to magnetise.)

Doc. Hold, Doctor! I had rather see the experiment on some one else.

La F. Oh! then, sir, I have now at my house, a patient whom the faculty have just given up as incurable; and notwithstanding his disorder is of a most violent and dangerous kind, I will have him brought here, and I will teach you to perform his cure yourself.

Doc. By the power of magnetism?

La F. By the power of magnetism.

Doc. That would do me infinite honour, indeed: but why bring him to my house? pray, who is he?

La F. A young man of quality.

Con. Dear sir, let him be brought hither, and let me see the cure performed.

Doc. (Takes *La F.* aside.) I can't say I approve of a young man being brought into my house; for you must know, Doctor, that young lady is to be my wife: as we are not exactly of an age, another may make an impression.

La F. Consider my patient's state of health; he is like a dying man.

Doc. But he'll be well after I have cured him.

La F. Very true. (Doctor whispers *La F.*) True; certainly it is. (They whisper again.)

Con. Why this whispering? I am ignorant what are the virtues of your art, Doctor; but I am sure it has not that of rendering you polite.

La F. Pardon, madam; I was but instructing the Doctor in some particulars of which you may hereafter have reason to be satisfied.

Lis. I doubt that, sir; unless your art could render this solitary confinement we are doomed to, agreeable.

La F. Before the end of the day, you shall prefer it to all the false pleasures of the gay world; for what are more false than the pleasures derived from balls, masquerades, and theatres?

Doc. Very true.

Lis. Well, I must own I love a theatre.

La F. The worst place of all, to frequent; once in my life I was present at a theatrical representation; but such a piece did I see!—ah! the most dangerous for a young woman to be present at.

Lis. Pray, sir, what was it?

La F. An honest gentleman, of about seventy years of age, was before the audience in love with a young lady of eighteen, whom he had brought up from her infancy, and whom he meant to make his wife.

Doc. Very natural.

La F. A young gentleman of the neighbourhood, because he was young, rich, and handsome, imagined he would suit the lady better.

Doc. Just like them all.

La F. He, therefore, disguised his valet, who, under the mask of friendship, introduced himself to this good man, the guardian.

Doc. A villain! he deserved to be hanged.

La F. And seized the moment when he embraced him, as I now embrace you, to stretch out his hand, while it was behind him, and convey a letter to the lady's waiting-maid. (*Embraces the Doctor, and exchanges letters with Lisette; Lisette gives the letter she receives to Constance; La Fleur puts the other into his pocket.*)

Lis. And she gave him another. I have seen the play myself; and it was very well acted. (*Retires.*)

La F. And is it not scandalous to put such examples before young people?

Con. And pray, Doctor, do you think I am not under sufficient confinement, that you take the same methods to make me still more unhappy.

La F. (*To the Doctor.*) Why does your ward dislike confinement?

Doc. Because she dislikes me.

La F. Are you sure of that?

Doc. Yes, I think I am.

Con. I am dying with curiosity to read my letter. [*Aside, and exit.*]

La F. This wand shall cause in her sentiments the very reverse. In this is a magnet which shall change her disposition. Take it; (*gives the wand*) and, while you keep it, she will be constrained to love you with the most ardent passion.

Doc. I thank you a thousand times.

Lis. Excellent!

[*Exit.*]

Doc. Her maid has overheard us.

La F. No, no; but take me into another apartment, and I will explain to you what, at present, you are not able to comprehend: after which, you will permit me to step home, and fetch my patient hither.

Doc. Certainly: when I am in possession of my ward's affection, I can have nothing to apprehend from him. And you are sure she will now become favourable to me? You are sure I shall attract her?

La F. Yes, sure—by the loadstone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in the Doctor's house.*

Enter LISETTE and CONSTANCE.

Lis. I overheard it all; and he has given your guardian the wand in which you heard him say the magnet was contained; and while he keeps it, it is to magnetise you, and force you to love him in spite of yourself.

Con. All this agrees with the letter he has given me from his master, in which the Marquis informs me by what accident that letter my guardian sent to the doctor who professes magnetism, fell into his hands, and immediately gave him the idea of disguising his valet, and sending him hither under the name of that doctor. But where is *La Fleur* now?

Lis. Just left your guardian, and gone home to bring the patient you heard him speak of; and I would lay a wager, that very patient is no other than the Marquis himself.

Con. But for what end is all this?

Lis. That they have planned, you may depend upon it. For the present, you have nothing to do but to pretend an affection for your guardian.

Con. It will be difficult to feign a passion my heart revolts at.

Lis. Never fear your good acting: besides, I will take an equal share in it.

Con. How? you!

Lis. I'll fall in love with the Doctor as well as you. If the magnetism affect you, why not have the same power over me? and if it make you love him, it shall make me adore him.

Con. Hush! here he comes. (*They retire.*)

Enter DOCTOR, with the wand.

Doc. (*Aside.*) What he has told seems so very surprising, that nothing but proofs can thoroughly convince me; and now for the proof. (*Looks at Constance.*)

Lis. (*Aside to Con.*) He ogles you; cast a tender look, and accompany it with a sigh.

Con. (*Sighing.*) Alas!

Doc. My dear Constance, my lovely ward, what—what makes you sigh? Weariness of your confinement, I suppose?

Con. (*Sighing.*) Ah! sir.

Doc. Come, come; I confess, the restraint you have been under has been too much, and I am not surprised you have taken a dislike to me.

Con. A dislike to you! Ah, sir! (*Sighing.*) Oh! guardian! (*Going to speak, turns away, and hides her face.*)

Doc. (*Aside.*) I believe it will do. Come, come, Constance, do not sigh and make yourself uneasy; you shall not live many weeks thus retired, for I am thinking of marrying you very soon (*she turns eagerly to him*) to a fine young gentleman. (*She turns away from him.*)

Con. Ah! cruel.

Doc. What did you say? If I have the good fortune to be beloved by you, let me have the happiness to hear it from yourself.

Con. Yes, cruel man! some invincible power compels me, in spite of my resistance. Yes, I love you.

Lis. And I adore you.

Doc. What, you, too? I did not expect that.

Lis. No, mine is not merely a love, but a rage—a violence—I doat to distraction—love you to the loss of my health, of spirits, of rest and life.

Con. If you do not take pity on the passion which burns in my heart—

Lis. If you can be regardless of the flames which consume me with violence—

Con. Can you be insensible of my tender pleadings?

Lis. Take care how you turn my affection to hatred.

Doc. (*Aside.*) What a terrible situation I have got myself into! the effect of the magnetism is very natural; it acts upon one as well as another; but *Lisette's* love is very troublesome. I'll call *Jeffrey* in, and give up part of my power to him; he will take the wand for a few minutes, and charm *Lisette*.

Con. Why do you thus run from me? Is this the return my love demands? But be not uneasy; death shall deliver you from an object, whose passion you despise.

Doc. Oh! that you could but read what is written in my heart!

Lis. Ah! sir, behold the state (*kneels*) to which you have reduced a poor innocent. If I am treated with kindness, I am naturally soft, gentle, and tender; but, if I am neglected, (*rising*) by all that's great and precious, I will do some strange thing either to you or my rival!

Doc. This *Lisette* is so furious, she makes me tremble; I must put an end to her affection. (*Aside.*) *Jeffrey!*

Enter JEFFREY.

Jef. Here, sir; what do you want with me?

Doc. Take this, and carry it to my study. (*Gives the wand.*)

Jef. Yes, sir; directly.

Doc. Stop a moment, Jeffrey; stop a moment!

Jef. Two or three moments, if you please.

Doc. (*Aside.*) Now we shall see what effect it has.

Lis. (*To Con.*) I see through this design; let us fall in love with Jeffrey.

Con. With all my heart.

Doc. Well, Jeffrey—and—and how do you do, Jeffrey?

Jef. Pretty well, considering my leg, where the dog bit me, and considering I can only see with one eye.

Lis. But even that misfortune does not prevent your looking very agreeable, Jeffrey.

Doc. (*Aside.*) It succeeds; she is taken.

Jef. What, are you beginning to laugh at me again?

Lis. Laugh at you! No, Jeffrey. I now wonder how it was possible I should ever laugh at you: how becoming is that bandage! and the eye we do see has a thousand times more bewitching charms for the absence of that we do not. Dear madam, only observe him.

Con. Who can resist that amiable figure, dearest Jeffrey?

Jef. Ha, ha, ha!

Doc. (*Aside.*) This is as bad as the other.

Jef. I think the mad dog has bit us all.

Lis. Is it possible you can love Jeffrey? No, no; your situation forbids it. Take, take my master; I resign him to you.

Con. No, I resign him to you.

Lis. I will not have him.

Doc. This is a very disagreeable situation.

Lis. Jeffrey, will you be deaf to my passion?

Con. Yes, I'm sure he will prefer me.

Jef. No, I won't: I have been in love with her this twelvemonths, and I'll make choice of her.

Con. Then what will become of me?

Doc. I can bear this no longer. Give me that; (*snatches the wand;*) and do you make up some medicines.

Jef. Ah! my dear Lisette, you have made me so happy, I must shake hands. (*Offers to take her hand, she slaps his face.*)

Lis. Learn to behave with more reserve for the future.

Jef. Ecod! I think you have not behaved with much reserve. Did you not hang upon me, and say you loved me!

Lis. Love you! Behold my master, and do not imagine I can love any but him.

Con. No; who can love any but him?

Doc. This is worse and worse! Where is the Doctor? If he do not come, and give me some relief, I am a ruined man. (*Loud knocking.*) Jeffrey, see if that is him. [*Exit Jeffrey.*] I have no doubt but it is; and with him the young patient, on whom I am to prove my skill. Constance, and you, Lisette, leave the room for the present.

Con. Yes, if you will go with me. But how do you think it is possible for me to leave you? A feeling, which I cannot explain—

Lis. And one I cannot explain—

Doc. But I am going to prescribe, and it is improper.

Enter LA FLEUR, leading the MARQUIS DE LANCY, dressed in a handsome robe-de-chambre.

La F. This, Doctor, is your patient. This is the renowned physician, from whom you are to expect a cure.

Doc. He looks surprisingly well, considering how much he has suffered.

La F. That renders his case the more dangerous. I would rather a patient of mine should look ill, and be in no danger, than look well, and be in imminent danger.

Mar. To conceive the sufferings I have undergone, a being must be transformed! he must be more, before he can conceive what I have felt: for months have I led this agonizing life! But I am told, Doctor, you can put an end to my disorder; you have, in your possession, that which can give me ease; but by what science you are master of so great a power, I own, is beyond my comprehension.

La F. Dear sir, you know not all the resources in the art of medicine; trust firmly, that you are in the hands of persons well informed and well practised. We know how to give nature a fillip.

Doc. Doctor Mystery, do you use your authority with these females, to leave us to ourselves.

Con. I can't go.

Lis. Nor I.

La F. I believe it is very true. (*Feels their pulse.*) No, they can't go; no, the force of the attraction will not suffer them to go.—(*To Doctor.*) What do you think of the power of magnetism now?

Doc. It has double the power I desire, and I wish it not to act on Lisette, [ill.]

Con. (*To Lis.*) I hope the Marquis is not really

La F. I will remedy that. (*Whispers to the Doctor, while the Marquis makes signs of love to Constance.*) Now attend to what I am going to do; I'll turn the whole affection of the maid upon myself.

Doc. I will be very much obliged to you. (*La Fleur whispers to the Doctor again.*)

Mar. (*Apart to Constance.*) One word only:—will you be mine, should my scheme prove success—

Con. What is it? [ful?]

Mar. I have no time to say—but answer me, will you be mine?

Con. I will.

Doc. (*Apart to La Fleur.*) Very well, extremely well; this will do very well; and now deliver me from her love as soon as you can.

La F. I must approach her, and 'tis done. (*Goes to Lisette, makes signs of magnetism, and speaks apart.*) I am in love with you, feign to be so with

Lis. I am in earnest, without feigning. [me.]

La F. So much the better; it will appear more natural.—(*To the Doctor.*) It's done; observe how she looks at me.

Doc. What an art!

La F. But I will shew its power in a manner yet more astonishing.

Con. (*Apart to the Marquis.*) I was on the point of being married to my guardian.

Doc. Is it possible?

Mar. (*Forgetting himself, and in warmth.*) Distraction! that must never be! (*Doctor turns to him in surprise, Lisette perceives it.*)

Lis. Oh, heavens! look to the patient.

La F. One of his fits has seized him. (*Marquis pretends a fit.*) But it's nothing; it will soon be over.

Mar. Nay, do not hide yourself. Oh! oh! that I could plunge this steel (*holds up his handkerchief*) a hundred times in that detestable heart. Come on, monster, and acknowledge thy conqueror, expiring under this hand.

Doc. I'll go into the next room. It is me, I believe, he is going to kill.

La F. But he has no weapon; don't be afraid.

Con. (*To La F.*) Oh! dear sir, relieve him from this terrible fit.

Doc. Do; I beg you will.

La F. I cannot wholly relieve him at present; but you shall see me change the manner of his raving. Behold my power! (*Pretends to magnetise.*) See, his countenance changes; his looks express tenderness. Now it is no longer fury that transports him; but the soft languor of love now pervades his senses.

Mar. (Looking at Constance.) Oh! charming Arpasia!

La F. Arpasia was the name of his first love: he fancies himself near to her. *(The Marquis kneels to Constance.)*

Mar. Is it you, then, whom I behold? But, alas! you do not suspect what I have suffered in your absence; and I only retain my life, in the pleasing hope of one day passing it with you, and rendering yours as happy as my own. What am I to think of this silence? You do not answer to my tender complaints. Ah! you hate me, you despise me! But dread the effects of this contempt; I feel it is in my power to accomplish all. *(Rising.)*

Lis. He is going into his raving fit again. Pray, madam, speak to him, if it be but a word.

Mar. Speak to me one word, if it be only one word!

La F. Your ward is afraid of disobliging you; but give her leave to speak to him, if it be but one word, only to be witness to a scene so nouvelle.

Doc. But, harkye!

La F. Psha, psha! She looks at you for consent: tell her, she may say yes—just yes.

Doc. But why suffer her to speak?

La F. Consider you are in possession of the magnet, and nothing can prevent the power of that charm.

Mar. Ah! cruel! Ought I thus to wait for a word from those lips? You wish, then, to behold me die?

Doc. Well, well; answer him, yes.

Mar. Do you love me?

Con. Yes.

Mar. (Kisses her hand.) I am transported!

Doc. (Endeavouring to separate them.) Hold, hold! This is a fit as powerful to me as it is to you.

Lis. Dear sir, let him alone; he may fall into his rage again.

Mar. What thrilling transport rushes to my heart! all nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful than poets ever formed! Aurora dawns; the feathered songsters chant their most melodious strains; the gentle zephyrs breathe their choicest perfumes, and the inspiring scene intoxicates my very soul!

Doc. Come, change this fit into another.

Mar. And you, who listen to me, partake my joy. Come and dwell with me under the shady branches of the river-side. Come, lovely shepherdess; *(takes hold of Constance;)* come, young shepherd; *(takes hold of the Doctor;)* mingle in the dance.

Lis. Come, young shepherd. *(Takes hold of the Doctor with one hand, and La Fleur with the other.)*

Doc. I can't dance.

Mar. In vain you refuse. Pass, with gentle steps, the mossy banks, and join in the rural pastime.

[They all dance.—Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Doctor's house.

Enter LISETTE and LA FLEUR.

Lis. But when is this farce to end?

La F. My master, now he is introduced, will take advantage of some circumstances, to obtain, either by force or stratagem, the Doctor's consent to his wishes; and as he finds he is beloved by the young lady, which, before, he was in doubt of—

Lis. Psha! he might easily have guessed her sentiments. A young woman, weary of confinement as she was, is easily in love with the first young man who solicits her affections.

La F. And may I hope you love me?

Lis. Ay, sir; I am weary of confinement, like my mistress.

La F. A thousand thanks, my dear Lisette!

Lis. But while Jeffrey keeps the keys of every door, no creature can either go out, or enter, without his leave.

La F. And is there no way to get rid of him?

Lis. Yes; a thought strikes me this moment: a couple of days ago, a neighbour's dog bit him, and our Doctor, merely to shew his skill in the cure, persuaded him the dog was mad. Suppose we make the Doctor himself believe he was really so, and that poor—

Enter DOCTOR, with the wand.

Doc. He has had another fit; but I have just now left him in a sound sleep, which came upon him as suddenly as any of his waking paroxysms.

La F. If that be the case, he must be left alone; we will not disturb him.

Lis. (Aside to La F.) When I return, be sure to confirm whatever I shall say. *[Exit.]*

Doc. What! have you persuaded her to leave you?

La F. Yes, for a little while.

Doc. Why, too much of love is something tedious. I come once more to talk with you, Doctor, upon this surprising art; which, though you have taken such great pains to explain, I am still far from comprehending so much as I think I ought.

La F. I will, before long, give you such proof.

Enter LISETTE, followed by JEFFREY.

Lis. Oh! save me! or I'm a dead woman!

Doc. What's the matter?

Jef. This is no joke, and I won't take it as such.

Lis. (Goes between La F. and Doctor.) Have a care of him. Speak low; he'll be at us.

Doc. Will he be at us?

Lis. (In a low voice.) Jeffrey is mad!

Doc. What do you say?

Lis. I found him in his bed, gnawing the bed-clothes; and, when he saw me, he would have gnawed me. *(The Doctor turns to him.)* Don't look at him, sir! don't look at him!

Doc. Why, I don't think this possible; the dog that bit him was not—

Lis. Indeed, sir, he was as mad as ever—

La F. Indeed, the poor creature looks as if some horrible infection had seized him.

Doc. Why, I can't say but I think he does.

Lis. And I'll give you the true proof immediately. *(Throws a glass of water at him.)*

Jef. What's that for? How dare you use me thus? *[water.]*

Lis. There! you see what a dislike he has to *La F.* That is a symptom which confirms our suspicions.

Doc. An evident sign of the hydrophobia!

La F. Yes, of the hydrophobia. *(Lisette comes with another glass of water to throw at him; at the sight of which he starts.)*

Lis. See, see, how he looks, only at the sight of water.

Jef. If you dare throw any more upon—*(Holds up his hand.)*

Doc. Lisette, let him alone. It is dangerous to push the poor creature to extremities. Doctor, suppose we magnetise him?

La F. No; magnetism, in cases like this, can have no effect.

Doc. What remedy, then?

La F. I know of but one: to smother him.

Lis. The only thing in the world.

Doc. And we ought to lose no time, if it must be done.

Jef. What, smother me? *(Falls on his knees to the Doctor.)* Oh! sir, have pity on me.

Doc. Don't be frightened; it will be over in ten minutes.

Jef. But I had rather not.
Doc. Ungrateful wretch! do you consider the consequence of living?

Lis. For shame, Jeffrey! don't ask such a thing.

Doc. But, since he won't consent with a good grace, we must seize him all three together.

Jef. Ah! mercy, what will become of me?

Lis. (*Aside to Jeffrey.*) Run out of the house, and never come back, if you would save your life.

[*Jeffrey runs off.*]

La F. He sha'n't escape. Stop him there!

[*Exit.*]

Doc. Why, he has run into the street! What a deal of mischief he may cause; and, as I'm alive, he has run away with all the keys in his pocket.

Lis. But, luckily, the doors are open.

Doc. But, why does not the doctor come back?

Lis. Depend upon it, he will not leave him till he has secured him in some safe place where he can do no mischief.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. Dear sir, come to the assistance of your patient; he has followed me to my chamber, and frightened me out of my senses: I thought he were going to die. Indeed, sir, he is very ill; I am sure he can't live long.

Enter MARQUIS DE LANCY, creeping slowly to the couch, as if unable to walk.

Mar. Oh! Doctor, relieve me from this pressure, or I die.

Doc. I wish my brother physician were returned! Come, sir, lean your head this way. Where is your complaint?

Mar. Here, here it lies! (*Laying his hand on his stomach.*) I fear this will be the last hour of my life!

Doc. No, no; I hope not. (*Magnetising him sometimes with one end of the wand, and sometimes with the other.*)

Mar. The malady changes its place. Oh! my head! remove it from my head! make it descend. Now it flies to my heart! it sets it on fire! it tears it to pieces!

Doc. I wish the doctor would return.

Mar. My tortures redouble! vultures gnaw me! Can't you remove them? (*Attempts again to magnetise.*) No, no; my strength fails me! my eyes lose their sight! I die! (*Groans, sinks on the couch, and remains motionless.*)

Lis. Oh! he's dead! he's dead! he's dead!

Con. What will become of us all? He's dead! he's dead!

Doc. I am quite shocked at it! But, my dear children, don't make such a noise. The neighbours will hear you; and they will say I have killed him with some of my experiments.

Lis. It was that fatal wand you put upon his heart.

Doc. Yes; I suppose I directed the fluid the wrong way. But, perhaps, he only fainted. Who knows but we may recover him? I will go and find some of my newly-invented drops, which may, perhaps, restore him. (*Feels in his pockets.*) And that poor, unhappy Jeffrey has taken away the key of my cabinet, where all my drops are.

Con. Break open the locks, then; there is no time to lose.

Doc. And Doctor Mystery not to return! Everything conspires to ruin me! I was loth to receive this patient into my house: my heart foreboded some ill consequence. Dear me! dear me! [*Exit.*]

Mar. If my scheme succeed, the consequence will be such as you little dream of. Where is La Fleur?

Lis. Gone to secure Jeffrey somewhere out of the house.

Mar. If he should not return soon, all my long-concerted plan will be overturned.

Lis. Here he is.

Enter LA FLEUR.

La F. I have lodged him safe for these two days.

Mar. (*Takes off his robe.*) Give me your clothes, and take this immediately, and be dead.

La F. Dead! What do you mean?

Mar. Ask no questions; but lie on that couch, and counterfeit being dead.

Lis. Your master has been doing it this half hour.

La F. (*Putting on the robe.*) It is very strange; but since you command it—

Mar. Dare not stir, or breathe! All depends on your acting well. You must have your face powdered, that he may not know you.

La F. Now I am in character.

Mar. Where are my people?

La F. At the tavern, in the next street, both disguised like doctors.

Mar. That's right; I fly to them directly.—(*Going.*)

La F. Your night-cap, your night-cap! (*The Marquis throws it to him.*)

Mar. And give me your wig. (*Puts it on.*) I hear the Doctor coming. Farewell! Play your part to a miracle. [*Exit.*]

Con. And heaven prosper your designs!

La F. (*Sitting on the couch.*) But what does all this mean? I don't understand.

Lis. Hush! dead people never speak. (*Throws him down on the couch.*)

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. Well, how is he? what does he say?

Lis. Why, like all other persons in his state, he does not complain.

Doc. Hold this bottle to his nose, and sprinkle this on his face.

Con. Alas! he is gone, and nothing can be of use.

Doc. How a few moments have changed him! I shouldn't have known him again. He's as white as ashes. Lay your hand upon his heart, Lisette, and feel if it beats at all: for my part, I am so disconcerted with the accident, I am fit for nothing.

Lis. (*Lays her hand on his heart.*) All is still, sir.

Doc. Is there no motion?

Lis. None in the least. (*Slaps his face.*) Like marble—has little feeling in it.

Doc. Doctor Mystery not returning, I conceive this was a plot upon me.

Lis. And this poor creature was in the plot, you think, and died on purpose to bring it about?

Doc. No; but the other found he could not cure him, and so left the disgrace of his death to me; and my enemies will take the advantage of it, considering how many of my patients have died lately.

Lis. What are we to do with the body?

Doc. I have yet one hope left; it is my last; and I won't hesitate, but about it instantly.

Con. What resource?

Doc. (*To Lis.*) He is certainly dead, is he not?

Lis. Certainly; there can be no doubt of that.

Doc. And, do what we will, nothing worse can happen to him.

Lis. No, certainly; not in this world.

Doc. Well, then, I will try an experiment upon him, which I once read, and I have often had a vast mind to try it upon Jeffrey; but, as he was alive, it might have proved fatal.

Lis. What is it?

Doc. No matter; you shall see it performed; and I can't say I have much doubt of its success.

Begin to take off some of his garments, while I go and get all the apparatus ready. [Exit.]

La F. But I am not such a fool to stay till you come back. My master may say what he will; but I will go away.

Lis. Nonsense, man! Have you not undertaken to be dead? Come, finish your part with a good grace.

Con. Pray do, *La Fleur*.

La F. But what experiment is he going to try upon me? I always hated doctors, and would never let any one of them come near me.

Con. But this is not a doctor: the college have refused to admit him; so, don't be afraid.

La F. Oh! as that's the case—

Lis. (Throws him down, as before.) Hush! play your part.

Enter DOCTOR, with a bag of instruments.

Doc. Lisette, help me with these instruments, and then run and watch that skillet of oil on the fire; and, when it boils, bring it hither.

Lis. But, suppose anybody should come in while we are trying the experiment?

Doc. Right; I'll lock the door. My fright makes me forget everything. [Exit.]

La F. Let me see the instruments.

Lis. Psha! what signifies seeing them; a'n't you to feel them?

Doc. (Without.) What! force into a man's house, whether he will or no?

Con. I hear a noise! (Looks out.) It is the Marquis returned; and all his schemes, perhaps, will be fulfilled. (*La Fleur lies down again.*)

Enter MARQUIS DE LANCY, PICCARD, and FRANCOIS, disguised as doctors, (the Marquis having changed his dress,) followed by the DOCTOR.

Mar. I have powerful reasons for entering this house. I came hither accompanied by these physicians, sent with me by the college, to demand a patient, who was this morning brought hither by a notorious professor of quackery: the young gentleman is of family, and nearly allied to me.

Doc. (Aside.) I am undone!

Mar. Where is he, sir? I must see him, and speak with him.

Lis. At present, you can't speak with him: he is in a better world. (Pointing to *La Fleur*.)

Mar. Alas! behold him there, or am I deceived? No; it is he himself whom I see! and he is dead! Gentlemen, I call you as witnesses that he is dead, and that yonder stands the assassin. (*Piccard and François examine the body; Piccard puts on his spectacles.*)

Fran. (Feeling his pulse.) Yes, he is dead; but he is not dead according to our rules.

Mar. Oh! my dear friend, and are you gone? But your death shall be revenged.—(To the Doctor.) Villain, tremble! for thy life shall answer for this. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please to take notes of what you see and hear in this house. (The doctors write.)

Lis. Dear sir, have pity on my poor master; he has killed the poor gentleman, to be sure; but it was without malice.

Doc. But you know, gentlemen, this is not the first patient that has been killed during an operation.

Pic. Ay, by the authority of the college.

Doc. (To the Marquis.) Dear sir, my only hope is in your mercy.

Mar. Then despair! for know, I am the Marquis de Lancy; and call to your remembrance with what insolence you rejected all my overtures to espouse your ward. Here is the advantageous contract I repeatedly sent to you, which you had the arrogance to return to me, without even deigning to look at.

Doc. Only deliver me from this trouble, and I will sign it without reading it at all.

Mar. But will the lady also sign it?

Con. No; for how can I wed another, when he (pointing to the Doctor) is the object of my love?

Doc. But consider, my dear Constance, that I am old and ugly, jealous and infirm. Indeed I am, indeed I am, I protest, Constance!

Con. But my love for you is so implanted in my heart—

Mar. If that be the case—Come, sir, follow us.

Doc. Stay; give me the contract, and let me sign it.—(Aside.) I will once more have recourse to the wand.

Mar. What imports your signing, if your ward will not?

Doc. She will sign.

Con. Never!

Doc. Give me the contract, and hold that. (Gives the wand to the Marquis, takes the contract, and signs it.)

Mar. What's this?

Doc. Keep it; never let it go from you.

Con. Yes, I feel a desire to sign; give me the contract.

Doc. Ay, I was sure of it. (Constance signs the contract.) And there, Marquis, is the contract. (Giving the contract to the Marquis.)

La F. (Rising.) Ah! I breathe again! I am a little better!

Doc. (Starting.) Why, is he not dead?

La F. No; I am mending apace.

Doc. Gentlemen, tear in pieces the process.—(To *La F.*) Oh! sir, what misery have you brought upon me!

La F. And what misery would your d—d instruments, and your boiling oil, have brought upon me?

Doc. How did you hear, in that fit, what I said?

La F. Very easily, sir. Return him the wand; and the ladies, I dare say, will fall in love with him again.

Doc. (Looking at *La F.* and then at the Marquis.) My eyes are open! I recollect them both! But this was the sick man! (To the Marquis.)

La F. But I was the dead one!

Doc. I am cheated, defrauded! What ho! neighbours! Here are thieves, murderers!

Mar. Nay, Doctor, reflect upon the arts you made use of, to keep my Constance yours, even in spite of her inclinations; then do not condemn the artifice I employed to obtain her with her own consent. A reward like this, urged me to encounter every hazard and every danger; for, believe me, Doctor, there is no magnetism like the powerful magnetism of love. [Exeunt.]

THE REGISTER OFFICE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JOSEPH REED.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN LE BRUSH
GULWELL
WILLIAMS

SCOTCHMAN
IRISHMAN
FRENCHMAN

MRS. DOGGEREL
MARGERY
A GIRL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Register Office.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. The business of the morning is partly over. What a crowd of deluded females have flocked here within these three hours, in expectation of the imaginary place we have advertised! A register-office, under the direction of so conscientious a person as Mr. Gulwell, instead of a public good, becomes a public evil. My upright master seldom feels any reflections of this kind; avarice is his leading principle; and so long as he can swell his bags by the folly or credulity of mankind, he will not suffer conscience to hinder him in the pursuit of gain. I think I hear him coming.

Enter GULWELL.

Gul. So, this advertisement has brought in two pounds, thirteen shillings! no very bad morning's work. Well, thanks to the memory of our witty founder, say I. Had he not hit on the scheme of a register-office, I might have dangled on at quill-driving without ever being worth a groat.

Wil. But, sir, do you think this calling of ours the most conscientious one in the world? I begin to imagine my old employment, the law, the more honest profession of the two.

Gul. Mr. Williams, there is roguery in all the employments under the sun. Every day's experience will convince you, that there is no getting through the world without a necessary portion of trick and chicanery.

Wil. Sir, if the imposture of this advertisement were found out and duly punished, one or both of

us would stand a fair chance for the pillory. How many poor girls have been stripped of perhaps their last shilling, by being amused with the hopes of the place we have advertised. I faith! sir, some of our profession are little better than downright pick-pockets. I am glad I shall have the good fortune to leave it so soon.

Gul. Mr. Williams, I am truly sorry for our separation, but rejoice at the occasion of it; however, if you hope to make a fortune in your altered condition of life, you must learn to keep your conscience in proper subordination. I can assure you, that fraud is as necessary a requisite in a stewardship as in an intelligence-office. Is there no message from Dr. Skinflint about the Welsh living?

Wil. Yes, sir; he says, as curates are so cheap in Wales, he will not take less than a thousand guineas.

Gul. A spiritual curmudgeon! Why, it is not quite a hundred a year. I forgot to ask if you called at Captain Sparkle's last night?

Wil. I did, sir; and was surprised to see him so greatly recovered.

Gul. I thought he would grow better after the embarkation. I never supposed him in any very great danger, because he refused eight hundred guineas for his commission, when his life was despaired of. Have you finished the assignment of the surgeoyny?

Wil. No, sir.

Gul. Then get it done, Mr. Williams: stay, you must write an advertisement for the Daily, any time this afternoon will do, of an employment to be disposed of in Ireland, of a thousand pounds per annum, which requires little learning or attendance,

and may be executed by a deputy. Remember to add, that secrecy is required, and none but principals need to apply.

Wil. I forgot to tell you, the young gentleman was here to know if you had received an answer about the secretary's place.

Gul. Truly, I am sorry I could not succeed: fifteen hundred guineas were insisted on; I pleaded the young gentleman's acknowledged merit, and the public services of his brave father, who lost his life in fighting for his country, which so softened my principal, that he sunk his demand from—

Wil. Fifteen to five hundred, I hope.

Gul. From guineas to pounds: I could get no further abatement.

Wil. It is a pity that such extraordinary merit should have no better success.

Gul. Ah! Mr. Williams, if places were given to persons of merit only, the Lord have mercy upon many a big-looking family. Away; here's company a coming. [*Exit Williams.*] Heyday! who have we here? By his looks, he must be one of the tribe of the soup maigres.

Enter a Frenchman.

French. Be votre nom Monsieur le Gulvelle?

Gul. It is, sir; your business?

French. Sire, me be tell dat dere be de grand nombres d'academies Françaises en Londres; and me vould be glad to be employé as un maitre de langues. Me speak a de Frens vid de vrai prononciation; and you see beside ma connoissance in de langue Angloise be not the most inconsiderable.

Gul. Oh! yes, sir; you speak very pretty English, I must own. Pray, what business have you been bred to?

French. Bisness! do you mean to front a me? me be von of de gens de qualité.

Gul. How, sir! a person of quality, and so poor as to be seeking after a livelihood.

French. Vy vere be de vonders of all dat? Nothing be more common in France. Me dit, indeed, sometime, pour passer le temps, amuse myself vid curl a de air, and cut a de corn of mine comrades de qualité of bot sex.

Gul. Sir, if you be a proficient in these sciences, I give you joy with all my heart, for I don't know a more profitable calling in London; nay, nor a more reputable one; for its professors are caressed by persons of the first fashion and distinction. There's your countryman, Monsieur Frizzellette de la Corneille, a hair and corn-cutter in St. James's, that keeps his chariot, though 'tis scarce half a score years since he would have made a bow to the ground for a bellyful of soup-maigre.

French. And begar, so would me too!

Gul. Sir, I will cook you up an advertisement as long as a proclamation, that will effectually do your business. In the meantime, I shall give orders for one of the laconic kind, to hang in golden letters over your door: "Hair and corns cut after the French taste, by a person of quality."

French. Ay, dat vil do ver vell. Par un personne de qualité.

Gul. But, sir, as you are a man of rank, you may, perhaps, think it below your dignity to follow any profession that has the least appearance of business?

French. Non, non, monsieur; tout au contraire.

Gul. Then I dare venture to say, that in less than a dozen years you will be rich enough to return to your native country, and marry a princess of the blood. How, in the name of wonder, could you think of being a pitiful teacher of French for a livelihood, when you are possessed of talents superior to all the learning in the world?

French. Me vill tell you, monsieur: it be not more as dix, onze, douze, treize—ay, thirteen year, since mon cousin coméd over to l'Angleterre, to

teash a de Frens in de boarding-école. Vell, he dit engage de affection of de Angloise young lady, sa belle écolière, runned away vid her, and so, begar, he getted de vife vid not less as von hundred tousand livres. Now, as mon cousin could marry de lady vid so much of de l'argent, vy may not me hope to do the same?

Gul. True, sir; but there's an ugly act of parliament since that time, which hinders you fortune-hunting gentlemen from gaining such wives. Well, sir, you will deposit a small sum; two or three guineas, or so; and I shall begin the advertisement.

French. Hey! vat you say? deposit! Je n'entends pas deposit.

Gul. Oh! sir, I'll soon explain it. Deposit signifies—

French. Non, non, mon cher ami! it be impossible for me to know vat you means; for me do not understand un mot de la langue Angloise.

Gul. Why, sir, I thought your connoissance in de langue Angloise had not been de most inconsiderable? (*Mimicking him.*)

French. Oh! monsieur—but dat—dat—dat vas une autre chose—quite anoder ting.

Gul. Well, sir, I must have two or three guineas, by way of earnest, before I proceed any further in your business.

French. Two, tree guinee! begar! me could so soon give you two, tree million. Vat you take a me for? un grand voleur—von tief? You tink me ave rob your Inglish exchequer; for all de world know dat de exchequer of my countree ave scarce so much to be rob of. Let a me see: me ave no more as von chelin, and von, two, three alpence.

Gul. Thirteen pence halfpenny! a very critical sum in England. Well, sir, you may leave that in part; I must give you credit for the remainder.

French. (*Gives his money.*) Dere, sir. And so, Monsieur le Gulvelle, you tink en verité me sal ride in my coach.

Gul. Not at all impossible. Call again in a week, and you shall see what I have done for you.

French. Begar! you have elevé mine beart. Sire, me be votre tres humble, tres obligé, and tres dévoté serviteur. Oh! mon Dieu! ride in my carrosse!

[*Exit.*]

Gul. Your most humble servant, good Monsieur le Carosse. If it were not for the credulity of mankind, what a plague would become of us office-keepers!

Enter MARGERY.

Mar. Sur, an I may be so bold, I'se come to ax an ye've sped about t'woman servant, 'at ye advertised for?

Gul. I have not. Come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steek't deer first, an ye please. (*Shuts the door.*)

Gul. What countrywoman are you?

Mar. I'se Yorkshire, by my truly! I was bred and bworn at little Yatton, aside Roseberry Topping.

Gul. Roseberry Topping! Where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Certainly God! ye knaw Roseberry? I thought only fule had knaw Roseberry. It's t' biggest hill in oll Yorkshire; it's aboun a mile an a hofe high, and as coad as ice at top on't i't' hettest summer's day; that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Ay, I'll uphole ye have I, ever sin I was neen year ald. Nay, makins, I'd a God's penny at Stowstah market, aboun hofe a year afore 'at I was neen; and as good a servant I've been, thof I say't myself, as ever came within pair o'deers. I can milk, kurn, fother, bake, brew, sheer, winder, card, spin, knit, sew, and do everything 'at belongs to a husbandman, as weel as ony lass 'at ever ware

logsheen: and as to my karecter, I defy onybody, gentle or simple, to say black's my nail.

Gul. Have you been in any place in London?

Mar. Ay, an' ye please; I lived wi' Madam Shillpipe, in St. Pole's Kirk-garth, but was forced o' leave my place afore 'at I had been a week o' lays in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Harry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me out o' my wits. She was t' arrantest scaud 'at ever I met wi' in my bwoon days. She had seerly sike a tongue, as never was in ony woman's head, but her awn. It wad ring, ring, like a larum frae mworn to neeght. Then she wad put herself into sike flusters, that her face wad be as black as t' reeking-crook. Nay, for that matter, I was put rightly sarra'd, for I was telled aforehand, by some verra sponsible fwoke, as she was a mere donnot; howsomever, as I fand my money grow less and less every day, (for I had brought my good seven-and-twenty shilling to neen groats and twopence,) I thought it wad be better to take up wi' a bad place than nea place at all.

Gul. And how do you like London?

Mar. Marry, sir, I like nowerther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set of fwoke as I never saw with my eyn. They laugh and flie at a body like onything: I went no but t'other day ti t' baker's shop for a lafe of bread, and they fell a giggling at me, as I'd been yan o' t' greatest gawvions i' t' world.

Gul. Pray, what is a gawvion?

Mar. Why, you're a gawvion for not knowing what it is; I thought ye Londoners ha' known everything: a gawvion's a ninny-hammer. Now, do you think, sir, 'at I look ought like a gawvion?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may bwoast as they will o' their manners, but they have nea mare manners than a miller's horse, I can tell them that; that I can. I wish I had been still at canny Yatton.

Gul. As you have so great a liking to the place, why would you leave it?

Mar. Marry, sir, I was forced, as van may say, to leave 't: the 'squire wad not let me be. By my truly, sir, he was efer after me, mworn, noon, and neeght. If I wad but ha consented to his wicked ways, I might ha' had gould by gopins, that I might. "Lo' ye, 'squire," say I, "you're mista'en o' me; I'se none o' thea sort o' cattle; I'se a vartuous young woman, I'll assure ye; ye're other fwoke's fwoke; wad ye be sike a taystrel as to ruin me?" But all wadn't do; he kept following and following, and teasing and teasing me: at length, run I telled my auld dame, and she advised me to gang to London to be out of his way; that she did, like an onnist woman as she was. I went to my cousin Ishell, and says I to her, "Ishell," says I, come, will you goway to London?" and telled her the hale affair atween me and the 'squire. "Ods-beed!" says she, "my lass, I'll gang wi' thee ti t' world's end." And away we come in good yearnest.

Gul. It was a very vartuous resolution. Pray, how old are you?

Mar. I'se nineteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a housekeeper's place?

Mar. I'se flaid I cannot manage't, unless it were in a husbandman's house.

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's in Buckinghamshire: I am sure you will do; I'll set you down for it. Your name?

Mar. Margery Moorpoort, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Nay, makins, I knaw naught o' speldering: I'se nea schollard.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

Mar. Nay, marry, for that matter, I wadn't be ower stiff about wage.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is only a shilling for a common place, but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's twea shilling, an' yan, tea, three, four, fave, six penn'orth o' bross, with a thousand thanks. God's prayer light o' you! for I'se seer ye'r't best friend I have met wi' sin I come frae canny Yatton, that you are. When shall I call again, sir?

Gul. About the middle of the next week.

Mar. Sir, an' ye please, gud mworning to you.

[Exit.

Gul. Good morning to you, dear, vartuous Mrs. Margery Moorpoort. So, this is a specimen of Yorkshire simplicity, that it is—More customers!

Enter Scotchman.

Well, sir, your business with me?

Scotch. Gin ye be the maister o' this office, my business wi' ye is to spear at ye, gin ye can be o' ony service till a peur distressit gentleman?

Gul. Sir, I shall be glad to do a gentleman in distress any service in my power, especially one of your country. I have a veneration for the very name of Scotchman; my father was one.

Scotch. Troth, ye speak vera nickle like a gentleman, and seem to hae a proper sense o' national honour. I'm glad that I've been sae fonsy as to fa' into sic hands. Ye maun ken that my family is as auncient as ony i' a Scotland, and that by direct lineal deshent, I sprang frae the great Jamy Mackintosh, who was a preevy-counsellor to King Sandy the second.

Gul. A very considerable origin, indeed! But, pray, sir, what may have been the cause of your present distress?

Scotch. I'se tell ye the hale matter: when I was a laddie I was sae daft to get the ill wull o' a' my kin, by the disgrace I had brought upo' the Mackintoshes, by pitting myself 'prentice till a canker auld carle o' a sword-slipper in Aberdeen, whose bonny daughter I was so unsousy as to click a fancy to.

Gul. Well, sir?

Scotch. When I was out o' my 'prenticeship, I wanted gear to begin the world wi': I axed a' my friends, but they girit at me like the vengeance. "Hald ye there, lad!" quo' they: "Ye maun e'en pickle i' your ain poke nuke." "As ye baked ye may brew." An' the de'il o' owther gowd or siller; nae no sae mickle as a plack or a bawbie wad they gi' me, unless I wad betak' mysel' to some mare gentleman-like occupation. Weel, sir, I was forcit to wale a new business. They ga' me graith enough to buy a pack; and turned travelling merchant, whilk the English, by way o' derision, ca' a pedder, that I might nae langer be a disgrace to my kin.

Gul. Why, this was a way to retrieve the disgrace of the Mackintoshes, indeed!

Scotch. Right, sir, verra right a truly. But wi' your permission, I'se speed me to the tragical part o' my story: as I was ganging my gate towards Portsmouth, I was attackt by twa robbers, who gar'd me strip frae the muckle coat o' my back to my vera sark; an' rubbit me o' a', ay, an' mare nor a' I could ca' my ain. An' no content wi' taking my gudes, they ruggit my hair; they pou'd me by the lugs; they brisset and skelpit me to sic a gree, that the gore blude rin into my breeks, an' my skin was amaisht as black as pick; nay, when I graned i' meikle dool an' agonie, the fallows leugh at my pitifu' mains, ca'd me an ill-fared scabbit tyke; an' bad me begane into my ain crowdie country to sell butter an' brunstane.

Gul. The barbarous villains! Not only to rob and abuse you, but to insult your country.

Scotch. I wot, it was a downright national reflection; an' I'm sic a loo'er o' my country, that it hurt me mare nor a' the whacks they ga'me, an' the loss o' my pack into the bargain. Weel, sir, I am now brought to the maist ruefu' plight, that ever peur fallow was in, for I canna' git claitils to my back, or veetle to my wame: I'm sae blate that I maun starve to deid, or I can ax charity; albeit, I'm sae hungry that I could make a braw meal upo' a whin sour kail, an' a haggie, ta'en aff a middling, gif it e'en stank like a brock.

Gul. Poor gentleman! I pity your condition with all my heart.

Scotch. As I trudge along the wynds, I can hear the cawler wailer, I drink at the pump, gang jaup, jaup, jaup, i' my empty kyte. Except a bicker o' gud fat brose, an' a lunch o' salt beef, whilk I gat last Sabbath day aboard o' a wee Scotch barkie, I ha' no had my peur wame weel steght this two owks an' aboon; an' hunger, ye ken, is unco fare to bide.

Gul. It is so, indeed.

Scotch. Now, gin ye can pit me intill ony creditable way o' getting my bread, I sall rackon it a very great kyndness.

Gul. For what station in life do you think yourself fittest?

Scotch. For ony station, where learning is necessary. I care na' a pickle o' sneshing what it be. Ye may ken, by my elocution, I'm a man o' nae sma' lair. I was sae weel-leered, that ilka auld wife in Aberdeen wad turn up the whites of her e'en like a mass John at kirk, an' cry, "Ay, God guide us! what a pauky chiel is Donald! He's sae aldgabht tha' a speaks like a print buke. I could like vera weel to be a Latin secretary till a minister o' state, an' can say, wi'out vanity, I'm as fit for an office as ony man i' the British dominions.

Gul. Then you understand Latin?

Scotch. Latin! Hoot awa' man! hoot awa', ye daft gowk! do ye jeer a body? a Scotchman, an' not unnerstan' Latin! Ha, ha, ha! A vera gude joke a truly! unnerstan' Latin, quo'he! Why, we speak it better nor ony o' his majesty's subjects, an' wi' the genuine original pronunciation, too. I've gi' you a specimen frae that watty chiel, Maister Ovid:

*Parve, nec invidio, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem,
Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo!*

Now, ken ye, man, whether I unnerstand Latin or no?

Gul. Oh! sir, I see you are a complete Latinist. Well, if we can't fall in for the secretary, suppose you should take up with translating awhile, till something better offer? there are pretty pickings, very comfortable pickings, now and then, to be had in that way.

Scotch. Anything at present to satisfy the cravings of my wame, there is no an under the dignity o' my family. Ye ken the ald saw, beggars mun na be choosers: for that matter, I've no repine, gif I can but e'en git bannocks, an' sneeshing, till something better fa' out.

Gul. Give me your name and place of abode, and you may expect to hear from me very shortly.

Scotch. Donald Mackintosh, gentleman; at Maister Archibald Buchanan's, a tobacco-merchant, at the sign of the Highlander and snuff-bledder, ower aneast King James's-stairs, Snudwell. (*Gulwell writes.*) What's your charge, sir?

Gul. Only a shilling, sir: 'tis a perquisite for my clerk.

Scotch. There it's for ye, sir. (*Gives money.*) I was fain to borrow't o' Sandy Ferguson, the coal-heaver; for the de'il a bodle had I o' my ain.

Gul. Have you got anybody to give you a character?

Scotch. In troth, I canna say I ha' e'en now. I ken no living saul in London but Sandy an' my landlord, that I would ax sic a favour o'; and

ablins their karecter o' me would no be thought sufficient.

Gul. Nay, sir, it is no very great matter: it would have saved you a trille; for when we make characters, we must be paid for them. We have characters, as jockies have pedigrees, from five shillings to five guineas.

Scotch. Weel, sir, we may taunk o' that anither time: gin ye succeed, ye'se find me no ungratefu'. Ye sall see I ha' no sae mikle o' the fau'se Englishman wi' me, as to be forgetfu' o' my benefactors. I'm afeard I've been vera fasheous; howe'er, I'se fash ye nae langer, but gang my wa's home. Sir, your vera abliged servant. Ik gude troth, this is a *rara avis in terris, nigroque similina cygno*. [*Exit.*]

Gul. Your most obedient, good Mr. Latin secretary. There goes one of the many fools that owe their ruin to family pride. Mr. Williams, give an eye to the office; I shall be back in a few minutes. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Register Office.

Enter GULWELL, meeting WILLIAMS.

Gul. Her ladyship hath released me sooner than I expected. Go, get the instrument finished, Mr. Williams. [*Exit Williams.*] A comb-brush for Lady Vixen. (*Writing.*) This, I believe, will be the one-and-twentieth she bath had from my office within these two years: a special customer, i' faith! Heyday! Who have we here? A spruce coxcomb of the military cast.

Enter CAPTAIN LE BRUSH.

Capt. Sir, your most obedient. Pray, a'n't you Mr. Geoffry Gulwell, esquire?

Gul. The same, sir.

Capt. Then I am come to have a little talk with you.

Gul. Your business, good sir?

Capt. You must know, sir, I am an ensign in a new raised ridgmen, to which post I was advanced through the interest of my very good friend and acquaintance, Lord Pliant; whom I had the honour to serve many years in the capacity of valet-de-chambre. But, sir, though formerly a servant, I am a gentleman born, and have had the honour of an university iddication.

Gul. Sir, I make no doubt of it; you have the appearance of a man of consequence: may I crave your name and family?

Capt. My name, sir, is Le Brush. I am commonly called Brush, but Le Brush is the name my family was originally, nay, even solately as Harry the Eighth, known by: a name, sir, given by way of distinction to one of my auntsisters, that was general under All-afraid the Great, for so victoriously sweeping away hole armies of the enemy. Our family had all their estates confiscated in the broils between the Yorkshire and Lancashire line; so that their predecessors have been a little out of repair to the present time, and the name regenerated into plain Brush.

Gul. Sir, as your family hath been so long reduced how came you by the education you talk of?

Capt. Sir, I was taught to read and write free-gratis for nothing, at a charity-school; and attended Lord Pliant to the university; where, you know, there are many opportunities for a man of talons to improve himself.

Gul. Right, sir; such opportunities, that I have frequently known a valet return from thence full as wise as his master.

Capt. Egad! sir, I see very plainly you're a gentleman, that knows what's what.

Gul. And pray, Captain, what were your favourite studies at college?

Capt. Logic and poetry; the only two studies fit

a gentleman: as the first will teach you to cheat the devil, and the other to charm the ladies.

Gul. I should be glad to have a little conference with you on the latter; for I am a bit of a abler in it.

Capt. Then, seriously, as a friend, I would dissuade you to look out d—d sharp, or, upon my soul, you'll catch a Tartar! for I have not met with anybody that was fit to hold the candle to me in poetry, for a long series of time. But, sir, as I am in haste, we had better refer the dispute, I present. Any other time I am at your service or a confab of a few hours. I shall run through my business with as brief prolixity as possible,—at a country town, where I was recruiting, I had the good fortune to pick up a maiden lady, pretty well stricken in years, with a fortune of three thousand pounds in the stocks. Now, sir, as the interest of the money, and my present pay, will scarcely be sufficient to maintain me, (for you know, sir, a soldier and a gentleman is anonymous characters, and a man in my office must live up to his dignity,) I say, sir, as the interest of the money is d—d low, I have a desire to purchase a cornetcy, or a company of foot, that I may be better able to live like a gentleman.

Gul. Posts of that kind frequently fall under my disposal. I think it a prudent and honourable intention in you; as, in case of mortality, the provision for your lady will be larger.

Capt. Pooh! d—n the old hag! I don't care if he devil had her! I have been married above two months, and was as tired of her in the first fortnight, as a modern man of quality after a twelvemonth's cohabitation. I have, for these five weeks past, done everything in my power to break her heart; but, egad! it is made of such tough stuff, such penetrable stuff, (as my friend Shakespeare calls it,) that I believe I shan't be able to defeat the business, d—e! In short, my disappointment has thrown me into such a devilish dilemma, that the devil fetch me, if I know, for the blood and soul of me, how to exorcise myself out of it! For I want to be rid of her, most cursedly, that's certain!

Gul. There are ways, many ways, Captain, by which such a business may be brought about.

Capt. True, sir; my sergeant, Tom Spatterdash, who is a d—d cute dog, as any in the copper-plate system—You don't know Tom, do you, sir?

Gul. I can't say I have the honour of his acquaintance.

Capt. Oh! the most drollest, comicallest fellow in the whole universe, egad! As I was a saying, Tom offered me, for ten guineas, to give her a dose; but, no, no; d—e, thinks I to myself, I'll not poison the old beldam, neither; it will be the more fashionable way to break her heart.

Gul. Sir, as you are a gentleman, I would beg leave to ask why you are so desirous of parting with a woman, who has been so great a benefactress to you? I should be afraid your patron and his lady would resent such behaviour. Will you be kind enough to answer my question with truth.

Capt. Truth, sir, is, to be sure, a most amiable thing, and what every gentleman ought to make use of, as Mr.—what's his name?—one of the old Roman philosophers,—Pythagorus, I believe,—ay, 'squire Pythagorus it was, who used to say, "Socratus is my friend, Pluto is my friend; but truth is more my friend." So say I; Lord Pliant is my friend, Lady Pliant is my friend; but truth is more my friend. And though some persons will affirm that truth ought not to be spoken at all times, yet no philosopher, nor nobody else, would ever venture to affirm, but that truth ought to be spoken at some times; which being granted,—I say, sir, which being granted, it must follow, ne-

cessarily follow, sir, that though truth ought not to be spoken at all times, occasions, and seasons, yet seasonable truths may be occasionally spoken at all times; but this, sir, is the very profundity of logic, and, consequently, out of the reach of every capacity; wherefore, I shall descend into the spear of common sense, to be the better understood.

Gul. Sir, I must acknowledge that your arguments are very sublime and logical; but yet they are no answer to my question. Perhaps I have been too rude to press you on the occasion; there may be some lady in the case, who—

Capt. Egad! sir, you're in the right! I had not been married above ten days, when I fell most consumedly in love with a niece of my wife's; a girl of fifteen, with a d—d large fortune: a most exquisit creature, upon my soul! In short, she is the hole tote of my desires. As that there black fellow in the play—Othello Moor, I think they call him, says—"Perdition catch my soul but I do love her; and when I love her not, chaos is come again!"

Gul. Pray, Captain, who is that Chaos?

Capt. "And when I love her not, chaos is come again!" Oh! a d—d fine sentiment as ever was uttered! the most sentimental sentiment in the world!

Gul. But, Captain, I ask who is that Chaos?

Capt. Chaos! Lard bless you! you partend you don't know; a man of your years and understanding, too! Fie, fie! Mr. Gulwell, none of your tricks upon travellers!

Gul. Sir, I seldom ask the meaning of a word I understand.

Capt. Then you must know, chaos is a—my dear, it is a—a—(Aside.) Zounds! what shall I say? The devil chaos him!—It is a—I can't find words to express myself properly—It is impossible to divine it literally; but chaos—when a man speaks of chaos in—in a general way, it is as much as to say—chaos—chaos—I can't divine it otherwise, for the blood and soul of me!

Gul. You have not divined it at all; at least, not to my satisfaction. I suppose, by the connexion, it signifies dislike.

Capt. Right, sir; it is a—a—kind of dislike; but not, as one may say, a—a—an absolute dislike.—But, sir, to proceed in my story: if I could but break my wife's heart, I should assuredly marry my niece in less than a month after her decease. A separate maintenance won't do, or Mrs. Le Brush should have it with all my soul; but, if we part, you know, all hopes of breaking her heart are over. She has offered to separate, if I would give her two hundred pounds in ready rhino, and annually allow her for life, an annual provision of fifty pounds per annum, every year.

Gul. Which you've refused, I suppose?

Capt. Refused! most certainly, sir. I was almost putrified with astonishment at the egregious impudence of her demand. I shall not consent to allow her a shilling more than fifteen a year. She may live comfortably, very comfortably on it, in the North.

Gul. Truly, sir, I think fifteen pounds a year a very genteel allowance; especially as she brought you so small a trifle as three thousand!

Capt. I think so too, egad! But these old devils have no conscience at all, d—e! Well, sir, you'll give me an answer as soon as possible. You may hear of me at Mrs. Dresden's, a milliner, under the Peaches in Common Garden.

Gul. (Writing.) Very well, sir. I'll talk with a principal about your affair, this evening.

Capt. There, sir. (Gives him money.) You'll take care to heat him down as low as possible.

Gul. You may depend on my best endeavours, most noble Captain,—[Exit Captain Le Brush.]—

scoundrel! I should have said. Why, this fellow's a greater rascal than myself! But what can be expected from a coxcomb of his stamp!—More company?

Enter an Irishman.

Irish. My dear honey, I am come to shée if you have commiseration enough in your bowels to a poor Irishman, to get him a plaish.

Gul. What sort of a place are you fit for?

Irish. Upon my shalvashion, joy, d'ye see? I am fit for any plaish alive! I have strength and bonesh enough in this carcash of mine, to do all the work in the world.

Gul. Have you ever been in service?

Irish. In shervish! No, to be sure I have not!—Yes, by St. Patrick, ever since I was so big as a potato!

Gul. With whom did you last live?

Irish. With 'squire Maclellan, of Killybegs.

Gul. Killybegs! Where the deuce is that?

Irish. Why, where the devil should it be but in Ireland, my dear honey?

Gul. But what part of Ireland? what province? what county?

Irish. It is in the provinsh of Donegal, in the county of Ulster. It is an inland sea-port town, where they catch the best pickled herrings in England. By my fet! he was the best man of a maishter between Derry and Youghall. Arrah! I shall never live so well with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again!

Gul. As he was so good a master, how came you to leave him?

Irish. Leave him, joy! because he wanted to make a bug and a fool of me. When I went to go to plough and harrow, he would insist on my yoking the dear creatures, the mulesh, by the necks, instead of the tailsh.

Gul. The tails! Why, is that the Irish custom in ploughing?

Irish. Ay, upon my conscience, it is, joy! and the best cushiton, that ever was born in the world. I'll give you a reason for it, honey: you know, when the trashes are fastened to the tail, all the rest of the body is free; and when all the carcash but the tail goes along, the tail must follow of course: besides, honey, all the world knows that the strength of every human creature lies in the tail. Arrah! he wanted to bodder me with his d— English tricks! but the devil burn me, if honest Paddy would not have left twenty places, if he had been in them, all at once, sooner than be put out of the way of his country.

Gul. You were certainly in the right; I commend your spirit. But, pray, how have you lived since you came to London?

Irish. Lived, honey! as a great many live in London—nobody knows how. By my shoul! I have only picked up five thirteens for these four weeks and a half!

Gul. (*Aside.*) A special raw-boned fellow this! he will do for America: I'll send word to my nephew Trappum.—Would you like to go abroad, friend?

Irish. Ay, my dear honey! any way in England, or in Scotland; but I do not like, d'ye see, to live out of my native kingdom.

Gul. Oh! it's only a very short voyage; a little round the Land's End. A gentleman has taken a very considerable farm in the west; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have the sole management of it. 'Twould be the making of you. You can write, I suppose?

Irish. Yes, upon my conscience, that I can very well—may mark, honey, that's all. But that's nothing, my dear; I could get anybody to write for me, if they did but know how.

Gul. That's true. Well, I shall see the gentle-

man this evening, and have a little close talk with him about you.

Irish. Upon my shoul, the most shivilest person, d'ye see, that ever I met with, since I was an Irishman. (*Aside.*)

Gul. Where do you lodge, friend?

Irish. At the Harp and Spinning Wheel, in Farthing-fields; Wapping; in a room of my own, that I hire at nine-pence a week.

Gul. Your name?

Irish. Patrick O'Carrol.

Gul. O'Carrol! Give me your hand; we must be cousins. My great-grandmother was an O'Carrol!

Irish. Was she, by St. Patrick? Then we must be cousins, sure enough! Where was she born?

Gul. At what do you call the place, where 'squire O'Carrol lives?

Irish. What, Provost O'Carrol?

Gul. Ay, the Provost.

Irish. Oh! you're a soft lad! you don't know it was Ballishanny?

Gul. Right; that is the very place! Well, cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

Irish. And so should poor Paddy, by my fet! You cannot conceive how my heart dances in the inside of my bowels, to see a relation in this part of the world, where I expected to see nobody at all. Do, honey, put your head here to feel. Fet! joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about in my belly, like a brustled pea in a fire-shovel. Arrah! I knew you to be better than half an Irishman, by your shivility to strangers.

Gul. Ay, I wish I were wholly so; but it was my misfortune to be born in England.

Irish. Upon my conscience, that was almost poor Paddy's misfortune, too! I was begot in England; but, as good luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

Gul. Well, cousin, if you will call on me tomorrow morning, I hope I shall be able to give you joy of your place.

Irish. I shall, my dear cushin. Arrah! now, if I were but my father, who has been dead these seven years, I should be making a song upon you for this shivility.

Gul. Your father? What was he?

Irish. A true Irish poet, my dear; he could neither read nor write. By my fet! honey, he wrote many an excellent new song. I have one of his upon Moggy MacLachlan, a young virgín in Sligo, who he fell in love with, after she had two love-begots at one time to 'squire Concannon.

Gul. I should be glad to see it, if you have it on you.

Irish. Oh! yes, my dear creature, I always carry it upon me: it is in my head, honey; you shall see it in a minute, if you will give me leave to sing it.

Gul. With all my heart, cousin.

Irish. The devil burn me, now, honey, if I can think of the right tune, because it never had any tune at all. However, it will go to Larry Groghran.

Gul. By all means, let's have it.

AIR.—*Irishman.*

My sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,

And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten:

Those eyes in your face—oh! pity my case!

Poor Paddy have smitten, poor Paddy have smitten.

Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,

Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:

Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,

You're straight as a wand is, you're straight as a wand is.

*Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
As black as the devil, as black as the devil;
Your breath is as sweet, too, as any potato,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.
When dress'd in your bodice, you trip like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky; so nimble, so frisky;
A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
whisky.*

*I grunt and I pine, like a pig or a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;
No rest I can take, and asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate, then, give over, nor Paddy, your lover,
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.*

Gul. I thank you very kindly; it is a most admirable song. Well, you will be here at nine to-morrow?

Irish. You may be certain of my coming, my dear cushion.

Gul. But, harkye! be sure not to mention a word of this affair to any person whatsoever. I would not have it get wind, lest anybody should be applying to the gentleman.

Irish. Oh! let Paddy alone for that, my dear creature; I am too cunning to mention it to nobody but my own shelf. Well, your servant, my dear cushion. [Exit.]

Gul. Your servant, your servant! We must have this fellow indented as soon as possible: he will fetch a rare price in the plantations.

Enter MRS. DOGGEREL and a Girl.

Heyday! what whimsical figure is this? she appears to be of the family of the Slammekins.—
(*Aside.*)

Mrs. D. Mr. Office-keeper,—I forget your name, though I have seen it so often in print.

Gul. Gulwell, madam. Pray, be seated.

Mrs. D. I come, Mr. Gulwell, to inquire after a person that can write short-hand: I want an amanuensis.

Gul. An amanuensis, madam?

Mrs. D. Yes, sir; an amanuensis to take down my ideas: they flow upon me in such torrents, that I cannot commit them to paper, a tenth part so fast as I could wish. My name, sir, is not altogether unknown in the literary world. You have, undoubtedly, heard of the celebrated Mrs. Slatternella Doggerel, the dramatic poetess?—Eh! have not you?

Gul. Oh! yes, madam, ten thousand times!—
(*Aside.*) Though the devil fetch me, if ever I heard of the name before!

Mrs. D. I have written Mr.—a—a—What's your name, sir?

Gul. Gulwell, mamma, is the gentleman's name.

Mrs. D. Ay, ay, child.—I have written, Mr. Culwell, no less than nine tragedies, eight comedies, seven tragi-comedies, six farces, five operas, four masques, three oratorios, two mock-tragedies, and one tragi-comi-operatico-magico-farcico-pastoral-dramatic romance, making, in the whole, as Scrub says, five and forty.

Girl. Yes, sir, five and forty.

Gul. And pray, madam, how many of them have been brought upon the stage?

Mrs. D. Not one, sir; but that is no diminution of their merit; for while the stage is under the direction of people that scribble themselves, it is no wonder they are so backward in producing the works of others. As what-do-you-call-'em says in the play, "Who the devil cares for any man that has more wit than himself?" Eh! Mr. Culwell?

Gul. Very true, madam. But suppose we should beat about for a patron among the great!

Mrs. D. A patron, quotha! Why, the very word, applied as an encourager of literary merit, is almost obsolete. You might as soon find a real patriot, as a real patron. Our great men are too much engaged in the trifles and follies of the age, to give themselves any concern about dramatic genius. Indeed, if I could submit to write a treatise on the science of gaming, a new history of peerage, or an essay on improving the breed of running-horses, perhaps some of our right honourable jockies might vouchsafe to give me a recommendation to their brother jockies of the theatrical turf.

Gul. Madam, I am of opinion, that a well-written pamphlet in favour of the ministry, could not fail of procuring you a patron.

Mrs. D. And so you would have me sacrifice my conscience to interest, you strange creature, you?

Gul. Conscience, madam! What have authors, that write for bread, to do with conscience? A learned professor in the law, though he has amassed even a ministerial fortune at the bar, will, for a few guineas, prostitute his eloquence, by pleading in a bad cause; then why should not a poor devil of an author, against his conscience, brandish his pen in a political squabble, to keep himself from starving.

Mrs. D. But what author of true genius could ever stoop to write a parcel of dull stuff about inns and outs? No, no; depend on't, the most certain way to get my pieces on the stage, will be to go on the stage myself. Many ricketty, dramatic brats have been allowed to crawl on the stage, which would never have made their theatrical appearance, if they had not been of theatrical parentage.

Gul. Madam, your observation is very just.

Mrs. D. But, pray, what do you think of my person? With a large hoop, instead of this trollop-pee, should I not make a tolerably elegant figure in tragedy, nay, not to say magnificent one?

Gul. The most elegant and magnificent in the world.

Mrs. D. I once played Belvidera with some of my city acquaintance, and got such prodigious applause, that Mr. Alderman Loveturtle came waddling up to me, with a—"Madam, you have played the part so finely, that though I love good eating and drinking better than anything in the world, I would mortify upon bread and water a whole month, for the pleasure of seeing you play it again.

Gul. Madam, you are an excellent mimic.

Mrs. D. And what has raised the reputation of some performers so much as mimicry? But I'll give you a speech out of Belvidera's mad scene.

Gul. Madam, you will oblige me greatly.

Girl. My mamma speaks it delightfully, I assure you, sir.

Mrs. D. Take my cap, Melpomene; I must have my hair about my ears; there is no playing a mad scene without disbevelled hair.

"Ha! look there!

*My husband bloody, and his friend too!—vanish'd!
Here they went down:—Oh! I'll dig, dig the den up!
Ho! Jaffer! Jaffer!"*

Girl. Pray, don't cry, mamma; don't cry. (*Weeps*)

Mrs. D. Pray, Mr. Gulliver, lend me your hand to help me up. Well, what do you think of this acting?

Gul. I'm astonish'd at it. Why don't you apply to the managers?

Girl. My mamma did apply to one of them.

Mrs. D. Yes, and spoke that very speech.

Gul. And what did he say? Was he not in raptures.

Mrs. D. So far from it, that he did nothing all the while but titter, and he! he! he!

Girl. Yes, he did nothing but he! he! he!

Gul. Titter, and he! he! he!

(They all force a laugh.)

Mrs. D. Yes, yes; I shall breed her up myself. With her own capabilities and my instructions, I don't doubt but she will make all our tragedy heroines turn pale; she will eclipse them all, I warrant her; I have already taught her the part of Sappho, in my two-act tragedy of that name. Give the gentleman a speech, Melpomene.

Girl. Yes, mamma. Where shall I begin?

Mrs. D. At "*Oh! Phaon, Phaon!*" You are to observe, sir, that all my tragedies are written in heroics; I hate your blank verse; it is but one remove from prose, and consequently not sublime enough for tragedy. Now, begin, Melly.

Girl. "*Oh! Phaon, Phaon! could my eyes impart,*

The swelling throes and tumults of my heart—"

Mrs. D. "*The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!*" Child, you are too languid by ten thousand degrees. Your sister, Calliope, would speak it abundantly better. Nay, little Clio, that is not quite three years old, could not speak it worse. Give it more energy, child. Set yourself a heaving like a tragedian out of breath. It should be spoken thus: "*The swelling throes and tumults of my heart.*"

Girl. "*The swelling throes and tumults of my heart,*

Thou never wouldst thy Sappho's love desert."

Mrs. D. There's a pathetic speech for you!

Gul. Very pathetic indeed. And this little dear hath spoken it like an angel.

Mrs. D. I'll now give you a touch of the pompous. "*By hell and vengeance—*" I forgot to tell you it is the turnkey's soliloquy in my tragedy of Betty Canning.

*"By hell and vengeance, Canning shall be mine!
Her, but with life, I never can resign.
Should Ætna bar my passage to the dame,
Headlong I'd plunge into the sulphurous flame;
Or, like the Titans, wage a war with Jove,
Rather than lose the object of my love."*

Gul. Madam, this must have a fine effect. It will certainly bring the house down, whenever it is played.

Mrs. D. You sensible creature, I must embrace you for the kind expression. Yes, yes, it must have a fine effect, or it never would have had a run of fifty nights. I assure you, it was played no less than fifty nights by Mr. Flockton's company.

Gul. Flockton's company! Pray, who is Flockton?

Mrs. D. He is master of the best company of puppets in England.

Gul. So, then, your piece has been played by wooden actors? Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. D. Wooden actors! and why this sarcasm on wooden actors? Pray, sir, let me ask you, what piece is, now-a-days, played without wooden actors? Well, Mr.—a—Culpepper—

Girl. Lud! mamma, what a queer name is that! They call him Gulwell.

Mrs. D. My dear, I knew his name begun with either Gul or Cull—I ask your pardon, sir; I am so frequently enveloped in thought that I even forget my own name; I hope, therefore, you will not take it amiss that I should not remember your's.

Gul. No apology, madam.

Mrs. D. Well, Mr.—a—Gullcatcher, if you

hear of an amanuensis, pray give me the most early intelligence.

Gul. But I hope, madam, I shall not offend you in asking you how he is to be paid?

Mrs. D. Paid! Why, I really did not think of this—Let me see: suppose—no, this won't do—hum—ay—He shall have a tenth part of the profit of my future productions: he shall tithe them.

Gul. Madam, I feel for your young muses, and can dissemble with you no longer. Take my advice: go immediately home, and burn all your pieces; for I am certain you will never make a shilling of them, unless you sell them for waste paper.

Mrs. D. Waste paper! Heaven and earth! such excellent compositions go for waste paper!

Girl. Waste paper, indeed! I should not have thought of waste paper!

Gul. Burn them all immediately. Give me your solemn promise to leave off scribbling; and if any place, worthy your acceptance, fall in my way, I will endeavour to fix you in it.

Mrs. D. What! sacrifice immortality for a place? I must tell you, sir, you're an envious, impertinent, self-sufficient puppy, to presume to advise me, who have a million times your understanding.

Girl. Yes, a million times your understanding!

Mrs. D. Waste paper! Oh, ye gods! if I had the wealth of Croesus, I would give it all to be revenged on this affronting savage! [Exit.]

Girl. Ah! you're a naughty creature to vex my poor mamma in this manner! [Exit.]

Gul. So, this comes of my plain dealing! I am rightly served for endeavouring to wash the black-amoor white.

Enter MRS. DOGGEREL and Girl.

Mrs. D. I have returned to tell you, that I will have ample vengeance for this indignity. I will immediately set about writing a farce, to be called the Register Office, in which I will expose your tricks, your frauds, your cheats, your impositions, your chicaneries! I'll do for you! I'll make you repent the hour wherein you had the impudence and ill-nature to advise me to burn all my pieces! By all the gods! I'll write such a piece against you—

Then like thy fate superior will I sit.

And see thee scorn'd and laugh'd at by the pit;

I, with my friends, will in the gallery go,

And tread thee sinking to the shades below.

[Exit.]

Girl. "And tread thee sinking to the shades below!" [Exit.]

Gul. The woman takes it mightily in dudgeon!

Enter an Irishman.

Irish. My dear cushin, after I went away before, I forgot to pay for your shivility; therefore, I am going to come back again to be out of your debt.

Gul. Never mind it, cousin; any other time.

Irish. Arrah! I am a person of more honour than to continue in nobody's debt, when I owe him nothing. You kidnapping rascal, you was going to send me into the other world, to be turned into a black negro. I had gone, sure enough, but for Maccarrell O'Neil, whom I overtook, as we run against one another in your English St. Patrick's church-yard—St. Paul's. Besides, if I should be taken sick, and die of a consumption to-night, you might tell me to my face, the next time I see you, that I stole out of the world on purpose to cheat you. There, my dear cushin!

[Overturns the desks, &c. beats Gulwell off, and exit.]

THE VILLAGE LAWYER;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.



Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

JUSTICE MITTINUS
SCOUT
SNARL

SHEEPFACE
CHARLES
CLERK

CONSTABLES
MRS. SCOUT
KATE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Scout's house.

Mrs. S. (Without.) I tell you it shall be—

Scout. (Without.) Nay, nay; but my dear, now—

Mrs. S. (Without.) It does not signify talking, I must and will have it so.

Scout. (Without.) But think, my dear, how ridiculous—

Mrs. S. (Without.) I don't care; I'm resolved; I'll no longer be the laughing-stock of the whole country. Do you imagine I'll—

Enter MR. and MRS. SCOUT.

Scout. Nay, but my dear, sweet love, that indefatigable tongue of your's would out-talk any lawyer in the kingdom; I can talk, sometimes, pretty well myself, but I stand no chance with you. Why, you would out-din the whole bar itself, that though a lawyer—

Mrs. S. A lawyer! No one, to see you in this trim, would imagine you had ever carried on anybody's suit but your own. Had you a grain of spirit left, you might—

Scout. Spirit! Nay, nay, wife, don't complain of my want of spirit. Was it not my spirit that drove me from the capital, and made me bury my talents in obscurity? Have not I attended all the harangues of the courts, with only a little whizzing on one side, and a deafness on the other? And have not I convinced you I had too much spirit on a certain occasion?

Mrs. S. Very fine, indeed. And so you make a merit of your blunders?

Scout. Blunders, indeed! I think I made a blunder in coming here. Not a single job have I got since I have been down: not a broken head, nor a quarrel for one to get a penny by; there has not been a bastard born since we've been here; and,

d— me, if I don't think the very cattle keep out of the pound on purpose to spite me. Now, if one could put on the appearance of business, the reality follows of course; and, perhaps, something may turn out—

Mrs. S. Yes; and, in the meantime, your poor wife may starve, and your daughter lose the opportunity of settling herself handsomely, with one of the young men that pay their addresses to her; whom the shabbiness of your appearance has frightened away.

Scout. Why, to be sure, I am shabby enough, of all conscience; and cannot, with any propriety, make my appearance in public. Let me see: I have it; I'll go and purchase a suit of clothes directly.

Mrs. S. Purchase a suit of clothes, without a shilling in your pocket?

Scout. Oh! my dear, that's nothing at all: most of the fashionable suits in London are purchased that way. Let me see: what colour shall I choose? shall it be a brown, a grey, a bat's wing, or—

Mrs. S. Oh! never mind the colour, so you can find somebody fool enough to let you have the cloth.

Scout. Oh! I'll warrant you. Let me see, now: there's neighbour Snarl, that lives over the way; he keeps a large assortment of colours; I'll hum him out of a suit.

Mrs. S. Mr. Snarl! Take care what you do there, husband; his son, Charles, is in love with our Harriet, and would have married her before now, but for fear of his father's anger. I would not for the world disappoint the girl's hopes.

Scout. Well, well; step in and bring my gown and band; it will, at least, make me have a better appearance, [*Exit Mrs. S.*] by hiding these d—d rags of mine. Come, wife, make haste. Take care you don't break the China basin on the window. Come, what a long time you are!

Re-enter MRS. SCOUT, with the gown and band.

Mrs. S. Why, I brought it as soon as I could.

Scout. Come, help me on with it; take care what you are about. See what a large hole here is! You sit all day with your hands before you, and I think you might have mended it.

Mrs. S. I'll mend it when you come back.

Scout. There, there; now I shall do very well. And let me tell you, wife, I am not the only one that make use of a gown to hide things that are not fit to be seen. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Snarl's Shop.*

Enter SNARL, followed by CHARLES.

Snarl. Charles, have you been looking out for another shepherd, as I told you?

Charles. No, sir; I think you have got a very good one.

Snarl. No such thing: I tell you that Sheepface is a rogue; he has lived with me only a fortnight, and here are missing fourteen of my best wethers.

Charles. Consider, sir, what havoc such a disorder makes in a little time.

Snarl. Yes, yes, I have considered, and I know pretty well, by this time. I have long suspected him; and last night I caught him in the very fact, killing one of my fattest wethers; and I am determined to have him up before Justice Mittimus, this day; but reach me my book, and let me look over the account of my stock, perhaps there may be more missing.

Charles. There it is, sir. (Gives an account-book.)

Snarl. And if neighbour Gripe calls, tell him I want to see him about this rascal Sheepface. Let me see: twelve times ten is—

Enter SHEEPFACE.

Charles. Sheepface, my father has discovered all; do the best you can; beware of saying too much. [Exit.]

Sheep. Save you, good master Snarl!

Snarl. What, you rascal, are you here? How dare you appear before me, after the trick you have played me?

Sheep. Only to tell you I've been with neighbour Gripe, the constable, who has been speaking to me about sheep-stealing, Justice Mittimus, your honour, and a power o' things; so I said to myself as how I would not make it a secret any longer with your worship.

Snarl. Why, fellow, this affected simplicity won't serve your purpose. Did not I catch you, last night, killing one of my fattest wethers?

Sheep. Only to keep it from dying, by my feckins!

Snarl. To keep it from dying!

Sheep. Of the rot, an' please your sweet worship. It's a way I learnt of our doctor, in the parish: he cures most of his patients the same way.

Snarl. The doctor, eh! The doctors have a license to kill from the college; but you have none, I believe. Why, there was not such a breed in all the kingdom, for Spanish wool.

Sheep. Please your worship, satisfy yourself with the blows you gave me, and make matters up, if it be your worship's good will and pleasure.

Snarl. But 'tis not my good will and pleasure: my good will and pleasure is to see you hanged, you rascal!

Sheep. Oh! no; don't hang me. Consider, that would be the death of me. Besides, your worship, I was only married yesterday; leave me alone for a week or two, and who knows but, by that time, I may save your worship the trouble.

Snarl. No, no; the gallows will be the best way, at first, and every bit as sure.

Sheep. Heaven give you the luck of it, good master Snarl. Since it must be so, I must go seek a lawyer, I find; or might will prevail over right. [Ex.]

Snarl. Six times twelve is seventy-two; that is right: then nine times seven is—

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. Egad! I have nicked it very nicely; this was very lucky, to catch him alone. That seems to be a pretty piece of cloth, and will just suit me. (Aside.)—Good morning to you, Mr. Snarl!

Snarl. Oh! what, neighbour Gripe! walk in.

Scout. No, it's I, your neighbour Scout.

Snarl. I am my neighbour Scout's most obedient; but I have no business with him at present, that I know of.

Scout. (Aside.) I'll make you tell a different story presently, or I am much mistaken. I called to settle a little account.

Snarl. I have no account to settle with anybody.

Scout. There's a small balance of fifty pounds—

Snarl. I know nothing at all about it; I don't owe any man a farthing in the world.

Scout. (Aside.) I wish I could say as much for myself. Why, sir, looking over my father's accounts, I see he stands indebted to you fifty pounds; and I, as an honest man, am come to pay it.

Snarl. How do you do, neighbour Scout? how do you do? I'm glad to see you.

Scout. Very well, I thank you, sir. How do you do?

Snarl. I think you live in our village here?

Scout. Yes, sir, I do.

Snarl. Pray, be seated.

Scout. By no means; I fear I disturb you.

Snarl. Oh! no, not at all; pray, sit down; I insist upon it.

Scout. Ah! sir, if everybody was of my principle, I should be a deal richer than I am; I cannot bear to be in anybody's debt.

Snarl. Why, egad! the generality of people bear it very well.

Scout. Very true, sir, very true: when would you like to receive this money? for I'm impatient to pay everybody.

Snarl. Why, when you please. No time like the time present.

Scout. Very true: I have it told out at home; but as I only hold my father's effects in trust for my daughter Harriet, for form's sake, you know, it will be proper to have some of the other guardians present at the time of payment.

Snarl. Very true; it is so, indeed. Well, as soon as you please.

Scout. What do you think of three o'clock this afternoon?

Snarl. A very good time.

Scout. And, egad! it happens very lucky; I've got a very fine goose, sent me by a client from Norfolk, and you shall come and dine with me: are you fond of goose?

Snarl. Very. It's my favourite dish.

Scout. That's very lucky. Don't forget to come. I think you do a deal of business here, more than all the rest of the trade around the country.

Snarl. Pretty well; I can't complain.

Scout. And Mrs. Scout will dress the goose by a valuable recipe left her by her great uncle, Alderman Dumpling. Do you like sage and onion?

Snarl. Very much, indeed.

Scout. You shall have it so. Why, you have such an engaging way with you, that people take more pleasure in paying you money, than in receiving it from other people.

Snarl. Ah! sir, you flatter me.

Scout. Not at all. Egad! now I recollect, I promised Mrs. Scout you should have my custom; and I don't care if I take a coat to begin with.

Snarl. Pray, sir, look over my patterns; here's a variety of colours.

Scout. This seems to be a pretty piece of cloth. (Feeling the cloth that lies on the counter.)

Snarl. Very fine and good; it is iron grey.

Scout. Don't you remember our going to school?

Snarl. What, along with old Iron-fist?

Scout. The same. You was reckoned the prettiest boy in the whole school.

Snarl. Yes; my mother said I was always a pretty boy.

Scout. This cloth seems very smooth and fine.

Snarl. Right Spanish wool, I assure you. Let me send your quantity to your house.

Scout. Stop, stop! Pay as you go, pay as you go; that is always my maxim.

Snarl. And, egad! a very good maxim 'tis. I wish all my customers made use of the same.

Scout. Don't you remember the tricks you used to play the curate?

Snarl. Yes, very well.

Scout. Ay, you was always full of mischief. What is this cloth a yard?

Snarl. Why, to anybody else it should be nine-teen shillings and sixpence; but—

Scout. Now you are going to favour me.

Snarl. No, I am not; only as you are a particular friend, I won't charge you but nineteen; and, luckily, here is just your quantity cut off.

Scout. That is lucky: I'll take it home with me.

Snarl. By no means: my boy—

Scout. Why would you take the poor boy from his work? I don't mind carrying it myself.

Snarl. But let me measure it; perhaps there may be some mistake.

Scout. No mistake: d'ye think I doubt your word?

Snarl. But the price—

Scout. Never mind that; I leave it entirely to you. Well, good morning! don't forget the goose; you'll be sure to be there time enough to dine, before you receive your money. Good morning—don't forget. *[Exit with the cloth.]*

Snarl. D—! but he has carried off my cloth; but he'll pay. Oh! yes, he'll pay; for he must be a very honest man, or he never would have told me of the fifty pounds, and invite me to dine off the goose into the bargain. I am sorry I cheated him in the cloth; but no matter, 'tis the way I got all my money. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Outside of Scout's House.

Enter KATE and SHEEPFACE.

Kate. If you wants a lawyer to get you fairly out of a scrape, my master's the man for your money, Sheepface.

Sheep. I remember he stood my friend before, from being hanged at York; and, would you believe it? only for mending the complexion of a bald-faced horse: and, I don't know how it was, I have such a treacherous memory, but somehow or other, I forgot to pay him.

Kate. Oh! never mind, he won't remember that; but be careful not to tell him your master's name. I know he would not be concerned against Mr. Snarl for the world.

Sheep. No, no; I'll only tell him 'tis my master, and he'll think I mean the rich farmer I lived with formerly.

Kate. Well, well; that will do—but here he comes: I'll go in. *[Exit.]*

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. Egad! I think I have made a good morning's work! This cloth will enable me to make a genteel appearance. But who have we got here? sure, I should know that face. Harkye! sir, didn't I save you and your brother from being hanged, some time ago, at York?

Sheep. Yes.

Scout. And, by the same rule, I think one of you forgot to pay me.

Sheep. That was brother.

Scout. One of you got clear off; and the other died, soon after, in prison.

Sheep. That was not I.

Scout. No, no; I see it was not.

Sheep. For all that, I was sicker than my bro-

ther: but I am come to ask your worship to stand my friend against a—his worship, my master.

Scout. What, the rich farmer here, that lives in the neighbourhood?

Sheep. Yes, yes; he lives in the neighbourhood, sure enough; and if you will stand my friend, you shall be paid to your heart's content.

Scout. Ay, now you speak to the purpose: come, you must tell me how it was.

Sheep. Why, you must know, my master gives me but small wages; very small wages, indeed; so I thought I might as well do a little business on my own account; and so make myself amends without any damage to him, with an honest neighbour of mine—a little bit of a butcher by trade.

Scout. Well, but what business can you have to do with him?

Sheep. Why, saving your worship's presence, I hinders the sheep from dying of the rot.

Scout. Ah! how do you contrive that?

Sheep. I cuts their throats before it comes to them.

Scout. What, I suppose, then, your master thinks you kill his sheep for the sake of selling their carcasses?

Sheep. Yes; and I cannot beat it out of his head, for the soul of me.

Scout. Well, then, you must tell me all the particulars about it. Relate every circumstance, and don't hide a single item.

Sheep. Why, then, sir, you must know that, last night, as I was going down—must I tell the truth?

Scout. Yes, yes; you must tell the truth here, or we shall not be able to lie to the purpose anywhere else.

Sheep. Well, then, last night, after I was married, having a little leisure time upon my hands, I goes down to our pens; and, as I was musing on I don't know what, out I takes my knife, and happening by mere accident, saving your worship's presence, to put it under the throat of one of the fattest wethers; I don't know how it came about, but I had not been long there before the wether died, and all of a sudden, as a body may say.

Scout. What, and somebody was looking on all the while?

Sheep. Yes; master, from behind the hedge; and would have it, it died all along with me; and so, as you see, he laid such a shower of blows on me, that it kept the bride out of temper all night; but I hope your worship will stand my friend, and not let me lose the fruits of my honest labours all at once.

Scout. Why, there are two ways of settling this business; and one is, I think, to be done without putting you to any expense.

Sheep. Let's try that first, by all means.

Scout. You have scraped up something in your master's service.

Sheep. I have been up early and late for it, sir.

Scout. I suppose you have taken care to have your savings all in hard cash?

Sheep. Yes, sir.

Scout. Well, then, when you go home, take it and hide it in the safest place you can find.

Sheep. Yes, sir, that I'll do.

Scout. I'll take care your master shall pay all costs and charges.

Sheep. Ay, so he ought; he can afford it.

Scout. It shall be nothing out of your pocket.

Sheep. That's just as I would have it.

Scout. He'll have all the trouble and expense of bringing you to trial, and after that, have the pleasure of seeing you hanged.

Sheep. Let's take the other way.

Scout. Well, let me see: I suppose he'll take out a warrant against you, and have you taken before Justice Mitimus.

Sheep. So I understand.

Scout. I think the justice's credulity is easily imposed on; so, when you are ordered before him, I'll attend; and to all the questions that you are asked, I answer nothing, but imitate the voice of the lambs, when they bleat after the ewes. You can speak that dialect.

Sheep. It's my mother tongue.

Scout. But, if I bring you clear off, I expect to be very well paid for this.

Sheep. So you shall; I'll pay you to your heart's content.

Scout. Be sure you answer nothing but baa!

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Ay, that will do very well; be sure you stick to that.

Sheep. Yes, your worship, never fear I. What trouble a body has to keep one's own in this world! [Exit.]

Enter SNARL.

Snarl. Ay, ay; that's my neighbour Scout's house: he is just come home, to give orders about the dinner, I warrant. Egad! I think I shall make a good day's work; what, with the fifty pounds his father owed mine, which, by-the-by, I know nothing at all about, and the money for the cloth, and the goose that is to be dressed by a famous recipe of Alderman Dumphling's. Egad! I believe they are dressing it now: I'll in, and see what is going forward. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Scout's house.*

SCOUT and MRS. SCOUT discovered.

Scout. Wife, wife, come along; I think I hear Snarl at the door; come to your place, and mind your cue. (Sits.)

Mrs. S. Never fear me; I warrant I shall make an excellent nurse.

Enter SNARL.

Snarl. Where is my friend, Mr. Scout? Is the goose a roasting?

Scout. Wife, wife, here comes the Doctor; he brings me the cooling mixture—the cooling mixture!

Snarl. The cooling mixture!

Mrs. S. Oh! sir, I hope you have brought something for my poor husband; he has been confined to his room, and has not been out this fortnight.

Snarl. Not out of his room this fortnight!

Mrs. S. No, sir; this day fortnight, of all the good days in the year, he was seized with a lunacy fit, and has not been out of doors since.

Snarl. Why, woman, what are you talking about? Why, he came to my shop this morning; and, by the same token, he bought four yards of iron-grey cloth, and I am come for my money.

Mrs. S. This morning!

Snarl. This morning; and invited me to dine with him to-day off a goose, and to receive fifty pounds which his father owed mine. I'll speak to him. How do you do, good Mr. Scout?

Scout. Oh! how d'ye do, good Mr. Drench?

Snarl. Good Mr. Drench!

Mrs. S. He takes you for the doctor, Mr. Drench.

Scout. Wife, wife, keep the doctor from me, and a fig for the disease.

Mrs. S. For heaven's sake! sir, if you can't relieve him, don't torment him.

Snarl. Hold your tongue, woman! I want my cloth or my money. Mr. Scout, Mr. Scout!

Scout. See, see, see! there are three nice butterflies! there they fly, there they fly, there they fly! with bat's wings—I've catched them—I have them—I have them! Tally-ho, tally-ho! Oh, oh, oh! (Falls in the chair.)

Snarl. Butterflies! D—e, if I can see any! I wish to see my cloth.

Scout. (Jumps on the chair.) My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my client, Sir Hugh Witherington, charges the defendant, Mr. Montgomery, that is, moreover, nevertheless, as shall appear as—

(Jumps down, and dances.) Tol de rol, de lol! Oh, oh, oh! (Jumps cross-legged on the chair.)

Snarl. There now, he's fancying himself a tailor, and at work upon my cloth.

Mrs. S. Do, pray, sir, leave him, and don't torment him.

Snarl. I won't leave him without my money. See, he's getting better: I'll speak to him again. How do you do, neighbour Scout?

Scout. How d'ye do, Mr. Snarl? I am glad to see you; I hope you are very well? My dear, here is Mr. Snarl come to see us.

Snarl. There, there, there! he knows me, he knows me!

Scout. Oh! Mr. Snarl, I beg a thousand pardons; I confess I have been very unkind; but I hope you'll excuse me coming to see you. I have never called on you since I came to live in this part of the country.

Snarl. Never called on me! Oh, the devil! I shall never get my cloth again. Why, man, you called on me this morning, and bought four yards of iron-grey cloth, and I am come for my money; besides fifty pounds your father owed mine. Ay, you may shake your head, but, d—e! if I go out of the house without it.

Scout. Say you so? then I'll try something else. (Aside.) Wife, wife, wife! get up—softly, softly—get up; don't lie snoring there; there are thieves in the house. No, no; second thoughts are best; be still while I fetch my gun and shoot them. Cover yourself up close; I'll shoot them, shoot them, shoot them! [Exit.]

Snarl. Thieves in the house, did he say? Egad! who knows but, in his mad tricks, he may shoot me for a thief! I'll get out of his way, and not stay with a madman.

Re-enter SCOUT, with a broom, and presents it at Snarl.

Scout. Boh! [Exit Snarl.] Victoria, victoria! Huzza! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Justice Mitimus's Office.*

JUSTICE MITTIMUS, Clerks, &c. discovered.

Just. So, the court being assembled, the parties may appear.

Enter SNARL, SCOUT and SHEEPFACE, with Constables.

Where is your lawyer, neighbour Snarl?

Snarl. I am my own lawyer; I shall employ nobody: that would cost more money.

Scout. (To Sheep.) Why, how now, you rascal! have you imposed upon me? What's the meaning of all this? Is that the plaintiff?

Sheep. (To Scout.) Yes, that's his honour, my good master.

Scout. Oh, the devil! What shall I do? I must stay and brazen it out; if I sneak out of court, it will cause suspicion. (Aside.)

Just. Come, neighbour Snarl, begin.

Snarl. Well, then, that thief, there—

Just. No abuse, no abuse!

Snarl. Well, then, I say, that rascal, my shepherd—No—Do my eyes deceive me? Sure, that is—yes, it must be he: if I had not left him very bad, I could have sworn—yes, yes, 'tis him—and that other rascal came to my shop and bought—No, no, I don't mean so; that rascal there has killed fourteen of my fattest wethers. What answer do you make to that?

Scout. I deny the fact.

Snarl. What is become of them, then?

Scout. They died of the rot.

Snarl. 'Tis him; 'tis his voice, too.

Just. What proof have you got?

Snarl. Why, this morning, he came to my house—No, no; I mean, I went down last night to the pens, having long suspected him—'tis he, 'tis he! and he began a long story about fifty pounds—No,

no; I don't mean that—and there I caught him in the very fact.

Scout. That remains to be proved.

Snarl. Yes, I will swear it is the very man.

Just. Why, this is the very man: but is it certain that your wethers died of the rot? What answer do you make to that?

Snarl. Why, I tell you, he came this very morning, and after talking some time, makes no more to do than carries off four yards of it.

Just. Four yards of your wethers?

Snarl. No, no; four yards of my cloth: I mean that other thief—that other, there.

Just. What other? What other, neighbour Snarl?

Scout. Why, he's mad, an' please your worship.

Just. Truly, I think so, too; harkye! neighbour Snarl, not all the justices in the county, no, nor their clerks either, can make anything of your evidence. Stick to your wethers! stick to your wethers, or I must release the prisoner; but, however, I believe it will be the shortest way to examine him myself. Come here, my good fellow, hold up your head, don't be frightened, tell me your name.

Sheep. Baa!

Snarl. It's a lie, it's a lie! his name is Sheepface.

Just. Well, well; Sheepface or Baa, no matter for the name. Did Mr. Snarl give you in charge fourscore sheep, Sheepface?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. I say, did Mr. Snarl catch you in the night, killing one of his fattest wethers?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. What does he mean by baa?

Scout. Please your worship, the blows he gave this poor fellow on the head have so affected his senses, he can say nothing else; he is to be trepanned as soon as the court break up; and the doctors say it is the whole materia medica against a dose of jalap, he never recovers.

Just. But the act, and in that provided, forbids all blows, particularly on the head.

Snarl. It was dark, and when I strike, I never mind where the blows fall.

Scout. A voluntary confession, a voluntary confession!

Just. A voluntary confession, indeed. Release the prisoner; I find no cause of complaint against against him. [Exeunt Constables.

Snarl. No cause of complaint against him! You are a pretty justice, indeed! one kills my sheep, and the other pays me with Sir Hugh Witherington, and then you see no cause of complaint against him.

Just. Not I, truly.

Snarl. A pretty day's work I have made, indeed! a suit of law, and a suit of iron-grey cloth, both carried against me; but as for you, Mr. Lawyer, we shall meet again. [Exit.

Just. Oh, fie! neighbour Snarl, you are to blame, very much to blame, indeed.

Scout. Come, now it is all over, go and thank his worship.

Sheep. Baa, baa, baa!

Just. Enough, enough, my good fellow; take care you do not catch cold in your head; go and get trepanned, and take care of yourself, Sheepface.

Sheep. Baa!

Just. Poor fellow! [Exit.

Scout. Bravo, my boy! You have acted your part admirably, and I think I did very well to bring you off so cleverly; and now I make no doubt but, as you are a very honest fellow, you'll pay me as generously as you promised.

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Ay, very well, very well, indeed! you did that very well just now, but there's no occasion to have it over any more. I'm talking about my fee, you know, Sheepface! Yes, yes, I tell you, it was very well done; but at this time, you know, my fee is the question.

Sheep. Baa, baa!

Scout. How's this? am I laughed at? Pay me directly, you rascal, or I'll play the devil with you! I'll teach you to try to cheat a lawyer, that lives by cheating others. I'll—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. What, again! Braved by a mongrel cur, a bleating bell-wether, a—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Out of my sight, or I'll break every bone in your dog's skin, you sheep-stealing scoundrel! would you cheat one that has cheated hundreds? Get home to your hiding-place.

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Away, and mind how you and your wife play the rest of your parts; and, perhaps, I may forgive you, if we succeed; if not, I will make an example of you, my rascal!

Sheep. Baa, baa! [Exit.

Enter JUSTICE MITTIMUS, and KATE.

Just. Poor fellow! like to die, you say?

Kate. Yes, your worship. Oh dear! (Crying.)

Just. Well, well; comfort yourself: remember, you was only married yesterday.

Kate. That's the very thing, sir; if he had but lived a little longer, I should not have cared so much about it; but to be cut off just in the honeymoon, is very hard. Oh, oh, oh! But I am not revengeful, and your worship knows how much I love my master's daughter, Harriet; and Charles, Mr. Snarl's son, is in love with her; but his father won't agree to the match.

Just. Oh! I understand you. So, you'll hush up matters, provided he'll agree to the marriage? well, what say you, neighbour Scout?

Scout. Why—why, I don't know what to say to it. As you all seem willing to settle the business, I don't like to stand out, and so I agree to it. But I think, your worship, I had better go in and fill the blanks of a bond, and make him sign it, or, when all is over, he'll retract from his word.

Just. Well, do so. Here he comes. Go, go!

[Exeunt Scout and Kate.

Enter SNARL and two Constables.

So, neighbour Snarl, I find that the blows you gave the poor fellow on the head have occasioned his

Snarl. Oh, the devil! [death.

Just. But, harkye! neighbour, I have got a proposal to make, which, perhaps, may not be disagreeable to you: your son Charles, it seems, is in love with Harriet, lawyer Scout's daughter. Now, I believe Sheepface's wife would hush up matters, provided you'll consent to the match.

Snarl. Consent! Why, I suppose I must, in order to save myself from further expense. A very pretty day's work I have made on't, truly!

Enter SCOUT, with the bond.

Scout. Here, your worship, I've filled up a bond, in order that he may sign whatever is agreed to. How d'ye do, neighbour Snarl? I always cut my coat—

Snarl. According to my cloth.

Just. Come, come; sign, sign! (Snarl signs the bond.)

Enter CHARLES and SHEEPFACE.

Snarl. Heyday! what the plague! are you not dead?

Sheep. No; your worship could never beat such a thing into my head.

Charles. Dear sir, don't be angry; Sheepface has done nothing but by my directions; and I hope you will not only forgive him, but enable me, by your future generosity, to provide for ourselves henceforward.

Sheep. Do take back one of your best sheep.

Scout. Well, as we have settled our own affairs thus far, we must now appeal to the tribunal, and humbly ask their permission for the Village Lawyer to continue in practice. [Exeunt.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.—BY PRINCE HOARE.



Act I.—Scene 4.

CHARACTERS.

FREDERICK
ENDLESS
CROP

ROBIN
THOMAS
WILLIAM

MARGARETTA
LOUISA
DOROTHY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A View of the Sea, on the coast of Cornwall.

ROBIN discovered asleep; FREDERICK enters from a part of the rock.

AIR.

*The lingering pangs of hopeless love,
Condemn'd unpitied—unpitied to endure:*

Ah! hapless fate! by flight I strove

To soothe the pain I could not cure.

Cease, ocean, cease, cease thy angry strife,

Or here thy whelming billows pour:

I ask, I ask but this, oh! take, oh! take my life;

Or bear me to some distant shore.

Cruel destiny! to be driven ashore on this spot which I had resolved to fly from for ever; but all things conspire to counteract my designs. I had scarcely embarked, when a conspiracy was formed among the crew to deprive me of my life, which was happily preserved by the generosity of an English sailor, who, I fear, has perished with all his honest companions. (*Sees Robin.*) Good heavens! is it possible my generous preserver lives! Robin, what ho! Robin!

Robin. (*Waking, and starting.*) No, we won't drown. Courage, my lads! Lay hold of that plank, Master Frederick.

Fred. Honest spirit! Careful of me even in his dreams.

Robin. (*Rises, and stares at Frederick.*) Where the deuce am I?

Fred. Don't you know me, my friend?

Robin. Master Frederick! egad! then we are alive yet. I thought we had both been in Davy Jones's locker.

Fred. I assure you, I may sincerely say, that I rejoice more for your safety than my own.

Robin. Reef your compliments a little, and I'll believe you. Where are we, think you?

Fred. Alas! I am but too well acquainted with

the place. We are on the coast of Cornwall, not far from Penzance.

Robin. Say you so? Never droop, then. We could not have made a better port. I have friends here will take care of us, all as one as if we were at home. Friends here!

Robin. Ay, if this storm has not carried them into the sea. I have a brother-in-law hard by, whom, indeed, I have not seen for some years; but he was alive, when I heard last.

Fred. What was his name?

Robin. Crop; an honest farmer. [father.]

Fred. (*Aside.*) Good heaven! my Louisa's

Robin. He married a sister of mine, when I was a boy. She died some years ago, and left him a daughter, who, they say, is grown a fine girl; and now he's spliced to another mate.

Fred. Well, Robin, we shall have no occasion to trouble your brother, at present; I have an estate in the neighbourhood, where you shall be welcome, for your generosity has twice preserved my life.

Robin. Lookye, Master Frederick; I have been from my country these three years; but I have not so far forgotten Old England, as not to stand by a man who lights against odds.

Fred. You risked your own life for me.

Robin. That's no concern for a British sailor; he holds his life in keeping for his king, his country, and his friend, and for them he will cheerfully lay it down.—But, look, some of our messmates heave in sight. Enter WILLIAM and Sailors.

Robin. What cheer, my lads! Any part of the wreck saved? What, all ashore? What's become of the boat?

Wil. Ah! Robin, she went down, just after we left her, with all that we had on board.

Robin. So much the worse! I thought I had been rich enough to have taken Margaretta in tow for life; but, now all is afloat again.

Fred. You shall go home with me, my friends.—

(*Aside.*) I have a strong desire to see Louisa! What if I accompany Robin?

Robin. Thank you, sir. But, some of us will look out and see if the sea heave ashore any of the cargo.

Fred. Robin, I'll go with you to your brother-in-law.

Robin. With all my heart. Do you, William, keep a good look out, from the top of the ruck, till it be dark, and the rest keep watch on the beach.

Wil. So we will, Robin. Come along, my lads.

[*Exit with Sailors.*]

Fred. Now, Robin, I have a secret to entrust you.

Robin. Well, let it be a short one; for a long one always sets me to sleep.

Fred. You must know, Robin, that I quitted England on account of the fairest of women.

Robin. Why, that is something of my case. A shark of a lawyer bore down upon me, carried off some little property that I designed for my mistress, and, as I was not willing to make her a beggar, I went to sea again.

Fred. (*Aside.*) How nearly allied in principles to my Louisa.—Know, then, Robin, the fairest of women, I mean, was Louisa, your niece.

Robin. My niece! Give me your hand, Master Frederick. If she be not married, you shall have her to-morrow. But what the devil made you bear away, and leave her? Did you run foul of a lawyer too? You seemed to have cash enough.

Fred. Yes, Robin; but I was determined to prove her love for me, without acquainting her with my circumstances; I, therefore, gave out I was a poor scholar. This had not altogether the desired effect; for she, fearing to distress her friends by our union, refused me.

Robin. That was taking to the long-boat, when you might have been safe in the ship.

Fred. I shall not immediately inform her of my circumstances; therefore, Robin, promise not to betray me.

Robin. Nay, if it be your fancy—but, believe me, 'tis a foolish one.

Fred. You won't disclose my secret?

Robin. What do you take me for? If this be all, step forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in *Crop's* house.

Enter CROP and DOROTHY.

Crop. But I tell you, wife, you are wrong.

Dor. I'm sure, George, it's your own fault.

Crop. My own fault! Zounds! I wish the devil had the lawyer and law-suit together, for my part.

Dor. Indeed, George, I can't guess the reason why you should be so cross with me. I can't help it, you know, and yet you always quarrel with me.

AIR.—DOROTHY.

Go, George, I can't endure you, you wrong me, I assure you;

I wonder why I love you, why I love you still.

Are women for no use meant, but merely man's amusement, [*will?*]

To tease and torture as he will, and torture as he No; if you lov'd me true, you'd other means pursue;

But that you don't 'tis plain, I tell you so again.

No, no, no, no, no, you ne'er could bear to use me so.

What see you, pray, about me, thus to scold and flout me?

Such treatment yet was never heard, I ne'er must speak, (good gracious!)

I'm sure it's quite vexatious! I never now must speak a word.

No; if you lov'd me true, &c.

Crop. Why, isn't it enough to make one cross, to be kept dilly-dally so long after what's my right. I am sure, I wish I had never disputed about it, though it is my right.

Dor. What, you wish to give up the legacy, do you? though Mr. Endless assures you it will be settled next week.

Crop. Ay, so he has said this long time past. I have had plague enough about it.

AIR.—CROP.

*How happily my life I led, without a day of sorrow;
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, no care beyond
No care beyond the morrow. [the morrow.
In heat or cold, in wet or dry, I never grumbled, no,
not I.*

My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few; my wife, &c.

What then? I let her prate.

*For, sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
I found myself still rich enough, in the joys of an
humble state.*

*But, when with law I craz'd my head, I lost both
peace and pleasure;*

*Long says to hear, to search, and swear, and plague
beyond all measure.*

*One grievance brought another on, my debts increase,
my stock is gone.*

My wife she says our means 'twill raise.

What then? 'tis idle prate.

For sometimes smooth, &c.

Dor. (*Crying.*) Ah! George, you don't care anything about me. There's farmer Trotman's wife can have a silk cloak and a dainty petticoat, and go dressed like a lady; ay, and have a joint of meat every day; and I'm sure we haven't a joint above once a month, that we haven't!

Crop. Well, wife, don't be uneasy; things have gone badly of late, to be sure; but have a good heart: when I have gained my law-suit I'll live like a gentleman; I'll never have any small beer in my house; I'll drink nothing but wine and ale; and we will have roast pork for dinner every Sunday.

Dor. I don't like pork; I say it shall be lamb.

Crop. But I say it shall be pork.

Dor. I hate pork; I'll have lamb.

Crop. Pork, I tell you.

Dor. I say lamb; you don't know what's good.

Crop. Zounds! it shan't be lamb, I will have pork.

Enter LOUISA. [*peace?*]

Lou. For ever contending! Will you never be at *Dor.* What's that to you? Why do you interfere with what does not concern you? Leave your father and me to settle matters. [*comfort.*]

Lou. I only spoke because I wish'd you to have

Dor. Comfort, indeed! Why, when you see everybody happy in the house, you go moping and pining about like a sick turkey-polt: you ought to be ashamed of yourself to let your head be running on a young man, you ought!

Crop. Fie, fie, wife! you aren't contented to have forced her to leave the house, but you must always be tormenting her. Come, Louisa, I am going to your cottage, and will walk with you; I shall be back presently.

Lou. Alas! why should you accuse me of loving Frederick, when you know I refused him because I would not add one to a poor family, who had not means to support themselves?

TRIO.—CROP, DOROTHY, and LOUISA.

*I thought our quarrels ended, and set my heart at ease;
'Tis strange you've thus offended, you take delight to
tease.*

Yes, yes, you take delight to tease.

Dear sir, decide the strife betwixt your child and wife.

Alas! the grief I feel, I dare not to reveal:

*I know that you believe for Frederick's loss I grieve.
Psha, psha, psha, psha! very well, very well, as you
please:*

Very well, very well, think as you please.

*In vain I'm always striving to make our difference
cease,*

*If you're diptes contriving, and will not live in peace;
No, no, you will not live in peace.*

I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you; but say, what can I do?

To none I can complain.

I know that you believe for Frederick's loss I grieve.

[*Exeunt Louisa and Crop.*]

Dor. A trumpery, saucy baggage! Nelly! (*Calls.*)

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Here, mistress.

Dor. You heard what George said, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes; I heard him say he would be back

Dor. It is not dark yet? [*again presently.*]

Nelly. No, it is not near night yet.

Dor. Don't you know what I mean, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes; you expect Mr. Endless to see you.

Dor. Yes; I hope George won't meet him, because as he don't know of Mr. Endless's coming, he might be angry. The supper will be in time, Nelly?

Nelly. Yes, I shall take care to have the leg of lamb ready; and you know there is a nice cake that we baked yesterday will do after supper: but what shall we do for wine?

Dor. Oh! Mr. Endless promised to send some wine. He is a charming man, and talks so prettily! "My sweet Dorothy!" he calls me. I wish George would learn manners from him; but I declare he drives me about like his sheep and oxen, and I haven't the last word not once this week. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The outside of Crop's House.*

Enter MARGARETTA, with ballads.

AIR.

*With lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity;
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my lot.
From passing strangers, aid intreating,
I wander thus alone forgot.
Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And heav'n reward you with a blessing.*

*Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken,
Of battles fought, and captives taken;
The jovial tars, so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore.
The hopeless lass his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more,
Relieve my woes, &c.*

My old father little thinks where I am: ecod! it's all his own fault; for if he would have let me married Robin, I should not have run away; but he wanted me to marry an old, stupid figure like himself, only because he was rich: but what are riches when compared to love? I hated him, and wouldn't have had him, if his skin had been stuffed with diamonds. Besides, I knew it was on his account the law-suit was commenced against Robin, which made him leave me. If I were fond of riches, I might have been rich long ago. Haven't I refused a great many good offers? ay, and would again, for I love nobody but Robin; and to have him I'd run away from fifty fathers. I think no one can know me in this disguise; however, I'll lay by my ballad-singing dress now, and seek some honest service, till I hear of Robin's return: but my basket is empty, and it is high time to look out for a night's lodging. Here's a cottage—that's fortunate—I'll try here. (*Knocks.*)

Enter NELLY, followed by DOROTHY.

TRIO.—NELLY, MARGARETTA, and DOROTHY.

Nelly. Knocking at this hour of day,
What's your business, mistress, pray?

Mar. A stranger at your friendly door,
I shelter from the night implore.

Nelly. This begging is a sorry trade,
*I fear you'll find but little aid;
But stay, I'll ask, and let you know.*

Mar. Alas! too sure, I fear, 'tis true,
*A beggar finds a beggar's due;
Though oft unfeign'd the tale of woe,
A beggar finds a beggar's due.*

Dor. You must begone, we're left alone,
And harbour here can give you none.

Mar. My aching feet no more suffice,
A little straw is all I crave.

Dor. Not two miles hence the village lies:
I wonder what the wench would have!

Nelly. Not two miles hence, &c.

Mar. Hapless lot! must I go hence? Oh! pity me.

Dor. Go, get you packing, gipsy, hence!

We told you that you could not stay—

Nelly. I wonder at your impudence!

Begone, you baggage, march away!

Mar. Oh! let me stay, for poverty is no offence,
And 'tis too late to find the way.

[*Exeunt Nelly and Dorothy.*]

Mar. Now, as I'm a woman, here is some mischief a foot: two women left alone, and refuse the company of a third, only for the sake of being left alone! Oh, impossible! I'll find it out before I go. Who comes here? some man: I'll step aside, and see if they are as uncharitable to coat and waistcoat as they are to petticoats. (*Retires.*)

Enter THOMAS, with a basket.

Tho. (*Knocks.*) Mrs. Nelly, Mrs. Nelly!

Enter NELLY.

Nelly. Well, Thomas, what do you want?

Tho. My master has sent the wine, and—

Nelly. Hush! speak softly, Thomas.

Tho. My master will be here himself presently.

Nelly. Oh! very well; walk in, and see what we have prepared. [*Exit with Thomas.*]

Mar. (*Cones forward.*) So, as I suspected; but let me see: (*peeping in at the door*) one, two, three, four bottles of wine! well said, Mr. Steward; very pretty provision, indeed! The cake in the closet is for after supper, I suppose; the boiled lamb is the gentleman's choice, I imagine. Oh! Mr. Thomas seems coming out: I'll step aside again, for I'll see the end on't, I'm determined. [*Thomas comes from the house, and exits.*] Egad! Thomas said true enough, for here his master comes, I believe. I shall see more.

Enter ENDLESS.

End. Egad! this was sweetly contrived: while this law-suit of mine turns my simple farmer out of his house, I turn in; a good turn, 'faith! ha! one good turn deserves another. [*voice.*]

Mar. (*Aside.*) Sure, I should know that face and

End. This dress, I think, cannot fail of attracting Dorothea's heart; but the best of the joke is, she fancies I am in love with her! Ha, ha, ha! A monstrous good joke, 'faith! Ha, ha, ha! I doubt where I shine most, in carrying on a sham action or a counterfeit passion. I am *Marti quam Mercurio*.

Mar. (*Aside.*) As I live, it is that wicked rogue, Endless, who commenced an action against Robin; took from him all he had, and drove him to sea.

End. If I can but compass my suit, and prevail on her to consent to my wishes; for she has always refused me hitherto.

Mar. (*Aside.*) I must plague him a little—but, hold! I had best decamp; for if he should know me, he'll certainly carry me back to my father, and have me married:—I'll not venture that. [*Exit, singing.*]

End. This is unlucky; this girl is watching me. I daren't go into the cottage; I'll turn back again till she is out of sight, that I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The inside of Crop's House.*

Enter CROP, followed by DOROTHY.

Dor. So, George, you are come back; where have you been?

Crop. Why, about my business; and heartily tired I am. (*Sits down.*)

Dor. Well, but where have you been?

Crop. Go and shut the door, which I perceive I've left open, and I'll tell you.

Dor. Not I, indeed: I go shut the door! No, go, and shut the door yourself; why did you leave it

Crop. Because my hands were full. [*open?*]

Dor. So you want to give me the trouble to shut the door, because your hands were full? Indeed, I shall not. (*Sits down.*) [*obstinate.*]

Crop. Now, wife, go shut the door, and don't be

Dor. I obstinate! upon my word! I obstinate, indeed! I don't choose to shut it, sir.

Crop. Why, then, let it stand open.

Dor. With all my heart, so it may.

Crop. Now, why can't you go and shut it?

Dor. I don't choose it, and there's an end on't.

Crop. Come, I'll make a bargain with you wife; whoever speaks the first word, shall shut the door.

Dor. Agreed!

DUETT.—CROP and DOROTHY.

Crop. I think I'll venture to surmise,

I know who'll speak the first.

Dor. You think, no doubt, you're wondrous wise;
Before I speak, I'll burst.

Crop. Depend upon't—

Dor. Depend upon't—

Both. You'll have the worst.

Crop. Can you your tongue keep in?

Dor. Yes. When shall we begin?

Crop. Agreed, agreed! and now take heed,
When I hold up my thumb.

Dor. Agreed! I'm silent: mum, mum, mum!

(They turn their backs to each other.)

Robin. *(Without.)* Yo ho! Messmates, what, the door open at this time of night? *(Enters.)* Ha! brother Crop, I'm heartily glad to see you. I've a few friends, hard by, who came to beg a night's lodging of you. We have been cast away, and saved nothing but our lives. I have promised them a hearty welcome, my boy. *(To Crop.)* What are you deaf? Why, don't you know me? I never took you for one that would be dumb to a friend in distress. What the devil's the matter?—*(To Dor.)* Pray, how long has poor brother Crop been on the doctor's list? What, a dumb wife, too! I wish you joy, brother Crop. Which quarter is the wind now?

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. So, Crop, where's your daughter? Why don't you answer me?

Rob. It's all in vain; not a breath stirring.

Fred. Why don't you speak, Crop?

Rob. There's an embargo laid on words, and you see the port is shut.

Fred. Answer me, I beg. Where's Louisa?

Rob. Speak to him in some foreign lingo, Master Frederick; for he seems to have forgotten the use of his own tongue.—*(To Dor.)* Do you always discourse together in this manner?

Fred. I suppose this is some new quarrel.

Rob. No; it must be an old one, for they've had no words of late.

Fred. I'll seek an answer elsewhere. *[Exit.]*

Rob. How the devil shall I get an answer?—What's the matter with you both? I might as well talk to the Gorgon's head, under our bowsprit. Will you speak? *(Crop shakes his head.)* D—e, a good ducking at the yard-arm, and a round dozen, would put your jawing tacks aboard, and he well employed on you: wouldn't it, mistress?

Dor. Ay, that it would!—Oh, dear! I forgot.

Crop. Ha, ha! Now, Dorothy, go and shut the door. *[Exit Dor.]*

Rob. Shut the door!

Crop. Ay, she spoke first.

Rob. Why, you hadn't quarrelled about shutting the door, had you? Well, George, now your mouth is open, let me know if you can give us a lodging.

Crop. Ay, and welcome. But, I fear I can't be your host to-night; for I must go as far as Grist's, on some business.

Rob. I'll go with you, and look after my messmates.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Pr'ythee, Crop, tell me where she is?

Crop. Where who is?

Fred. Louisa.

Crop. At her grandmother's, where she has been some time; and I assure you, Frederick, she has never had a smile upon her countenance since you left her; therefore, make none of your fine speeches to her, or you'll break her heart.—Ods heart! Robin, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you.

Rob. No more you could just now: your joy was so great, it seemed to be past speaking.

[Exit with Crop.]

Fred. What have I heard? Is it possible my Louisa loves me still? I'll think of some disguise to visit her in immediately. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—Outside of Crop's house.

Enter CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM, and FREDERICK.
During the FINALE, MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, and NELLY enter.

FINALE.

Crop. How often thus I'm forc'd to trudge;
I own this useless toil I grudge.

Rob. Cheer up, and let your heart be light.

Crop. Though long and tiresome is the way,
I must be back by break of day.

Rob. Your gain the labour shall requite.

Fred. I'll think on what you said.

Crop. Ay, ay; be careful, Fred.

Marg. Lost in the dark, perplex'd I rove,

And know not where I stray;

Some kindly star, a friend to love,

Direct me on my way.

Dor. I'll see if yet the coast be clear—

Hold, hold! not yet, they still are here.

Crop. } But if, at last, my suit shall fail—

Fred. }

Rob. } Psha! never stand to quake and quail.

Will. }

Fred. To-night, good fortune be our guide;

We'll take the best that may betide.

Marg. Hope, a constant joy disclosing,

Balmy comfort can impart;

Anxious doubt in hope reposing,

Fancy calms the tortur'd heart.

May weary toil success repay,

And fortune guide me on my way. [Ex.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A View near the Sea.

Enter WILLIAMS and Sailors.

AIR.—WILLIAMS.

From aloft, the sailor looks around,

And hears, below, the murmur'ing billows sound;

Far from home, he counts another day,

Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away.

His courage wants no whet, but he brings the sails to set,

With a heart as fresh as a rising breeze of May.

And caring nought, he turns his thought

To his lovely Sue, or charming Bet.

Now to heaven the lofty top-mast soars,

The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,

Now ocean's deepest gulph appears below,

The curling surges foam, and down we go.

When skies and seas are met, they his courage serve to whet,

With a heart as fresh as a rising breeze of May.

And dreading nought, &c.

Enter CROP and ROBIN.

Crop. And is your heart still on Margaretta?

Rob. Ay, as true as the wind blows; and if Margaretta's do but hold as steady as mine, I don't fear bringing all to bear.—*(To Sail.)* How goes it lads?

Will. Cheerfully, Robin. The tide has thrown ashore some of our property, which we have safely put under the rocks.

Rob. As the tide ebbs so fast, my boys, perhaps my keg may be left on the beach. B'ye, brother Crop. *[Exit with Sailors.]*

Crop. Then, I must go to Grist's by myself. *[Ex.]*

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter MARGARETTA.

Marg. What will become of me? I am quite benighted. I have led the lawyer a fine dance, 'faith! He may now follow his own schemes as much as he

likes, so he do not spoil mine.

AIR.

*A miser bid to have and hold me,
And greedy parents would have sold me.
A husband was enough for me,
No matter ugly, lame, or old:
There was no harm that they could see,
So all his bags were full of gold.
No, Robin, no; you need not fear,
You never were in danger here.
Should such a husband have or hold?*

Eh! sure, I heard a rustling among the bushes. As I live, here's a man coming this way. Oh, lud! I am frightened out of my wits. There are so many paths, that I am at a loss to know which takes me to the village.—[Enter CROP.]

Crop. Egad! it's well I happened to meet with my neighbour Trotman, or I should have had a long walk to no purpose; for he informs me poor Grist is dead. Poor fellow! Well death can neither be seen nor prevented; so, there's an end of that. (Sees Margaretta.) Who goes there?

Mar. A poor girl, sir, who wants a night's lodging, and has lost her way.

Crop. Where did you want to go, my girl?

Marg. To the next village, sir.

Crop. You are out of the way, indeed. However, come with me, and I'll provide you with a night's lodging. [harm!]

Marg. Lud! sir, I hope you don't intend me any

Crop. Not I, my girl. Do you see yonder cottage, where the smoke rises through the trees? I am the owner of it; and I trust its doors were never shut to charity.

Marg. Are you the owner of that cottage?

Crop. I am. There's an honest housewife that will use you kindly, who is melancholy enough, poor soul! I dare say, at being left alone.

Marg. (Aside.) Very melancholy, indeed! Well, some of you men are really good creatures; and I could find in my heart to do you a piece of service, honest farmer. [care of you.]

Crop. Come, my girl, don't be afraid; I'll take

Marg. Heaven bless you for your kindness! I think I shall have it in my power to reward you, or I am very much mistaken. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Inside of Deborah's cottage.

Enter LOUISA and DEBORAH.

Deb. Nay, nay, my child, don't take on so; don't cry so; you should endeavour to forget Frederick.

Lou. Forget him! that's impossible.

Deb. Well, but consider it was not any ill-usage of yours that made him leave the place: 'twas all his own doing.

Lou. That consideration consoles me; had it been otherwise, I could never have forgiven myself. (A harp is heard.) What's that? Music at this hour!

Deb. No, lack-a-day! it's only old Jones, the Welsh fortune-teller.

Lou. My dear grandmother, let him come in; I should like to have my fortune told.

Deb. If you live to be old, your fortune will tell itself. [told.]

Lou. Pray, fetch him in, and have your fortune

Deb. My fortune, indeed! No, no; I know my fortune well enough; however, I'll go and send him to ynn. [Exit.]

Lou. It will, at least, serve to divert me.

Enter FREDERICK, in a black gown and beard.

Fred. Save you, young woman! may the stars shine with favourable rays on this house. Your face wears the marks of melancholy.

Lou. What have you to say to my face?

Fred. Your fortune cannot mend your face, though your face may mend your fortune. But my profession is to make proper questions to the hand; favour me with yours.

Lou. What will that tell you?

AIR.—FREDERICK.

*Pretty maid, your fortune's here;
You have power, the heart to charm;
Leave your hand, what should you fear?
Wrinkled age can do no harm.
Mercy on me! what is this?
Lines of heart too hard I see;
How I long to print a kiss,
On the hand you shew to me.*

I have discovered there is a young man who adores you, and whom your usage forc'd to quit his country.

Lou. Nay, you're wrong; I didn't force him.

Fred. Be assured, it was on your account. He meant to cross the seas; but he was scarce embarked, when a storm overtook him; the night was dark, the waves were high, the vessel struck upon a rock—(Louisa screams and faints.) My Louisa! look up, your Frederick lives.

Lou. Good heavens! Frederick, what means this disguise?

Fred. I scarce can tell you now. But, my dear Louisa, I am now in possession of an ample fortune; I am the real heir to the estate in the neighbourhood, who has been so long expected here.

Lou. Ah! Frederick, you are too rich for me.

Fred. No, Louisa; thank heaven! we live in a country that knows no distinction of person but in virtue.

DUETT.—FREDERICK and LOUISA.

Both. *Thus every hope obtaining,
The doubtful conflict o'er,
Fortune of thee complaining,
I waste my sighs no more.
Love by thy power bestowing
The hand I fondly prize,
Take from a heart o'erflowing,
My vows which grateful rise.*

Fred. *Still fondly possessing the maid I adore,
In transports, unceasing, the moments shall roll.*

Lou. *Still fondly possessing the youth I adore,
In transports, unceasing, the moments shall roll;*

*Content with my blessing, I ask not for more,
But dote on the treasure so dear to my soul.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Crop's house.

ENDLESS and DOROTHY discovered at a table laid for supper. At the back, are several sacks, which appear to be full.

Dor. Indeed, Mr. Endless, I wouldn't do such a thing for the world.

End. (Aside.) I have carried on this action too precipitately.—But, my dear Dorothy, let us reason about this affair together. (Rises.)

Dor. (Rises.) But what signifies our reasoning about a thing which I know to be wrong.

End. I say, what signifies our knowing a thing to be wrong, when nobody else knows nothing about the matter.

Dor. Ay, but is there no such thing as conscience?

End. But conscience can't be summoned into court. I never heard of a man's conscience being subpoenaed on a trial; if that were the case, there would be an end to our profession at once; oh! it would be all dicky with us.

Enter NELLY, with a boiled leg of lamb, and exit.

End. But, as Nelly seems to have been so busy for us, let us sit down, and finish the subject after supper. (They sit.)

Dor. I needn't ask you to make free, I hope, as all you see on the table is your own.

End. Don't mortify me, my sweet Dorothy, by calling it mine, you know it is all yours—(aside) at least, if your husband's money can make it so.

Dor. Oh, dear! you are so obliging, I fear, we shall never have it in our power to return your kindness, at least, till George has gained his law-suit.

End. (Aside.) I'll take care not to wait till then. —Don't mention any reward to me, I am sufficiently repaid in the happiness of—*(Rises to kiss her hand, a loud knocking at the door.)* Who the devil's that? Do you expect anybody here to-night? Oh, lord! the supper will be spoiled.

Enter NELLY.

Dor. Run, Nelly, see who's at the door; if it be George, I'm undone!

[Exit Nelly, and returns immediately.]

Nelly. Oh, dear! it is my master, as I hope to be married.

End. The devil it is!

Dor. Oh, dear! what shall we do with Mr. Endless?

End. Ay, there will be an end of Mr. Endless.

Crop. (Without.) Why, wife! Dorothy!

End. Zounds! put me any where. Have you no closet, or snug corner, I can creep into?

Dor. No; but here I have it—creep into this

End. A sack! *[sack.]*

Dor. Yes. I'll get my husband to bed presently, and then I'll come and let you out.

End. Creep into a sack! the thing's impossible. My new suit will be totally spoiled.

Dor. No, no; it has only had flour in it, and that will easily brush off.

End. (Aside.) D—, but I wish I could brush off!

Dor. Come, Nelly, help me to put it over him.

End. Well, don't you let the cat out of the bag.

Crop. (Without.) Why, Nelly, Dorothy! why don't you open the door? *(Dorothy and Nelly put a sack over Endless, and place him among the other sacks. Nelly removes the lamb, and exit.)*

Enter CROP, MARGARETTA, and NELLY.

Crop. Why, wife, one would have thought, by your keeping us at the door so long, you had been fast asleep. What were you dreaming of?

Dor. (Aside.) I am sure, we never dreamt of you.

Crop. Poor Grist is dead, which made me come back to-night: and, on my way, I met this young woman, who had lost her road: you must give her a night's lodging, and a bit of supper.

Marg. (Aside.) Where the deuce have they hid this roguish lawyer? I know he's here, by their confusion.

Dor. Why, George, as I didn't expect you home to-night, I have got nothing for supper at all.

Marg. (Aside, and feeling the sack.) Oh! you are there, are you, Mr. Lawyer?

Crop. Hang it! I'm sorry there's nothing for supper, for I expect Robin here presently.

Marg. (Aside.) What do I hear? Robin expected here!

Crop. He's only gone to the sea shore, to see if anything were flung up by the tide.

Rob. (Without.) Hallo, hallo!

Crop. Egad! here he is, I'll go, and bring out one of our cheeses; I dare say he's hungry: he always had a good appetite. *[Exit.]*

Enter ROBIN, with a small keg under his arm.

Rob. Huzza! my boys, Robin's his own man again. With these fruits of honest industry, will I moor for life; and when I hear the wind rattle, I'll heave a sigh for all poor brother tars.

Marg. (Aside.) I hope he hasn't forgotten poor Margaretta. He hasn't said a word of me yet.

Enter CROP, with a cheese.

Crop. To think I should have nothing for snpper but cheese. A plague of this ill luck!

Rob. I'm so happy, I could dance a hornpipe on the head of a copper nail!

Crop. What makes you so merry, Robin?

Rob. Why, George, I have now recovered my spirits.

Crop. What, in that keg, I suppose?

Rob. Ay, the finest in the world; drawn from all parts of the globe. You shall taste them.

Crop. With all my heart! Give us a glass, Nelly.

Rob. A glass, indeed! Lord love your lubberly head! Give me a hammer. *(Crop gives a hammer; Robin unhoops the keg, and takes out a handful of gold.)*

AIR.—ROBIN.

*Three years a sailor's life I led,
And plough'd the roaring sea;
For why her foes should England dread,
Whilst all her sons are free?
From France to Spain, I earn my bread,
I thought it fair, d'ye see?
And if a shot had ta'en my head,
Why there was an end of me.*

*A medicine sure for grief and care,
I steer'd my course to find;
Thenceforth, an easy sail to bear,
And run before the wind.
Their conj'ring skill let doctors boast,
And nostrums of their shop,
Where'er we search, from coast to coast,
There's none like golden drop.*

*For gold we sail the world around,
And dare the tempest's rage;
For when the sparklers once are found,
They e'ry ill assuage.
'Twixt Jew and Christian not
A diff'rence here we find;
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If't be of the Guinea kind.*

Are not these the best cordials? These are the true golden drops, extracted from the Spanish mines; and I hope, from my soul, they will not be the last we shall draw from the same quarter.

Marg. (Aside.) I'm afraid, now he's so rich, he'll marry a lady.

Rob. Here, Crop, you may want a few guineas; and, as the keg is open, here, take a handful, and when you've recovered your law-suit, pay me. And now with the rest—

Crop. Ay, Robin, what will you do with the rest?

Rob. Carry it to Margaretta; and if she be still in the mind, I'll marry her directly, and live happy all the rest of my life.

Marg. (Aside.) My charming Robin!

Rob. If I could but see her now—

Marg. (Coming forward.) Ay, if you did, I fear, you'd change your note.

Rob. Margaretta! *(Runs and kisses her.)*

Marg. I little thought of meeting you here, Robin. *[ask that.]*

Rob. And, how came you here? I forgot to *Marg.* Oh! that's too long a story to tell you now.

Rob. Well, then, let's hear it another time. Oh! dear Margaretta! I say, that—I say—you—that—Oh, lord!—*(Kisses her again.)*—Come, let's now to supper, and be merry. But where is the supper? What have you got in the house, brother?

Crop. Why, I never knew anything happen so unlucky! we have got nothing in the house; and I am as hungry as a lion myself.

Dor. Why, what a fuss you make about a supper! we are not all so rich as Mr. Robin.

Crop. But, what use are riches, now? we can't eat and drink gold.

Rob. Egad! if you can, you shall have it.

Crop. Faith! Robin, I can give you nothing but bread and cheese.

Rob. Well, bread and cheese and kisses, eh! Margaretta? Sit down, my girl.

Marg. Presently, Robin.—*(Aside.)* Now, let me see if I can't furnish the table better. I smell the lamb yet. *(Robin and Crop sit.)*

Rob. Come, Madge, give the landlord and I one

of the songs you used to sing, if you haven't forgot them. You don't know what a good pipe she has.

Marg. I'll sing you one that I heard this morning, which is quite new.

Rob. Ay, let's hear it.

Marg. The person who learnt it me, said it should never be sung before a poor meal: but you shall judge if he was right.

Crop. Well, begin, my girl.

AIR.—MARGARETTA.

Across the downs this morning,

As betimes I chanc'd to go,

A shepherd led his flock abroad,

All white as driven snow;

But one was most the shepherd's care,

A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair;

Its wondrous beauties, in a word,

To let you fairly know,

'Twas such as Nelly from the fire

Took off not long ago.

Crop. Hold, hold! my girl, if I heard you right, I think you said, "as Nelly took off the fire not long ago."

Marg. 'Tis part of my song, sir.

Rob. Ay, 'tis part of her song!

Crop. Well, but is it a joke, or earnest? Have you any lamb in the house, Nelly?

Rob. Come, Nelly, let's overhaul your lockers.

Crop. Come, come, wife; I see how this is, you had a mind to surprise me agreeably.

Dor. Why, that was the case, indeed, George. I knew you was very fond of lamb; so, as it was only a small joint, I meant to give it you, when you was alone.

Crop. I thought so. But bring it here, Nelly; I am one that don't like to see my guests fare worse than myself.

Rob. Come, bear a hand, Nell. Stretch along the lamb balliards, and a knife or two. (*Nelly goes out, and returns with the lamb, &c.*) Egad! Madge, it was lucky you happened to fall in with the sheep.

Crop. Ay, so it was. Come, let's hear the rest of the song. (*Margaretta sings.*)

This lamb so blithe as Midsummer,

His frolic gambols play'd;

And now of all the flock a herd,

The pretty wanton stray'd.

A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,

Rush'd forth, and seiz'd the tender prize:

The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone,

So round, so large, I vow,

'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid

Upon the shelf, just now.

Crop. Stop, my dear! Didn't you say, "like the cake, Nelly laid on the shelf, just now?" Why, Nelly, is there a cake in the house?

Rob. Ay, that there is.

Crop. Come, bring it out, Nell. (*Nelly goes out, and returns with the cake.*) [*Margaretta!*]

Rob. What, still the same mad-cap as ever,

Crop. Egad! that is a most excellent song.

Marg. Will you hear the rest of it, sir?

Crop. By all means; and if the latter part of it be as good as the former, it will be, by much, the best song I ever heard.

Marg. You shall judge, sir.

Crop. I sha'n't be tired; I love a song.

Rob. Egad! brother Crop, "No Song, no Supper." (*Margaretta sings again.*)

This monstrous stone, the shepherd flung,

And well his aim he took;

Yet, scarce the savage creature deign'd

Around to cast a look;

But fled as swift, with footsteps light,

As he who brought the wine to-night.

I try'd to stop the thief, but he

Turn'd round in rage, good lack!

So mad the lawyer scarce could be,

That's hid in yonder sack.

Crop. A lawyer hid in a sack! Zounds! what is all this?

Rob. (*Goes to the sacks.*) Oh! impossible! these are full of corn. (*Bents a sack.*) Yes, 'faith, here's one seems to be heaving anchor. (*Endless comes forward.*) Ecod! if they should all rise, you'll have a fine field of standing corn, brother Crop. (*Endless offers to go.*) Hold, hold! no exportation, without inspection. (*Pulls off the sack, and discovers Endless, who is covered with flour.*)

Crop. Endless! Oh! the devil!

End. Assault me, if you dare! if you strike me, it is cognizable in court, as I was not found in any overt act.

Crop. But you was found in a very rascally one, though.

End. I don't care for that. [you.]

Crop. If these be your tricks, I know how to suit

End. And you know how to non-suit, I find.

Crop. To think I should entrust you to manage my affairs.

Rob. You might have had a young Crop before you looked for it.

End. I beg you wouldn't mention it.

Crop. I have a great mind to knock your head off.

End. Don't mention it; pray, don't!

Rob. You deserve to be beat like a sack.

End. Don't mention it! I move for a *habeas corpus* out of this court. But take care how you insult a limb of the law, or you may chance to bring down the vengeance of the whole body. [*Exit.*]

Rob. If such limbs were lopped off, it would do the constitution good.

Crop. (*To Dorothy.*) What have you to say for yourself, you jade? So, the lamb was for Mr. Endless!

Marg. I should but half repay your kindness, if I didn't tell you, that your wife has ever refused to listen to his addresses: this, I assure you, he said himself, when he little thought any one overheard him.

Crop. Say you so! then, wife, give me your hand; and let us, for the future, endeavour to live happily together; and the best way to do is to forget and forgive.

Rob. So it is, brother Crop.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Oh! Robin, all our fortunes are made: Master Frederick is a rich 'squire, and is going to marry your niece. There will be oxen roasting, and wine and ale running about the streets: there are illuminations; and she has ordered the whole town to be set on fire.

Enter FREDERICK and LOUISA.

Rob. Master Frederick, I wish you joy. And, d'ye see, Louisa, make him a good wife. This storm to-night has blown back your lover; but, remember, the gentle gales of moderate weather may keep the husband within hail of you.

FINALE.

Mar. { *Let shepherd lads and maids advance,*
And neatly trim be seen;

Dor. { *To-night, we'll lead the merry dance,*
In circles o'er the green.

Crop. { *Beyond our hopes by fortune crown'd,*
Here all our troubles cease;

Lou. { *Each year that takes its jocund round,*
Shall bring content and peace.

Fred. { *And whilst we sport, and dance, and play,*
The tabor blithe shall sound,

Mar. { *We'll laugh and chant our carols gay,*
While merry bells ring round.

Dor. { *Now mirth and glee, and pastimes light,*
The frolic hours shall share;

And sparkling eyes shall wake to-night;
To-morrow's time for care.

Chorus. And whilst we sport, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

THE SCAPE-GOAT;

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.—BY JOHN POOLE.



Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

OLD EUSTACE
CHARLES

IGNATIUS POLYGLOT
ROBIN

HARRIET
MOLLY MAGGS

SCENE.—*Polyglot's study. A door on each side, conducting to other apartments. An opening to the garden, at the back of the stage. Another door leading to the interior of the house. Globes, books, maps, &c. are scattered about.*

ROBIN discovered, turning a globe.

Robin. 'Tis an extraordinary thing, that, do what I will, I can't make myself sensible. I turn the world topsy-turvy for hours together, as I see my young master, Mr. Charles, do; like Mr. Ignatius Polyglot, his tutor, I sometimes look into a book full of Greek or Latin; but all to no purpose. Ah! Mr. Polyglot must be in the right: he can't bear the sight of a woman in the house, for fear Mr. Charles should fall in love, and neglect his studies; and, for my part, I'm sure that if all the Greek I have got in my pocket (*showing a book*) were crammed into my head, one thought of my sweet little Somersetshire lass, Molly Maggs, would drive it out again.

Enter MOLLY MAGGS, from the garden.

Molly. Hist, hist! Robin!

Robin. What, my dear Molly! You may come in.

Molly. I'm afraid, Robin.

Robin. There's nothing to be afraid of just now.

Molly. Where's Mr. Ignoramus, the tutorer, then?

Robin. Mr. Ignatius you mean. He's out, taking his evening's walk.

Molly. Be he? I hope he be gone down towards the little bridge.

Robin. Why?

Molly. The last time he went that way, he were

so busy at what he called soldering a problem, that he stumbled over into the brook. If I had been in your place, Robin, before I pulled him out again I'd ha' made him promise to consent to our marriage, or I'd ha' let him bid there till doomsday.

Robin. Molly, Molly, you don't like Mr. Polyglot.

Molly. Why don't he like me, then?

Robin. It is not you alone, but he would dislike any other young maiden about the house the same.

Molly. And what for? there's no reason in that. Am I to blame? I'm sure 'tis no fault of mine, Robin, that I'm a young maiden. Ha, ha, ha! A pretty to do there'd be if he should catch me here; in his own apartments, too!

Robin. So there would. I tremble to think of it; and so, Molly, you'd better—

Molly. I don't care: if he says anything to me, I'll give him his own. Besides, our master, old Master Eustace, will be home in a few days, and we'll ask his leave to be married, in spite of old tutorer.

Robin. No, no; we must not displease him; he's steward as well as tutorer, and—

Molly. He'll discharge us? let him. I'm not afraid of wanting a service. I have relations who are up in the world. I'm first cousin to Sally Maggs, who is head chambermaid at the Bell, at Winchester—Chattering Sally, as they call her; and well they may, for she is chatter, chatter, chatter—

Robin. In that respect, Molly, you don't disgrace the relationship.

Molly. Discharge us, indeed! the sooner the better; we may then get married when we please. What does the foolish old chap mean by not liking folks to marry? I wish his father had been of the

same mind, and then Mr. Ignoramus would not have been here to torment us.

Robin. Well, well; though he is a little crabbed and sour, he's a good old soul at bottom. He'd go through fire and water to serve young Master Charles.

Molly. With a vengeance! Poor young gentleman! he's grown as melancholy as a willow tree: and no wonder: at four-and-twenty to be kept in leading-strings like a baby! But no good will come of it, see if there do; and I wish that Master Charles would give him the slip one of these days, on purpose to plague him. Oh! if I could but catch the old one doing anything amiss—

Robin. Think kindlier of him, Molly; we'll wait till we find him in a good humour, and then, perhaps—

Molly. If we wait till then, Robin, you need be in no hurry to buy the wedding-ring. Well, I'll go.

Robin. Do; for, after all, 't would do no good to anger him. And, lord! if he were to see us here together!—Well, good b'ye, my dear Molly.

Molly. Good b'ye, Robin! (*Loitering.*) Good b'ye, Robin!

Robin. (*Kisses her.*) Bless your little heart!

Enter, from the garden, IGNATIUS POLYGLOT, with a book. Robin runs off.

Molly. Oh, crimini!

Poly. What do I behold! Under my nose, my very nose! here, too, in my study, the sanctuary of science and of learning!

Molly. Well, if nothing worse was ever learnt here, Mr. Ignoramus—

Poly. Ignatius. But what atonement can you make for this?

Molly. Atonement! I've done nothing to atone for.

Poly. Nothing! Do you call that nothing? Did I not see? Did I not hear? Nothing! *O tem*—but you don't understand Latin.

Molly. Latin, indeed! no, nor Greek neither; and I'm sure 'tis all Greek you are talking to me. What did you see? what did you hear? You heard Robin say good b'ye, that was all.

Poly. Peace. I'm a linguist; and in none of the seventeen languages I'm acquainted with, does that mean good b'ye.

Molly. Then I wouldn't give seventeen figs to be as learned as you are, and your seventeen languages are not worth talking.

Poly. To what is the poor youth exposed! Mischief, serpent, woman! I pity and tremble for the unfortunate lad.

Molly. 'Tis a misfortune not likely to happen to you.

Poly. But 'tis I alone who am to blame. I ought not to have allowed one of the deluding sex to approach those innocent and unsuspecting youths. Had my pupil, Charles, beheld this, it might have put things into his head, which—But there will yet be time to save them. To-morrow, at day-break, you will quit this house.

Molly. Nay, and you wouldn't be so cruel, Mr. Poll-parrot.

Poly. Polyglot. I have said it; reply not.

Molly. I have not done any harm, and I'm sure I did not think any harm. 'Tis no fault of mine if Robin is in love with me: he fell in love of his own accord, indeed he did.

Poly. Love! (*Looking fearfully about.*) Silence! If Charles should hear that dangerous word—Retire, withdraw, begone!

Molly. (*Bursting into tears.*) Oh, dearee me! Pray, good, kind Mr. Ignoramus, forgive me this once. Would you have it upon your conscience to turn a poor lass out of her service, and send her upon the wide world without a friend to protect her? Would'ee, now, Mr. Ignoramus, would'ee?

Poly. Go away, my dear, and—No, I will not

give way to the weakness of our common nature, but prove myself, in the discharge of my duty, inflexible as the first Brutus.

Molly. And well you may call him so, if he was as stony-hearted as you are. Will you forgive me?

Poly. No.

Molly. You won't? Nay, then, I'll tell you a bit of my mind; I'll do that, an' I die for it. For all your grave looks, I'll be sworn you are no better than your neighbours; I know you aren't. I'll pass my days in watching you, I will; and if ever I catch you saying "good b'ye!" as I know I shall, then, when you are in trouble, and in need of indulgence, you shall find me as pitiless as yourself. There; carry that bundle upon your shoulders, and now—I'll go and pack up mine. [*Exit.*]

Poly. The little serpent! Her tears, her imploring looks, had well nigh—But I must be firm: I see the danger, and must protect my pupil against the snares of these pernicious creatures. Poor lad! he is innocent, and knows not the seductive power of love. My example and instructions have so fortified his mind, so hardened his heart against all silly, soft impressions, that, thanks to me, he may hope to pass through life as becomes a philosopher—in a happy indifference to all its joys, its pleasures, and its cares. He comes! My dear disciple!

Enter CHARLES, in violent agitation.

Charles. My dear sir, I'm glad you are returned.

Poly. Your impatience pleases me. Come, is it to be Sophocles this evening?

Charles. No: it is not that, sir; but—

Poly. Well, well; we must sometimes relax—make holyday; so, instead of Sophocles, we'll amuse ourselves with a problem in Euclid.

Charles. Confound Euclid! as he has often confounded me. No, sir; I—in short, you see me in the greatest distress.

Poly. In distress! You alarm me. My dear boy, my dear child, what is the matter?

Charles. My father is returning; he is now galloping up the avenue, and I see no refuge from my difficulties but in death.

Poly. Mercy on me! what do you mean? No refuge but in—and in his father's absence, too! Consider, that for all that concerns you I am responsible. Wait, at least, till he arrives, and—

Charles. No, I am resolved; the matter is pressing, and there's no time for deliberation.

Poly. And he has not half finished his studies! (*Rushes into his arms.*) Charles, my dear boy, be composed; look at me; who am I? Have I not been your guide, your protector, your friend, since the hour you were born. You know I love you; that there is nothing on earth I would not do to see you happy; tell me, what it afflicts you.

Charles. You will betray me to my father, and I dread his displeasure worse than death.

Poly. Betray you! Never; be it what it may.

Charles. Swear.

Poly. I never swear.

Charles. Swear, or this instant will I—

Poly. Hold! your danger inspires me with the devotion of an antique Roman: I swear, (*raising his hand*) *Per Jovem!* By Jupiter, I swear!

Charles. Enough; I will trust you.—And yet, I dare not tell him the whole. (*Aside.*) I—I am in love.

Poly. Oh, horror! In love! 'Tis epidemic; 'tis running through the house! Robin, Molly, and now—How, sir! and at your age; only just turned of four-and-twenty; the thing is incredible; and—

Charles. Do but hear me, sir.

Poly. In love! it cannot be: why, he has Greek, Latin, algebra, and mathematics at his finger's ends. And is this the termination of my hopes? You, whom I destined for a philosopher; you, whose name I fondly hoped to see placed side by side with the

glorious name of Archimedes and Aristotle. Did love find out the square of the hypothenuse? Did love—

Charles. Oh! sir, if the bare avowal of my affection so displease you, what will you say when I confess to you that—but here comes my father.—Where shall I conceal my dear Harriet! (*Aside.*)

Poly. Be composed; he must not observe our agitation.

Charles. Remember your promise, or I'll keep mine. Pop!

Poly. My dear boy, I'll not betray you, I—Oh!

Enter OLD EUSTACE, followed by ROBIN, to whom he gives his great coat, hat and whip.

Eustace. Charles, my boy, I'm glad to see you. Mr. Polyglot, my worthy friend, your hand. You did not expect to see me so soon.

Poly. No, sir; we—we didn't expect you till last week.

Eustace. Till next week, you mean. The truth is, I was willing to take you by surprise, and see how things had been managed during my absence; but I might have spared myself the trouble. You, Mr. Polyglot, have the superintendence of my servants, and are accountable for their conduct;—

Robin. Don't tell about Molly and me, sir. (*Aside to Polyglot.*)

Eustace. My son is under your especial care and observance:—

Charles. Remember. (*Aside to Polyglot.*)

Eustace. And so perfect is my reliance on your attention, prudence, and wisdom, that I am persuaded you have nothing to relate of what has passed in the house that will not receive my fullest approbation.

Poly. Yes—no—certainly.

Eustace. Well, Charles, my arrival must not interrupt your studies; retire to your own room till supper is ready. Mr. Polyglot I have something of importance to communicate to you. Robin, desire the cook to be expeditious; my ride has given me an appetite: and do you put lights into my study; after supper, I shall be occupied there for an hour or two.

Charles. (*Stops Robin as he is going off.*) What, sir! the pavilion at the end of the garden?

Eustace. Ay, I have no other.

Charles. You had better not go there to-night, sir; 'tis damp, and—

Eustace. Damp! nonsense! Robin, do as I desire.

Charles. (*Aside.*) 'Tis there I have concealed her. There is not a moment to be lost. [*Exit.*]

Robin. (*Whispers Polyglot.*) Be kind to poor Molly, and forgive her, sir.

Poly. (*Lost in thought.*) No, Molly—yes, Robin, yes.

Robin. Thankye, sir; it shall never happen again. [*Exit.*]

Eustace. Why, what is the meaning of all this? Tell me, Mr. Polyglot, what is the matter here? This confusion and whispering! Surely, my sudden arrival cannot have occasioned any inconvenience. I expected to see you all delighted, and you receive me with faces as long as my arm.

Poly. Uncommonly long! uncommonly long!

Eustace. I perceive: the philosopher is in one of his fits of abstraction. (*Aside.*) But there is an air of restraint about Charles, for which I am at a loss to account. Has he done anything to provoke your displeasure?

Poly. I dare not inform him. (*Aside.*) No, no—a trifle.

Eustace. You are right to be severe with him: he is now arrived at an age when the strictest watchfulness over his conduct is necessary. Ah! Mr. Polyglot, your example has made him what he is; your vigilance must keep him so.

Poly. I—you flatter me.

Eustace. I will now, in few words, confide to you the object of the journey from which I have just returned: it was to make arrangements for the marriage of my son.

Poly. His marriage!

Eustace. I anticipate your objection, and will answer it.

Poly. I have no objection to offer. Then it turns out as it should be. Charles is already in love; so the marriage comes opportunely. (*Aside.*)

Eustace. No objection! Why, till now, you have always held that no man ought to marry till he's sixty; that is to say, till he have finished his education, and seen a little of the world.

Poly. You make a slight mistake; I always said, at least, I meant to say, four-and-twenty.

Eustace. Well, I'm glad it is so; for, to say the truth, although I am of your opinion, that it is not prudent to marry whilst a mere baby, yet I always thought sixty somewhat of the latest.

Poly. Ay, ay; for a young man it is; but—What a relief is this to my mind! How happy this will make my dear boy! (*Aside.*)

Eustace. I'm delighted to find you are of my opinion. Next week I'll take Charles to town with me; he shall see the young lady; I do not mean to control his choice; but if he like her, and she like him, they shall marry instantly.

Poly. Like her! my dear sir, I'm happy to tell you that he is already in—My oath, *per Jovem!* (*Aside.*)

Eustace. Come, Mr. Polyglot, follow me to the supper room; we'll talk further of this. I can never repay you, my good friend, for your care of my son. As I said before, your example has made him what he is: for his virtues he is indebted to you; and were it possible he could be guilty of any crime or folly, so completely is he under your guidance, that I should hold you more to blame than him. [*Exit.*]

Poly. What a fortunate turn has this affair taken! Since he is in love, he must naturally be anxious to marry. Yet he did not tell me with whom he is in love. I do not pretend to understand those matters; but I presume that, being in love, he wants a wife, and—Oh! there can't be a doubt of it; so long as he get a wife, surely it can't signify who. He comes; I'll communicate the joyful tidings to him.

Enter CHARLES, in violent agitation.

Charles. I have been anxiously waiting the departure of my father.

Poly. My dear boy, quiet your apprehensions; 'tis all right.

Charles. 'Tis all wrong, and fifty times worse than before.

Poly. What mean you?

Charles. The unexpected arrival of my father has thrown me into a difficulty scarcely surmountable. Alas! you know but half my unhappy story.

Poly. I hope, then, it is the worst half; for, really, I have suffered—

Charles. I tremble to avow to you the full extent of my folly, and yet, I dare no longer conceal any circumstance of it from you. The urgency of our situation, the danger that awaits us—

Poly. Come, come, courage; tell me all.

Charles. Know, then, that having become acquainted with a young lady, the orphan daughter of an officer in the army, I grew enamoured of her, was assiduous in my attentions to her, succeeded in winning her affections, and finally—

Poly. Eh! what?—say no more. Oh! Charles, Charles—

Charles. Do but hear me to the end of my story.

Poly. I have heard too much already. And are these the fruits of my instructions? Is it by such wickedness you repay my anxious care of you?

Charles. You mistake me, sir; if you would but listen—

Poly. Never expect from me either pardon or indulgence. Had you, indeed, formed such a bond of union as might without a blush have been acknowledged, it is possible I might—

Charles. What, sir! would you have sanctioned our marriage? Obtained for us my father's pardon, his approbation?

Poly. In that case, perhaps, I would have interfered in your behalf; for marriage is a sacred contract, and must be respected: but, as it is—

Charles. (*Joyfully.*) Then, my worthy Mentor, my best of friends, be comforted: I am married.

Poly. (*Struck with astonishment.*) Married!

Charles. I am, I am. Marriage, as you say, is a sacred contract; and, by your own shewing, you are bound to assist us.

Poly. Married! So vigilant as I have been, yet has he contrived to—I must at once reveal this to your father. (*Going.*)

Charles. And your oath?

Poly. Oh!

Charles. Betray me, and my life, my dear wife's, too, may become a sacrifice. But no, you will not; for your own sake, you dare not. Upon you alone will fall the blame. Under whose especial care have I been placed? Your's. Whose duty was it to watch over my conduct? Your's. Whose vigilance was at fault when I could contrive a secret marriage? Your's. My father has made you responsible for my actions: *ergo*: it is against you alone that my father will manifest his displeasure at my misconduct.

Poly. (*His countenance gradually betraying his satisfaction.*) The dear boy! He is indebted to me for his logic. Aristotle himself would have been proud of such a pupil. That's something like conducting an argument. I have not a word to reply.

Charles. But there is no time to be lost; you must at once decide. If you consent to protect us, we shall for ever consider you our friend—our saviour. You shall pass your days with us; we will be a comfort to your age; our children shall thank you; and, as you moulded their father's mind, so shall you give the bent to theirs.

Poly. My dear Charles, I will encounter anything for your sake: whatever may befall me, I swear not to betray your interests. This will be a sad disappointment to your father. You must allow me a few days to consider the best mode of breaking the affair to him. But where have you left your—it was only this morning I rapped his knuckles for a false quantity—your wife?

Charles. Left her? She's here.

Poly. What, here? in the house?

Charles. In my father's study, in the garden. Taking advantage of his absence, I have, for many days, concealed her there; but his sudden return compels me to seek some other retreat for her. Aided by the growing darkness, I have removed her. She is waiting there in the garden. I will confide her to your care.

Poly. Hold, hold! Confide a woman to my care!

Charles. Ay; your apartment is the most secure. No one will suspect that a female is concealed there. (*Runs towards the garden.*) Harriet, Harriet! this way.

Poly. (*In great consternation.*) Stay! what would you do? Should she be discovered here, I'm ruined, undone!—Oh! she's here.

Enter HARRIET.

Charles. Fear nothing, my darling love; this is our best friend.

Harriet. In what terms can we express our gratitude, sir?

Poly. Indeed, miss—mistress—my good lady, I—my head is turning—But, tell me, Charles, how did you contrive, without my knowledge, to—

Charles. My wife will explain all to you. In the meantime I'll keep watch without. Should my father take us by surprise, all will be lost. My good, kind friend, I confide to your care all I value in the world—my own dear Harriet.

Poly. Why—why, you would not leave me alone with her?

Charles. (*Not attending to him.*) Be composed, love; all will be well. [*Exit.*]

Poly. Charles, Charles! Don't leave me alone with her.

Harriet. Once more, sir, let me thank you for your kindness.

Poly. (*Avoiding her.*) Thank me, indeed! Oh! if you knew—

Harriet. But why that angry look? Would you abandon us? In your friendship, and my husband's love, is now my only hope.

Poly. (*Aside.*) What touching accents! I never before—'Twas with tones like these the serpent must have seduced my poor innocent boy. (*Severely.*) It is my duty, miss—my duty, madam, to remind you that the step you have taken is—(*She looks abashed.*) Not that I would say anything to give you pain, but—tell me who you are, my dear.

Harriet. The daughter of Colonel Mowbray, who, dying five years ago, left me without fortune, without friends, without a protector. I sought an asylum in the neighbouring village, and soon afterwards became acquainted with Mr. Eustace. You know his worth, and can you wonder it—

Poly. Poor thing! Well, don't weep, my dear; your cares will soon be at an end. Not but that so imprudent a step as a clandestine marriage deserves the severest—(*As she appears affected, he relaxes in the severity of his manner.*) Yet you were very young, and that almost excuses you. But how appease his father?

Harriet. I dread to meet him.

Poly. And I, too, who must bear the responsibility of all this! But how did my Charles contrive to make your acquaintance? I watched him so closely, that—

Harriet. I believe, sir, he bribed the servants to conceal his absence from home; and whilst you thought he was in his own room, closely engaged in his studies, he used to—

Poly. The mischievous truant! I'll trim him for this. I beg pardon: I forgot I was speaking to you of a husband. Ah! I can imagine by what arts he won your affections. He has often delighted me. He solved some difficult problem in Euclid for you, perhaps—talked Latin to you, eh? or Greek?

Harriet. Greek, sir! he merely said he loved me.

Poly. Where could he have picked up that? I never taught it him. But I always said the dear boy was blessed with a natural genius. And so you have taken advantage of his father's absence, to get married?

Harriet. No, sir; we have been married these four years.

Poly. Four years!

Harriet. Yet have I often lamented my imprudence. His wife, yet not as such acknowledged, and exposed to the evil opinion of the inhabitants of the village, I was at the point of quitting the place, till Charles could openly avow our union. The departure of his father determined him to afford me a temporary refuge here, but his unexpected return has—(*A bell heard.*)

Poly. The supper bell! To avoid suspicion, I must leave you, and join old Mr. Eustace.

Harriet. Leave me! and Charles not here!

Poly. Possibly he is detained by his father. What is to be done? You must not be seen here, or—(*After some hesitation, and with a profound sigh.*) Ah! there is no other resource. Go into this room; it is mine; when the family shall have retired for the night, I'll contrive to let you out of the

house, and you may remain concealed in the village till we can obtain the sanction of your—your father-in-law.

Harriet. I will do all you desire, sir.

Poly. There, be quick; should you be discovered there, it would be my ruin. (*He puts her into the room, and as he is speaking to her through the door, which he holds ajar,*)

Enter MOLLY.

So, here, take the key and lock the door inside. Be cautious; do not open the door to any one but me, my little dear; the signal shall be three taps of the hand.

Molly. Oh, ho! his little dear!

Poly. (*Alarmed.*) Who's there?

Molly. (*Looking slyly at him.*) 'Tis I, Mr. Polyglot; and since, for my misbehaviour, you are resolved to send me away, I come to—But what was that I heard you say? Were you saying "good b'ye" to anybody?

Poly. No; I—I was talking to myself.

Molly. Oh! then, you are your own little dear. "Don't open to any one but me, my little dear."

Poly. (*Aside.*) The little imp has overheard us.

Molly. A'n't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Ignoramus! You preach one thing and practise another. You would turn away a couple of poor servants because they love one another honestly, whilst you have a pretty dear concealed in your apartment. But master is come home now, and he shall know of this. (*Calls.*) Master, master! Mr. Eustace!

Poly. Molly, Molly, 'tis all a mistake: listen to me—

Molly. No; you had no pity for me just now; so as you said, you shall find me as flexible as the worst Plutus. Master!

Poly. I supplicate—I implore—you shall stay, Molly, you shall stay.

Molly. I stay in a house where there are such doings! No, no. But I'll have my revenge on you before I go, I will. Master! Mr. Charles! all the house! come all of you!

Poly. (*Aside.*) He comes! I am ruined; and poor Charles—

Enter EUSTACE.

Eustace. Why, what is all this noise about? And you, Mr. Polyglot, didn't you hear the supper bell? The fish is getting cold, and—

Molly. He doesn't care about your fish, master; he has fish of his own to fry, the wicked old sinner.

Eustace. What does the girl mean?

Molly. I mean, master, that if one serpent, as he calls me, is to be sent out of your house, to let you know that you have another remaining in it.

Poly. Molly, my dear—

Molly. Don't whisper me; I'm not to be come over with soft words, that I can tell you. Here's Mr. Tutorer, sir, who would turn away a poor lass for having an honest lover of her own, has got a—I don't know what, locked up in his room.

Eustace. Why, how dare you accuse—

Molly. It is true enough, sir; and if it be not a woman, may I never be married! and I would not swear such a dreadful oath to a fish.

Eustace. A woman!

Poly. (*Aside.*) I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels.

Eustace. Is this true, sir?

Poly. I—you can't believe—you would not suspect—

Molly. There's no need to suspect, master, for it is true. 'Tis his little dear, for I heard him call her so.

Eustace. The girl's earnestness convinces me there is some truth in this. Your consternation now—your confusion at my sudden arrival—

Poly. Of course—my—my indignation at such a charge; my—

Eustace. In a word, sir, who have you concealed there?

Poly. I have no one concealed. I—I was talking to Robin, who is there arranging the—the furniture.—I scarcely know what I say. (*Aside.*)

Molly. Robin there, is he?

Poly. Leave the room, girl! Is my word to be doubted?

Molly. No, sir. (*Calls.*) Robin, Robin!

Enter ROBIN, from the garden.

Robin. Did you call me?

Eustace. How is this?

Poly. (*Aside.*) Ruined and undone! (*Charles is seen to cross the garden.*)

Eustace. What have you to say to this, sir?

Poly. (*Makes signs to Robin.*) He went out the other way, I suppose.

Molly. There is no other way out but the window.

Poly. The window is low, and that's the way he got out; and now there is no one else there. (*A noise as of breaking glass is heard in the room.*)

Molly. Dear me! Then the windows are breaking one after the other.

Poly. I shall faint. (*Aside.*) Pray, leave me just now, sir. I feel particularly unwell. I'll explain this to your satisfaction to-morrow.

Eustace. I'll not be trifled with: give me the key.

Poly. Unluckily it is inside, and the door is fastened.

Eustace. No matter; I'll force it open.

Molly. Stop, master; I have a key. (*Gives three taps with her hand.*)

Poly. (*Sinks into a chair.*) The little vixen will be the death of me.

Enter from the room, CHARLES; he closes the door hastily after him.

Eustace. What, Charles!

Poly. (*Aside.*) How came he there?

Eustace. What were you doing there? and why did not you come out at once?

Charles. The fact is, sir, I have been so unfortunate as to displease my tutor. He has kindly promised to conceal my offence from you, till he can hope to obtain your pardon for it. I heard your voice in anger, and dreading the effects of an abrupt disclosure, I—

Eustace. (*To Poly.*) So, that was it, after all?

Poly. Yes—after all.

Eustace. And what is his offence? a serious one, no doubt, to require so much mystery.

Charles. (*To Poly.*) Remember your oath.

Poly. For the present I must conceal it. I am bound by an—by a promise.

Eustace. Well! And how dare you, you little hussey, tell me such a rhodomontade? (*To Molly.*)

Molly. (*Confused.*) Why, master, I only told you what I thought.—I'll not give it up yet. (*Aside.*)

Eustace. Come, Mr. Polyglot, to supper.

Poly. I have no appetite, thank you; and am rather unwell.

Molly. (*Aside.*) Guilty conscience.

Eustace. You look ill. Robin shall bring you something into your own room.

Charles. (*Aside.*) And my wife there!

Eustace. Come with me, Charles. Good night, Mr. Polyglot: pardon my suspicion, my worthy friend.—(*To Molly.*) Do you go to bed, and let me hear no more of that chattering little tongue of yours to-night. Robin, go lock the outer doors, bring me the keys, and then take some supper to Mr. Polyglot. [for her.

Charles. (*Aside.*) Then there will be no escape

Eustace. Come, Charles, come.

Charles. (*To Poly.*) Remember your promise. [Exit.

Molly. He's juggling the old gentleman, I'll lay my life on't: but I'll not sleep till I have found it out.

[*Exeunt all but Polyglot.*
Poly. Is this a dream? Let me collect my scattered senses. Surely, it cannot be! Married! My pupil, who had never, as I thought, even so much as—Oh, lord! absolutely married! and I, Ignatius Polyglot, who have led the life of a hermit, to be suspected! I must not think: I'll retire to rest; heaven knows I have need of it. (*Approaches the door, and hastily retires.*) Bless us and save us! I forgot, she is there. And how am I to get her away? Hark! they are locking the outer gate. There is now no hope.

HARRIET opens the door gently, and enters.

Harriet. At length, you are alone. Tell me what is now to be done? Counsel me—advise me.

Poly. Yes; I—how shall I advise you? Advise me what I had best—at any rate, you must not remain here.

Harriet. Where would you have me go?

Poly. Wherever you please, my good young lady. But, it is night, you know. These are my apartments; and, after the suspicions that have been excited against me, I—yet, how can I get you away? They have closed the doors, and—But what ails you?

Harriet. Reach me a chair. My agitation for the last hour has so—I am fainting.

Poly. Don't think of such a thing. I know not how to help you: 'tis not at all in my way. (*He leads her to a chair: her bonnet falls off.*) This was wanting to complete the pleasures of the evening. My dear lady—Miss—my kind madam, (*taps her hand*)—If any one should come—She recovers. Be composed. It occurs to me that I have a key of the little wicket that leads from the garden to the meadow; that way we may reach the village.

Harriet. Conduct me where you will; but I must take my dear Frederick with me.

Poly. Frederick! what's Frederick?

Harriet. Our darling boy.

Poly. (*Stammering.*) And have you a darling boy?

Harriet. He is in the room I have occupied at the end of the garden.

Poly. Oh! Charles, Charles! In love—married—a little boy! Have I anything more to learn? tell me at once.—So, then, I have been tutor to a father of a family!

Harriet. I can easily bring him away. (*Going.*)

Poly. No; you might be observed. There is but one thing to be done—I foresee my fate—Since I must be the scape-goat, I'll fetch him for you.

Harriet. My kind friend!

Poly. I'll not be gone an instant. (*Noise of footsteps.*) Ha! here comes Robin. Quick—retire. (*She goes towards the room.*) No, not there. He'll want to go into that room with my supper. There, there. (*He forces her into the room on the opposite side—a lock heard.*)

Enter ROBIN and MOLLY.

Robin. I have brought your supper, sir.

Poly. Leave it, leave it. And you, Mrs. Molly, what do you want here? (*Robin takes the tray into the room.*)

Molly. (*Styly.*) I came to ask whether I should clear away the broken glass yonder. Why, now, if there isn't some conjuration there! You told Master Eustace the key was inside the door, and see if it hasn't opened of itself.—Then I was right after all. (*Aside.*)

Poly. Ahem! you may go—you may go.

Molly. I hope, sir, you'll forgive my suspicions. (*Sees the bonnet.*) Oh, ho!

Poly. Begone, I say! and, in future, beware how you accuse an innocent person.

Molly. Yes, sir, if you please; and I repent it

the more, seeing, as I do, the proofs of your innocence before me.

Poly. Light my lanthorn. (*To Robin, who returns.*) I am going to walk.

Robin. At this time, sir; and in such weather? Why, it is pouring of rain.

Poly. No matter: I—I have a head-ache, and want air. Begone, both of you; and woe be to you if I find either of you here at my return. [*Exeunt Robin and Molly.*] There is not an instant to be lost. The poor innocent baby must not become a victim to the old man's displeasure; and if he should reach the pavilion before me—Into what a labyrinth has my affection for my pupil led me! [*Exit.*]

Enter MOLLY, cautiously; ROBIN following.

Molly. Robin, run and tell old Master Eustace to come here immediately.

Robin. Why, what would you be at now?

Molly. She's here; I'm sure of it.

Robin. Who's here?

Molly. Mr. Ignoramus's miss.

Robin. I'll not go and tell master any such thing. You know you have got into one scrape already this evening by telling a fib.

Molly. But this time I have proof positive. (*Takes up the bonnet.*)

Robin. Why, that does look rather queer, to be sure. But what does that signify? Depend upon it, she's gone.

Molly. How can that be? Haven't I been watching outside? Besides, the gates are locked.

Robin. Where can she be then?

Molly. There! I hear her move. Run, quick; fetch master.

Robin. And yet I don't like to tell upon old tutorer, neither.

Molly. Wouldn't he have told upon us? But we'll let master see what a sly old fox he has got in his house. Go, I tell you. (*Forces him off.*) Now, Mr. Pollypot, I'll teach you something better than Greek, I will. Ah! here comes Mr. Charles. He'll be delighted at this, for the tutorer leads the poor lad such a life, that he'll be glad enough to get quit of him, I warrant me.

Enter CHARLES, from the garden.

Charles. My anxiety is insupportable; and at all risks I must—Why, Molly, what do you want here?

Molly. Oh! sir, I have such news for you! You are the only one in the house who is kind to me, and now I'll prove my gratitude. I'll soon get the tutorer turned away, and make you your own master.

Charles. What do you mean?

Molly. I have discovered it at last. She is here after all.

Charles. Is the girl out of her senses?

Molly. No, no; here's proof! here's the creature's bonnet; and I've sent Robin to bring your father here.

Charles. Sent for my father! Unhappy girl, what have you done?

Molly. Lord! Mr. Charles, what ails you?

Charles. Alas! you know not the mischief you have effected. 'Tis not he who is to blame; he has interfered but to serve me: the lady, who is here concealed, is my wife.

Molly. (*With mingled astonishment and grief.*) Your wife!

Charles. This precipitate disclosure has rendered abortive our hopes of obtaining pardon from my father. Your malicious curiosity has destroyed the happiness of us all.

Molly. (*Bursting into tears.*) Oh! Mr. Charles, indeed, indeed, if I had but known—you, who are so good, so kind!—But don't ye grieve, don't ye, now. I'll die rather than harm you. I'll take all

the blame upon myself. There may yet be time: I'll run and stop Robin. (*Going.*)

Robin. (*Without.*) This way, sir, this way.

Molly. Oh! I am, indeed, an unhappy girl. But, Mr. Charles, dear Mr. Charles, don't ye be down-cast. Leave it to me, I'll get you through, though I lose my place, I will. (*Hastily wipes her eyes, and assumes an air of composure.*)

Enter EUSTACE, in his dressing-gown, preceded by ROBIN.

Robin. Yes, sir; Molly says you may now be convinced.

Eustace. So. You here, Charles?

Charles. Yes, sir; I—I heard a noise, and was fearful—

Eustace. 'Tis well; stay where you are: the scene you are about to witness will serve you as a lesson which may last you your life. (*To Robin and Molly.*) As for you, if you have called me out of my bed by another such a rigmarole as the last—

Robin. Oh! no, sir, it is all sure enough this time. (*To Molly, who makes signs to him.*) I had trouble enough to persuade master, but he is come at last, you see.

Molly. Well, and what for?

Robin. What for! Why, to be sure, you know well enough. The lady, you know.

Molly. What lady? What is the simpleton talking about?

Robin. Why, the lady that is concealed there.

Molly. Robin, you have been at the ale-barrel.

Robin. Oh! the little gipsy! Didn't you tell me—

Molly. No, it isn't true.

Robin. Well, hang me! but—And, I suppose, you'll say you didn't send me to bring master.

Molly. To be sure I will, for it's false.

Robin. And that bonnet—

Molly. (*Putting it on.*) Is mine. Master, there ben't a true word in all he is telling you.—Can't you hold your tongue? (*Aside, and pinching his arm.*)

Robin. Oh! That isn't the way to make me. Master, I say again—

Molly. And I say, master—

Eustace. Hold your tongues both of you. There is some mystery here. The evident alarm of that girl—Silence! (*To Molly, who is about to speak.*) Takes a candle, and looks into the room at the left hand.)

Charles. (*Aside.*) I almost sink with dread.

Molly. (*To Robin.*) I've a great mind never to marry you for this.

Eustace. (*Returns.*) No one there. (*Goes to the opposite door.*) The door is locked. (*Gives three taps.*)

Harriet. (*Within.*) Is that my kind protector?

Eustace. (*Staggering away.*) Her kind protector! 'Tis but too true, then! The old hypocrite! thus to deceive me and dishonour my house. The monster shall instantly quit it, and for ever. Hush! some one approaches! 'tis he: silence, I command. (*He extinguishes the lights.*)

Enter POLYGLOT, with his dark lanthorn; MASTER FREDERICK is concealed under his cloak. He goes directly, but cautiously, to the door.

Poly. (*In an under tone.*) Open, open quickly; 'tis I. I have secured our precious charge. Now, quick; let us away, or we may be interrupted by old Argus.

Enter HARRIET.

Eustace. You are right, for old Argus has you.

Harriet. Oh, heavens! I'm lost! (*Robin lights the candles.*)

Eustace. No, madam, you are found. And you! Is it thus you repay the confidence I have reposed in you? Are you the man I have selected as a guide, as a monitor to my son? A female concealed in your apartment!

Charles. My dear father, I must no longer allow—

Eustace. Peace! And what is it you are endeavouring to hide there?

Poly. Nothing; a mere trifle.

Eustace. I insist upon knowing. (*Draws open his cloak and discovers Master Frederick.*) You call this a trifle, do you?

Harriet. (*Running towards him.*) My Frederick! my child!

Eustace. Oh! Now what have you to say for yourself?

Poly. That it is a Frederick—a child, I mean—I confess; but suffer me to explain, and—

Eustace. Explanation is needless: your mere trifle explains itself. And yet I would hope you are not the monster you appear. Answer me one question: is the lady your wife?

Poly. No, no; yet if you would only—

Eustace. The unblushing sinner! Then, will you marry her?

Poly. (*To Charles.*) I have done and suffered much to serve you; I can't do that, you know.

Eustace. Do you hesitate?

Charles. Will you but listen to me, sir?

Eustace. No, I will listen to but one thing only. (*To Poly.*) When a man has committed an error, is it not his first duty to do what he can to repair it?

Poly. Granted.

Eustace. To restore her respectability to the woman he has betrayed?

Poly. Granted.

Eustace. To protect and bestow his name upon his child?

Poly. Granted.—Further concealment is impossible. (*To Charles, who is about to interrupt him.*) But suppose his family should refuse—(*To Eustace.*)

Eustace. Refuse! In such a case, no honest member of it would refuse to sanction the union; if he did he would share in the guilt of the offender.

Poly. I am quite of your opinion.

Eustace. Then why hesitate?

Poly. The lady is already married; but if you would just have the kindness to repeat to your son all you have said to me—

Eustace. My son!

Charles. Yes, sir; we throw ourselves at your feet, and implore your pardon. This lady is my wife.

Eustace. How! married! without consulting me! Leave me, ungrateful boy!

Charles. Will not the choice I have made procure your forgiveness, sir?

Poly. Let me intercede for them. Remember the lecture you have just delivered to me. Practice what you preach. Besides, you can't unmarry them, you know.

Eustace. And when I had another scheme in view for him?

Poly. It is all as it should be. You wished him to marry—what can it signify? there he is, without farther ado, ready married to your hands.

Robin. You save the trouble and expence of a wedding.

Harriet. You have a daughter who will love you.

Molly. And a little grandson ready made, master.

Eustace. But the example—

Molly. 'Tis a good one, master; and, if you please, Robin and I will follow it.

Eustace. Well, well! since it is so—but there is a little urchin who, I foresee, will, one of these days, play us a similar trick.

Poly. Never fear: place him under my care—you know me; and I give him twenty years' notice, that if he too should attempt to elude my vigilance—Ah me! as I have done for the father, so shall I doubtless be induced to do for the son; and I trust to your indulgence for my re-appearance in the character of the Scape-Goat. [*Exeunt.*]

THE SPOILED CHILD;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

OLD PICKLE
LITTLE PICKLE

TAG
SERVANTS

MISS PICKLE
MARIA

MARGERY
SUSAN

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Dining Parlour.

Enter OLD PICKLE and MISS PICKLE.

Old P. Well, well, sister; a little patience, and these holidays will soon be over; the boy, then, goes back to school, and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Ay, till the next breaking up. No, no, brother; unless he be severely punished for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humour will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Old P. Now, would not any one think, to hear you talk, that my son had actually some vice in him. I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks, that I cannot but forgive him; ay, and for aught I know, love him better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes, truly, because you have never been a sufferer by them. Had you been rendered as ridiculous as I have been by his tricks, as you call them, you'd have been the first to complain, and to punish.

Old P. Nay, as to that, he has not spared even his father. Is there a day passes that I don't break my shins over some stumbling block he lays in my way? Why, there is not a door but is armed with a basin of water on the top, and just left a-jar; so that, egad! I can't walk over my own house, without running the risk of being wet through.

Miss P. No wonder the child is spoiled, since you will superintend his education yourself. You, indeed!

Old P. Sister, do not provoke me!—At any rate, I have wit enough to conceal my ignorance: I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense, as some folks.

Miss P. Now, would you rail at me for the disposition I was born with? Can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical? as the divine bard says.

Old P. Made you poetical, indeed! 'Sblood! if you had been born in a street near a college, ay, or even the next door to a day-school, I might not have been so surprised; but, madam, in the middle of the Minories, what had you to do with poetry?

Miss P. Provoking ignorance! [and stuff?]

Old P. Have you not rendered yourself the sneer of your acquaintance, by your refined poetical intercourse with Mr. Tag, the author; a fellow that

strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to. Was he not once found concealed in your closet, to the utter scandal of my house, and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you would admire the effusions of Mr. Tag's pen, and be enchanted at his admirable acting as much as I am.

Old P. Do you tell me I can't educate my own child, and make a lord chancellor, or an archbishop of Canterbury of him, whichever I like? (*As he is about to sit, Young Pickle, by a string, draws the chair from behind him: Old Pickle falls.*)

Miss P. How's this! I'll lay my life, that is another trick of this little mischievous wretch.

Old P. An ungrateful little rascal, to serve me such a trick, just as I had made an archbishop of him. I'll immediately correct him. Here, Thomas! (*Going, he meets Servants with dinner.*) But, odso, here's dinner. Well, I'll defer my severity, till that be over. (*They sit.*) But, if I don't make him remember this trick one while, say my name is not Pickle. Sister, this is the first pleasant we have had this season. It looks well: shall I help you? They say anger makes a man dry; but, mine has made me hungry. Come, here's a wing and some of the breast for you.—[*Enter SUSAN, in haste.*]

Susan. Oh dear, sir—oh dear, madam! my young master—the parrot, ma'am—Oh dear!

Old H. Parrot, and your young master! What the deuce does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! why, as sure as I live, that vile boy has been hurting my poor bird.

Susan. Hurting, ma'am! no, indeed, ma'am. I'll tell you the whole truth. It was not to blame; indeed, I wasn't, ma'am: besides, I am morally certain 'twas the strange cat that killed it this morning.

Miss P. How! killed it, say you! But, go on; let us hear the whole.

Susan. Why, ma'am, the truth is, I did but step out of the kitchen for a moment, when in comes my young master, whips away the pheasant that was roasting for dinner, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, picked and trussed, in its place.

Old P. The parrot!—the devil!

Susan. I kept basting, and basting on, and never thought I was basting the parrot.

Miss P. Oh! my sweet, my beautiful young bird! I had just taught it to talk, too.

Old P. You taught it to talk! it taught you to talk, you mean: I am sure, it was old enough; 'twas hatched in the hard frost.

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now? But run, Susan,—and, do you hear? take John, and—
Enter JOHN, lame, and his face bound up.

Oh! John, here's a piece of business!

John. Ay, ma'am, sure enow—what, you have heard, I see—the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's—is it still alive? But, where, where is it, John?

John. Safe in stables; and it were as sound—made her a hot mash—wouldn't touch it.—So crippled, will never have leg to put to ground again.

Old P. No; I'll swear to that; for here's one of them. (*Holds up a leg on a fork.*)

Miss P. What does the fool mean? what, what, what is in the stable? what are you talking of?

[*Exit with Susan.*]

John. Master's favourite mare, Daisy, poor thing!

Old P. What—how—anything the matter with Daisy? I would not part with her for—

John. Ay, sir, quite done up; won't fetch five pounds at the next fair. [*her?*]

Old P. Why, what can it be—what the devil ails

John. Why, sir, the long and the short of the whole affair is as how—He's cut me, too, all across the face; mercy I did not lose my eyes.

Old P. (*Aside.*) This cursed fellow will drive me mad!—The mare, you scoundrel, the mare!

John. Yes, sir, the mare. Then, too, my shins—Master Salve, the surgeon, says I must 'noint 'em—

Old P. Plague on your shins! You dog, what is the matter with the mare?

John. Why, sir, as I was coming home this morning, over Black Down, what does I see but young master tearing over the turf, upon Daisy, though your honour had forbidden him to ride her; so I calls to him to stop; but what does he do, but smacks his whip in my face; but, what's worse, when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me, so over the legs; and, before I could catch hold of him, he slips out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Old P. Well, if I forgive him this—no, I'll send him this moment back to school—Zounds! I'll send him to sea.—[*Re-enter MISS PICKLE.*]

Miss P. Well, brother, yonder comes your precious child; he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself; some fresh mischief, I suppose.

Old P. Ay, here he comes. Stand back. Let us watch him; though I can never contain my passion long. (*They retire.*)—*Enter LITTLE PICKLE.*

Little P. Well, so far all goes on rarely. Dinner must be nearly ready. Old Poll will taste well, I dare say. Parrot and bread sauce! Ha, ha! They suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant; an old parrot is a greater rarity, I'm sure. I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be. A fine piece of work aunt will make when it's found out. Ecod! for aught I know, that may be better fun than the other: no doubt, Sukey will tell, and John too, about the horse. A parcel of sneaking fellows, always tell, tell. I only wish I could catch them at school once, I'd pay them well for it, I'd be bound. Oh, oh! here they are; and as I live, my father and aunt. It's all out, I see. To be sure, I'm not got into a fine scrape, now! I almost wish I were safe at school again.—Oh! sir, how do you do, sir? I was just coming to—

Old P. Come, no fooling now. How dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done?

Little P. What, what have I done?

Old P. You know the value I set upon that mare you have spoiled for ever.

Little P. But, sir, hear me: indeed, I was not so much to blame, sir; not so very much.

Miss P. Do not aggravate your faults by pretending to excuse them. Your father is too kind to you.

Little P. Dear sir, I own I was unfortunate. I had heard you often complain, how wild little Daisy was—indeed, sir, I never saw you ride her, but I trembled lest some accident might befall you.

Old P. Well, and what is all this to the purpose?

Little P. And so, sir, I resolved, sooner than you should suffer, to venture my own neck, and so try to tame her for you; so, I was no sooner mounted than off she set. I could not help that you know, sir; and so this misfortune happened—but, sir—

Old P. Could I be sure this was your motive—and 'tis purely love and regard for your old father makes you thus tease and torment him, perhaps I might be inclined to— [*made him beat me so.*]

John. Yes, sir; but, 'tis no love and regard to me,

Little P. John, you know you were to blame.—Sir, indeed the truth is, John was scolding me for it; and when I told him as I have told you, why I did it, and that it was to hinder you from being hurt, he said that it was no business of mine, and that if your neck were broken, it were no great matter.

Old P. No great matter to have my neck broken!

Little P. No, sir; so he said. I was vexed to hear him speak so of you; and I believe I might take up the whip, and give him a cut or two on the legs: it could not hurt him much.

Old P. Well, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John, too. But, I had forgotten poor Poll. What did you roast the parrot for, you young dog?

Little P. Why, sir, I knew you and my aunt were both so fond of it, I thought you would like to see it well dressed. (*Old Pickle laughs.*)

Little P. But, dear aunt, I know you must be angry with me, and you think with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me; I'm not so weak as your father, whatever you may fancy.

Little P. Indeed, aunt, you must hear me. Hadn't I loved you as I do, I should not have thus offended you, but it was my regard for your character.

John. Character! [*Old P. kicks him off.*]

Little P. My dear aunt, I always heard that no ladies keep parrots or lap-dogs till they can't keep lovers; and when at school, I told the boys you had a parrot, they all said you must be a foolish old

Miss P. Impudent young wretches! [*maid.*]

Little P. Yes, aunt; and, so I resolved you should no longer be thought so; for I think you are too young and too handsome for an old maid.

Old P. Come, sister, you must forgive him; no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, you know I can forgive where I see occasion; but, though these faults be thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature? [*can accuse me of that.*]

Little P. Ill-nature, madam! I'm sure, nobody

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread, of my being locked up in my closet with Mr. Tag, the author! Can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my reputation?

Old P. What, that, I suppose, was from your care of her character; and so to hinder your aunt from being an old maid, you locked her up in her closet with this author, as he is called.

Little P. Indeed, dear madam, I beseech you, 'twas no such thing; all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favourite author! Worse and worse!

Old P. Sister, have patience—hear—

Miss P. I am ashamed to see you support your boy in such insolence. I, indeed, who am scrupulous to a fault! But, no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence. I quit your house, sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune: this moment will I alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger, sooner than to your family. [*Exit.*]

Old P. Leave her money to a stranger? Oh! the three per cent. consols! oh! the India stock!—Go, child, throw yourself at your aunt's feet—say anything to please her. Oh! those consols—

Little P. Shall I say she may die as soon as she please, but she mustn't give her money to a stranger?

Old P. Ay, ay; there's a good boy! say anything to please her. Say she may die as soon as she please, but she must not leave her money to a stranger. [*Exit Little Pickle.*] Sure, never man was so tormented. Well, I thought when my poor wife died, I stood some chance of being a happy man; but, I know not how it is, I could bear the vexation of my wife's bad temper better than this woman's. All my married friends were as miserable as myself; but now—Faith, here she comes, and in a fine humour, no doubt.

Enter MISS PICKLE.

Miss P. Brother, I have given directions for my immediate departure, and am now come to tell you I will persist in my design, unless you this moment adopt the scheme I proposed yesterday for my nephew's amendment.

Old P. Why, my dear sister, you know there is nothing I would not do to satisfy you; but, to abandon my only child—to pretend that he is not mine—to receive a beggar brat into my arms—impossible!

Miss P. Very well, sir; then I am gone. (*Going.*)

Old P. But, sister, stop! Was ever man so used? How long is this scheme of yours to last? how long am I to be deprived of him?

Miss P. How long! why, until he be brought duly to reflect upon his bad behaviour; which nothing will induce him to do, so soon as thinking himself the child of poor parents. I yesterday spoke to Margaret, his old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Old P. Why, to be sure, as you say, 'twill reform him; and, as we shall have our eyes upon him all the while, and Margaret, his own nurse—

Miss P. You may be sure she will take care of him. Well, since this is settled, the sooner 'tis done the better. Thomas!—[*Enter THOMAS.*]—Send your young master, [*Exit THOMAS.*]

Old P. I see you are finally resolved, and no other way will content you. I must comply.

Miss P. Brother, you are so blinded by your foolish fondness, that you cease to perceive what is for his benefit; 'tis happy for you there is a person to direct you.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. Did you send for me, aunt?

Old P. Child, come hither. I have a great secret to disclose to you, at which you will be much surprised. *Little P.* A secret, sir! [*prised.*]

Miss P. Yes! and one that requires your utmost courage to hear: you are no longer to consider that person as your father; he is not so. Margaret, who nursed you, has confessed, and the thing is sufficiently proved, that you are not his son, but hers: she exchanged you, when an infant, for my real nephew; and her conscience has, at last, compelled her to make the discovery.

Little P. I another person's child! Ah! you are only joking with me now, to see whether I love you or not; but, indeed, I am yours; my heart tells me I am only—only yours.

Old P. I'm afraid you deceive yourself. There can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account; but, still assure yourself of our protection; but, no longer can you remain in this house. I must not do an injury to my own child; you belong to others, to them you must now go.

Little P. Yet, sir, for an instant hear me—pity me. Ah! too sure I know I am not your child, or would that distress which now draws tears of pity from a stranger, fail to move nature in you?

Miss P. Comfort yourself; we must ever consider you with compassion. But, now you must begone; Margaret is waiting without to receive you.

AIR.—LITTLE PICKLE.

Since, then, I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,

To quit each object of my infant care;

Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,

And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear.

Ah! but forgive me, pitee! let me part,

Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,

Y-et grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;

Aad, perhaps, when mus'ing o'er my cruel fate,

You still may greet me with a tender tear.

Ah! then forgive me, pitee! let me part,

Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Parlour.

Enter MISS PICKLE and MARGERY.

Mar. And so, as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart, and so weep and wail, it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, well; since he begins already to repent, his punishment shall be but short. Have you brought your boy with you?

Mar. Ay, have I. Poor Tommy, he came from aboard a ship but now, and is so grown and altered—sure enough, he believes every word I have told him, as your honour ordered me, and I warrant; is so sheepish and shamefaced—But, here comes my master, he has heard it all already.—[*Enter OLD PICKLE.*]—But, my lady, shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you? he's waiting without.

Old P. What, that ill-looking young rascal in the hall? be with the jacket and trowsers? [*him.*]

Mar. Ay, your honour. What, you have seen

Old P. Seen him! ay, and felt him, too. The booby met me bolt at the corner, run his cursed, carrotty poll full in my face, and has loosened half the teeth in my head, I believe.

Mar. Poor lad! he's a sailor, and but awkward as yet, and so shy, I warrant—But, will your honour be kind to him? [*father, am not I?*]

Old P. Kind to him! Why, I am to pass for his

Mar. Ay, I wish your honour had been poor Tommy's father; but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Old P. Indeed! Your husband must be very much obliged to you, and so am I.

Mar. But do, your honour, see my poor Tommy once dressed in his fine clothes.

Old P. D—e, I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. Yes, yes, you shall. Now go and fetch him here to us; I should like much to see him.

Mar. Do you now, madam, speak kindly to him; for, poor boy, he's quite dashed. [*Exit.*]

Old P. Yes, and he has dashed some of my teeth out, plague on him!

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon your observing a proper decorum and behaviour towards this poor lad: observe the condescension of my deportment. Methinks, I feel a strange inclination already in his favour; perhaps, I may advance him, by-and-by, to be my page: shall I, brother?—Oh! here he comes; and, I declare, as prepossessing a countenance as ever I beheld.—[*Enter MARGERY, and LITTLE PICKLE as a sailor boy.*]—Come hither, child. Was there ever such an engaging air?

Mar. Go, Tommy; do as you are bid, there's a good boy. Thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Little P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Old P. (Aside.) Old fellow! he's devilish dashed, to be sure.—Yes, I am the old fellow, as you call it. Will you be a good boy?

Little P. Ay, but what will you give me? must I be good for nothing?

Old P. (Mimicking.) Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already. Well, and how do you like a sailor's life?

AIR.—LITTLE PICKLE.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,

But just come home from sea, sir;

Of all the lives I ever led,

A sailor's life for me, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar?

We o'er the ocean roam, sir;

In every clime we find a port;

In every port a home, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore,

We spend our cash with glee, sir;

And when all's gone, we drown our care,

And out again to sea, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

And when all's gone, again to sea,

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

Old P. So, this is the way I am to be entertained in future, with forecastle jokes and tarpaulin songs.

Miss P. Brother, do not speak so harshly to the poor lad; he's among strangers, and wants encouragement. Come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Little P. Friend! Oh! what, you're my grand-mother. Father, must not I call her granny?

Old P. What, he wants encouragement, sister! Yes, poor soul, he's among strangers! He's found out one relation, however, sister.—(*Aside.*) This boy's assurance diverts me. I like him.

Little P. Granny's mortish cross and frumpish. La! father, what makes your mother, there, look so plaguy foul-weathered?

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Old P. Oh! nothing at all, my dear; she's the best humoured person in the world. Go, throw yourself at her feet, and ask her for her blessing; perhaps, she may give you something.

Little P. A blessing! I sha'n't be much richer for that, neither. Perhaps, she may give me half a crown. I'll throw myself at her feet, and ask her for a guinea. (*Kneels.*) Dear granny, give me your picture? (*Catches hold of it.*)

Miss P. Stand off, wretch! Am I to be robbed as well as insulted?

Mar. Fie! child, learn to behave yourself better.

Little P. Behave myself! learn you to behave yourself. I should not have thought of you, indeed. Get you gone. What do you do here?

[*Beats Margery out, and exit.*]

Old P. Well, sister, this plan of yours succeeds, I hope, to your satisfaction. He'll make a pretty page, sister. What an engaging air he has, sister!—(*Aside.*) This is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy.

Miss P. I perceive this to be all a contrivance, and the boy is taught to insult me thus. You may repent of this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence. [*Exit.*]

Old P. What, she means her lover, the playerman, I suppose; but, I'll watch her and her consols; and if I catch him again in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season, I can tell him that; and the next part he plays shall be Captain Macbeath in the prison scene, egad! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. There they go! ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely; rather better than theirs, I think. Blessing on the old nurse for consenting to it. I'll teach 'em to turn people out of doors. Let me see: what trick shall I play 'em now? Suppose I set the house on fire—no, no; 'tis soon for that, as yet; that will do very well by-and-by. Let me consider: I wish I could see my sister; I'll discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely. That staircase leads to her room: I'll try and call her. (*Goes to the door, and listens.*) There's nobody in the way. Hist! Maria! She hears me; she's coming this way. (*Hides himself.*)

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Sure, somebody called me. No; there's nobody here. Heigho! I've almost cried myself blind about my poor brother; for so I shall always call him, ay, and love him, too. (*Going.*)

Little P. (*Running forward.*) Maria! sister! stop an instant.

Mar. My brother Charles—impossible!

Little P. 'Tis e'en so; and, faith, 'twas all a trick about the nurse and child. I coaxed the old woman

to confess the whole to me—you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you? that would have a fine effect. Is there nothing I can think of? Suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we run away together.

Mar. That will do admirably. Depend upon my playing my part with a good will; for I owe some revenge for their treatment of you; besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter OLD PICKLE, behind.

Little P. Thank you a thousand times, my dearest Maria. Thus, then, we'll contrive it. (*Seeing Old P. coming behind, they pretend to whisper.*)

Old P. What! how's this? "Dear Maria, and I'll refuse you nothing!" Death and the devil! my daughter has fallen in love with that scoundrel and his yeo, yeo! (*They embrace.*) She, too, embraces him! (*Comes forward.*) Mighty well, young madam, mighty well! But, come, you shall be locked up immediately; and you, you young rascal, be whipped out of the house.

Little P. You will not be so hard-hearted, sure. We will not part. Here is my anchor fixed; here am I moored for ever. (*Old P. endeavours to take her away, she resists, and Little P. detains her.*)

Mar. We'll never part. Oh! cruel, cruel fate.

Old P. He's infected her with his assurance already. What, do you own you love him?

Mar. Love him, sir! I adore him; and, in spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall.

Old P. Oh! ruined, undone! What a wretched old man, I am!—But, Maria, child,—

Mar. Think not to dissuade me, sir! No, sir; my affections are fixed never to be recalled.

Old P. Oh dear! what shall I do? what will become of me? Oh! a plague on my plots! I've lost my daughter; and, for aught I know, my son, too. Why, child, he's not worth a sixpence.

Mar. My soul abhors so low a thought! I despise wealth; know, sir, I cherish nobler sentiments. "The generous youth shall owe, I love him for himself alone."

Old P. What, poetry, too! nay, then, 'tis time to prevent further mischief. Go to your room. A good key shall assure your safety; and this young rascal shall go back to sea, and his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Mar. I obey your harsh commands, sir, and am gone; but, alas! I leave my heart behind. [*Exit.*]

Old P. Now, sir, for you: don't look so audacious, sirrah! don't fancy you belong to me; I disclaim you.

Little P. But that is too late now, old gentleman; you have publicly said I was your son, and I'll make you stand to it, sir.

Old P. The devil! here's an affair! John, Thomas, William!—[*Enter Servants.*—Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately!]

Servants. Fellow! Who, sir?

Old P. Who! why, zounds! him there. Don't you see him?

John. What, my new young master? No, sir; I've turned out one already, I'll turn out no more.

Old P. He's not your young master; he's no son of mine. Away with him, I say!

Susan. No, sir; we know our young master too well for all that: why, he's as like your honour as one pea is like another.

John. Ay, heaven bless him! and may he shortly succeed your honour in your estate and fortune!

Old P. Rogues! villains! I am abused, robbed! (*Turns them out.*) There's a conspiracy against me, and this little pirate is at the head of the gang.

[*Enter a Servant with a letter, and exit.*—Odsso! but here's a letter from my poor boy, I see. This is a comfort, indeed. Well, I'll send for him home, now, without delay.—(*Reads.*)—"Honoured sir, I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness whilst I was blessed with your protection; but, as I fear no penitence will ever restore me to your favour, I have resolved to put it out of my power again to offend you, by instantly bidding adieu to my country for

ever." Here, John, run; go directly to Margery's, and fetch home my son, and—

Little P. You may save yourself the trouble; 'tis too late; you'll never bring him to, now, make as many signals, or fire as many guns, as you please.

Old P. What do you mean?

Little P. Mean! why; he and I have changed berths, you know.

Old P. Changed berths!

Little P. Ay, I've got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all. He's some leagues off at sea, by this time; for the tide serves, and the wind is fair. Botany Bay's the word, my boys!

Old P. Botany Bay! Well, I'll instantly see. If it be true, why, I'll come back—just to blow your brains out, and so be either hanged or sent to Botany Bay after him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Garden.—Enter MISS PICKLE.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tag, and my brother's absence is favourable, indeed. Well, after such treatment, can he be surprised if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer! My fluttering heart tells me this is an important crisis in my happiness. How much these vile men have to answer for, in thus bewitching us silly girls.—[Enter TAG, repeating]

"The heavy hours are almost past, that part my love and me, My longing eyes may hope, at last, their only joy to see."

Thus, most charming of thy sex, do I prostrate myself before the shrine of thy beauty. (Kneels.)

Miss P. Mr. Tag, I fear, I never can be yours.

Tag. Adorable, lovely, most beautified Ophelia.

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tag, you make me blush with your compliments.

Tag. Compliments! Oh! call not by that hack-nied term the voice of truth—lovely nymph, ah! deign to hear me, I'll teach you what it is to love.

Miss P. Love! dear Mr. Tag. Oh! moderate your transports; be advised; think no more of this

Tag. Think no more of it! [fatal passion.]

"Can love be controll'd by advice?"

Will Cupid our mothers obey?"

Oh! then, consent, my angel, to join our hearts in one, or give me my death in a bumper.

Miss P. (Aside.) Can I refuse anything to such a lover?—But were I, my dear friend, to consent to our tender union, how could we contrive to escape? my brother's vigilance would overtake us; and you might have reason to repent of his anger.

Tag. Oh! he's a Goth, a mere Vandyke, my love.

"But, fear makes the danger seem double!"

Say, Hymene, what mischiefs can trouble?"

I have contrived the plot and every scene of the elopement; but in this shady blessed retreat will I unfold it all: let's sit down like Jessica and the fair Lorenzo, here.

"Would you taste the noon-tide air,

To yon fragrant bower repair."

(*They sit in the bower.*) Since music is the food of love, we'll to the nightingale's complaining notes, tune our distresses and accord our woes.

LITTLE PICKLE gets behind the bower, and sews their clothes together, and then goes out.

Miss P. Oh! I could listen thus for ever to the united charms of love and harmony—but how are we to plan our escape?

Tag. In a mean and low attire, muffled up in a great cloak and disguised with a large hat, will I await you in this happy spot—but why, my soul! why not this instant fly? this moment will I seize my tender bit of lamb.—D—e! there I had her as dead as mutton. (*Aside.*)

Miss P. No, I am not yet equipped for an elopement, and what is of more consequence still, I have not got with me a casket of jewels I have prepared, rather too valuable to leave behind.

Tag. That is of some consequence, indeed, to me.

"My diamond, my pearl, then be a good girl, Until I come to you again."

Miss P. Come back again in the disguise imme-

diately, and if fortune favours faithful lovers' vows, I will contrive to slip out to you.

Tag. Dispose of me, lovely creature, as you please; but don't forget the casket.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. Granny, granny!

Miss P. What rude interruption is this?

Little P. Nothing at all; only father is coming, that's all.

Tag. The devil he is! what a catastrophe!

Miss P. One last adieu. (*Embracing.*) Think you we shall ever meet again? (*They find themselves fastened together, and struggle.*)

Tag. D—e! if I think we shall ever part.

Miss P. Don't detain me; won't you let me go?

Tag. Zounds! I wish you were gone.

[*They struggle, and at last get free, and exeunt.*]

Enter OLD PICKLE.

Old P. Well, all's not so bad as I feared: he is not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him ere long, quite another thing from what he was. But now let me look after my sister; though she made me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her; I must not give up the consols to—but, odso! I have not yet seen my daughter; I'll to her first, lest young yeo, yeo! should get her shipped off; and when I have secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty—but who's coming here? I'll conceal myself, and watch. (*Retires.*)

Enter MISS PICKLE, with a casket.

Miss P. Mr. Tag, Mr. Tag!—I hope he is returned—how I tremble! kind Cupid, guide your votary's feeble steps—Oh! my dear Mr. Tag, take the casket, and let us make haste, that we may escape before my brother comes. (*Catches hold of Little P. who is behind, disguised as Tag. They run towards Old P. who comes forward and stops them.*)

Old P. Your most obedient, humble servant, madam. Well said, fifty, egad! Sir, your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Romeo—John, William, Thomas! (*Calling the Servants.*) You sha'n't want attendants, mighty prince; but, mayhap, you had rather sleep in a castle, great hero, we have a convenient gaol close by, where you'll be very safe, most illustrious chief.—[Enter Servants.]

Miss P. Heavens! a gaol! Poor dear Mr. Tag, a victim to his love for me. Oh! let us implore his forgiveness—intreat him to release you.

Little P. (Kneels and throws off his disguise.) Thus let me implore for pardon, and believe, that a repentance so sincere as mine will never suffer my heart again to wander from it's duty towards you.

Old P. What's this? my son! [*Exit Miss P.*] Ods my heart! I'm glad to see him once more. Oh! you dear little fellow!—but, you wicked scoundrel, how did you dare play me such tricks?

Little P. Tricks! Oh! sir, recollect you have kindly pardoned them already; and now you must intercede for me with my aunt, that I may have her forgiveness, too, for preventing her from eloping, as she designed, with her tender swain, Mr. Tag.

Old T. Mr. Tag; odso! then the consols were sinking apace, but you have raised them once more.

Little P. And do you then, indeed, sir, sincerely forgive me, and forget all my follies?

Old P. Forget them! Ah! had you vexed me as much again, I should be more than repaid by the happiness of this moment.

Little P. Kind sir, my joy is then complete, and I will never more offend.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Dear sir, once more receive me, and take me to your arms, Nor drive me forth to wander, expos'd to rude alarms.

My duty, love, obedience, this penitence ensures, Then ne'er adopt another child, for I alone am yours.

Chorus—My duty, love, &c.

Our joy is, then, completed; would but each gen'rous breast, With partial favour smiling, applaud the artless jest. The object of these childish pranks was barely to amuse 'em: Then censure not a school-boy's faults, but laugh at and excuse 'em.

Chorus—The object of my duty, love, &c.

[Exeunt.]

RETURNED "KILLED;"

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY J. R. PLANCHE.



Act II.—Scene A.

CHARACTERS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT
BARON VON LINDORF
CAPTAIN BRUMENFELD
ERNEST LINDORF

RAUBVOGEL
JOSEPH
MILLIGAN
FRITZ

OFFICERS
SOLDIERS
MADAME LISBERG
VICTORINE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Baron's mansion, with glass doors opening on the garden.*

Enter MAJOR LINDORF and JOSEPH.

Joseph. Is it possible? my dear, dear master! are you really alive and well?

Major. Very much alive, indeed, Joseph; and as well as any old fellow of sixty can hope to be, after such a bout as I've had of it. But mind, not a soul must be made acquainted with my existence, except two or three persons, whom I shall hereafter name to you; and to make you perfectly understand the necessity of this precaution, I will, in a few words, explain the peculiar situation in which I am placed. You are sure no one is likely to interrupt us?

Joseph. Oh! bless you, quite sure, sir. All the other servants were discharged, the moment the account of your death arrived, sir; and nobody has lived in the house since, but myself, and a foolish lad that looks after the garden, and he's gone into the village, on an errand for some bread.

Major. Well, then, listen. At the commencement of the action in which it is supposed I fell, I received particular instructions from the King to remain with a body of cavalry upon a certain spot until further orders. This was a hard task for an old soldier like myself, for the position was out of all danger from the fire of the enemy, and I had nothing to do but to sit quietly in my saddle, while my brother officers were in the very thick of the battle.

Joseph. Dear me! why, that's the place of all others I should have preferred.

Major. I bore it for an hour or two with pa-

tience; but on perceiving the Prussian centre giving ground, I lost all command over my feelings, gave the word to my brave hussars, who were as ready as myself, and down the hill we dashed, full speed, into the very heart of the battle. Trifling as was the reinforcement, it gave new life to our soldiers; the Hungarians were repulsed with considerable loss; we followed them up close, broke their line in turn, and in a few minutes, victory declared in all parts of the field for the Prussians. At the same instant, a shot struck me in the shoulder; I fell from my horse, and have no further recollection of what happened, till I found myself in the cottage of a poor peasant, to whose simple remedies and kind treatment I owe, under Providence, my restoration to health and strength.

Joseph. Well, sir, but why did you not immediately—

Major. Hear me out, Joseph. Though I had good reason to believe the victory was owing to my manoeuvre, I knew Frederick had shot many a better man than me for disobedience, however fortunate the result; and I questioned much the probability of his taking that circumstance into consideration. In the midst of my perplexity, the public papers informed me that I was dead. It gave me great pleasure to read the intelligence, I assure you; it relieved me from much embarrassment; and, under an assumed name, I hired a carriage, came post to the neighbouring village, from whence I walked hither, and have happily arrived undiscovered.

Joseph. But, lord! sir, this part of the country is now full of soldiers, and the King himself is expected to fall back upon the town yonder, in order

to prevent a junction of the enemy's forces. If some one should suspect—

Major. Impossible; I'm dead officially; returned "killed" in the Gazette. No, no; while I keep unseen, there is no danger of suspicion. The war cannot last much longer, and peace once signed, I will endeavour, through some channel, to sound Frederick's sentiments concerning me. In the meantime, I must lie close; and be it your care to prevent any intrusion. Remember, your master's life depends upon your secrecy and vigilance.

Joseph. Ah! sir, you may trust your faithful Joseph. But then, your nephew, in America, sir—your heir-at-law, to whom I wrote immediately on hearing of your death, and whose instructions I daily expect to receive concerning the property?

Major. Oh! I took the precaution to write to him myself, enjoining him to secrecy; so that our two letters will reach him within a short time of each other; and should he even have taken any steps previously to the receipt of mine, we can easily satisfy his agent by admitting him into our confidence. There is another party whom I have likewise written to, and whom I was still more anxious to prevent falling into a similar error—a Madame Lisberg; you have heard me speak of her?

Joseph. Oh! yes, sir, often; she has got a daughter.

Major. Beautiful, Joseph, beautiful! Her father served in the same regiment with me, and received his death wound by my side. In his last moments, he gave me the miniature of Victorine, which he always carried in his bosom, and recommended her to my care. I have kept my promise; Madame Lisberg and her daughter have wanted for nothing my purse could procure them; and though their residence in France has prevented our personal acquaintance, we have been very regular correspondents; nay, to tell you the truth, Joseph, it has been arranged between the mother and I, that Victorine shall become, in a very short time, the Baroness Von Lindorf.

Joseph. Eh! what? the Baroness! Why, you don't mean to marry her, sir?

Major. I don't mean to marry her, sir? But I do mean to marry her, sir. What the devil does the old fool stare at?

Joseph. Why, she's quite a young woman, sir.

Major. To be sure she is: you don't think I'd marry an old woman? Zounds! sir, though I am the wrong side of sixty, I'm as hearty a buck as the best of your curly-pated, bushy-whiskered macaronies, and will scale a wall, head a charge, or make a forced march with any man in the service.

Joseph. I'm afraid the young lady's will be a forced march upon this occasion.

Major. Why, you impudent old scoundrel, what do you mean by that! Because my life is in your hands, do you think to insult me with impunity? Another word of that sort, and I'll break every bone in your body, though you should betray me the next moment.

Joseph. Betray you! betray! that's a hard word, Major Lindorf, to old Joseph Brunt, who has lived with you, man and boy, thirty years, come next Christmas.

Major. Then what do you put me in a passion for, you rusty old blunderbuss? What business is it of your's if I choose to make an ass of myself? for that's what you mean to say by your mumbling. I didn't ask you to marry the girl, did I? Get along down to the village, and bring up my port-manteau, which I left at the inn there; and—stop, before you go, put anything you've got in the house upon the table here; I'm hungry and thirsty. I'll just walk up stairs, and get rid of some of this dust, and be down again directly.

Joseph. Very well.

Major. Very well! you old bear; come, shake yourself out of the sulks, do; and mind, should any one by accident see me here, I am not your master.

Joseph. Very well.

Major. I'm dead, mind.

Joseph. Oh! you shall be as dead as you please.

Major. Good; now do what I told you in double quick time. March, you old grunter. [*Exit.*]

Joseph. (*Pulls forward a table, lays a cloth, and puts meat and wine upon it.*) If anybody had told me, two hours ago, that I should have been sorry to find my old master alive again, I'd have crammed the words down their throat with this hand, weak as it is; but if he have only come to life to make himself ridiculous, and a poor young creature wretched, as will most likely be the case, I wish he were as dead as he'd have his majesty think him.

Enter FRITZ, with a basket.

Fritz. Phew! here I am, Joseph; I haven't been long, have I?

Joseph. Ah! that's right; put the bread you've got there on the table, and wait upon the gentleman who will be here presently, while I step out on a little business.

Fritz. A gentleman?

Joseph. Yes, yes; a friend of the late Baron; see that he wants for nothing. I shall be back in a very short time. [*Exit.*]

Fritz. Very well, Joseph. A gentleman! may be he'll give me something. Here he comes, I suppose—why, there's two of them; I must lay another knife and fork. [*Exit.*]

Enter ERNEST LINDORF and RAUBVOGEL.

Raub. Why, house! Nobody here to answer enquiries, or to take care of the property? nobody in possession? Bless me, Mr. Ernest—I beg pardon, Baron Lindorf, I would say, it's very fortunate we have arrived, just in time, perhaps, to prevent burglary.

Ernest. Oh! we shall find some one, I warrant, presently; here are pretty strong indications of the house being inhabited; (*pointing to the table*) and here comes something in the shape of a human being.

Re-enter FRITZ.

Fritz. Servant, gentlemen.

Raub. Good day, young man. This is the house, mansion, or tenement, formerly inhabited by the late Baron Rudolph Von Lindorf, Major in his Prussian Majesty's service, who fell in the late affair with the Hungarians; and who, dying intestate, is succeeded in his title and estates, with all rights, privileges, immunities, endowments, &c. thereunto belonging or appertaining, by the only heir male, Ernest Von Lindorf, of Philadelphia, in North America, his paternal nephew, who now demands, lays claim to, and takes possession of the aforesaid house, mansion, messuage, or tenement, with the estates real and personal thereunto—

Ernest. (*Interrupting him.*) My good friend, you frighten the poor lad out of his wits. This is the house of the late Baron Lindorf, my good boy?

Fritz. Y—yes, sir.

Ernest. Enough. Is there any person besides yourself in the house?

Fritz. Not now, sir: Joseph was here a minute ago, and told me to set out this luncheon, and see that you wanted for nothing, sir.

Ernest. Ah, ha! I was expected then?

Fritz. So I suppose, sir.

Ernest. Gad! I'll do honour to your cheer, for my ride has given me a glorious appetite. (*Goes up to the table.*) Raubvogel, take the boy with you, and see to the horses, and then come back and help me to despatch this repast.

Raub. Certainly, Baron. Boy!

Fritz. Sir?

Raub. What is your name?

Fritz.

Raub. Now, look me in the face—look me in the face, boy; no evasion; will you swear your name is Fritz?

Fritz. Swear! Yes, to be sure I will.

Raub. Theo shew me the way to the stable, Fritz.

[*Exit with Fritz.*]

Ernest. So! here I am in my own mansion; the proprietor of this fine estate, and a Baron to boot; and, what is more delightful still, the accepted lover of the beautiful Victorine de Lisberg. How fortunate, that business should call me from Philadelphia to Bordeaux; that there I should become acquainted with my lovely Victorine; and that, just as I was in despair at hearing she was affianced to my uncle, a bullet should remove the obstacle, and make me a rich nobleman into the bargain. Hold, hold! Ernest Von Lindorf; are you not ashamed to speak thus lightly of the death of a relation, to whom, though personally unknown, you have been indebted for so many kind offices? It was only last year, that, on my simple application, he sent me a handsome sum of money to pay off an importunate creditor, accompanying it by a letter as long as the bill, upon prudence and economy, and which, to my shame be it spoken, I never could get to the bottom of. I little thought, when I was deciphering the poor old gentleman's pot-hooks and hangers, that in a few months I should be master of this mansion, and the privileges and immunities thereunto belonging, as my friend, Raubvogel, has it. Poor Major! (*Drinks.*) what devilish fine wine the old boy kept though!

Enter MAJOR LINDORF.

Major. (*Aside.*) So, now for a snack. Eh! who's that young fellow stuffing away there?

Ernest. (*Perceiving the Major.*) Oh! the steward, I suppose. Good morning, friend; good morning. Here I am, you see.

Major. Yes, I do see you are here; but I really don't understand why. Pray, sir, who may you be?

Ernest. Who may I be? Come, that's pretty well, too; why, your lad said you expected me.

Major. Not I: who are you, sir? who are you?

Ernest. (*Haughtily.*) Your master, sir; and if you behave yourself properly, I have no wish to discharge you.

Major. Discharge me! Zounds and fury! what is your name, sir?

Ernest. What is the meaning of your impertinence, sir? What should the name of Baron Von Lindorf's nephew, and his heir-at-law, be, pray? More civility, if you wish to keep your situation, I beg.

Major. (*Aside.*) Death and the devil! Ernest in Prussia, and in my house! here's an awkward business!

Ernest. Now, sir, I hope you're satisfied.

Major. (*Aside.*) Quite the contrary. Now shall I be dead or not? I'll hear a little more before I decide.

Ernest. Go, and tell my lawyer I want to speak to him; and bid the boy, Fritz, run to the top of the hill, and look if the ladies are in sight.

Major. Lawyer, and ladies! (*Aside.*) Ladies, did you say, sir?

Ernest. Yes, ladies; and see you shew them every respect, as the young Miss Victorine Lisberg will shortly be your mistress.

Major. Miss Victorine Lisberg! What do I hear! (*Aside.*) I—I beg pardon; but, pray, was there not some talk of that young lady's marriage with the Baron?

Ernest. Yes; I believe he was to have married her, if he had lived; and, of course, as his heir, I feel bound to marry her for him.

Major. The devil you do!

Ernest. What's the matter? You look ill.

Major. Ill! Enough to make me, I think. Seize my property, and marry my intended wife!

Ernest. Your property! your wife! Is the man mad?

Major. Yes, I am; stark staring mad! I can hold no longer. Harkye, sirrah! your uncle is not dead: I am your uncle, sir.

Ernest. Eh? what? You? Can it be possible?—Oh! pho, pho! nonsense; you are either insane, or you would impose upon me.

Major. I say I am Baron Lindorf.

Ernest. 'Tis false, sir. Baron Lindorf, were he living, would be at the head of his regiment.

Major. But I am going to explain.

Ernest. I'll not hear a word. You have not studied your part, sir; you know not the character of the man you would personate. My uncle quit the army while there was a foe in the field? No: did I need a proof of his death, it is that he is no longer carrying fire and sword into the camp of the Hungarians.

Major. He's a noble fellow! he knows his old uncle, the dog! It does look very suspicious. (*Aside.*) That's very true; my dear nephew, you are quite right; but if you will only hear—

Ernest. No more, sir: you are an impostor, and you shall not quit this house, till you have answered for your impertinence before a magistrate.

Major. A magistrate! I shall be ruined! (*Aside.*) My dear boy—my good—

Ernest. Ah, ha! the mention of a magistrate alarms you, does it? My suspicions are confirmed. Into that room, sir; go in directly.

Major. But, Ernest—

Ernest. Go in, or I'll kick you in.

Major. 'Sdeath and fury!

Re-enter JOSEPH.

Joseph. Heyday! what's all this about?

Major. Joseph! that's lucky. Now, my fine spark, I'll let you know what it is to use me in this manner. Joseph, am I your master, or am I not? Speak the truth, you rascal! am I the Baron Von Lindorf?

Joseph. Oh! I must remember my orders. (*Aside.*) No, certainly; who says you are?

Major. Confusion!

Ernest. There, there; a plain case. You, sir, (*to Joseph*) if you belong to this house, go for a magistrate.

Major. (*To Joseph.*) Rascal! how dare you deny me! I'll be the death of you.

Joseph. (*Aside to Major.*) Why, didn't you insist upon it?

Major. Oh! go to the devil. Sir, (*to Ernest*) my papers shall prove to you—they are in my portmanteau—where is it, you old namskull?

Joseph. I've put it in your room up stairs.

Major. I'll go and fetch them.

Ernest. No, you don't: you sha'n't leave this room till the mystery is cleared up. You have all the appearance of a downright swindler.

Major. Murder and fire! Joseph, do you go and bring the portmanteau down stairs.

Ernest. No, he sha'n't go either; there's some collusion in this business, and I'll sift it to the bottom. Here, you Raubvogel! Fritz! (*Calling.*)

Major. Let me be cool. Harkye, sir! do you remember writing a letter to me about ten months ago, something in this style: "My dear, though unknown uncle"—

Ernest. Eh! what's that?

Major. "The most pressing necessity obliges me to appeal once more to your good nature; unless you send me one thousand dollars by the next vessel that sails for America, I've nothing left but to hang myself."

Ernest. The words of the letter, sure enough. (*Aside.*) I am afraid I have been too hasty; my

dear sir, forgive me. I can no longer doubt; you are, indeed, my kind, my generous uncle.

Major. Oh! I am now, am I? Come, that's some comfort; and will you pretend to tell me you didn't know so all along?

Ernest. My dear sir, how could I possibly be prepared for so strange a circumstance? was not your death in the papers?

Major. What then, sir? what then? Suppose your death had been in them, would you have believed that? Didn't you get a letter from me, sir, to tell you the contrary, six weeks ago, sir?

Ernest. I have left Philadelphia these three months.

Major. Very well, sir, very well; you know it now: I am alive; alive and hearty, sir; and am not going to lose either my property or my wife, I assure you. But, at your peril, disclose to any person that I am living, without my permission. Joseph, follow me.

Joseph. Yes, sir.

Major. You'd be master of this house, would you? and marry the lady I've picked out for myself? We'll see that, young gentleman; we'll see that.

Ernest. But, my dear uncle—

Major. I'll not hear a word, sir; 'tis my turn to be deaf now. Follow me, Joseph.

Enter RAUBVOGEL, hastily.

Raub. (To *Ernest*.) The ladies are come, Baron; the carriage is driving up the avenue.

Major. Indeed! then I shall be just in time to receive them. Baron, (to *Ernest*.) you'll oblige me by remaining in the house with your friend there, and remember what I said about silence, Baron. Follow me, Joseph; follow me. [*Exit with Joseph.*]

Raub. Pray, who is that queer old gentleman, Baron?

Ernest. Oh! don't ask me. I'm in a pretty situation.

Raub. A lovely situation, on the brow of a hill, commanding—

Ernest. (Not attending to him.) A miserable prospect.

Raub. Miserable prospect! The finest in all Prussia: a magnificent mansion.

Ernest. Ruined, ruined!

Raub. Not in the least; in the most perfect repair, I give you my honour.

Ernest. Not worth a farthing!

Raub. Sir—Baron Lindorf, let me tell you, my reputation is—

Ernest. Lost, lost for ever! [*Exit.*]

Raub. He's not compos: the sight of his property has turned his brain; there'll be an application to chancery, in re Lindorf, a lunatic. Sir, sir! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Garden.

Enter VICTORINE and ERNEST LINDORF.

Vict. Oh! my dear Ernest, what will become of us? My mother insists upon everything being at an end between us, and on the immediate fulfilment of her promise to your uncle.

Ernest. As I expected; and I have, unfortunately, so incensed the Baron, that he will now rejoice in the frustration of my hopes; but what did you say on the subject?

Vict. Nothing. I was so petrified by the suddenness of the occurrence, I had not power to open my lips. He informed us who he was as he opened the carriage door; told us he had particular reasons for concealing the fact of his existence, as he handed us out of it; claimed the fulfilment of my mother's promise, as we walked up to the house; and settled everything with her before we crossed the threshold.

Ernest. What must be done?

Vict. I'm sure I don't know. It appears he had written to inform us of the circumstance, but our

visit to Bordeaux prevented our receiving the letter.

Ernest. Here comes your mother; let us appeal to her affection.

Enter MADAME LISBERG.

Madame! Madame Lisberg!

Mad. Mr. Lindorf, this is a most singular affair.

Vict. My dear mother, let me claim your attention for one moment.

Mad. Speak, my love; why this agitation?

Vict. This very morning, upon the road hither, you were kind enough to say, that in consenting to my marriage with Ernest, my happiness was your chief aim.

Mad. To be sure. Mr. Lindorf was then supposed to be the proprietor of this estate, and a baron to boot. He is no longer so; and no one, I think, will doubt my solicitude for your happiness, when I desire you to become the wife of a nobleman, with forty thousand crowns a year. Besides, my word is past, and I request I may hear no further objections. My nerves will really not support a scene of this description.

Ernest. But, madam, when you are aware of our mutual affection, will you coolly sacrifice your daughter?

Mad. Sacrifice, sacrifice, Mr. Lindorf! You've chosen a happy word, sir. Sacrifice, indeed! when I propose to make her a baroness, with a fine fortune, a magnificent mansion, a noble estate, and a corresponding establishment. Sacrifice, indeed! Would to heaven my parents had so sacrificed me! Victorine, go before me, if you please, madam. Sacrifice, indeed! Mr. Lindorf, your very humble servant. [*Exit with Victorine.*]

Ernest. Distraction! there is no hope. Victorine and I are both too much dependent on the bounty of the Baron to dispute his will; are already too much indebted to him, indeed, to encourage such an idea. I am not so ungrateful as to regret my uncle's preservation; but why, why couldn't he have remained dead a little longer?

Enter RAUBVOGEL.

Raub. Bless my soul! Baron Lindorf—I beg pardon, Mr. Lindorf, I should say now—what is the meaning of all this? That queer old gentleman turns out to be the defunct Baron; and has ordered me to draw up a contract between him and Mademoiselle Victorine Lisberg. Excessively sorry, quite hurt upon my honour; sure it must be infinitely painful to you; but what's to be done, my dear sir?

Ernest. Nay, let me rather ask you that question. Is there no obstacle that can be thrown in the way, nothing to be hit upon, that may delay the signature for a few days only?

Raub. Nothing. As far as I am concerned, the course is quite plain. I am desired to draw up a contract; my instructions are given me; I have nothing to do but to fulfil them.

Ernest. And have you the heart to become accessory to an act which will render me miserable for ever?

Raub. The heart! Sir, I am an attorney at law, and have nothing to do with hearts. I would draw a contract for my own rival, if he paid me well for it. Particularly sorry in the present instance, certainly; but I accompanied you hither, Mr. Lindorf, in expectation of a good job. An estate to convey, leases to draw out, and a marriage contract into the bargain. Nothing now left but the contract. Can't enter into private feelings; must attend public duties; pity you exceedingly, as aforesaid.

Ernest. Oh! sir, you are too kind.

Raub. What can be the Baron's reason, pray, for keeping his existence a secret? [*torney?*]

Ernest. (Sneeringly.) Has he not told his attorney? [*Raub.* Not his object; merely requested silence on that head till further orders.

Ernest. (Aside.) What if he should be an impostor after all! He might have become acquainted with the contents of the letter I wrote to my uncle through many circumstances. Where are the papers he spoke of? What other proofs can he give of his identity? The old steward denied him at first. His terror of a magistrate—his haste to complete this contract—the general air of mystery added to the singularity of the circumstance—Raubvogel, I am not satisfied that this man is really what he represents himself to be.

Raub. No?

Ernest. No. Now think what you will lose, should it turn out as I have reason to expect; and tell me whether it be not your interest to aid me in the investigation of the affair, before you commit yourself by acting on the instructions of an adventurer.

Raub. Why, certainly, if there be any doubt as to the identity of the prisoner—I would say, of the person.

Ernest. In my mind there are very strong doubts. Harkye! can you not request a sight of his commission, or any other paper or document, of equal importance, under the pretence that it is necessary for the drawing up of the contract? He knows nothing of the law, and will immediately satisfy you, if he be really the Major.

Raub. Good! a capital idea. Nay, a sight of his papers will be really necessary, if he wishes to introduce all his titles, &c. in the contract.

Ernest. Here he comes; to him directly. I'll wait for him at the end of the walk there. [*Exit.*]

Enter MAJOR LINDORF, with some papers.

Raub. Baron Lindorf, I was on the point of seeking you. Beg pardon, Baron, but if you would oblige me by a sight of your commission, or any other official document, in which I can find your titles properly written: in the contract, you see, I shall need—

Major. Yes, so I supposed; and have just been getting my commission out of my portmanteau for that very purpose. There it is, sir; and with it some other papers, which I will trouble you to look over, and give me your opinion upon.

Raub. (Aside, after glancing at the papers.) Hum! Very correct—can be no longer a doubt.—Shall attend to them instantly, Baron.—Verdict confirmed—plaintiff nonsuited. The most extraordinary case I ever met with, in the whole course of my practice! [*Aside and exit.*]

Major. 'Gad! that little girl will make the best wife in the world. I've been chatting with her this last half hour, and she has told me, with the greatest possible simplicity, all her faults, as she calls them. Faults, forsooth! I shall love her the better for them. I hate your faultless ladies—things without souls—who make it a point to have no tastes, no opinions, but those of their husbands. Zounds! I should be as tired as the devil of standing at ease all my life. A little skirmish now and then is the finest thing in the world for the constitution; and an old fellow, who has been fighting all his days, would—(*Drums without.*) Eh! what the deuce! Soldiers coming this way! An officer, too! What shall I do? He has seen me: to run would look suspicious. Mortars and howitzers! if he knows me, I'm lost; if he find I'm alive, I'm a dead man.

Brum. (Without.) Halt!

Enter BRUMENFELD.

Have the kindness, sir, to look at this paper.

Major. (Reading it.) Zounds! A whole detachment quartered on the mansion?

Brum. Such are my orders, sir. I am sorry you should find it inconvenient, but—

Major. (Recovering himself.) Inconvenient! not in the least; oh dear! no.

Brum. His majesty's information appears to be perfectly correct.

Major. Information! What information, may I ask?

Brum. Several strong bodies of the enemy have been seen in this neighbourhood; and as it is his majesty's intention to march immediately upon this position, it appears to me that this mansion is admirably adapted for head-quarters.

Major. (Aside.) Head-quarters! Confusion!

Brum. You are the proprietor, I presume of this estate?

Major. Me?—Ah! no. The proprietor is—What shall I say? Egad! there's no choice. (*Aside.*) The proprietor is a nephew of the late Baron Lindorf.

Brum. The late Baron Lindorf! What, he who fell in the last action?

Major. Exactly. Did you know him?

Brum. Only by reputation.

Major. Ah!

Brum. He was imprudent enough to charge without orders, I believe. He was a fine officer though, by all accounts, and a great favourite with the King; but it was a fortunate thing for him that he was killed in the action.

Major. Indeed! Why so?

Brum. You must know very little of Frederick, as you ask that question. I should be sorry to stand in the Baron's shoes, were he living. But where is the present proprietor? Can I see him?

Major. Is that absolutely necessary?

Brum. Most assuredly. I have several questions I would put to him: besides—

Major. I'll just step and—How to make Ernest understand—(*Aside.*)

Re-enter RAUBVOGEL, with papers.

Raub. Baron, Baron!

Brum. Baron!

Major. Silence, you rascal, or I'll throttle you! Didn't I tell you that before strangers I—(*Aside to Raub.*) I'm going to look for the Baron; he'll be here presently; and—

Enter ERNEST LINDORF and VICTORINE.

Ernest, too! and before I can hint to him. (*Aside.*)

Ernest. We come, sir, for the last time, to—

Major. (Aside to him.) Not a word, you dog! not a word.

Ernest. How?

Brum. (To the Major.) Is that the young Baron?

Major. Yes, yes. This is the Baron Ernest Von Lindorf. (*Very loud and looking at Ernest.*) The Baron Ernest Von Lindorf!

Ernest. I?

Major. (Aside to him.) To be sure, you are; I'm dead.

Brum. Allow me, Baron, to congratulate you. The Baroness, I presume? (*Looking at Victorine.*)

Ernest. The Baroness! Why—(*Looking at the Major.*) [roness.]

Major. No—yes—that is, she will be the Ba-

Brum. Ha, ha! I understand. Baron Lindorf, you are a happy man.

Ernest. Ah! sir, would I could say—

Major. Say it directly, sir. (*Aside.*) You are a happy man; you know you are.

Ernest. Can it be possible? Do you, then, consent to—

Vict. What do I hear?

Major. (Aside.) No, no; I don't mean that. I—they'll drive me mad. Ruin me; murder me!

Enter MADAME DE LISBERG and JOSEPH.

Mad. Major Lindorf, I have just come to say—

Major. (Aside.) She, too! I'm not the Major. Don't you see an officer? Joseph, it's all over with me.

Brum. Major Lindorf! I beg your pardon, but did I hear rightly?

Joseph. No, no, he is not Major Lindorf. If I must speak the truth, he is not.

All. How!

Joseph. (Falling on his knees to Ernest.) Pardon, pardon!

Ernest. Pardon, for what? Speak!

Joseph. Swear you'll forgive me, if I tell you everything.

Ernest. I will forgive you. Rise, go on.

Joseph. Well, then, this man is—

Ernest. Who? what?

Joseph. I don't know.

Ernest. Don't know?

Joseph. All that I know is, he is not your uncle.

Ernest. Then how dared you, this morning, say he was? Raubvogel, my suspicions, you find, were correct. Tell me, sir, (to *Joseph*) for what reason did you—

Joseph. The most simple in the world, sir.—Invention! assist me. (*Aside.*) This man, sir, presented himself before me, early this morning; and in the most gentlemanly manner, took out a pistol, and—

All. A pistol!

Major. (Aside.) What do you mean, rascal?

Raub. Stay, stay, stay! Let me take down his deposition. A pistol! this becomes serious. Putting any of his majesty's subjects in bodily fear, is—

Joseph. No, no; it wasn't a pistol. Did I say a pistol? Bless you, no such thing. You flurried me so: I meant a purse—a purse.

Raub. Oh! a purse! That alters the case. But one moment: if he be not the Major, pray how did he become possessed of this commission? (*shews it*) and these papers, incontrovertibly the property of the Baron Von Lindorf?

Joseph. Those papers? Oh! they were given him by the Baron, in his last moments. He died in your arms, didn't he? and desired you to—

Ernest. (To Major.) How, sir! and had you the audacity, then, to convert this sacred deposit into an instrument for forwarding your nefarious designs? Pass yourself for my uncle?

Mad. Insist on marrying my daughter?

Vict. Separate me from Ernest?

Raub. Why, you old scoundrel!

Major. Scoundrel! Fire and faggots!

Joseph. (Holding him back.) Hold, hold!

Ernest. I've a great mind to fling you into the fire.

Raub. Take him before a magistrate, he'll fling him into a gaol.

All. (*But Joseph and Vict.*) Ay, ay; to a magistrate with him.

Vict. Nay, nay; forgive him, dear Ernest: he is sufficiently punished by this disclosure. I cannot bear to see a man of his age, and apparent respectability, dragged to a dungeon. Let me entreat you—there, there; go away, go away directly, and be more honest in future. (*Pushing the Major away.*)

Major. But still, you—

Joseph. It's the best thing you can do. (*Aside.*) Go, go. (*Pushing him.*)

Ernest. Begone, sir; and thank that young lady for your life. (*Pushes the Major.*)

Mad. It's a shame such a villain should not be brought to justice.

Raub. Wrong, very wrong, indeed!

Vict. and Joseph. (To the Major.) Go, go, go!

[*Exit the Major with Joseph.*]

Raub. (To Ernest.) Then you are a Baron, after all?

Mad. A Baron! (*Approaching Ernest, and curtseying.*) My dear son-in-law, how delighted I am that there is no longer an obstacle to the happiness of my darling, Victorine.

Ernest. (Sneeringly.) Oh, madam! Raubvogel, come this way. Sir, (to *Brum.*) if you have any business with me, be kind enough to enter the saloon, and I will speak with you directly.

[*Exeunt all but Brum.*]

Brum. I have very strong doubts. It is the Major himself, I would wager my commission; and his fear of the King's displeasure compels him to submit to these indignities. Sergeant Milligan!

Enter SERGEANT MILLIGAN.

Mill. Here!

Brum. See that a strong guard be set upon this mansion, and the grounds about it; and suffer no one to leave them until my return. Let the rest of the men take up their quarters in the building, according to this order, which you will present to the young Baron, at the same time apologising for my absence, as I have a communication of much importance to make to the King. (*Gives Milligan the billet.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Part of the pleasure-grounds of the Baron's mansion; a small pavilion or summer-house on one side; garden chair and table.*

Enter MAJOR LINDORF and JOSEPH.

Major. But, 'sdeath! Joseph, to be driven like an impostor out of my own house!

Joseph. You may think yourself very well off to escape so easily.

Major. That confounded story you trumped up—

Joseph. Confounded story! A capital story, considering the little time I had to tell it in; and the manner in which I turned it off.

Major. Ah! there, I allow, you shone exceedingly; for at one time, as you were proceeding, there was every chance of my being turned off, instead of the story.

Joseph. Oh! that was a mere slip.

Major. Yes, but a slip that might have broken my neck.

Joseph. Very well, sir; very well. I had better have remained silent, perhaps, or acknowledged you at once, and then you would have been shot; and as that would have been more military, I suppose it would have been more agreeable: but there's time enough yet, if you are bent upon it. I'll go directly and—

Major. No, no; sounds! no.

Joseph. Just as you please: but if ever I trouble myself to make out a good story again—

Major. Confound you! have done, do; and tell me what's to become of me now: you've made the house too hot to hold me. Where can I go to be cool and comfortable?

Joseph. Nay, my inventions are not to your taste; besides, it is no such easy matter to settle that point: the neighbourhood is swarming with Prussian soldiery, and they avoided, [there is] every chance of your falling into the hands of the Hungarians. Yet, stay in the house you can't, for more reasons than one.

Major. And if I leave it, that rascally nephew of mine will marry Victorine, that's certain. I can't suffer it; I won't suffer it. The dog! to take advantage of my situation!

Joseph. But he does it quite innocently.

Major. Oh! curse his innocence! What does that signify? No, no, I'm determined. I'll seek him out immediately, and tell him everything—my reasons for remaining unknown. If he hadn't put me in such a passion, I should have done it at first, and all this perplexity might have been spared. Yes, yes; I'll go and—

Mill. (Without.) Right face! March!

Joseph. Oh lord! there's that cursed Irish sergeant, with a file of soldiers, coming this way: some of them may recognise you, sir. Here, here; you had better step in here, till they've passed.

Major. Yes, egad! that'll be the safest plan. Don't let them stop here if you can help it.

Joseph. No, no. In, in.

[*Exit Major into summer-house.*]

Enter SERGEANT MILLIGAN, with two Soldiers, and a Corporal.

Mill. Halt! front! Good morrow, to you, comrade. *(To Joseph.)*

Joseph. Good day, Sergeant.

Mill. Is there any other outlet from the grounds, besides the one yonder, on this side the house?

Joseph. No. What does he mean by that question? *(Aside.)*

Mill. A sentinel there, then, and the business is done entirely.

Joseph. A sentinel! What's that for?

Mill. To see that nobody passes out that way: the other avenues are taken care of already.

Joseph. What, are we all prisoners, then?

Mill. Every mother's son, till further orders. *(Places a sentinel at the gate.)*

Joseph. *(Aside.)* Murder, murder! Here's a pretty business! The Baron cannot fly now, if he would; and if this should be on account of some suspicions!—Oh dear, oh dear! My poor old master! I'm afraid it's all over with him. Let me try to sound this Sergeant.

Mill. This place belonged to Major Lindorf, of the hussars, did it not, my old lad?

Joseph. Yes, it did.

Mill. Ah! and he was killed charging them thieves, the Hungarians, in the last affair?

Joseph. To be sure he was. Who doubts it?

Mill. Who doubts it? Sir, if it would be any satisfaction for you to know, it's myself that doubts

Joseph. You! The devil! *(Aside.)* [it.

Mill. No, not the devil, but myself—Corny Milligan, Sergeant of the first Prussian Light Infantry.—That staggers him: I'm right. I'll give him another. *(Aside.)* Harkye! my old friend; from several circumstances that have come under my observation, during the short time I've been on this spot, I'm not only convinced that the Major is living, but what's more, that he never was dead, but is concealed somewhere about this place; and I'm likewise very much mistaken if yourself don't know where he is.

Joseph. I—I—how should I know?

Mill. Oh! if you say you don't know, it would be mighty ungenteel of me not to believe you, of course.—How he keeps looking towards that pavilion! I shouldn't wonder if the Major were there. *(Aside.)*—That's a pretty pepper castor of a building yonder; a pleasant retreat, I'm after thinking, when a man wishes to be quiet and snug, and easy, with his mug of punch and his pipe, and to avoid unwelcome visitors. If you will permit me, I'll take a peep at the inside of the interior.

Joseph. Stay, say; you can't go there. You—

Mill. Indeed! and why not? May be, I'd be after disturbing somebody's contemplations.

Joseph. Yes, there—there is a gentleman there.

Mill. Oh, ho! a gentleman, eh? And who may he be?

Joseph. A friend of the young Baron's: a legal friend, come down upon business—a notary.

Mill. Ay, ay, I see; 'tis a pity anybody should interrupt him, business must be attended to. I'll just turn the key in the door, and take care he has nobody to bother him but himself, or to make him forget his studies. *(Locks the door.)*

Joseph. Take care what you do; lawyers are edged tools to play with. He'll bring an action for false imprisonment.

Mill. The devil a ha'p'orth! His actions are more likely to turn upon assault and battery, or I've mistaken my prisoner. I'd not wish to be ill-mannerly, but I must trouble you to get out: left shoulders forward, and enter the house.

Joseph. I shall inform the Baron how you have treated his friend, depend upon it.—He is lost! Let me hasten and explain everything to his nephew and Miss Victorine. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Mill. I have him, as fixed as a pig in a potatoe-garden. Bravo! Corny, your fortune's made. Captain Brumenfeld is off to tell the King he suspects the Major to be alive, and here; but I—I can produce him. The poor devil is sure to be taken and shot, one of these days; more's the pity; and, therefore, it's a kind action in me to put him clean out of his misery. Promotion stares me plump in the face. The King himself must see me, and speak to me. Oh! then, leave me alone to give him a bit of the blarney. I'll get a commission—a company! Who knows? "Captain Milligan! Captain!" how well that sounds! I'll be noddod to by the other officers: "How d'ye do, Captain? Are you going to the levee to-day?" And then, the women! Oh! the dear creatures! I was always a favourite with them. Now it'll be, "Och! had you the luck to see the Captain? How illegant he looks in his full uniform! What a leg of his own the devil has got for a silk stocking!" Oh! beautiful, delightful! It's myself that will play the very devil with them!

Enter VICTORINE, cautiously, and unseen by Milligan.

Vict. Joseph has explained everything. My kind-hearted benefactor, how can I save you? That ugly soldier still there! If I could but wheedle him away. *(Aside.)* Sir! Captain?

Mill. Eh! didn't somebody say Captain? Am I promoted already, and I not know it? *(Looking round.)* A pretty girl, too! Pretty! egad! she's an angel in a blue petticoat; and she called me captain.

Vict. May I speak a word with you, sir?

Mill. A thousand, and welcome, a cuishla.

Vict. You must needs be fatigued with your march; we are just going to sit down to dinner, if you would favour us with your company.

Mill. Oh! madam, you overwhelm me with politeness entirely. Permit me to—*(Going to take her hand.)* Eh! no; stop: I had nearly forgotten my prisoner though. How unfortunate! I should be mighty happy, madam, but you must know that particular circumstances—that is, that the—that—I'm bothered. The fact is, madam, if I give you my company, I shall lose one that the King manes to give me.

Vict. Provoking! *(Aside.)* But, surely, sir—Ah! Raubvogel coming this way! A thought strikes me. I'll try, at any rate. *(Aside.)*

Mill. She seems bothered, herself. Attention, Corney; some manoeuvre of the enemy, perhaps. Stand to your arms. *(Retires a little.)*

Enter RAUBVOGEL, with papers.

Raub. *(Reading.)* "These are to certify, that Ernest Von Lindorf, late of Philadelphia, in North America, and now of"—um—um—um!

Vict. *(Half aside.)* Heavens! the Major! How unfortunate!

Mill. How! what? Major! What did you say, jewel?

Vict. *(Feigning embarrassment.)* Sir! nothing, sir: I didn't speak, sir.

Mill. If you didn't speak, you said the Major: I heard you plain enough. Is this the Major? *(Going up to Raubvogel.)*

Raub. Who, I? I a Major? Ha, ha, ha! That's a good joke.

Vict. Oh! what have I done? My agitation has betrayed him.

Mill. Then I'm particularly obliged to your agitation.—Egad! I was near making an awkward mistake here. I see it plainly, now; they've hid the real lawyer there, in order to pass off the Baron here, as the pettifogging big wig. *(Aside.)* Major Lindorf, you are my prisoner.

Raub. What do you mean by Major Lindorf? My name is Raubvogel; I'm an attorney. Touch me at your peril.

Vict. Oh! sir, forgive me.

Raub. Forgive you!

Vict. My imprudence has discovered you.

Raub. Discovered me! What do you mean?

Allow me to say—

Mill. It's of no use at all, at all. It was an unlucky exclamation of the young lady's, certainly; but the cat's out of the bag, and I've caught it; and, by my soul, I'll keep it. Here, guard!

Raub. But let me tell you—(*Soldiers advance.*)

Mill. No resistance! You are under arrest.

Raub. For what?

Mill. Oh! a trifle; a mere trifle. Only charging without orders.

Raub. I shall charge what I please; if you don't like it, tax my costs.

Mill. Come, come, sir; that balderdash won't impose upon an old soldier, and you are too well acquainted with military law not to know—

Raub. Military law! not at all; know nothing about it; studied nothing but civil law all my life.

Mill. Come, come, it won't do, Major; you can't help the old soldier peeping out, for all you've made such a Guy of yourself, with that rogue's coat and that comical jazy: the disguise is not so bad, but it won't do.

Raub. Harkye! you confounded Sergeant! can you read? Here, here are the papers I am employed on; here are leases I am making out, and a contract of marriage between young Baron Lindorf and this young lady, who, as I hope to be saved, has gone out of her mind, I think. Look at 'em: will they convince you of your mistake?

Vict. (*Aside.*) I fear they will.

Mill. (*Taking and looking at them.*) Oh! evidently a mistake. Why, here is your own Major's commission. By my soul, now, if I'd done this, they'd have called it a blunder. Letters addressed to the Baron Von Lindorf, &c. &c. &c.

Raub. Eh! how? Oh! I recollect; they were given me by that old rascal who was here this morning, I can assure you.

Mill. A plain proof, March!

Vict. (*Aside.*) All's safe again.—(*Aloud.*) Ah! my poor dear Major! my noble benefactor! what have I done? what have I done?

Raub. Miss Lisberg, are you mad? or would you drive me so?

Vict. You, to whom I am under such manifold obligations—

Raub. Obligations be—

Vict. To repay them by delivering you into the hands of the executioner!

Raub. Executioner!

Vict. Hark! already do I hear the muffled drum.

Raub. Muffled devil! oh dear! oh dear!

Vict. Methinks, I see them bind your eyes, those eyes that have often beamed so tenderly on me: the dreadful word is given! they fire! you fall! Ah, ah, ah! (*Pretends to faint.*)

Mill. (*Supporting her.*) Poor thing! don't give way so; it can't be helped, you know; it's the fortune of war, and they'll shoot him easy, jewel. There, there! Forward with the prisoner!

Raub. But, upon my soul—

Mill. March! I say.

Raub. I can't march! I won't march! I wish I may be hanged if—

Mill. You'll be shot, and that's sooner over. Forward!

Raub. Help! murder! help!

[*Soldiers hurry out Raubvogel.*]

Vict. (*To Milligan.*) Have mercy! Keep his secret—release him, and any sum—

Mill. I'm impenetrable.

Vict. All my jewels.

Mill. Incorruptible: you might as well try to wheedle a bird out of a bush. Stay; I'd nearly forgotten the real attorney, though. (*Unlocks the door.*)

I beg your pardon, Mr. Lawyer; I took you for a gentleman; excuse my blunder. I wish you an elegant good day. By the powers, but I'd like to shoot the attorney instead of the Major. [*Exit.*]

Enter the MAJOR from the Pavilion.

Vict. They are gone. You are saved!

Major. Miss Lisberg, what do I not owe you!

Vict. No words, dear sir; the time is too precious. This fortunate occurrence has withdrawn the sentinels from that gate. Lose not an instant, but fly!

Enter ERNEST.

Ernest. My dear uncle, this way; Joseph is in waiting with two horses. I will accompany you to some place of safety, and endeavour to atone, by my present exertions, for my late unintentional disrespect.

Vict. Oh, heavens! what do I see? Raubvogel is at liberty, and coming this way: some one has acknowledged him, and proved to the Sergeant his mistake.

Ernest. No matter; we have still time to fly.—This way, this way!

Major. I follow you. (*Drums beat without, to arms. All pause.*)

All. Hark!

Ernest. They beat to arms. (*Cries without, "the Hungarians! the Hungarians!" and drums beating to arms.*)

Major. The Hungarians!

Enter MILLIGAN, hastily, followed by Soldiers.

Mill. Fly, fly! the enemy are upon us!

Major. (*Darting forward.*) The enemy!

Mill. Yes; a strong corps of the Hungarians are within pistol shot of the place. Run, run!

Major. Run! never. Such another word, you scoundrel! and I'll knock the teeth down your cowardly throat. Prussians, to the field! the Hungarians and I have an account to settle. Ernest, my brave boy, follow your uncle; you shall see how I'll tickle the rascals. Soldiers, I am Major Lindorf! March!

Raub. There, there! I told you so.

Mill. Major Lindorf! I beg your honour's pardon, but you are my prisoner.

Major. With all my heart, sir, after the battle. I give you my word, the word of an old soldier, I will surrender myself; but first, Sergeant, let us beat the Hungarians.

Mill. His majesty will take care to beat them blue, if they dare shew their noses in this neighbourhood. But there are none likely to trouble us just now, Major; it was only a little *ruse de guerre* of your humble servant's, which has completely succeeded: and when next you fancy you see an Irishman turn his back on an enemy, depend upon it, he does it in order to meet him face to face. Major, you are out-generalled; taken by a *coup de main*.

Major. Humph! that's too bad; a d—d deal too bad: made prisoner, and no battle! a double misfortune!

Ernest. (*To Sergeant.*) A soldier should have been ashamed of so cowardly a surprise.

Mill. What's that you say?

Major. Hold, hold, Ernest! there's nothing to be done. Sergeant, I am your prisoner.

Ernest. But stay, stay! By what authority, sir, do you act? where are your orders for this arrest?

Mill. Is it my orders?

Raub. Ay, that's very true. Take care what you do, soldier. You and I have an account to settle already, take my word for it.

Ernest. Say that the Major has been guilty of a breach of discipline; no commands have been issued for his apprehension. You cannot detain him without proper authority; as yet, he is free. (*To*

the Major.) Away, sir! mount the horse that awaits you, and remain in concealment till his majesty's pleasure shall be made known.

Mill. Oh! that would be all mighty well; but I have orders, which will prevent his escape, at any rate. To your posts again, comrades! (*To Soldiers, who exeunt all but two, who mount guard again at the gates.*) I have my Captain's orders not to suffer any person to leave this house, or the ground belonging to it, till his return: so, you are all my prisoners, every mother's son, man, woman, and child. It's quite enough for me to know my man; and as I suppose his majesty knows the Major is alive by this time, we shall not have long to wait for better authority.

Major. Yes, yes; resistance is idle. Let the king decide the fate of his old servant: if the worst come to the worst, I've stood to be fired at, before now, by his orders; and d—n it, Ernest, if I'm shot, it's for fighting, and not for running away; that's one comfort, at any rate.

Raub. Beg pardon, Major; but, in case you are to be shot, you'll have your worldly affairs to settle, and anything I can do in the will way—

Major. Psha! (*Raubvogel, bowing to the Major, as he retires, comes in contact with Sergeant Milligan, who thrusts him out.*) Victorine, my pretty, warm-hearted lass, no whimpering; you shall, at least, be a gainer in the business. Here, Ernest, take her, and make her a good husband: I believe I was an old fool for thinking of her myself. If I die, all I have in the world is yours; and if not, there's plenty for us three, and the young regiment we may hope for into the bargain.

[*Exeunt all but Milligan.*]

Mill. My regiment's not quite so certain, I'm afraid. Captain Brumenfeld will be back again directly, and I must be contented to share the glory of the capture with him; I'll be only Lieutenant Milligan after all. Zounds! here he is. Attention!

Enter BRUMENFELD, hastily.

Brum. Sergeant, is the king here?

Mill. Here? no, Captain.

Brum. He is out, reconnoitering, in this direction; but I have not been able to fall in with him.

Mill. Captain, I beg pardon, but I've made a great discovery, entirely—

Brum. What is it?

Mill. Major Lindorf, Captain, who was returned "killed" in the last gazette, has returned alive to this very place here.

Brum. Well, sir, what then?

Mill. What, then, Captain? Why, I've found him out, and in telling the matter to his majesty, you will remember not to forget me.

Brum. Humph! Well, since the Major is your prisoner, it is certainly your duty, as well as your right, to present him to the king, who will doubtless know how to appreciate and reward your zeal and activity. (*Drums and trumpets without.*) Hark! his majesty approaches; begone to your prisoner, and be in readiness to advance with him, when I give you the word.

Mill. Oh! surely, Captain. Faith! and it's a good day's work for both of us. You'll get a regiment; and, as for me, I'll be content with a company; or, if it be all the same to you, I'd prefer a troop of dragoons.

Exit.

(*Drums and trumpets sound.*) *Enter FREDERICK and his staff.*

Fred. (*To an Officer.*) Let the order be read at the head of every regiment. The disappearance of the enemy is no apology for a neglect of discipline. (*Seeing Brumenfeld.*) Bad news, Captain Brumenfeld; the Hungarians have retired without giving us battle.

Brum. It is your fault, sire; you give them no encouragement. If your majesty would suffer yourself to be beaten once or so in a campaign, they might be induced to try conclusions with us more frequently.

Fred. Nay, it is rather the fault of such officers as Captain Brumenfeld, who would not let me be beaten, were I even so inclined.

Brum. With your majesty's permission, I have a boon to ask for an officer, to whom that censure will particularly apply.

Fred. Indeed! Speak.

Brum. The colonel of the royal guard died yesterday of his wounds received in the last affair.

Fred. Poor Schwartzheim? Well, sir?

Brum. If his successor be yet to be named, may I presume to mention a brave old soldier, who has ten strong claims upon your majesty's favour.

Fred. Ten claims! what are they?

Brum. Ten campaigns, sire.

Fred. His rank?

Brum. Major.

Fred. And his name is—

Brum. (*With hesitation.*) He is an ancient comrade of the late proprietor of this mansion.

Fred. You mean the Baron Von Lindorf.

Brum. Yes, sire.

Fred. Well, why do you hesitate to mention that name before me?

Brum. Your majesty may, perhaps, remember, that in the late action—

Fred. He covered himself with glory! To his gallant behaviour I was indebted for my victory, and were he now living,—

Brum. Nay, if it be your pleasure, sire, there is nothing that the Baron would not do to gratify your majesty.

[*Exit.*]

Fred. What does he mean? Ha! I see. (*Beckons to an officer, who carries a small writing case, and gives him some directions.—The officer writes.*)

Re-enter BRUMENFELD with the MAJOR, followed by the Sergeant and Guard, ERNEST, VICTORINE, and MADAME LISBERG.

Major. Pardon, sire, pardon! (*Kneeling.*)

Fred. (*Raising him.*) Pardon! for whom? Major Von Lindorf, of the hussars, who, in contempt of my positive instructions, charged the Hungarians in the late action, fell at the head of his regiment, and was returned "killed" in the gazette? Frederick does not carry his resentment beyond the grave. This, gentlemen, is Colonel Von Lindorf, of the royal guards, and I present him to you as a brave officer, to whom Prussia is much indebted. Here is your commission, Colonel. (*Goes up to the table, and signs the commission.*)

Mill. His commission! And what's to be my commission, I'd like to know: nothing but a dirty ensigny, after all. Ensign Milligan! Sure, Captain, you'll just drop a word to his majesty, and—

Brum. Get you degraded to the ranks, sir?

Mill. To the ranks! Ods bother! not a word. Sure, and it wouldn't be even Sergeant Milligan, then!

Mad. Then Victorine will be the wife of a colonel?

Col. No, madam; she will be the wife of a colonel's nephew. The foolish old major, you've heard his majesty say is no more; and the young lady is now perfectly at liberty to follow her own inclinations.

Vict. Ever my benefactor!

Fred. (*Presenting the commission.*) Colonel Lindorf, the war is ended; you will join your regiment at Berlin; and should Prussia hereafter need your services in the field, I trust you will take warning from the fate of your namesake, and not fight without orders.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TURNPIKE GATE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY T. KNIGHT.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY
HENRY BLUNT
CRACK

JOE STANDFAST
SMART
OLD MAYTHORN

ROBERT MAYTHORN
STEWARD
SERVANTS

PEGGY
MARY
LANDLADY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public-house, sign of 'The Admiral,' and a Turnpike and House.*

SMART discovered, preparing guns for shooting.

Sir E. (*Within.*) Smart, get the guns ready. Is my new keeper come from the lodge?

Smart. No, Sir Edward. [PEGGY crosses.] Servant, Miss Peggy. Ugh! A kiss from my master has raised your nose an inch higher, I see.

Peggy. Joke with your equals, man; don't talk to me. [*Exit.*]

Smart. I shall make you remember this. My master is grand Turk here; he monopolizes all the wenches.—[*Enter HENRY BLUNT.*] [*ring?*]

Henry. Morrow, fellow-servant. Sir Edward stir-

Smart. Yes; just asked for you. Mind your hits to-day, Mr. Henry: you shot for your place, and won it; but you'd better not outshoot Sir Edward.

Henry. Oh! vain of his abilities that way, eh?

Smart. That way! yes, and every other. I've dropped being his rival some time. [*here?*]

Henry. Sir Edward seems to have a fine estate Smart. Yes, that belonging to the lodge is eight hundred a-year; the Upland farm three; and his estate in Norfolk as much as both.

Henry. The lodge being but at the head of the village, why does he prefer a bed at this public-house?

Smart. Pleasure, sir, pleasure. But here comes one answer to your two questions. Step this way, and I'll give you another. (*They retire.*)

Enter PEGGY, followed by ROBERT.

Rob. If that be your mind, Peggy, it can't be helped; if you can't love me, you can't. [*fast.*]

Sir E. (*Within.*) Peggy, my dear, bring my break-

Peggy. Coming, Sir Edward; I've only been to fetch the cream.—You hear, Robert?

Rob. Yes, I do hear and zee, too: I be neither deaf nor blind.

Peggy. The young baronet expects me above.

Rob. 'Tis well if old Belzezebub don't expect thee below; zo, there's an end of that: however, dang it! let's shake hands.

Peggy. Paws off! your hands are rough, man; and I can't bear anything dirty or sun-burnt.

AIR.—PEGGY.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,
Heav'n design'd you not for me;
Cease to be a whining lover,
Sour and sweet can ne'er agree.
Clownish in each limb and feature,
You've no skill to dance or sing;
At best, you're but an awkward creature,
I, you know, am quite the thing.
As I soon may roll in pleasure,
Bumpkins I must bid adieu;
Can you think that such a treasure
E'er was destin'd, man, for you?
No; mayhap, when I am carry'd,
'Mongst the great to dance and sing,
To some great lord I may be marry'd:
All allow I'm quite the thing. [*Exeunt.*]

Smart. (*Coming forward with Henry.*) Ha, ha!

Oh! you bumpkin, I was romping with his sweetheart last night, and he was at me like a bull-dog: the mastiff would bite, sir, but we have muzzled

Henry. As how? [*him.*]

Smart. Management, sir: his father lives at that turnpike-house, which, with a small dairy and farm, he holds of Sir Edward. The old fellow has seen better days. The admiral, who died a twelvemonth since, and to whom Sir Edward is heir-at-law, was very partial to him and his daughter; for, during his life, they needed nothing; but, being in arrears for rent, they are all at Sir Edward's mercy. Young Sulky, therefore, must lose his sweetheart; and as to the turnpike beauty, his sister, we've offered her

a curricule, and if she do not sport it in Bond-street in less than a month, we don't understand trap.

Henry. What, she encourages him?

Smart. A little coy or so. She's in the dumps, too, for the loss of her 'true lovier,' a booby sailor; but, I'll bet fifty she's easier had than little Forward here, with all her avarice and vanity.

Henry. And these are the reasons for Sir Edward's lodging here?—[*Enter ROBERT.*—]That's the lad who tried his skill with me for the gamekeeper's place. Morrow, brother sportsman: you shoot well.

Rob. Yes, sir; and you better. However, 'twas all fair, and I do wish you joy of the place.

Henry. Nay, this place may be yours yet: I am elected only to trial, and self-recommended; my character may not please Sir Edward.

Rob. Mayhap, you'd please him best with no character at all. You be much in favour, Mr. Smart.

Smart. Eh! Oh! [*Makes signs of boxing, and exit.*]

Henry. Things are a little changed since Sir Edward came among you, eh! Robert?

Rob. Yes, sir; another lawyer would ha' done less mischief in the parish; but, it is not the first time the devil got into paradise. [*Exit.*]

Enter JOE STANDFAST, singing, his knee bound.

Joe. So, Master Blunt, prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. [*Looking at sign.*] Ah! there's the old boy who has given our enemies many a broadside. Bless your old phiz! [*Bows to him.*]

Henry. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am. I strike my main-top to him by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker. That's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt: 'tis not, to be sure, done to the life; but what the painter ha'n't made out, a grateful mind can. I fought under him when he was captain, and twice after he was vice. He made me master after our first brush; and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd ha' been by his side in the West Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died! I lie, he didn't die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here; made me a freeholder with thirty pounds a year; and when your master, his honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, he shall have my vote for sailing into the port of parliament; if he get it before, d—e!

AIR.—JOE STANDFAST.

Britannia's sons at sea, in battle always brave,
Strike to no power, d'ye see, that ever plough'd the wave.

Fal la la.

But when we're not afloat, 'tis quite another thing;

We strike to petticoat, get groggy, dance, and sing.

Fal la la.

With Nancy deep in love, I once to sea did go;
Return'd, she cried, "By Jove! I'm married, dearest Joe."

Fal la la.

Great zuns I scarce could hold, to find that I was flung;

But Nancy prov'd a scold, then I got drunk and sung

Fal la la.

At length, I did comply, and made a rib of Sue;

What, though she said but one eye, it pierc'd my heart like two.

Fal la la.

And now I take my glass, drink England and my king;

Content with my old lass, get groggy, dance, and sing.

Fal la la.

Enter MARY, with a newspaper in her hand.

Yes, yes; the old boy loved the sex, I grant: but, he never hung out false colours to deceive the innocent; and if, in the heat of action, his passions gave a wound, he never rested till he found a balm to heal it again. [*Looking with kindness at Mary.*] Ah! bless thy little tender heart, I wish for thy sake he had lived to come home again.

Henry. Does she grieve for the admiral, who died more than a year since?

Joe. Why, no; but she's the child of ill luck. Her sweetheart, you see, about four years since, was down at the lodge, when their hearts were secretly grappled to each other. The lad was a favourite of the admiral, and went out to the Indies with him; there he got promotion; and when death struck the old boy's flag, and no will left, this lad, d'ye see, was their sheet anchor; but, returning

home, in the very chops of the channel, they engaged an enemy; and, after three hours hard fighting, the mounseer struck; but her poor lad, Lieutenant Travers, was among the brave boys that fell. Had he lived, he had now been promoted. The newspaper she holds in her hand brought the account but two days since.

Henry. Then you seem to think, spite of your experience, she is sincere.

Joe. Why, if death and disappointment don't make folk sincere, what should? But a braver lad, they say, never kept the mid-watch. [*Mary weeps, and retires.*] Poor wench! no wonder it makes her weep; tough as my heart is, but it almost sets my pumps a-going. But, he died as a British seaman should, in the lap of victory; and his death was glorious! and I dare say he did not fight the worse for loving a pretty girl. [*Tom Starboard.*]

Henry. If you doubt that, hear the story of poor

AIR.—HENRY.

I am Starboard was a lover true,

As brave a tar as ever sail'd;

The duties abest seamen do

Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.

But, wreck'd as he was homeward bound,

Within a league of England's coast,

Love sav'd him, sure, from being drown'd,

For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight, Tom Starboard knew no fear,

Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd;

Said, "love for Nan, his only dear,"

Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind."

And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd;

Of all past hardships made a joke;

For still his manly bosom burn'd

With love—his heart was heart of oak.

Return'd again, Tom nimbly ran

To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;

But false report had brought to Nan,

Six months before, her Tom had died.

With grief she daily pin'd away,

No remedy her life could save;

And Tom arriv'd the very day

They laid his Nancy in the grave. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OLD MAYTHORN and ROBERT.

May. Nay, nay, boy, bridle thy temper: Sir Edward is licentious, hot-brained, and giddy; but so he don't dishonour us—

Rob. Ay, to be sure; let the vox devour the lamb, and yay nothing. Peg, at "The Admiral," is marked for an already; and he must have Mary, too, or you'll no longer have the turnpike, farm, or dairy.

May. I don't fear Sir Edward, boy, more than thy temper. I always understood from the good admiral that I was rent-free; yet, Sir Edward claims arrears for years past: and as I have no acquittal to shew, we must take care what we do. Thou shouldst not have beaten his servant last night.

Rob. The rogue's no better than a pimp; and if't weren't for bringing you and zister to poverty—

May. There again! I was going to tell thee, boy, that Mary is not thy sister.

Rob. No!

May. No; she's a natural daughter of the late admiral. At three months old, her mother dying, he placed her under my care, to be brought up as my own child; but, as she, poor innocent! must now share our lot, I charge thee, boy, not even to hint it to her; 'twould break her heart.—Hush! [*MARY advances. Robert retires.*] Don't weep, my dearest lamb! heaven's will be done! It is, I own, a woful change!

Mary. Ah! sir, the admiral, whose goodness gave us abundance; whose parental kindness (for such it was) kept me at school, and bred me as his daughter; his loss was heavy to us all; and now my dearest William, too; our only hope; after five years' absence—[*Weeps.*] Oh! had he but survived—

May. Ay, child, had he and the good admiral returned, your union would have been blessed with abundance. Ah! well, we have seen better days! but we must now submit. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR EDWARD, with gun, &c.

Sir E. Take out the greyhounds, and give them a

course; and let the groom exercise the curricles-horses.—[*CRACK slips from behind the public-house.*]

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the curricles and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir E. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, sir; I'm remarkably modest. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and don't pretend at all.

Sir E. And, pray, who are you that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every sabbath-day. [Drunk last night.]

Sir E. Yes, and most other days. I saw you

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety: I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak heads; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their hands, rather than they should neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share and my own too. I saved five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work: however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir E. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues. (*Bowing.*)

Crack. (*Bowing.*) No, sir, few are; or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir E. Pray, sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way, sometimes another. I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to old Tantivy; and though it's not in my power to improve the weak heads of my neighbours, yet I often mend their understandings. (*Points to his shoes.*) Ecce signum! (*Shewing his apron.*)

Sir E. Anything rather than work, eh?

Crack. Any work, sir, to get an honest penny. Twice a-week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town: and t'other day, I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

Sir E. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, sir, it was the goodness of my voice: you hear how musical it is, when I only speak; what would it have been at an 'amen'?—(*Whispers*) The parson didn't like to be outdone. Envy often deprives a good man of a place as well as perquisites. (*A pause. Crack laughs, and then nods.*)

Sir E. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way I have when I give consent.

Sir E. Consent! to what?

Crack. That you may give me what you please above half-a-crown. (*They laugh.*) Oh! I'm a man of my word; I'll take care to exercise the curricles and horses.

Sir E. You will! You had better take my box coat, and whip, too, and go in style. (*Ironically.*)

Crack. Had I, sir? Well, I'm going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels, at the same time; and, in the evening, we'll all be jolly.—[*Enter SMART.*]

Sir E. Who is this familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's a sort of jack-of-all-trades; but, chiefly a cobbler.

Crack. Well, don't sneer at the cobbler: many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobbling. Sir, I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant. I'll look to your curricles and horses, sir, before I drink your health. I love business, and I hate a guzzler. [*Exit.*]

Sir E. Give this letter to my steward, and tell him, if Old Maythorn can't pay his arrears, he must arrest him. [*Exit SMART.*] The old fellow in confinement, his daughter Mary will gladly pay the price of his release.—[*Enter HENRY BLUNT.*]

Have you your character yet from your last place?

Henry. No, Sir Edward; I expect it to-day.

Sir E. Very well. Go to the hill opposite the lodge; should you spring any birds, don't shoot, but mark them. And, d'ye hear? I have a little love affair upon my hands. Keep at a distance. I shall be near the copse; when I need you, I'll fire.

Henry. Oh! sir, I know my duty. [*Exit.*]

Enter ROBERT.

Sir E. You, sir, direct my keeper to Barrow-hill; and don't let me hear of your firing a gun again upon my manors, or you'll visit the county gaol.

Rob. Shall I? No, but I don't think I shall visit the gaol. [*Exit, sulkily.*]

Enter PEGGY in a bonnet, with a little basket.

Sir E. Ah! my bonny lass in a bonnet! What, you're going a-nutting, I see. The clusters hang remarkably thick in Lower By-field, beneath the copse, in the hedge joining the cut hay-stack.

Peggy. Ah! that's the way you're going to shoot; if I had known that, now, I'd have chosen another place.—[*MARY appears.*]

Hush! there's Miss Maythorn: she's always on the watch.—How do, Miss Mary? I'm sorry to see you distressed.—

(*Aside.*) Conceited moppet! [*Exit.*]

Sir E. My dear Mary, you seem dejected!

Mary. Misfortune, Sir Edward, has pressed hard upon us, of late.

Sir E. The fault, my love, is yours. I wish to be more the friend of you and your family, than ever the late admiral was.

Mary. Do you, Sir Edward?

Sir E. Certainly. I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town, and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, sir, if that would make me so; and if there be fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them! [*Exit.*]

Sir E. Stubborn and proud still; but resistance makes victory glorious. Since soothing won't do, we'll try a little severity. She's a sweet girl, and I must have her.

AIR.—SIR EDWARD.

Lovely woman, 'tis thou to whose virtue I bow;

Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth:

Thrice electrical soul leads life to the whole,

And a blank, without thee, were this earth.

Oh! let me thy soft power, ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,

With my heart honour, worship, adore:

Thou present, 'tis May; winter, when thou'rt away:

Cau a man, I would ask, wish for more?

In a dream oft I've seen faucy's perfect-made queen,

Which, waking, in vain have I sought;

But, sweet Mary, 'twas you rich fancy then drew;

Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she wrought.

Lovely woman's soft power, ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,

Let my heart honour, worship, adore:

Thou present, &c.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Public-house.

Enter CRACK, with Sir Edward's box-coat, whip, and hat; the Landlady following.

Land. Don't tell me; I'll not believe Sir Edward ordered any such thing.

Crack. I say he did. "My dear Crack," says he, shaking my hand, "you had better take my riding coat and whip, and go in style." And let me see the man or woman who dare dispute it! Now I'm a kind of Bond-street man of fashion.

Land. You a Bond-street man of fashion!

Crack. Yes, I am—I'm all outside. Where are those idle scoundrels? Oh! I see; they are getting the curricles and horses ready.

Land. By my faith, and so they are! Well, 'tis in vain for me to talk, so I'll leave you. *Peggy!* (*Calling.*) Where can this girl of mine be? Why, *Peggy!* [*Exit.*]

Crack. I have often wondered why they drive two big horses in so small a carriage; now, I find, one's to draw the gentleman, and t'other his great coat.—[*Enter JOE STANDFAST.*]

Joe. They tell me, Crack, that you are under sailing orders for town, I'm bound so far, d'ye see, on

business for Master Blunt, the new keeper; mayhap, you'll give a body a berth on board the curriclè?

Crack. Yes, I'll give your body a birth on board; (*aside*) and heaven send it a safe deliverance!

Joe. Are you steady at the helm?

Crack. Unless your treat should make me tipsy; in that case, you must steer.

Joe. Me! d—e, I'd rather weather the Cape in a cock-boat, than drive such a gingerbread juncumbob three miles; but for this stiff knee of mine, I'd rather walk. Oh! I see they're weighing anchor yonder. (*Pointing to the stable.*) But what need of this, friend? (*taking his coat*) the sun shines, and no fear of a squall.

Crack. Lord help your head! we drivers of curricles wear these to keep off the wind, the sun, and the dust.

Joe. D—e, but I think your main-sheet is more for shew than service.

Crack. Oh, fie! we could not bear the inclemencies of the summer, if we weren't well clothed. But come, let's mount; and if we don't ride in our own carriage, we're better off than many who do; we pay no tax, and the coach-maker can't arrest us.

DUETT.

Crack.....When off in curriclè we go,
Miood, I'm a dashing buck, friend Joe,
My well match'd nags, both black and roan—
Joe.....Like most bucks' nags, are not your own.

Crack.....Paid for, I vow.

Joe.....Avast! pr'ythee, how?

Crack.....In paper at six months' credit, or nearly.

Joe.....No cash?

Crack.....Oh! that's mal-a-propos.

Joe.....We bucks pay in paper, and that is merely—

Both....Fal la! la! &c.

Crack.....When mounted I, in style to be,
Should sport behind in livery
Two footmen in fine clothes array'd;

Joe.....For which the tailor never was paid.

Crack.....We men of ton—

Joe.....Have ways of our own.

Crack.....Plead privilege to lead our tradesmen a dance, sir,

Joe.....John, when they call—(*mimicks*)—let 'em wait i'the

Crack.....And two hours after send them for answer— [*ball.*]

Both....Fal la! la! &c.

Joe.....If this be ton, friend Crack, d'y'e see,

Crack.....We're better from such lumber free.

Joe....No debts for coaches we can owe—

Crack.....Because no one will trust us, Joe.

Joe....Then I say still, that no man his bill—

Crack.....To us for a carriage, with justice, can bring in.

Joe....Then mount, never mind,

Crack.....Leave old Care behind;

Both....Or, should be o'er take us, we'll fall a singing—

Crack.....Fal la! la! &c. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A romantic rural Prospect; on one side, a hay-stack.*

Enter HENRY BLUNT and ROBERT.

Henry. Honest Robert, I thought I had lost you.

Rob. No; I was but just by here, vasing a hurdle to keep the sheep from breaking out.

Henry. And Sir Edward, you say, solicits your sister Mary's affection?

Rob. As to affection, he don't care much for that, I believe, so he could get her good will.

Henry. Do you think him likely to obtain it?

Rob. She shall die first.

Henry. And who is Sir Edward's appointment with, here, think you?

Rob. Why, I be inclined to think (*but I heu't sure*) it is wi' Miss Changeabout, at "The Admiral"—Speak o'th' devil, and behold his horns! This way. (*They retire.*)

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. I heard a rustling, as I passed the copse. I began to think 'twas old Nick. That fellow, Robert, does love me a little, to be sure; but the young baronet, if he should make me Lady Sir Edward Dashaway—(*Robert advances.*)

Rob. (*Aloud.*) Hem! a little patience, and, mayhap, he will. (*She screams.*)

Peggy. How could you frighten a body so?

Rob. Frighten thee, Peggy! it mustn't be a trifle to do that. Have you set all shame at defiance? I do wonder old Nick didn't appear to thee in thy road thither.

Peggy. Don't you go to terrify me; now don't; if you do, you'll repent it.

Rob. No, Peggy; 'tis you that'ul repent. However, I do hope zome warning voice, zome invincible spirit, will appear to thee yet, bevore it be too late.

Peggy. You had better not terrify me now, I tell you—you'd better not.

Rob. Take care where thee dost tread, Peggy. (*She trembles.*) I would not swear there is not a well under thy feet. (*She starts.*) D—n un, here he is, zure enow!—(*Aside.*) One word more, an' I ha' done. (*Very solemn.*) If in this lonesome place Belzebub should appear to thee, in the likeness of a gentleman wi' a gun in his hand, look for his cloven foot; repent thy perjury; and, wi' tears in thy eyes, go whoom again, and make thy mother happy. (*Retires behind the hay-stack.*)

Peggy. Dear heart! dear heart! I wish I hadn't come. I'm afraid to stir out o' my place. Oh, lud! I wish I were at home again.

SIR EDWARD, *having put his gun against the rails of the hay-stack, steals behind, and taps her on her shoulder.*

Peggy. Mercy upon me! Sir Edward, I took you for old Nick.

Sir E. You did me great honour.

Peggy. (*Looking.*) Are you sure you have not a cloven foot? I was cautioned to beware of you.

Sir E. By young Maythorn, I suppose! I saw the impudent rascal. Upon my soul, you look divinely! (*Takes her aside.*) Robert shews signs of displeasure. Is not that a sweet cottage in the valley? Shall I make you a present of it, Peggy?

Peggy. Why, Sir Edward, though I don't think Robert Maythorn is a fit match for me; yet, you know, in losing him—

Sir E. You have found a better match.

Peggy. Oh! if your honour mean it to be a match,—(*Sir Edward turns*)—that is, a lawful match—

Sir E. To be sure I do, you little rogue! (*She repulses him.*) Nay, one kiss of your pretty pouting lips.

Peggy. Why, as to a kiss, to be sure,—(*wipes her lips*)—I hope no one sees. (*She holds up her face; and, as he approaches, Robert reaches out his hand, fires the gun, and conceals himself again.* *Sir Edward and Peggy start.*)

Henry. (*Without.*) Mark, mark!

Peggy.....Good heaven, protect me! 'twas old Nick!

Sir E.....'Tis odd! 'twas, sure, my gun;

Or, Robert's play'd some devilish trick—

Peggy.....Ah, me! I am undone!

Sir E.....Twis, sure, a warning voice that spoke!

Peggy.....A warning voice! oh, no! [*Robert steals off:*]

Peggy.....Believe me, sir, it was no joke.

Sir E.....One kiss before we go.

Peggy.....Nay, cease your fooling, pray, awhile,

Your keeper's coming now.

And mother's bubbling o'er the style,

She is, I swear and vow.

Enter HENRY BLUNT.

Sir E.....Eh! what the devil brought you here?

Henry....I pr'ythee, man, retire.

Sir E.....I thought you told me to appear,

When I should hear you fire.

Enter Landlady, with ROBERT.

Land.....Where is this plaguy maid of mine?

A'n't you a pretty jade?

'Tis near the hour that we should dine,

And yet no dumplings made.

Peggy.....To gather nuts for you I've been,

And cramm'd my basket tight;

But, mother, I old Nick have seen,

So, dropp'd 'em with the fright.

Rob.....With fancy's tale, her mother's ear

She knows how to betray;

For staying out so long, she'll swear

The devil stopp'd her way.

Sir E.....Come, come, let's home with merry glee,

On dinner to regale;

And, hostess, let our welcome be

A jug of nut-brown ale. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another rural Prospect.**Enter MARY.*

Mary. The bright evening sun dispels the farmer's fears, and makes him, with a smile, anticipate the business of to-morrow. How different our state! our future day looks dark and stormy, and hope (the sun which gladdens all beside) sheds not for us a single ray.

AIR.

Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow,
They call'd me happy Mary;
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any fairy:
And when the sun, with golden ray,
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance or play,
The first was happy I.
Food as the dove was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me;
And what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be William's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

Ah! what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow:
My once-lov'd cot, and happy lot,
But loads with grief to-morrow.
My William's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd;
Now all the day I sit and weep,
At night I know no rest.
I dream of waves, and sailors' graves,
In horrid wrecks, I see;
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For William's lost at sea!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Turnpike, &c. as before. Sir Edward's groom calls "Gate!" ROBERT opens it, and the groom crosses the stage with a bay of oats. Enter JOE STANDFAST and CRACK, with a trunk; Crack a little tipsy, and singing.*

Joe. D—e, shipmate, but you are the worst steersman I ever met with.

Crack. Don't say so; if the horses had not run so fast, we should not have upset.

Joe. Well, be it as it may, we brought home one of the nags safe.

Crack. There you mistake: it was the nag brought us home safe; we three rode upon his *Joe.* We three! [back.]

Crack. Yes; you, I, and the trunk.

Joe. I'm sorry t'other poor devil is left behind.

Crack. You're out again; for, when he broke, he left us behind; and if he continued to gallop, as he began, he's a long way before.

Joe. My head! here comes the groom; get out of it how you can. There's the trunk. (*Lays it on the table.*) And now for a peep at the paper. I'll not be overhauled, d'y'e see; and so, friend Crack, I advise you to prepare a good answer. [Exit.]

Crack. I never was without one in my life. If the groom won't stand quizzing, I'll be impudent.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not too weighty enough, friend: but, it seems you and your horses' wits jump: they, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat. (*Gives it.*) Brush it, d'y'e hear? it has been rubbed already. [back?]

Groom. And haven't you brought the black horse

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horse wouldn't bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone? Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence: when you catch him, teach him better manners.

Groom. D—e, if ever I heard the like before!

Crack. No, nor saw the like behind. He winced like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom.

Crack. Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters: he kicked up, as much as to say, that for you. (*Kicks up.*)

Groom. D—e, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing half, what will you say when you know the whole? The carriage, you see,—

Groom. Is that run away, too? [care of it.]

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good

Groom. By driving over posts, I suppose?

Crack. No; by driving against posts—(oh! you'll find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And haven't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I? 'twould have broken my back. [that's all!]

Groom. I wish you mayn't get your head broken,

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage, and all its valuable contents. By being expert, I have saved both.

Groom. Well, friend, you seem very merry under misfortune, and I wish you luck. It was Sir Edward's own doing: he can't blame me. [Exit.]

Crack. If he should, I'll make a neat defence, for the sake of your nice feeling: d—d hard, if at a battle of brains I could not out-gossip a grumbling groom. Whenever I'm puzzled, I always hum folk: humming's all the fashion.

AIR.—CRACK.

With a merry tale, sergeants beat the drum;
Noddles full of ale, village lads they hum.
Soldiers out go all, famous get in story;
If they chance to fall, don't they sleep in glory?

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when feed'd, juries to make pliant,
If they can't succeed, then they hum their client.
To perfection come, humming all the trade is,
Ladies lovers hum, lovers hum the ladies.

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Ha! 't Britannia's sons often humm'd mounseer?
Ha! 't they humm'd the Dons? let their fleets appear.
Strike they must, though loth, (ships with dollars cramm'd),
If they're not humm'd both, then will I be

Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

OLD MAYTHORN crosses to his own house, very disconsolate.

Crack. There goes a man of sorrow. I remember him a jester. It may be my turn next. I'll never joke again till I see a—[*Enter the Steward and a Bailiff.*]—lawyer and hailiff!—Gentlemen, your humble servant. I reverence your callings, and I respect your power; for you two are a match—

Bailiff. For what?

Crack. The devil!—(*Sings.*) Towdy rowdy, &c. [Exit.]

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. I believe, messmate, we have traced him to his moorings.

2 Sail. You're right; for there, you see, is the port admiral. (*Points to the sign.*)

1 Sail. House! bring us a mug of beer. (*They sit at the table.—Enter PEGGY, with beer.*)—A pretty, little, tight wench, 'faith!

Peggy. Yes; pretty—but the grapes are sour.

[Exit with great conceit.]

1 Sail. The folk here will hardly guess our errand.

Enter JOE, in rapture, with a newspaper.

Joe. Here it is! on board the Turnpike, a-hoy! D—e! here it is! he's alive! the boy's alive! and—but hold, avast! the last paper said he was dead; this says it's a lie: which shall I believe? (*Sees Sailors.*) What cheer, brother sailors? from what port?

1 Sail. Portsmouth.

Joe. Whither bound?

1 Sail. Can't you see we have cast anchor?

Joe. I say, Bob! Miss Mary!—but avast! mayhap they can inform me. You have had a severe engagement in the chops of the Channel, I hear?

1 Sail. Yes, we have.

Joe. And just as the Frenchman struck, she went

down? D—e! that was a pity! But we saved many of their hands, they say?

I Sail. Yes; and but it blew a hard gale, we should have saved more. We lost one boat's crew in picking them up.

Joe. Among which, mayhap, was poor Will Travers. Well, d—e! 'twas noble; 'twas a saying of the old buck aloft, "Be devils in fight, boys: the victory gained, remember you are men;" and as he preached, so he practised. This action, my hearties, brings to my mind the one we fought before the old boy had a flag, when he commanded a seventy-four.

I Sail. Mayhap so.

Joe. We were cruising, d'ye see? off the Lizard; on Saturday the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, a. m., a sail hove in sight, bearing south-south-west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails; away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we soon saw she was a mounseer of superior force, and d—d heavy metal.

I Sail. A ninety-gun ship, I suppose?

Joe. A ninety: we received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment: till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight, we opened our lower-deck ports, and, as we crossed, plumbt it right into her. We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune: ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on his doses). My eyes! how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain! "T'other broadside, my boys," says our captain, "and d—e! you'll make the mountain a mole-hill!" We followed it up, till her lantern ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box! By nine she had shivered our canvas so, I thought she'd have got off; for which she crowded all sail.

I Sail. Let the mounseers alone for that.

Joe. We turned to, however, and wore; and in half-an-hour got alongside a second time: we saw all her moulths were open, and we drenched her sweetly! She swallowed our English pills by dozens; but they griped her d—y! At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once; bang! she had it. Oh, d—e! 'twas a settler! In less than two minutes after, she cried "peccavi!" in five more she took fire abaft; and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam end, whush! down she went by the head. My eyes! what a screech was there! Out boats, not a man was idle; we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded; and if I didn't feel more joy of heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, d—e! The old boy above knows it to be true, and can vouch for every word of it. Can't you, my old buck? (*Flinging his hat up at the sign.*)

I Sail. Why, it is not unlike the late action; and you'd say so too, if you'd been in it, as we were.

Joe. You in it? you on board?

I Sail. We were.

Joe. Then tell me at once, for I can't believe the papers, is Lieutenant Travers alive or dead?

I Sail. Alive; and promoted.

Joe. I said so: d—e! I knew he was alive. Huzza! Old Maythorn, Mary, Bob! are you all asleep? (*Hallooing.*) [tion.]

I Sail. And now give us leave to ask you a question.

Joe. Ask a hundred thousand, my hearty! I'll answer all. Will you drink anything more? Bring out a barrel of grog! Call for what you like, my lads; I'll pay all.

I Sail. Can you inform us of one Henry Bluut?

Joe. Ay, to be sure I can—Why, Bob, I say! (*Calling.*)—He's hired as gamekeeper here to Sir Edward What-d'ye-call-him?—Whifflligig. I say, Bob!

I Sail. Hired as a gamekeeper?

Joe. Yes; a d—d good shot—he shot—Old Maythorn! (*Calling.*)

I Sail. The devil he did! Can you tell us where we can find him?

Joe. Why, he has not slipped his cable, has he?
I Sail. We should be glad to light on him, d'ye see?

Joe. I thought as much; d—e! I knew he was a bastard kind of sailor by his talk: but the lubber, to skulk, to run from his post! Shiver my timbers! I can't bear to hear of a seaman's disobedience; but I'll blow him up.—Why, Bob, I say! where the devil are ye all?

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Here be I. [mother?

Joe. Bob, you dog, where's your father and

Rob. My mother's in heaven, I hope.

Joe. Psha! d— it! I mean your sister.

Rob. She's at the bailiff's house with vather; the steward's arrested him.

Joe. Arrested your father! for what? I'll pay the debt.

Rob. You pay dree hundred pound?

Joe. Ay, d—e! three thousand, if he need it.

Rob. Yes; but when?

Joe. Why, now; that is, when I have it. Tell 'em I'll bail him.

Rob. Yes, but you are only one; and though one friend be a rare thing, a poor man in trouble must find two, and both housekeepers.

Joe. D— it, that's unlucky! Shipmates, are either of you housekeepers?

I Sail. No.

Joe. I feared as much: but no matter; go, tell your sister, her dear William's alive and well.

Rob. Lieutenant Travers alive?

Joe. Ay, you dog; alive and promoted: now you know, go tell her the whole story, every particular. Hop, skip, jump, run. (*Pushing him off.*) Tell her he never was dead. What shall I do for another bail?

Enter HENRY.

I would ask this lubber, but d—e! if I ever ask a favour of a seaman who deserts his country's cause. There's your trunk. Had I known you before, I would not have fetched it. You a seaman?—you be—hem!

Henry. What's the matter, man?

I Sail. Oh! here he is. Noble Captain, for so you now are, we have brought—

Henry. Hush, for your lives.

Joe. Eh! what?

Henry. Take up that trunk, and follow me quickly. [*Exit; Sailors following.*]

Joe. Oh! for a douse of the face now! To be sure I'm not dreaming: it surely must—D—e! here goes, in spite of splinters and stiff knees. (*Sings and dances.*) What an infernal blockhead I must be! If the bailiff and attorney won't take my word for the bail, I'll blow up one, and I'll sink the other.

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*]

Enter CRACK, from 'the Admiral,' with a mug in his hand, singing.

Sir E. (Without.) Where are all my servants?

Crack. There's Sir Edward.

Sir E. (Without.) Get the curricie ready immediately.

Crack. Oh lord! I shall be blown here. Quiz is the word.

Enter SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY.

Sir E. Now, if old Maythorn is arrested, Mary, I think, is mine. (*Seeing Crack.*) Where did you learn music?

Crack. Nowhere, sir; it's a gift: I was always too quick to learn.

Sir E. Yet you seem tolerably knowing.

Crack. Yes, sir, knowing, but not wise: as many have honour without virtue. Come, he does not smoke. (*Aside.*)

PEGGY peeps from 'The Admiral.'

Sir E. Miss Mary! Sure, there's no one at home.

Crack. No, sir; no one at all: so that there's no occasion for your curricie.—And if there were, you would not get it. (*Aside.*) You see, sir, I am up.

Enter SMART, hastily.

Smart. Oh! sir, there's fine work! Joe and two other sailors, and young Maythorn, have rescued the old man, and are all gone to the Lodge in triumph.

Sir E. To the Lodge! for what? Is Mary with *Smart.* Yes, sir. [them?]

Sir E. Follow me immediately. [*Exit with Smart.*]

Crack. Yes; we'll all follow to the Lodge, because the ale is good.

Peggy. (*Coming forward.*) Hoity toity! he's very anxious about Miss Maythorn, methinks.

Crack. Yes; he was going to take her to London; but I took up a wheel, and let go a horse.

Peggy. Take her to London?

Crack. Yes, he was; and you don't like it: your stockings are yellow—you are jealous.

Peggy. Jealous! jealous of her! Oh! yes—that—he shall never speak to me again: I'll follow, and tell him so.

1 *Voice.* (*Without.*) Why, gate, I say.

2 *Voice.* Are the folk asleep? Why, gate!

(*Other voices heard.*)

Crack. I think I'll open the gate, and pocket the pence. (*Tries.*) By the lord! it's locked, and the key gone. [*Travellers and horses appear at the gate.*] And here come a dozen pack-horses; an old woman and a basket of eggs, on two tubs of butter, thrown across a fat mare, with half-a-dozen turkeys, and all their legs tied.

1 *Voice.*.....Gate, I say! why, gate!

2 *Voice.*.....Gate!

3 *Voice.*.....Gate!

4 *Voice.*.....Gate!

Peggy......Like bells they ring the changes o'er,—
One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.
They can't come through.

Crack......Pray, hold your prate.

Peggy......What can we do?

Voices......Open the gate!

Crack......No, no, we can't; but, if you please,
You'll go round Quagmire-lane with ease.

Peggy......Turn by the hawthorn, near the mill,

Crack......And if you stick i'th' mud, stand still!

Peggy......When got half-way, beyond all doubt,

Crack......Each step you take you're nearer out.

1 *Voice.*.....I'll be reveng'd! Must I with load
Be stopp'd here on the king's high road?

2 *Voice.*.....E'en poor folk may find law, I'm told,

Crack......And lawyers, too, if you'll find gold.
Nay, should you need, you silly elf!

For gold you'll get the devil himself!

Voices......For your advice our thanks are due,
We must go round, we can't get through.

Crack & Peg. You must go round, you can't come through. }
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The inside of the Lodge.*

Enter OLD MAYTHORN, MARY, ROBERT, JOE, and Steward.

Joe. (*Singing.*) "We'll sing a little, and laugh a little," &c. Your dear William's alive, and well, my sweet girl, with his limbs whole, and his love true, my life on't. So, hang it! don't be sad now the sun shines.

Rob. Oh! 'tis her joy, mun, that makes her sad now. Is not it, Mary?

May. And did the keeper kindly say he would satisfy Sir Edward?

Joe. He did, my old friend.

A Sailor enters, and takes Steward off.

You see, I fancy he has sent for the steward for that purpose.

Mary. Oh! Joseph, you are our better angel. Heavens! here's Sir Edward.

Enter SIR EDWARD DASHAWAY.

Sir E. Heyday! What does all this mean?

Joe. Mean! that Mr. Blunt is going to answer your demands on the old man here.

Sir E. He answer! Where's my steward?

Joe. Stepped to your keeper, to overhaul accounts, and prepare a receipt for you, I take it.

Sir E. Without my concurrence! Order the bailiff to take old Maythorn into custody immediately.

Rob. (*Steps before his father.*) No, I don't think he'll do that again.

Sir E. Indeed, sir! and which of these fellows was it who dared to effect a rescue?

Enter HENRY, in his real character of CAPTAIN TRAVERS, dressed in his uniform; Steward follows, with a will.

Trav. That fellow, sir, was I; and ready to answer it in any way you think proper.

Mary. Heavens! my William!

Joe. My dearest Mary!

Trav. Did not I tell you he was right and tight? Now, then, clear decks. I suppose he won't surrender without a rumpus. (*Mary is shocked; Old Maythorn and Travers support her.*)

Sir E. So, so! a champion in disguise. And pray, sir, on what authority have you done this?

Trav. On one, sir, paramount to any you possess—a will of the late admiral.

Sir E. A will?

Trav. Ay, sir, a will; by which this lady, and not you, (as you have for some time supposed,) succeeds to his estates. Your attorney, who holds it in his hand, will inform you of particulars.

Sir E. The devil!

Trav. Consult him; and the sooner you give possession the better. (*Steward solicits Sir Edward's attention; they retire.*)

Joe. Ay, ay, sheer off, or d—e! but you must bear a broadside.

Trav. Pardon, my dearest Mary, this trial of your constancy. The report of my death prompted this stratagem, for which I ask—

Enter CRACK and PEGGY.

Crack. By the lord, the folk at the turnpike are all stopped.

Joe. Stop your mouth. (*Stopping it.*)

Crack. Eh! what? oh! (*Joe takes Peggy and Crack aside, and tells what has happened: Sir E. and Steward advance.*)

Steward. 'Tis even so, indeed. (*Gives Travers the will.*)

Trav. I hope, Sir Edward, you are satisfied.

Sir E. This is not the place to dispute it, sir. Order my curriole! I'll set off immediately for town. [*Exit.*]

Crack. (*Calling after him.*) You had better go in the mail. They'll be some time getting the curriole ready. Won't you follow your swain, Miss Peggy?

Peggy. Pr'ythee, be quiet. I hope young Mr. Maythorn here—(*Pulling Robert's coat, and making a courtsey.*)

Rob. Hem! Paws off, if you please, my Lady Sir Edward Dashaway. It's my turn now. However, if in a year or two's time—

Peggy. Dear heart! a year or two is such a long—

Rob. Oh! if you are not content—

Peggy. Yes, I am—I am content.

Trav. Ay, ay, contented all; and while friends and fortune continue thus to smile, let us in love and harmony manifest our gratitude.

FINALE.

Travers.....Love's ripen'd harvest now we'll reap,
My fancied dream's reality;

Here Mary still the gate shall keep,
I mean—of hospitality.

Mary.....And for the task, the toll I ask
(Still mindful of my lot of late)

Is from this court a good report,
(To the audience.)

To-morrow, of our Turnpike Gate.

Peggy.....We bar-maids, like the lawyers, find
Words at the bar for tolls will flow;

Some we in cash take, some in kind—
At all toll-bars no trust, you know.

Robert....The doctor, too, 'tis nothing new,
Will hardly ever tolls abate;

Then give us, pray, on this highway,
Your leave to keep the Turnpike Gate.

Crack.....I'd ask the bachelors of mode,
And spinsters, are you free of toll?

Or you that jog the married road?

Oh! no, you're not, upon my soul!

Joe.....Then, since 'tis clear, most of you here
Pay swingeing tolls, in ev'ry state;

Grudge not, we pray, the toll to pay
Here nightly at our Turnpike Gate.

[*Exeunt.*]

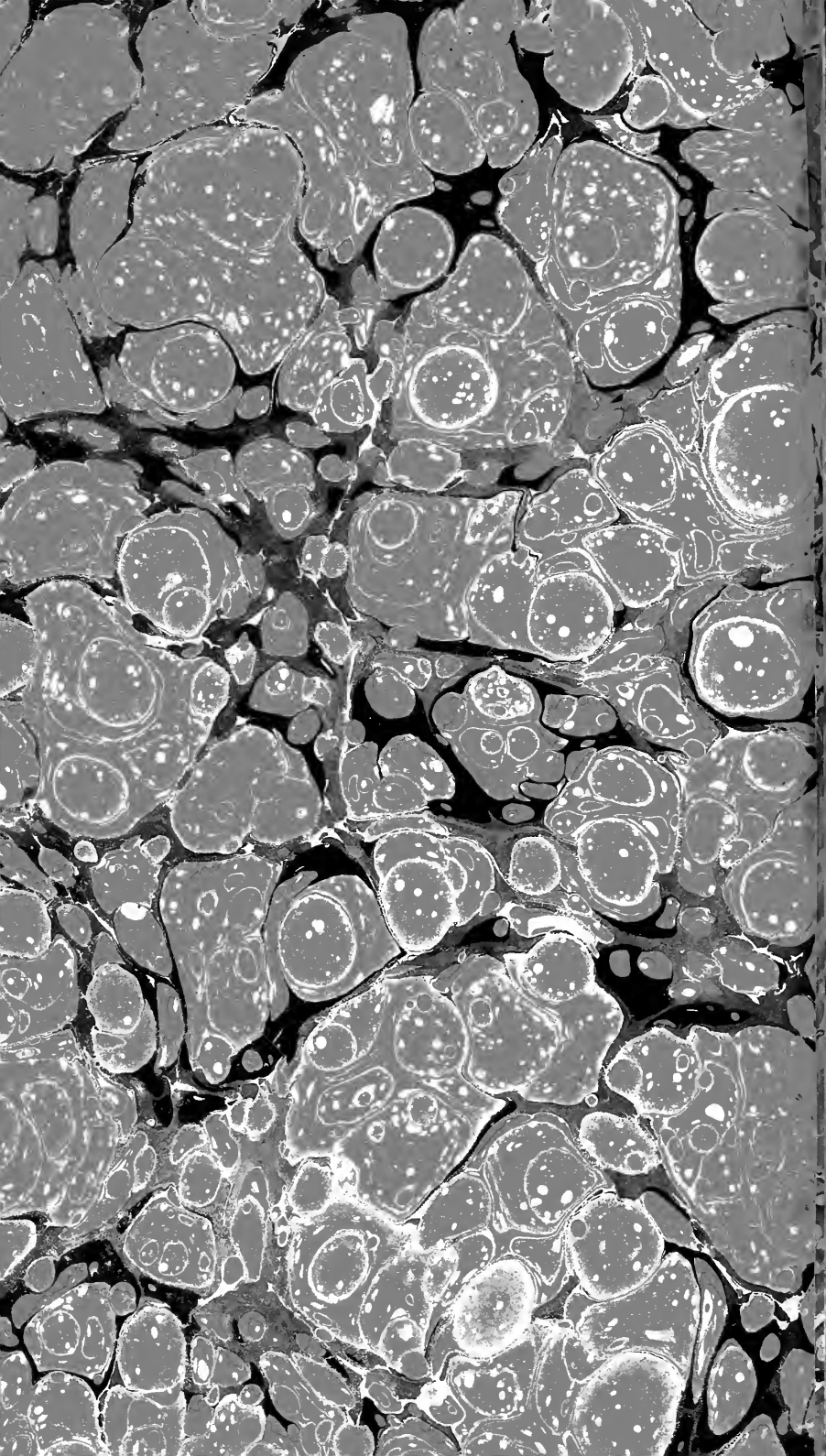
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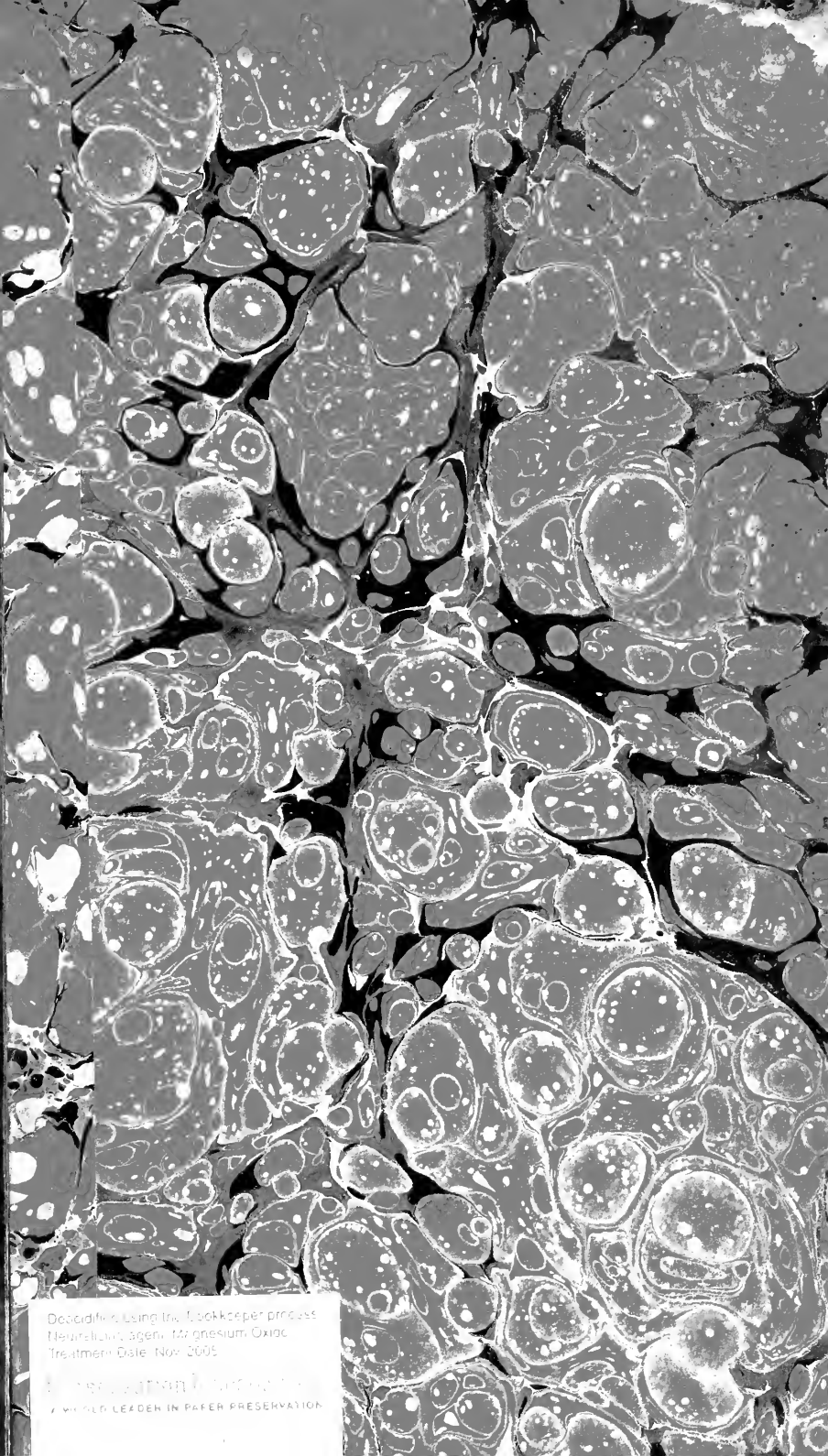












Decidified using the Bookkeeper process
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